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## THIRTY-NINTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### The Jitney.

The Supreme Court has decided that the drivers of jitney automobiles may rightfully be asked to pay a substantial license tax and also to furnish bonds for good behavior and for accident liability. The restrictions imposed were so obviously in the public interest that the result was a foregone conclusion. There will be very few to cavil at it.

Perhaps it is too soon to predict that the advent of the jitney was a mere temporary spasm and that it will presently occupy a very small space on a back page of municipal history. But the jitney will certainly become inconspicuous and innocuous, and this would inevitably happen even without the aid of the new restrictions. In its inception it was but a phase of the unemployment problem. Owners of cheap cars found that they could pick up a few dollars in nickels and dimes and that the weekly receipts represented a fair wage. But they made no allowance for depreciation. Very few among them could replace their cars, or even keep them in good condition under the wear and tear of the road and of continuous service. The life of the jitney as a serious institution might be measured by the life of the cars actually in use. Possibly the jitney in one form

or another may never wholly disappear, but it will lose most of its present features, and they will be unlamented.

In the meantime it is eminently proper that the jitney should be regulated. It must give guaranties that it can meet its responsibilities. It should have a fixed route and adhere to it. And it should pay its proper share toward the maintenance of the streets. If these obligations should make Market Street somewhat less dangerous than a polar expedition or a European battlefield they will not have been imposed in vain.

### The Arrest of Huerta.

If we might take President Wilson at his word there have been several distinct changes of purpose in American policy relative to Mexico. First there was watchful waiting. Then there was the declared purpose of driving President Huerta from the country. Then there was reassertion of the watchful waiting policy, modified by the amazing fiasco involved in the entrance of an American army upon Mexican soil, culminating in its return. Then there was the Indianapolis speech, in which the President laid down the principle that we have no responsibility for Mexico, but must leave the rival factions to fry in their own fat. Concurrently with these doings and sayings there was a varying policy of conference and aid, first to Carranza, then to Villa, with lightning changes of orders involving the letting-in of arms when they were wanted by some chieftains and keeping them out when they were wanted by others. On the whole there seemed a very mixed attitude of mind on the part of the Washington government, illustrated by a record of amazing inconsistencies.

We now discover that after all the President has had but one fixed purpose, namely, that of thwarting and hindering poor old General Huerta. First Huerta was denounced by the President as the murderer of President Madero—a verdict rendered out of hand at a distance of three thousand miles without judge, jury, or benefit of clergy. Then Huerta's rivals and enemies were encouraged by commissioners from the President and permitted to supply themselves with arms over the international border. Then there was demanded of Huerta an apology for a theoretical insult to the American flag and a fleet and an army were sent, nominally to demand a formal salute to the Stars and Stripes, but in reality to prevent the landing in Mexico of a shipload of munitions which by one device or another the old general had managed to scrape together in Europe. This bit of strategy duly achieved, the American forces were withdrawn and the Washington government settled back to watchful waiting upon the comfortable theory, duly enunciated in the Indianapolis speech, that what happens in Mexico is none of our business.

Last week General Huerta, who for some time past has been living quietly in this country, started for the San Francisco Exposition with the announced intention of stopping over at El Paso to visit members of his family resident in that city. The President's agents saw a deep intent in this plan. It could mean nothing, to their vigilant understanding, but a conspiracy—a new revolutionary movement—with the old general at its head. So, before his train reached El Paso Huerta was placed under arrest on a trumped-up charge of conspiracy to violate the neutrality of the United States and hustled to prison, whence later he was released under bond. Whether Huerta really intended to visit the Exposition or to descend upon Mexico mayhap we shall never know. We have only the fact that he was greeted enthusiastically by General Orozco and other Mexicans upon his arrival at El Paso. When questioned General Huerta replied simply that he was en route to San Francisco and that his plan to stop over at El Paso was involved with no other motive than that of visiting his

daughter and his son-in-law. Disturbed as he was by the action of the American officials, he showed not the slightest sign of irritation or resentment. He submitted without protest to the arresting officer and carried himself at every point of the humiliating procedure with his accustomed calmness. Pressed by reporters, he replied simply that he did not think it would be becoming either to discuss Mexican affairs or to comment upon any course instituted by the President of the United States.

It is not easy to see that there was any justification for General Huerta's arrest. His right to live and travel in the United States can not be questioned. His right to cross the border into Mexico, if he shall so desire, is likewise beyond question. He is a citizen of Mexico and surely he may not be debarred from going into his own country. The privilege of passing the border has again and again been yielded without question to the President's friends, Carranza and Villa, and to other revolutionary leaders. Why in the name of common sense, why in the name of common decency, this persistent discrimination, this vigilant persecution of General Huerta?

There are many—the *Argonaut* among them—who felt two years ago that Mexico's one hope of renewed order at the hands of any Mexican lay in General Huerta. He alone seemed to have the character and to command the forces which might bear down the revolutionary spirit and bring peace to the country. But against this man and no other there have been persistently exercised the proscriptive efforts of the Washington government. Why? We can discover no motive unless it may be found in prejudice and malice on the part of President Wilson.

The *Argonaut* will make no secret of its wish, since there seems no purpose on the part of the United States to take over the job of pacifying Mexico, that General Huerta might have another try at this chronic problem. His administration, turbulent as it was, was nevertheless the most effective Mexico has seen since the beginning of her troubles. He has a certain support in the more substantial element of the Mexican people. He is a skillful soldier, he has high personal courage, his name, after this past two years of chaos, would probably be of magical power. Since the field in Mexico seems open to all other comers, why bar from it this one large figure?

### Fish on Friday.

Three hundred and more years ago there came to England the supreme crisis in her career. She was assailed in force, thought to be overwhelming, by the country then most potent in the world, under the inspirations of a profound religious purpose and supported by the blessing of the Vicegerent of God. The Invincible Armada, probably the most completely equipped assailing force, reckoning times and conditions, the world has ever seen, sailed forth to overwhelm the heretic. Every schoolboy knows what followed. When the Invincible Armada met the defensive force of England many of the invading ships were sunk, others were dashed upon hostile coasts. The leeward shores of the British Isles were strewn with the corpses of the invading hosts.

All this happened because of that dietary rule of Christendom which prescribes fish on Friday. In the day of her affiliation with Rome no country was more devoutly obedient to rules of church than was England. Fish on Friday was as sacredly regarded as were the formal commandments. The waters round about failed to supply the needs of the people. So the purveyors of fish found their way to colder and more distant seas in the hunt for that first necessity of English life, fish on Friday. Newfoundland, the New England coast, the bleak shores of Cape Breton were visited annually by the fisher-fleets and their crews.



searched that England might have fish on Friday. And out of it all there grew the venturesomeness, the hardihood, the familiarity with and the courage of the sea, which made the British fishertalk the best sailors in the world. When the Invincible Armada presented itself in opposing array it had to face a body of men skilled in every phase of the sailor's art, inured by practice and hardened by experience. It was the training, the deftness with sail and oar won in voyages to the fishing banks, that overcame the Armada. Fish on Friday conquered the fearful odds of the Invincible Armada.

This significant bit of history is brought freshly to mind by remarks made before a great convention of doctors in San Francisco this week by Dr. Woods Hutchinson. Dr. Hutchinson's theme was the Panama Canal, and he dealt with it, not as a man of commerce, nor as a statesman, but as a social philosopher. He spoke of the work done at the Isthmus in the cause of sanitation as introductory of a new era in the world. He made it plain that the results as exhibited in the conditions of the Canal Zone relative to human health had immensely extended the power of man in the universe. Without pursuing the matter to its logical effects, Dr. Hutchinson led up to the conclusion that the greatest work done at the Isthmus was not the creation of the Canal itself, but the discovery of ways and means through which civilized man may occupy and utilize tropical regions. Compared with the tremendous addition which the tropics, redeemed from fever and other traditional terrors, may make to the productive world, the Canal, as an aid to commerce, becomes a mere by-product.

Here again we have a demonstration that the obvious thing is commonly less important than some obscure or concealed or intangible thing connected with it. A great work entered into upon calculations purely commercial and military develops in its progress, quite incidentally, a means by which civilized man, hitherto barred from large areas of the earth's surface, may live in the tropics immune from its traditional terrors and thus augment by one-fourth or even in larger ratio the productive power of the world as it has been reckoned in times past.

As fish on Friday saved England against the onslaught of Spain, gave to the reformed religion a world of its own, and established the foundations on which a world empire was built, so the necessity for protecting Isthmian workmen against the mosquito has opened up to mankind vast areas which by the volume and variety of their products may alter the whole condition and atmosphere of human life.

#### The Medical Congress.

San Francisco has extended a welcome of unfeigned warmth to the medical congresses that have come within her gates, and she has even gone so far as to read extensively the reports of their deliberations. She has not always been in so receptive a mood toward the wisdom of the wise nor so willing to sit at the feet of learning. Perhaps her interest in the medical congresses may be taken as the sign of a contrite heart. On the other hand it may be due to an overwhelming interest in our own aches and pains. And the latter alternative seems the more probable.

It is easy to notice more than one distinct change in the attitude of the medical profession toward the public. It is now far less of a scientific priesthood. Cheap education, cheap books, and cheap newspapers have combined in the diffusion of a popular knowledge that is not always either accurate or wholesome, but that has none the less served to mark the boundaries between science and guesswork, between knowledge and opinion. Neither doctors nor clergymen are now quite so prone to assert that they know a thing to be true when they only believe it to be true. The medical expert, for example, who professes to know that Harry Thaw is sane, and has always been sane, and the medical expert who professes with an equal vigor to know that he is a lunatic, are obviously using an unjustified terminology. They can not both be speaking from knowledge, and the public believes that neither is doing so and that knowledge on such a point is unattainable. The experts in question are not necessarily insincere. The line between conviction and knowledge is thin and wobbly. They have merely fallen into the common error of expertism. And the same may be said of experts in general. When we read first that the secret of

perpetual life is to be found in the use of certain kinds of food and then that those same kinds of food are a positive guaranty of premature death we have learned to be interested, respectful, and unconvinced. The same may be said of half a dozen assurances from half a dozen medical experts that the nation is doomed to speedy extinction as a result of their half-dozen pet maladies. Once more we are attentive, reverential, and tranquil. The nation will not be exterminated by white plagues, or red plagues, or plagues of any other color. It will not be exterminated at all, nor come within sight of extermination. It will survive and flourish even though we continue our present reprehensible habits of carelessness toward the well-meant exordium of the specialist. A certain saving common sense forbids us to believe that the forces of nature are banded together for the destruction of the human body, that the human body is a beleaguered city, or that it will be doomed by a moment of inattention to the precautionary precepts of an enthusiastic science. In point of fact we are most of us too busy to bother about such things, and moreover we have a shrewd and unorthodox suspicion that our preoccupation is also our salvation, and that it is easy to think a great deal too much about microbes and bacteria and the fearsome beasts to which we have lately been introduced. Just as we have learned somewhat laboriously that the theological expert has been benevolently guessing all these years, so we have learned to discount the expertism of science and to ask with a profound deference whether it actually knows all that it professes to know. It seems impossible that any one can know so much. We should like it to discriminate between proved facts and the inferences from those facts. None the less we are profoundly grateful to the expert, whether theological or medical. He has not lived in vain. Far from it.

The average citizen prefers that medical expertism, so far as it concerns himself, shall be filtered through the general practitioner. He has faith in the general practitioner, who is versed not only in an unspecialized science, but also in human nature. He has no pet organ that must be brought at all costs within the domain of a dark suspicion and compelled to give up its secrets even though it has none. He has neither a favored disease nor a favored remedy. Brought into constant connection with all sorts and conditions of people, knowing alike the hypochondria of idle ease and the real miseries that must perforce be hidden, he develops alike a salutary cynicism and a practical kindness of which we hear too little. His is often a combination of the qualities of head and heart that is essential to the practical work of healing. He can safely be trusted to intervene between the laboratory expert and the patient, and to mingle knowledge with feeling. If we are apt to smile a little at the extravagances of the lecturing specialist and the expert, we can comfortably reflect upon the fact that they will be tempered and diluted by the kindly gentleman who sits at the bedside and who finds his chief pleasure in assuring us that we are not nearly so ill as we suppose and that there are remedies less strenuous than instant dismemberment. So long as the general practitioner continues also to be a human being, a man amongst men, he will continue to be the backbone of the medical profession, even though he never reads a paper in public or warns us of the imminent extinction of the human race.

#### Minor Washington Topics.

There are in Washington something more than 30,000 government employees. Not all have yet visited the San Francisco Exposition. But a note from the Capital City states that every mother's son of them is busy trying to work up some project under which he may come to the Coast—of course at government expense. The ingenuity with which pretexts for travel to the Coast "on public business" are being framed is something wonderful. It is a maladroitness official who can not devise some plausible reason for Uncle Sam's paying his fare, and that of several of his clerks, to San Francisco and return. After all it is not a bad thing. Bureaucratic Washington is sadly in need of acquaintance with the country.

The Postoffice Department has issued orders authorizing the operation, to begin August 2d, of 105 automobiles for distributing mail in rural communities. The assignments have been made arbitrarily. Of the routes selected to date for automobile delivery forty-four are in Oklahoma, twenty-eight in Georgia, nineteen in Cali-

fornia, eight in Texas, two in Pennsylvania, and one in Louisiana. They aggregate 5500 miles of post roads. Observers at Washington declare that the selections of routes have been made on pure political grounds. California is treated well, which means that Senator Phelan is in favor. New York gets nothing, because New York just now is not pleasing the Administration.

It is understood by those on the inside of things at Washington that the President wished, if he might have done it without disturbance of his plans, to bring into the Secretaryship of State a man of commanding personality, one whose presence in the cabinet would have given to it a distinct element of strength. The difficulty was in finding a man personally strong who would yield to the President the higher privileges of the Secretaryship. A large duty of the Secretaryship is to conduct international correspondence. A strong man in that office, a man who combines vigor of mind with capacity for expression, would naturally wish to write the letters going out over his name. This was the "snag." Much as the President wished to strengthen the cabinet, a still more definite wish was to dominate in connection with international affairs. So he made, if not the best of the situation, the best possible in view of his propensities, by appointing Mr. Lansing. Without being a notably good appointment, it is very distinctly not a bad one. Lansing may be described as a first-rate second-rate man. He is entirely competent for the technical work of the department, a man of dignified presence and of conventional manners. But he is neither a strong nor an assertive man. He will concede to the President whatever he may desire in the matter of precedence in all matters connected with the department. Whatever the President may wish to do Mr. Lansing will subserviently yet effectively show him how to do it.

A strong point in Mr. Lansing's favor, carefully considered by the President before assigning him to the Secretaryship, is his fine tact in dealing with newspaper correspondents. No man understands better the art of getting what he wants into print and keeping out of print what he wishes suppressed. The President appreciates this sort of ability in others all the more because he has none of it himself—and knows it. A famous Washington correspondent remarked to the *Argonaut* only a few weeks back, "The President hasn't the slightest news sense. There is in him no element of the dramatic. Why, if he determined that we should enter the war tomorrow he would not realize that the fact had in it any element of news value. Furthermore, if he wishes to conceal or reserve any particular thing he knows of but one way to do it, that is to fib about it. Mr. Roosevelt could take any correspondent at Washington—or a dozen—fully into his confidence and commit them to silence. Mr. Wilson knows only one way, namely, to look blank and to deny that he has anything in mind."

The saving factor at the White House in relation to matters of publicity is Secretary Tumulty. He has the Irishman's gift of understanding and sympathy and he makes at times a fairly good publicity manager. He has pulled off several effective stunts during the past two years, as, for example, the famous visit to the White House of the lame little boy who thought he might get well if he could only see and shake hands with the President. But Mr. Tumulty, albeit a man of excellent intentions, is not so artistic as he might be. He lacks refinement. His devices are too obvious. He belongs to the Lincoln J. Carter rather than to the Charles Frohman school of dramatic artists.

A very common inquiry among Californians at Washington relates to the political future of Frank Lane. There seemed last week a chance that he might become Secretary of State. But that chance, if there was a chance, has passed. One very shrewd Californian who spends much time at Washington is of the opinion that Lane would like to go on the supreme bench and that he is biding his time in the hope that it may come before the retirement of Mr. Wilson. Justice Joseph McKenna, the Ninth Circuit member of the court, is serving his eighteenth year, having been appointed June 26, 1898. He will be seventy-two years old next August. Under the law a justice of the Supreme Court may retire when he has reached seventy years of age if he has had ten years of service. But McKenna is hale and hearty and seems not at all in-



clined to retire. Maybe he will hang on as Justice Field did before him. For Frank Lane it looks like a sporting chance.

Editorial Notes.

It is reported that Mr. Bush Fennell, well-known San Franciscan, is to establish himself in a productive industry in Mexico. The circumstance is suggestive of the opportunities for energy and hardihood now afforded by our distracted southern neighbor. Nowhere else in the world today is there a better opportunity for youthful energies—and some capital. The war has demoralized values. Properties a few years ago of great value can now be had in the City of Mexico and elsewhere in the country at a tithe of what they were once worth and what they will be worth again when the troubles of the country shall have come to an end. Black as the situation is today, no man may doubt that ultimately peace, order, industry, and prosperity will be restored. A shrewd American familiar with Mexican affairs and recently a visitor in that country declared the other day to the *Argonaut* that "of all the places in the world Mexico today offers the best opportunity to the careful speculator."

Because not much was expected of them the work done by the Stanford boys in the intercollegiate boat race at Poughkeepsie on Monday was distinctly a triumph. True they did not win the race—losing to the Cornell crew by half a length—but they showed speed of a very extraordinary kind, with staying powers illustrating both strength of body and vitality of spirit. The record is the more remarkable because of the conditions of their preparation, such as it was. There are at Stanford poor facilities for boating and no boating atmosphere. The nearest available water is several miles distant from the campus and is not under favorable conditions for practice. That under these conditions the Stanford crew made not merely a respectable but a brilliant figure in the intercollegiate race is tremendously to their credit. It is suggestive, too, of the value of California conditions as affecting the vitality and the muscular powers of youth. We may now expect, as a result of this achievement, a stimulated interest in aquatics among undergraduates; and some other year we may be able to send a winning crew to the intercollegiate race.

What with ex-Mayor Schmitz, ex-Mayor McCarthy, Supervisor Andy Gallagher, and little Jimmy Rolph as present or prospective entries in the mayoralty contest, it looks to the *Argonaut* like a scrub race.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Neutrality.

EDITOR ARGONAUT:

Sehr geehrter Herr.

Zeit einigen Jahren lese ich regelmäßig den Argonaut der mir von unbekannter Hand zugesandt wird. Bis zu Ausbruch des Weltkrieges, den englische Antiquen, russische Eroberungslust und französisches Revanchefieber angestiftet haben, war es mir ein Genuss das ruhige und überlegene Urteil Ihres Blattes regelmäßig zu verfolgen. Seit Beginn des Krieges hat sich das geändert. Unter dem Mantel der Neutralität haben Sie für unsere Feinde Partei ergreifen und kein Wort des Tadels gefunden um die Verlogung Englands und seiner Bundesgenossen mit allem was irgend geeignet war uns zu schädigen: mit Waffen, Geldern, Munition, Unterlebenswaren u. s. w., zu unterstützen. Die Kriegserklärte Ihres Spezialisten Sidney Corbin, waren stets so gefärbt, daß sie das Licht auf unsere Gegner, die Schatten auf uns fallen ließen und selbst die lange Reihe seiner falschen Vorhersagen vermochte nicht ihn zu Befremd zu belehren. Die Lügenberichte des englischen Kabels liefen ihm Autorität, obgleich er doch hätte erkennen müssen, daß die deutschen offiziellen Telegramme noch niemals eine falsche Nachricht verbreitet haben. Doch das sind beifällige Bemerkungen die mich zu diesem Schreiben nicht veranlaßt hätten.

Ihre Nummer 1990 vom 15. Mai hat mich dazu genötigt. Etwas ungerechtes als Ihr Urteil über die Lusitania-Affäre habe ich überhaupt nicht gefehlt. Ich können Sie betreten, daß die Lusitania Süßwasser war, daß sie 4700 Kisten Munition für Geschütze mit sich führte, daß England jedes Wort und ebenso Ihre Regierung, daß offiziell und privat vor der Fahrt auf der Lusitania gewarnt worden ist, daß als die Passagiere bedenklich wurden, der Kapitän des Schiffes den Fahrplan herabsetzte um trotzdem Passagiere anzuladen, und daß er die Zurücknahme von Reisenden verweigerte. England hat ausdrücklich verweigert, das Schiff durch seine Kriegsschiffe zu geleiten und auch Amerika verweigerte Schutzgeleit obwohl es die Gefahr kannte, der seine Mitbürger sich aussetzten. Daraus folgt für jeden billigen denkenden Menschen, daß England um sich die Kisten und das Mißfällige eines Geleites zu erlangen, amerikanische Bürger als Schutz auf die Lusitania aufnahm in der unklaren Hoffnung auf diese Weise seine Munitionslisten zu sichern, oder aber, daß — wie nicht unabweisbar ist — England die Zerstörung der Lusitania voraussetzte und darauf rechnete, daß der Untergang amerikanischer Bürger die öffentliche Meinung in Amerika so sehr erregen würde daß sich als Folge ein Druck zwischen Deutschland und Amerika erheben werde. Ihre Wochenchrift — geleitet Herr Holman — tut alles möglich um dieses Mißfälligkeit herbeizuführen, ohne zu bedenken wie gefährlich dieses Spiel ist.

Ich habe viele Freunde in Amerika und bin ein Freund Amerikas wie alle meine Schriften beweisen haben. Es soll mir sehr tun, wenn alle diese Räder reifen sollten nur weil die öffentliche Meinung bei Ihnen unter der Anführung der englischen Scharwortschreiber steht. Sie nennen sich ein freies Volk, aber ich würde nicht so weniger Freiheit zu finden wäre, als in den Tagen Ihrer Presse.

Mit ausgedehnter Hochachtung

Ihre sehr ergebener

Professor Leo Schimann.

Berlin den 3. Juni 1915.

H. 50.

West Africa supplies all the mahogany imported into England.

THE THEATRE OF WAR.

Events in the eastern war have not yet unfolded themselves far enough to permit us to estimate their effect upon the greater strategical plans. That the Russians have practically been expelled from Galicia is evident enough. Hungary has been saved from the dire fate of invasion. Lemberg is once more in German hands, and the latest reports show that the Russian armies are still falling back and that their initial success on the Dneister was speedily nullified by a fresh German advance. From Kielce in Poland to Bukowina no less than eight German armies have coöperated in the production of this triumph, and we may suppose that their aggregate strength is about a million and a quarter men. The Russians opposing them were probably much less than a million after making allowances for the great numbers of prisoners that have been taken. The German artillery was of enormous power, while the Russian ammunition supplies were fatally inadequate. It is now the artillery that decides the fate of a battle. If trenches can be thoroughly shelled the infantry have practically nothing to do except occupy them. The army that is short of guns or of ammunition can do nothing except retire, and if it can retire in good order it may consider itself fortunate. It is highly probable that the Russians will be pushed back still further and that for many days to come we shall hear of continued German successes. Most of the battles that are reported from day to day are not battles at all strictly speaking. They are rear guard actions, that is to say actions fought by a rear guard that constantly faces around for the purpose of delaying the enemy and so facilitating the escape of the main body with its heavy guns and baggage and wounded. The rear guard is not supposed to win victories. Its aim is to delay the pursuit by the enemy for as long a time as possible and then to join in the retreat.

Now the German plan is evident enough, and if we are to estimate the importance of events we must keep that plan in mind. Germany can not meet her enemies in the east and in the west at the same time. She never intended to. It will be remembered that her first plan was to crush France quickly while the Russians were slowly mobilizing, and then to turn her full strength toward the east. The plan was upset by the resistance of Belgium, which enabled France to get her breath, to win the battle of the Marne, and to draw her lines tightly along the Aisne and northward to the sea. For a time Germany fought hard upon both fronts, but she eventually reverted to her original plan and decided to mark time in the west while crushing Russia so effectually as to push her right out of the game. We are now witnessing this attempt to crush Russia, and therefore it may be said once more that to win victories is of comparatively little value unless those victories are of such a nature as to permit of the withdrawal of troops for service in the west. Merely to push the Russian armies back and hack will not help Germany at all unless at the same time they are also routed and thrown into disorder. So long as the Russian forces remain fairly intact they will continue to be dangerous and it will be impossible substantially to lessen the number of men opposing them. Moreover, the further the Russian armies retreat the greater will be the force necessary to watch them, seeing that the lines of communication grow longer day by day. The question that we have to ask, then, is not whether the Russians are retreating, but whether they are retreating as an army or as a rabble, whether they have been rendered relatively harmless or whether they are still capable of taking the offensive. It will be remembered that Napoleon drove the Russians back and hack and won many victories of this kind, but they were none the less his undoing.

That question can not yet be answered. But there is no evidence that the Russian army has been crushed in any proper sense of the word. If the Russian commanders had any doubt at all of their ability to win a great battle it would obviously be the part of prudence to retire slowly and in good time, to fight many rear guard actions, and to keep their forces intact. This was evidently their policy when Przemyśl was attacked. Practically no effort was made to defend it, but none the less everything of value was removed in a leisurely way. There was no indication of a rout, and although the road to Lemberg was contested there was no pitched battle anywhere. There were rear guard actions, but there was an obvious inclination to avoid anything like a final test of strength. And no great military capacity was needed to dictate such a course as this. The Germans were vastly superior in numbers and in artillery. There could have been only one result of a pitched battle, whereas an orderly retreat would bring the Russians nearer to their own frontier, it would increase the difficulties of their enemy, and it would prevent the return of troops to the west. Their own strength would constantly be increased by reinforcements, while the enemy's strength would tend to grow less. The part of common sense was to avoid risking everything on a single throw of the dice, and this appears to be precisely what Russia has done. At the same time the facts are meagre and Russia may have suffered much more than now seems to be the case. If we shall presently receive reliable reports that German troops are returning to the west in considerable numbers we may assume that the Russians must have lost much of their effectiveness. But if Germany should decide to push on to Warsaw it will be an evidence that the crushing of Russia has not yet been accomplished and that she is remaining in the game. It may be said that at the moment of writing there are definite reports that the Russian army is unbroken and that the taking of Warsaw is to be attempted.

If Germany should make one more effort against Warsaw she will do so under somewhat more favorable auspices than

before. She will attack from the north, the west, and the east. She has large forces on the Narew to the north, and on the Bzura to the west. Her victorious armies in Galicia would push northward into Poland and strike at Warsaw from the east. The capture of Warsaw would do more to paralyze Russia than anything else, since Warsaw is a great railroad centre, whose possession is almost vital to Russian plans. Now it is quite possible that the Russian commanders have foreseen an attack upon Warsaw and that the relative Russian weakness in Galicia is due to the withdrawal of men and guns for the defense of the Polish capital. But if an attack upon Warsaw is actually intended then it is evident that there can be no withdrawal of German troops for action in the west. On the contrary it will be necessary to borrow every available man from the west, and as a matter of fact there were reports so late as June 21 that large bodies of men were moving eastward from France and Belgium. This was before the fall of Lemberg, but if the taking of Warsaw is also on the programme there will certainly be no men to spare for reinforcements in France and Belgium. It was doubtless to prevent the reinforcement of the German lines in the east that the French and British assumed the offensive in the recent attacks in the neighborhood of Arras and Souchez. To speculate on the Russian ability to hold Warsaw would be a guess, and no more. All we can say is that Russia has already repelled two determined efforts in this direction, that she has undoubtedly foreseen the new danger, and that Russians are never so dangerous as after a reverse. It may be reiterated that nothing short of the crushing of the Russian defensive, the removal of Russia from the board, can be considered as a German triumph. In this way only can Germany protect herself from the growing danger to her lines in the west.

While attention has been particularly directed toward the fighting in Galicia it is to be remembered that large bodies of Teutons and Russians are engaged along the whole line from Windau on the Baltic Sea in the far north. There are already large opposing armies in the neighborhood of Warsaw, Ivanogorod, and Luhlin. The Germans have occupied Windau and also Libau, and they are moving eastward from these places with the intention of cutting the Russian communications. Although the Galician campaign occupies the centre of the stage for the moment it is well to remember that there is constant fighting along the whole line of the Russian frontier, a distance of nearly eight hundred miles. This accounts for the comparatively small number of men that are engaged at any one point.

It is not easy to understand the energy of the French attack to the north of Arras. This attack has brought into prominence a number of names not to be found on the ordinary map. Therefore it may be useful to say that Ecurie lies about five miles to the north of Arras, and here is situated the famous "labyrinth" that has figured so largely in the bulletins. Mont St. Eloy, the scene of a number of small French successes, is four miles to the northwest of Ecurie, and Carency is three miles to the north of Ecurie. The Sugar House, now in French hands, is about three miles northeast of Carency, and Souchez is about a mile east of the Sugar House. At Souchez there is a sharp loop eastward in the German lines and this loop is being attacked from the north, west, and south.

As has been said it is hard to discern the object of so sharp an attack. One would have thought that a main offensive would have been aimed further south. To pierce the German lines north of Arras would of course lead to a German retirement from a considerable area, but the difficulties here are admitted to be unusually great, and although the general success has undoubtedly been with the French there is no evidence that the German position has been endangered. It is possible that the attack was intended to prevent the sending of reinforcements to Alsace, but while the French success in Alsace has also been marked it does not seem to have been on a sufficient scale to indicate a major movement. Another alternative is the desire of the French to relieve the pressure upon Russia, or at least to prevent the pressure from becoming more severe, and probably the real explanation is to be found here. Doubtless the battle of the Labyrinth will be explained in due time and we may find that it takes its place in some larger strategy, but in the meantime it is perplexing.

It is not without significance that reports as to the attitude of Holland are becoming more numerous. A few weeks ago we were told that the Dutch soldiers in large numbers were being sent back to their homes and that the Dutch government was confident that there would be no interference with neutrality. But exactly the contrary seems to be true. All men under forty years of age who had been exempted for various reasons have lately been summoned to the colors, and this will raise the Dutch army to about one million men. Letters from Holland speak of a growing disquietude, an apprehension that the country may have to fight for her independence if she would preserve it, and that whatever shall eventually happen to Belgium must be also the ultimate fate of Holland. Dutchmen, we are told, are remembering uncomfortably that just before the beginning of the war Herr von Jagow assured England that Germany could have no designs upon Belgium, since Belgium could not be taken without taking Holland also. It is true that there has been no declaration of a German annexation of Belgium. At the same time Antwerp has been described as a German city and a formal announcement of annexation may come at any moment. The Dutch newspaper *Handelsblad*, discussing the situation, says that Germany can hardly be expected to disavow an intention to annex Belgium, since this would be to throw away the card. At the same time, says the *Handelsblad*, the German



of Belgium must necessarily be the signal for Dutch intervention on the side of the Allies.

A glance at the map will show the tremendous part that Holland could play, a part so vital that German diplomacy is hardly likely to invoke such a menace. If Holland should join the war she would naturally give immediate passage to a British army, which would march southward and to the rear of all the German forces in Belgium and France. We may be quite sure that the diplomacy of the Allies has left no stone unturned to persuade Holland into the struggle, and indeed the temptation to coerce Holland to such a course must have been very strong. Holland as a last resort can always defend herself by opening the dikes, but this is a sort of poetic rather than an actual measure. To open her dikes would destroy Holland almost as effectually as would a foreign invasion.

Even the most impatient of optimists must admit that the munition orders of the Allies are on a scale that suggests war as a permanent institution. The New York *Evening Post* quotes an American hanker as saying that contracts are already closed for the manufacture in this country of about 25,000,000 shrapnel shells. Orders for 10,000,000 additional shells are pending with a total value of nearly \$500,000,000, and these figures are interesting as showing that the average value of a shrapnel shell is about \$14. War supplies to the value of nearly \$200,000,000 have been placed in Canada by the British government alone, and there have been other orders by France and Russia. A conservative estimate of the total business already placed in the Dominion is close to \$300,000,000, which does not include the contract for \$83,000,000 placed with the Canadian Car and Foundry Company, much of which has been sublet to American manufacturers. There are said to be two hundred Canadian factories in Canada now engaged in the manufacture of munitions in addition to the Canadian Pacific Railroad, which is said to have turned over to the government the whole of its organization as well as all of its machine shops.

Shrapnel is far more expensive and far more intricate than the high explosive shell, which does its work after the impact and is intended to destroy fortifications. The shrapnel shell explodes in the air and rains its bullets downward on to the heads of massed troops or of soldiers in trenches. The shrapnel shell consists of three parts. First there is the time fuse, which regulates the moment of explosion, which depends, of course, upon the distance of the enemy. Secondly there is the main projectile, which is a hollow steel tube crammed with bullets and with ordinary black powder. Thirdly there is a brass cartridge case charged with smokeless powder, which projects the shell from the gun. There are therefore two explosions, the first explosion expelling the shell from the gun and the second, which hursts the shell and scatters its contents at precisely the point where they will do the most mischief. The efficacy of shrapnel may therefore be said to depend upon the time fuse, since the inaccuracy of a second in the bursting of the shell might easily render it innocuous. The time fuse is therefore as delicate and as precise as a watch. It fits into the point of the shell and it is regulated with a nicety to which the ordinary watch is a stranger. The shrapnel carries about 250 bullets and it usually covers a space of about 250 square yards. The range of the shell is about 6000 yards and it usually covers this distance in eighteen seconds. It is therefore easy to calculate the precise moment at which the shell should explode after the distance of the enemy has been ascertained by the range-finders. At the same time the artillery men usually wait after the firing of the first few shells in order that the estimated range may be confirmed from aeroplanes or from points of observation. The result is instantly telephoned to the gunners, who then make whatever correction may be necessary in their time fuses. About four pounds of copper are used in the construction of each shell.

The common statement that the cruelties of the present war are "almost medieval" is combatted by the London *Daily Chronicle*, which is of opinion that war is now more cruel than ever before and that in this respect civilization has gone backward rather than forward. The general orders issued by Henry V during the Agincourt campaign ordered the punishment of death for the destruction of property, unnecessary bloodshed, and outrages on women. Death was also the award for the taking of horses or cattle, or implements of labor, the robbery of food or forage, or intrusion upon women in childbirth. There was special care that neither women nor children should be "in disease or despire" as a result of the war. It is true that there were no Hague conventions, but then it would seem that no Hague conventions were needed.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 30, 1915.

SIDNEY CORYN.

Many of the physical features of eastern Nebraska were produced by sheets of ice that invaded the region during and after the earlier stages of the Great Ice Age. At the opening of the glacial epoch the great Keewatin glacier spread southward and covered large parts of the Dakotas, Minnesota, and Iowa and extended thence into eastern Nebraska, where it was probably several hundred feet thick. This first stage of glaciation was brought to a close by the melting of the ice in a warmer interglacial time or stage—the Aftonian. A remarkable assemblage of animals invaded the region after the ice had disappeared, and the bones and teeth of many of these animals have been found in the Aftonian deposits of western Iowa. The late Professor Samuel Calvin identified the remains of horses, camels, stags, elephants, mastodons, mammoths, and sloths.

## A VENDETTA.

The Mother of Antoine Avenges His Death.

The widow of Paolo Saverini lived with her son in a poor little house on the ramparts of Bonifacio. The town, built on a spur of the mountain, seeming in places to hang suspended over the sea, faced, across a narrow channel that bristled with jagged rocks, the lower coast of Sardinia. At its feet a cut in the cliff, like a gigantic corridor, leading between precipitous walls up almost to the first houses, serves as a port for the Italian and Sardinian fishing boats, and, twice a month, for the wheezy old steamer from Ajaccio.

On the white mountainside the group of houses make a spot yet more white. They look like the nests of wild birds, clinging to the rocks and looking down upon the terrible passage where few vessels dare venture. The wind ceaselessly lashes the waves and beats upon the rocks, which it has stripped of verdure. The patches of white foam above the black points of innumerable rocks that pierce the waves everywhere look like strips of cloth, floating and palpitating on the surface of the water.

The house of the widow Saverini, set upon the very edge of the cliff, has three windows that given upon this savage and desolate scene. She lived there alone, with her son Antoine and their dog Brisk, a big, gaunt brute, with long, shaggy hair, which accompanied Antoine on his hunting trips.

One evening, after a dispute, Antoine Saverini was killed with a treacherous knife-thrust by Nicolas Ravolati, who fled that night to Sardinia.

When the old mother received the body of her son, which some neighbors brought to her, she did not cry, but remained for a long time staring at it motionless; then, extending her wrinkled hand above the corpse, she pledged to it the vendetta.

She wanted no neighbors to sit up with her, and shut herself up with her dead, keeping with her only the dog, which howled dolefully. Crouched at the foot of the bed, with its head toward its master's body and its tail pressed between its legs, the brute howled long and shrill, while the mother, leaning with fixed gaze over the corpse, wept silent tears.

The young man, lying on his back, his heavy cloth vest gaping and torn at the chest, seemed to be sleeping; but he was covered with blood—on his throat, on his trousers, on his face, on his hands. Clots of blood matted his hair and his beard.

The old woman began to speak. At the sound of her voice the dog was stilled.

"Go, go in peace. You shall be avenged, my little one, my boy. Sleep, sleep in peace. You shall be avenged, do you hear? Your mother promises it; and your mother always keeps her word, as you well know." And gently she leaned forward and pressed her cold lips to the dead face.

Then Brisk began to whine with a monotonous, heart-rending, terrible sound.

They remained thus, the woman and the dog, until morning.

Antoine Saverini was buried the next day, and soon his name was heard no more in Bonifacio.

He had left neither brothers nor near cousins. No man was there to take up the vendetta. The mother alone thought of it, day and night.

Across the strait she saw, from morning to night, a white spot on the coast. It was a little village, Longosardo, where the Corsican bandits took refuge when hard pressed. They were almost the only inhabitants of the hamlet, and there, in sight of their native land, they awaited the moment when they could return to the *makis* of Corsica. In this village she knew Nicolas Ravolati had hidden himself.

All day long would she sit alone by her window, brooding on her vengeance. How could she accomplish it, alone, infirm, almost at death's door? But she had promised, she had sworn on the dead body. She could not forget, she could not wait. What should she do? She no longer slept at night, she no longer knew rest nor respite, she thought always, seeking a means. The dog slept at her feet, now and again raising its head to howl mournfully. Since its master was no longer there, it often howled thus, as if it would have called him, as if its brute's soul cherished a memory that nothing could efface.

But one night, as Brisk resumed its low howling, the mother had a sudden idea—the idea of a vindictive and ferocious savage. She mused over it till morning; then, rising before dawn, she betook herself to the church. She prayed, prostrate on the stone flags, imploring God to aid her, to sustain her, to give her poor worn body strength to avenge her son.

Then she returned. She had in her yard an old cask with the head knocked out, which served to catch the rain-water from the eaves. She turned it over, emptied it, secured it to the ground with stakes and stones; then she chained Brisk to it, and went indoors.

She walked up and down in her chamber ceaselessly now, gazing always at Sardinia. He was over there, the assassin.

The dog howled all through the day and all that night. In the morning the old woman brought it water in a pan, but nothing more—not a bone, not a crust.

The day passed. Brisk, exhausted, slept. The next day its eyes shone, its hair bristled, and it tugged madly at its chain.

The old woman still gave it nothing to eat. The dog, become furious, bayed in a hoarse tone. And so the night passed.

Then, at break of day, the old woman went to a neighbor and borrowed a truss of straw. She then took some old garments, which her husband had worn, and stuffed them with straw to stimulate a human body. Having driven a stake into the ground before Brisk's cask, she tied this manikin upon it so that it seemed to be standing up. Then she fashioned the head out of a bundle of old cloth.

The dog, surprised, looked at this man of straw and was silent, though devoured with hunger.

Then the old woman went to the butcher's and bought a long piece of sausage. Returning to her own house, she lit a fire near the dog-hut in the yard and broiled the sausage. Brisk, famished, bounded about and foamed at the mouth, its eyes fixed on the sausage, the fumes of which drove it almost mad.

Then the old woman made of this smoking sausage a cravat for the man of straw. She fastened it firmly around the neck, as if to make it part of the straw figure. When this was done, she unchained the dog.

With a mighty bound the beast seized the manikin's throat, and, with its paws on its chest, began to rend it to pieces. It fell down, a bit of the prize in its jaws, then jumped again, forced its teeth into the cords, tore away some morsels of food, fell again, and leaped at it again ferociously. It carried away the face in great mouthfuls, rending it into strips with its sharp teeth.

The old woman mutely watched it all, her eyes blazing. Then she chained up the beast again, starved it for two days, and recommenced this strange exercise.

For three months she trained it to this sort of struggle, to this repast won only by its fangs. She no longer chained the beast, but with a gesture set it at the manikin. She finally taught it to tear it, to devour it, even though there was no food concealed in its throat. She gave it the sausage afterward as a reward.

As soon as she saw the man, Brisk trembled, then turned to its mistress, who hissed "Go," pointing with her finger.

When she judged the time had come, the widow Saverini went to confess and communion one Sunday morning with ecstatic fervor; then, having assumed masculine garb, looking like a ragged old man, she made a bargain with a Sardinian fisherman, who took her, accompanied by her dog, to the other side of the strait.

She had a great piece of sausage in her bag. Brisk had been starved for two days. The old woman gave it a sniff of fragrant food every now and then to excite it.

They reached Longosardo. She went to a baker's shop and asked to be directed to Nicolas Ravolati. He had resumed his old trade of carpentering, and was at work alone in the back of his shop.

The old woman pushed open the door, and called: "Nicolas!"

He turned; then, loosing her dog, she cried:

"Go; eat, tear, devour!"

The famished animal sprang and seized the man's throat. The man threw out his arms, seized the dog, and rolled upon the ground. For some seconds he struggled, his feet striking the earth. Then he was still, while Brisk tore his throat to ribbons.

Two neighbors, seated at their door, recall perfectly having seen an old man go out with a half-starved dog, which, as it went, ate something dark which its master gave it.

At evening the old woman reached her home. She slept well that night.—Translated for the *Argonaut* from the French of Guy de Maupassant.

Hamburg possesses a steam ferry of a somewhat original type, for the main deck can be raised and lowered by suitable machinery in order to take up a difference of level of some sixteen feet. The large structural framework rises to a considerable height and is intended to guide the whole platform in its vertical movements. By the use of powerful electric winches it is possible to raise and lower the deck as a whole, even when it is loaded with numerous heavy vehicles, such as are used in landing material at the port. The reason for adopting this arrangement of the deck lies in the fact that at the Hamburg port the difference in tide level is considerable, so that when the boat lands at the wharf it is by no means on the same level at all times, and in the ordinary case the heavy vehicles would be obliged to mount or descend a steep incline. It is in order to avoid this drawback that the present type of ferry was constructed, and as the movable deck can always be brought flush with the level of the dock, the vehicles can now run off in the ordinary way.

Ohio leads the world in the production of maple syrup. The value of maple syrup and sugar produced in Ohio is more than three times the value of these products of New England, if the single State of Vermont is excluded. These products are produced in practically all sections of the state, but the northeastern part is especially famous for the quality as well as the quantity of its maple products.

New York is the largest city borrower in the world. It borrowed more than \$550,000,000 in 1913 and loans to the banks in the forms of deposits \$700,000,000 a year.



## A LEGEND OF ILLYRIA.

Copita, a Story of Hungarian Love and Madness.

Boldo pulled a key out of his pocket and opened the door of the mountain.

We were in Illyria, and had come to visit the great cave of Adelesberg. Boldo was our guide, and as we followed him into the cavern he lit his torch just within the door. Its red light shone over his wild, brigand face, as he led us along the corridor.

It was a low and dismal den, and even the splash of a foot into one of the little pools of water that lay along the bottom would make us start back, and look into the bright light of Boldo's torch for courage. By and by the den grew higher, and white stalactites hung from it, and as the smoke climbed in black billows to the roof, their tips hung down below it, like the white heads of crowding Genii.

Gradually the corridor grew so high that the top was out of sight, and so broad that we could not see the sides. Presently over the shoulders of the guide I saw a dim, hazy light, as if from a great many lamps beyond us; and soon after Boldo turned round with his finger on his lip, and we heard plainly a great roar, as if of a river falling.

Then we walked on faster, and breathing quick, as the light grew stronger and the noise louder. We had not walked far when we found ourselves upon a narrow ledge, half up the sides of a magnificent cavern; fairy tales could not depict so gorgeous a one for the habitation of fairy princes. Above our heads, sixty feet and more, great, glittering stalactites hung down like the teeth of an Aeneas hell; below us, by as many feet, upon the bottom of the cavern, a stream broad and black was rushing, and in the distance fell into some lower gulf, with a noise that went bellowing out its echoes among the ghostly stalactites of the dome.

There we stood, trembling on the edge of the cliff, the red light of Boldo's torch flaring over our little group.

Then it was that he commenced the recital of a strange, wild story of Hungarian love and madness, which took so strong a hold upon my feelings that I set down my remembrance of it that night in the chamber of my inn.

Once a year (said he) the peasantry come to the cavern to be merry. For days before you may see them coming from the mountains away toward Salzburg, where they sing the Tyrolese ditties, and wear the jaunty hats of the Tyrol; and from the great plains through which the mighty arms of the Northern River—the Danube—wander; and from the east, where they wear the turban, and talk the language of the Turk; and from the south, as far as the hills on which you may hear the murmur of the waters as they kiss the Dalmatian shore; from each quarter they come—vine-dressers and shepherds, young men and maidens—to dance out in the cavern the Carnival of May.

A whole night they dance, for they go into the mountain before the sunlight has left the land, and before they come out the next day has broken over the earth. But the light and the joy make day all the time they are in the cavern. Tapers are blazing everywhere, and the great stalactite you see in the middle is so hung about with torches that it seems a mighty column of fire, swaying and waving under the weight of the mountain.

A great many years ago there was a beautiful maiden, the daughter of a Dalmatian mother, who came on the festival day to the cavern, and her name was Copita. She had three brothers, and her father was an Illyrian shepherd. She had the liquid eye and the soft, sweet voice of the southern shores, whence came her mother; but she had the nut-brown hair and the sunny cheek of the pasture lands, on which lived her father.

Copita loved flowers, and flowers grew by the door of her father's home.

Copita loved music, and there were young shepherds who lingered in the gray of twilight about the cottage, nor went away till her song was ended.

The brothers loved Copita, as brothers should love a sister. For her they gathered fresh mountain flowers; and when they went up to the cavern in May, they twisted green boughs together, and so, upon their shoulders, they bore her over the roughest of the mountain ways.

During the nights of winter she spun and she sang. But not one of all the young shepherds who came to listen to her song, or to watch her small, white hand, as it plied the distaff—not one had learned to make her sigh. Twice she had been with her brothers—the fair-haired Adolphe, the dark, piercing-eyed Dalmetto, the stout Rinulph, with brown, curling locks—to the cavern in spring-time. And often she would dream of the column of fire in the middle, and the sparkling roof, and the gloomy corridors, and the roar of the waters, and wake up shaking with fear.

Strange it was that so good a virgin should ever wake up affrighted. Strange it was that so beautiful a maiden should not be wooed and won.

Now Copita had a cousin, of wild Hungarian blood. Their eyes had met, but their souls had not. For Otho was passionate and hot-blooded, and often stern. He loved the boar-hunts of the forests of the Juliennes.

But he had seen Copita, and loved her more than all besides. Once, when wandering in early winter with his boar-spear, he had come to her cottage; and once he had seen her at the dance in the cavern. Otho was not loved of his kinsfolk in his home, for he was cruel. None struck the boar-spear so deeply; and if he met a young fawn upon the hills, lost and crying piteously, he would plunge the rough spear in its throat, and bear it home struggling on his shoulder, and throw it upon the earth floor of his cottage, and say, "Ho, my sisters, here is a supper for you!"—and the fawn not yet dead. It is no wonder Otho was not loved at home.

Now in those old days, where there was not love between men, there was hate. So there was hate between the three brothers and the Hungarian cousin of the wild locks and the dark eye.

May was coming. Copita sang at evening gayer hearted. Copita danced with the fair-haired Adolphe on the green sward before the door of the cottage. The father played upon his shepherd's pipe; the mother looked joyously on, and thanked Heaven in her heart for having given her such a daughter as Copita, to make glad their mountain home.

She shed tears, though, and the father almost as many, when their children set off for the festive meeting in the cavern. Down the mountain they went singing, and the mother strained her eyes after them till she could see nothing but a white speck—Copita's dress—gliding down, and gliding away among the fir-trees.

Two days they were coming to the cavern. At night they stayed with friends in a valley, and in the morning doubled their company and came on together. As they walked, sometimes in the valleys, sometimes over spurs of the hills, there came others to join them who went on the pleasant pilgrimage. But of all the maidens not one was so beautiful as Copita. None walked with a staidier or freer step into the village below the mountain.

In a street of the village Copita had caught sight of the dark face of her Hungarian lover. Perhaps it was this, perhaps it was the cold, but she trembled as she came with her brother Adolphe into the cavern. The waters roared as they roared the year before—as they are roaring now. The noise made her shudder again.

"Adolphe," said she, "I wish I was in our cottage upon the mountain."

Just then the noise of the music came through the corridor, and Copita felt her proud mountain blood stirred, and went on with courage.

The night had half gone when Copita sat down where we sit. The fawn upon the mountains sometimes tires itself with its gambols; Copita was tired with dancing. Adolphe sat beside her.

Copita had danced with Otho, for she had not dared deny him. She had danced with a blue-eyed stranger, who wore the green coat of the Cossacks, and a high heron's plume, whose home was by the Danube; for who of all the maidens would choose deny him?

When Adolphe spoke of Otho, Copita looked thoughtful and downcast, but turned pale. And when Adolphe spoke of the stranger from the banks of the Great River, with the heron's plume in his cap, Copita looked thoughtful and downcast, but the color ran over her cheek, and temple, and brow like fire.

Now, it was a custom of the fête that in the intervals of the dance the young men and maidens should pass hand in hand around the column of fire in the middle. In token of good will between them. But if a second time a maiden went round, with her hand wedded to the same hand as before, then was the young man an accepted lover. But if a third time they went round together, it was like giving the plighted word, and young man and maiden were betrothed.

It was the custom of old days, and all the company of the cave shouted greeting.

Once had Copita gone round the column with the blue-eyed stranger of the heron's plume.

A second time the stern Hungarian had led forth the beautiful Copita. She hesitated, and she looked pale, and she trembled, for there were many eyes upon her. Copita shook: she dared not deny Otho.

Copita sat down trembling. Otho walked away with a triumphant leer.

A second time came up the blue-eyed stranger, doubting and fearful. A second time went the beautiful Copita with him round the flame. This time she trembled, for many eyes were upon her. The eyes of her brothers looked kindly, but half reprovingly; there were eyes of many a maiden that seemed to say, "Is this our gentle Copita, who has two lovers in a day?" There was the vengeful eye of Otho, that seemed to say, "Two lovers in a day she shall not have." It was no wonder Copita trembled.

The dance ceased. Copita trembled like an aspen leaf.

A third time came up Otho. Copita turned pale, but Otho turned away paler.

A third time came up the blue-eyed stranger.

Copita blushed; Copita trembled, and rose up and stood beside him. Hand in hand they stood together; hand in hand they went round the column of flame.

A wild song of greeting—a Hungarian song—burst over the roof of the cavern.

Now the face of the Hungarian, Otho, as he looked and as he listened, was as if it had been the face of a devil.

Copita went with Adolphe into the cool corridor, for the night was not yet spent, and other dances were to

follow. Adolphe left his sister a little time alone. Otho's eyes had followed, and he came up.

"Will my pretty cousin Copita walk with me in the cavern?" said he.

She looked around to meet the eye of Adolphe, or Rinulph, or Dalmetto. The dance had begun, and they two were unnoticed.

He said nothing; she made no effort to rise, but the strong arm of Otho lifted her.

Along the path they went. Copita's mind was full of shadows; she dared not go back. Otho's mind was full of dark thoughts; his strong arm bore her on.

She had not the voice to shout; besides, the music was louder than the shouting of a frightened maiden. Otho pushed on with cruel speed. Copita's faltering step stayed him no more than the weight of a young fawn.

The roar of the waters was beginning to sound. The road was rough. The rush of the waters was nearer and nearer. Otho led Copita to the precipice; he stood with her over the gulf.

"My cousin Copita," said Otho, "has given her hand to the proud stranger of the heron's plume; will she here, upon the edge of the gulf, take again her promise?"

"The stranger is not proud," said Copita, "and my word once given shall never be broken." And as if the word had given life to her mountain spirit, her eye looked back contempt for the exulting smile of Otho. Like a deer she bounded from him, but his strong arm caught her. She called loudly upon each of her brothers, but the dance was far away, and the roar of the waters was terrible. She sprang to the point of the rock; again the strong arm of Otho was extended toward her. Another step back—poor, poor Copita!

Otho heard a faint shriek mingling with the roar of the waters, and even the stern man was sorrowful. He trod back alone the corridors. None know why he made not his way to the mountains. The stones stirred under his feet, and he looked behind to see if any followed. The stalactites glistened under the taper that was fastened in his bonnet, and he started from under them as if they were falling to crush him.

Now in the hall of the dance there was search for Copita, when Otho came in.

There are three ways by which one can pass out of the hall, and after Otho had come in alone, Adolphe stood at one, Rinulph at one, and Dalmetto at one. The Hungarian could look the wild boar in the eyes when they were red with rage, but his eyes had no strength in them then to look back upon the eyes of the brothers. He would escape them by going forth; but when he came to where Rinulph stood, Rinulph said, "Where is my sister Copita?" and Otho turned back. And when he came to where Dalmetto stood, Dalmetto said, "Where is my sister Copita?" And Otho was frightened away.

And when he came to where Adolphe stood, Adolphe said, "Tell us, where is our sister Copita?"

And Otho, that was so strong, grew pale before the blue-eyed Adolphe.

When Otho turned back, the young stranger, with the cap of the heron's plume, walked up to him and asked, "Where is the beautiful Copita?"

And Otho trembled more and more, and the faces grew earnest and threatening around him, so he told them all; and he was like a wild boar that is wounded, among fierce dogs.

The three brothers left not their places, but the rest spoke low together, and bound the Hungarian hand and foot. Hand and foot they bound him, and took up torches and bore him toward the deep river of the cavern. The brothers followed, and the maidens joined hands and sang a wild funeral chant, such as they sing by a mountain grave. Adolph, and Rinulph, and Dalmetto stood together in the mouth of the way that goes over the bridge and out of the mountain. It was well the three brothers were there; for as they bore Otho on, and as they neared the gulf, he struggled, as only a man struggles who sees death looking him in the face. He broke the bands that were around him, he pushed by the foremost, he rushed through those who were behind, he leaped a chasm, he clung to a cliff, he ran along its edge, but before he could pass out the brothers met him, and he cowered before them.

They bound him and bore him back, and hurled him headlong, and the roar of the waters drowned his cries.

One more song—a solemn song around the column of fire—and the night was ended.

They say that in quiet evenings in the gulf may be seen a light form that angels bear up. And when it is black without and the waters high, may be seen a swart form, struggling far down in the abyss.

Boldo's story was done. Legend or not, the cavern is huge and wild, and many a time since have I waked and found myself dreaming of the gentle Copita and the stranger with the heron's plume.

DONALD G. MITCHELL.

South Dakota has produced in the thirty-eight years of its active output, from 1876 to 1914 inclusive, \$185,287,640 in gold. The Homestake mine and mills were operated continuously throughout 1914 and made an output of 1,587,774 tons, which yielded bullion of the value of \$6,160,161, averaging \$3.88 a ton. The value of the gold, silver, and lead produced in South Dakota last year amounted to \$7,431,343, a slight increase over 1913.



## A COALITION GOVERNMENT.

"Piccadilly" Describes How the Yellow Press Produced an Extinction of Party Lines.

Probably there is nothing in the whole career of Lord Northcliffe that has been more surprising to him than the formation of the coalition government. Certainly there has been nothing that has caused him greater chagrin. Journalistically speaking, Lord Northcliffe may be said to live and move and have his being by party strife and the appeal to popular passions. He may now reflect upon the fact that he himself compelled the adoption of the remedy for the disease that he went to so much labor to produce. Lord Northcliffe has virtually put himself out of business.

Lord Northcliffe began his newspaper career by the publication of a weekly magazine of snippets and jokelets. It happened to commend itself to the particular phase of popular fatuity that was then in evidence and he made money rapidly. He invested his profits in other newspapers and was soon the proprietor of a string of weeklies and dailies. On the principle that any one who makes money ought to be made a peer Lord Northcliffe was sent to reinforce the intelligence of the House of Lords, and he then took what may be called the culminating step of his career by the purchase of the *Times*. He reduced its price, gave its contents a slightly yellow tinge, and multiplied its circulation by four. Every step in Lord Northcliffe's career has seemed to be the mark of something decadent in the public taste. He has thrived upon public degeneracies.

The outbreak of the war gave Lord Northcliffe the precise opportunities for which the yellow journalist yearns. The nerves of the public were strained nearly to the breaking point and the mind of the public was sensitive to suggestions and suspicions. A stupid censorship—and all censorships are stupid—had deprived the country of legitimate news, and therefore had fostered conjecture and credulity. Mistakes had unquestionably been made, and the yellow journalist was ready to take advantage of all of them. Wherever a sore spot could be found he was eternally ready with the vinegar bottle. The supply of munitions was pitifully inadequate, as all the world now knows, and Lloyd George said that the deficiency was mainly due to the drinking habits of the workmen, which is also a fact known by all the world. England, said Lloyd George, had three enemies, and they were Germany, Austria, and Alcohol. Thereupon the yellow press lashed itself into fury at such defamation of the character of the workman. It had already attacked Lord Haldane with extraordinary fury because he was known to be an ardent student of German philosophy. Now it set to work to attack Winston Churchill for the inadequate defense of Antwerp and for the early failures to reduce the forts of the Dardanelles. It attacked anybody and everybody. It threw mud in every direction. Posing as the one and only friend of the patriot, as directly and solely responsible for every beneficence, it probably did more to comfort the enemies of the country and to disconcert her friends than all other agencies put together.

Now all this seems to have slight bearing upon the coalition government, but actually it has a great one. It has been said that the chief duty of a parliamentary opposition is to oppose, and therefore the Conservative party found itself in a sort of reluctant alliance with the enemies of the Liberal government. To the credit of the Conservatives be it said that there was no actual attempt to embarrass the ministers, but none the less there was a certain uneasy querulousness that necessarily followed the waspish attacks of the yellow press and the popular truculence that it produced. There was only one way by which these attacks could be robbed of their sting, and Mr. Asquith was quick to seize it. After consultation with the Conservative chiefs he announced that henceforth and until the end of the war the dividing lines between the parties would be effaced and the best available men would be summoned to the cabinet irrespective of their party affiliations and records.

But Lord Northcliffe made one supreme effort to retain his influence. The great army of the mentally lame, halt, and blind had never failed him yet, and so he prepared his culminating attack upon official responsibility. He launched a campaign against Lord Kitchener himself. Now there need be no disinclination to admit that Lord Kitchener, being human, may have made mistakes. He may have shown an undue partiality for shrapnel shells over the high explosive variety. There may even have been friction between himself and Sir John French. It may be true that Sir John French expressed himself with military vigor to certain civilian visitors, and these visitors may have repeated his strictures where they were likely to produce the most harm. But to publish such incidents with all the artificial emphasis of scare headlines, to magnify them in hysterical editorials venomous with simulated passion becomes little less than a crime. It is a crime that is tolerated by democracies and that they are loath to punish. Lord Kitchener was denounced as a sort of carpet or drawing-room soldier, as intent upon self-advertisement than upon the salvation of the country. A single voice issued its commands from an editorial sanctum and it was obeyed by

twenty newspapers with all the semblance of independent spontaneity.

Then the worm turned. The most widely read of the Northcliffe publications, the *Daily Mail*, was publicly burned on the Stock Exchange. Thousands of irate subscribers canceled their orders, and for the first time it became generally known that Lord Northcliffe owned newspapers all over the country and that the voice of one was the voice of all. The loss of subscribers was serious enough, but it is said that the loss of advertising was still more serious. For the first time in his career the yellow journalist found that there were limits to the public credulity as well as a strong inclination to punish the aggressor.

The coalition government may therefore be said to be the creation of Lord Northcliffe as well as the most effective possible check to his incendiarism.

LONDON, June 13, 1915.

PICCADILLY.

Some of the wells in the vicinity of Winnebago, Minnesota, are reported as showing slight daily variations in level, the water frequently standing lowest at about ten a. m., when the barometric pressure is usually greatest, and highest at about four p. m., when the pressure is likely to be least; and still greater fluctuations mark the passage of storms, the water rising materially with the decrease in pressure on their approach and subsiding on the return of fair weather and a high barometer. The discharge from flowing wells is naturally greater when the barometer is low than when it is high, although the difference in discharge is usually so small that it is unobserved. However, where the artesian pressure is slight, as it is in many of the wells of southern Minnesota, the effect of fluctuations in atmospheric pressure is frequently apparent, and it sometimes happens that a well will flow during storms, but will cease flowing when the weather clears up. On the approach of storms the water in the wells of southern Minnesota, which is ordinarily clear, becomes cloudy or milky; in others it becomes bright yellow or deep red. Among those whose waters become milky before storms are certain wells near Lakeville, in Scott County, and the most pronounced examples of discoloration are in the vicinity of Waterville, in Le Sueur County. The milkiness is due to silt or clay, and the yellow and red colors to fine particles of iron oxide. "Blowing" and "sucking" are common phenomena in this region, not only in drilled wells, but also in dug and bored wells. In the bored wells the air passes in and out through openings in the curb, occasionally with considerable force. Often the whistling of the escaping air is loud enough to be heard for several rods. In some wells in other parts of the country the current is strong enough to operate a whistle that can be heard at a distance of a mile. According to the statements of local drillers, the phenomenon is confined to uncased wells. When the wind is from the south the air is expelled with a whistling sound; when it is from the north it is drawn in. Poisonous gas is sometimes given off with the expelled air, occasionally producing fatal results.

Since its outbursts in 1902-1903, Mount Pelée has simmered down to a commonplace volcano, and now vegetation has reestablished itself to the summit of the mountain, and even the forest is beginning to reassert itself. The whole aspect of this side of the volcano is verdant and peaceful, and gives no indication of the devastation of thirteen years ago; even the rocks of the new cone are more or less thickly coated with moss, while the side and top of the old cone are covered with grass, ferns, and bushes, in addition to the moss and lichens. On the summit plateau are found an abundance of red raspberry bushes bearing flowers and green and ripe fruit. Sugar plantations on the west side of Mount Pelée have been reinstated as far as the Roxelane River, within the border of the original zone of annihilation, while the ruined city of St. Pierre now contains about thirty new buildings of durable construction and a resident population of between two and three hundred people. The zones stretching down the southwest side of the volcano lying between the Seche and Blanche rivers, which was the route traversed by hundreds or perhaps thousands of destructive eruption clouds, still lie drear and desolate, because the soil was completely swept away by the blasts, and the material left behind as well as that added by the eruption is too porous for the retention of the water necessary to restore it to fertility.

It is a curious fact that more than eighty-five years ago the principle upon which the automatic machines are manipulated was applied to open tobacco-boxes. In some parts of England, these square boxes survive in many an old-fashioned inn. By dropping a half-penny into the slot, the box, by means of a spring similar to those now employed for other purposes, flew open, and for the half-penny the operator was entitled to take a pipe of tobacco. In those good old-fashioned times people were supposed to be honest enough to take no more than a single pipe, and to close the box before passing it on to the next customer.

Many of the richest placers are those formed by the erosion of older placers and the reconcentration of their gold. Examples are found of particular interest in California.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## The Yarn of the Nancy Bell.

'T was on the shores that round our coast  
From Deal to Ramsgate span,  
That I found alone on a piece of stone  
An elderly naval man.

His hair was weedy, his beard was long,  
And weedy and long was he,  
And I heard this wight on the shore recite,  
In a singular minor key:

"Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,  
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,  
And a ho'sun tight, and a midshipmite,  
And the crew of the captain's gig."

And he shook his fists and he tore his hair,  
Till I really felt afraid,  
For I couldn't help thinking the man had been drinking,  
And so I simply said:

"Oh, elderly man, it's little I know  
Of the duties of men of the sea,  
And I'll eat my hand if I understand  
However you can be

"At once a cook, and a captain hold,  
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,  
And a ho'sun tight, and a midshipmite,  
And the crew of the captain's gig."

Then he gave a hitch to his trousers, which  
Is a trick all seamen learn,  
And having got rid of a thumping quid,  
He spun this painful yarn:

"'T was in the good ship *Nancy* Bell  
That we sailed to the Indian Sea,  
And there on a reef we came to grief,  
Which has often occurred to me.

"And pretty nigh all the crew was drowned  
(There was seventy-seven o' soul),  
And only ten of the *Nancy's* men  
Said 'Here!' to the muster-roll.

"There was me and the cook and the captain bold,  
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,  
And a ho'sun tight, and a midshipmite,  
And the crew of the captain's gig.

"For a month we'd neither wittles nor drink,  
Till a-hungry we did feel,  
So we draw'd a lot, and, accordin' shot  
The captain for our meal.

"The next lot fell to the *Nancy's* mate  
And a delicate dish he made;  
Then our appetite with the midshipmite  
We seven survivors stayed.

"And then we murdered the ho'sun tight,  
And he much resembled pig;  
Then we wittled free, did the cook and me,  
On the crew of the captain's gig.

"Then only the cook and me was left,  
And the delicate question, 'Which  
Of us goes to the kettle?' arose  
And we argued it out as such.

"For I loved that cook as a brother, I did,  
And the cook he worshipped me;  
But we'd both he blowed if we'd either he stowed  
In the other chap's hold, you see.

"'T'll he eat if you dines off me,' says Tom;  
'Yes, that,' says I, 'you'll he—'  
I'm hoiled if I die, my friend,' quoth I;  
And 'Exactly so,' quoth he.

"Says he: 'Dear James, to murder me  
Were a foolish thing to do,  
For don't you see that you can't cook me,  
While I can—and will—cook you!'

"So he hoils the water, and takes the salt  
And the pepper in portions true  
(Which he never forgot), and some chopped shalot,  
And some sage and parsley too.

"Come here,' says he, with a proper pride  
Which his smiling features tell,  
'T will soothing be if I let you see  
How extremely nice you'll smell.'

"And he stirred it round and round and round,  
And he sniffed at the foaming froth;  
When I ups with his heels, and smothers his squeals  
In the sum of the hoiling froth.

"And I eat that cook in a week or less,  
And—as I eating be  
The last of his chops, why, I almost drops,  
For a wessel in sight I see!

"And I never larf, and I never smile,  
And I never lark nor play,  
But sit and croak, and a single joke  
I have—which to say:

"Oh, I am a cook and a captain hold,  
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,  
And a ho'sun tight, and a midshipmite,  
And the crew of the captain's gig!"—W. S. Gilbert.

The Rogers Pass five-mile tunnel under the Selkirk Range, now under construction on the Canadian Pacific route, will be the longest railway tunnel on the American continent, the longest at present being the Hoosac tunnel (four and three-fourths miles) on the New York Central. The \$10,000,000 Rogers Pass tunnel will shorten the route four miles and materially reduce the grade. The tunnel follows a straight line under Mount Macdonald, emerging in the Beaver Valley at a point about 1000 feet below the present line. The eastern entrance is directly below Hermit, a station just east of Rogers Pass. The highest point reached in the tunnel is 3795 feet above sea level and 4065 feet below the summit of Macdonald Peak.



## THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN ATTACHE.

August Eric Fisher Wood Describes His Experiences as an Embassy Diplomat.

When war closed the doors of the Beaux Arts in Paris last August Eric Fisher Wood, American student of architecture, among many other art students, was drawn into the rushing current of action and excitement. Mr. Merrick, the American ambassador, put him to work immediately upon his application at the embassy and appointed him attaché. His recently published book, "The Note-Book of an Attaché," was worked up from the journal of his day, which he kept during his seven months' experience in the war zone, and from his correspondence. Mr. Wood's duties were such as to carry him back and forth over a more extensive territory than has fallen to the lot of most of those writers who have told us of their adventures in this field, and his diplomatic position, of course, gave him "the inside track," so that his narrative is notable for its accuracy as well as for the intimacy of its details. His first task was to assist in aiding the Americans stranded in Paris and the many Germans who had been unable to arrange their affairs so that they might leave the city in the twenty-four hours which was given them after the order of mobilization and whose embassy had turned over their care to the American ambassador. The plight of the latter was a difficult one, almost as fearful as that of the inhabitants of a captured city. Mr. Wood writes of them:

The second day of mobilization, August 3d, caught them like rats in a trap and exposed them to the doubtful fate of being lost in an enemy's country during war time. Many of them were travelers who had been vacationing in the chateau country, visiting the cathedrals of Normandy, or enjoying the picturesque country of Brittany. Last week they were everywhere treated with respect and politeness, today they are looked upon with suspicion and hostility. They are hungry and they have no money. They are surrounded by looks of hatred and they are terror-stricken. No Frenchman but fears to be seen speaking to them. They have no place to sleep, as no hotel or lodging-house dares harbor them. Many of them have lost all their worldly goods and possess nothing except the clothes in which they stand. Nearly all of them carried their funds in letters of credit on German banks and these are now worthless in France.

There are refined women who have slept in the streets and parks, nay, who have not been allowed to sleep, but have walked all night in their patent leather pumps. There are rich men who literally have not an available copper and whose eyes have taken on the nervous look of hunted animals. They realize that neither their sound reputation nor abundant wealth will alter their present position by one "petit pain à cinq centimes." One man who carried bank-books and deeds showing that he owned property to the amount of several hundred thousand francs had walked twelve miles to reach the embassy, because he did not possess the coppers necessary to pay his carfare in a public conveyance.

We have heard of the wrecking of the shops of "le Bon Lait Maggi," which are supposed to be controlled by a German trust. It was such demonstrations that crowded the American embassy with panic-stricken Germans, who finally were assigned to the large emptiness of the Lycée Condorcet, whose bare floors they were "more thankful for that safe resting-place than ever they had been for the most comfortable bed or luxurious apartment."

The following incident, described by Mr. Wood, might well strike terror into the hearts of timid Paris-imprisoned Germans:

I have heard the "Marseillaise" sung upon hundreds of peaceful occasions; have risen when it was played in French theatres; have enthusiastically joined in singing it at students' dinners, and have been impressed by it in an unemotional and academic way. In peace times one feels that it is easily the greatest of national anthems, but fails to realize that it is primarily a battle song. This morning for the first time I heard it sung as such, and as such shall forever remember it. I was walking down the Rue de Sévres toward the Boulevard Montparnasse, hoping to pick up a stray taxicab which would carry me to the embassy. Suddenly, and with startling abruptness, I was brought to a full stop by a wave of sharp, staccato vocal sound. Wave beat upon wave—a great volume of male voices shouting in unison. There was something so strange, so startling, and so appalling in their quality that, without comprehending what was coming, a shiver ran up my spine. The sound swelled and came nearer, and suddenly the head of a column of infantry swung into view past a street corner just ahead and the dull "smash—smash—smash" of a thousand feet falling in unison could be heard through the volume of sound. It was the "Marseillaise" of war! The troops were marching to the Gare Montparnasse to entrain for the front, and in a few days would be in the battle line. Their bayonets sloped backward, a waving thicket bent toward the morning sun. There was no music in their words, which were sharp and incisive. Each word was a threat, an imprecation, intense with ferocious meaning. Their intonation carried conviction that the men meant literally every impressive line they uttered. The words visualized for me the picture in their own minds. I could sense their desire to charge the Germans, to close in, to strike, to stab. Perhaps the deliberate, vengeful premeditation to destroy is more terrible than the act itself. I doubt if any battle could ever affect me as did the song of those men. The result was so disintegrating to one's psychology that for the rest of the day I completely lost balance of judgment. I felt exultantly certain that the French were going to smash Germany into tiny bits, and was equally sure that they could, if need be, demolish all creation.

If we may judge from the following, the effect of military rule upon Paris has been in the main wholesome and efficient:

Tuesday, August 25th—The military governor of Paris is now invested with absolute and autocratic powers. He makes what regulations he chooses and is authorized to punish any infraction of his rule with the death penalty. He has taken advantage of his position to institute various reforms which have for years been much needed, but which have hitherto been persistently blocked by "politics." He is no longer required to argue with bureaucracies or to convince legislatures. He acts without hindrance. He has thus, out of

hand, settled some of the great problems with which Paris has been struggling for years. With a stroke of the pen, for instance, he has made it illegal to buy, sell, or possess absinthe. He is said to have destroyed the long menace of the Apache gangs by summarily shooting down all that could be found in Paris. He has by drastic measures suppressed gambling, and has even done away with the slot machines of chance which have so long stood in all the cafés to catch the hard-earned sous of the workmen. It is probable that these reforms will be permanent and will stand even when martial law in Paris is abolished. It is always difficult to accomplish a great reform, but it is often impossible to undo it once it is accepted. If we had real prohibition in America and woman suffrage I hardly think that we should vote to have "whisky" brought back or ever disfranchise our women.

While the battle of the Marne was raging, just outside of Paris, Mr. Wood with two American officers was given a permit to leave the city "to observe and study as much of the operations as possible, in order to gather information useful to our army in America." Over the battlefield of the day before they explored and made observations. Here is a ghastly sketch of one part where the fighting had been hot:

We tried to comprehend the battle as a whole by studying a great many fields, any one of which would a few years ago have been considered an entire battle in itself. The dead were scattered far and wide; and in the fields and among the grain-stacks the wounded cried out their piteous faint appeals. Little groups of German stragglers were hiding in the forests, and squads of alert French soldiers hunted them down, heating through the cover as eager setter dogs search for grouse. In one field of about six acres lay nine hundred German dead and wounded; across another, where a close-action fight had raged, two hundred French and Germans lay mixed together, all mashed and ripped. Here was the curious sight of a German and Frenchman lying face to face, both dead, and each one transfixed by the other's bayonet.

The very birds of the air and the beasts of the field lay dead and rotting amid the general destruction. We saw feathers and bits of chickens and halves of cows. On one occasion Hall maintained that "it" had been a cow, while I thought "it" was a horse, and no piece large enough for a certain identification could be found. Of some of the villages which had been peaceful and beautiful a week ago, there remained now only chimneys, ashes, and bits of walls rising from smoldering gray debris. A French village wrecked by battle looks very much wrecked indeed, in contrast with its habitual orderly and toy-like appearance.

A visit was paid to the field hospital in the village of Clamanges, which the Germans had established and where they had been obliged to leave their wounded when they retreated. There was insufficient attendance and almost no food:

In the rush of battle it had been impossible to obtain food for the wounded, so that for days these men had gone hungry, and one heard the agonizing sound of dying men crying piteously for bread. The French attendants themselves went hungry in order to give their charges such small pittances of food as were obtainable. We watched an orderly who entered the church with a single loaf of bread which had just been secured and which was to be divided among several hundred wounded. He used a great knife as if he hoped to make up for the smallness of the supply by the largeness of the implement. Slowly and with sober care he cut slice after slice, each one so thin that the light shone through it. Every head was turned toward him and each burning pair of eyes was fixed upon the precious bread with an expression of animal dumbness, which reminded one of the intent eyes of a hungry dog as it watches a hoped-for morsel. As he advanced step by step, the wounded stretched up shriveled hands, or propped themselves on one elbow to make more appealing gestures, their faces all contorted by the pains the movement caused them. They made no sound, for their attention was too intently fixed upon that bread. One, however, who had been overlooked, burst into screams and wailings until the mistake had been properly remedied.

Mr. Wood's party was so moved as to contribute their own small and jealously hoarded supply of provisions to these terribly stricken ones, who are further described:

The dying are frightful sights, and parts of them are often already mortified as they lie in the straw, entirely occupied with breathing. They breathe eternally little short breaths, a hundred or a hundred and ten to the minute, like some sort of pump. They wish passionately not to die, and yet they know with desperate certainty that they are going to die. They lie down there in a tiny, little black hell of their own and fight with all their might and main, feeling that they will die instantly if they skip one little short breath. (I was going to say that they fight with all their soul and body, but they no longer possess either of these.) They have no time to speak, or listen, or move, or be helped, as every particle of energy must be used for the next respiration. A jumbled heap lies in the straw covered with a blanket to keep off the flies. An attendant looks at its side in search of the fluttering little pulsation of breath. If it is there, "he" is living; if all is still, "it" is dead, and they carry it out and dump it in the hall with the other bodies.

Merely to read of the condition of the many times contested little village of Ecury-le-Repos is almost too much to endure. Here:

In their last retreat the Germans had dragged their desperately wounded into halls and doorways in order that they might be out from under foot, and there they still lay. Half of them were mercifully already dead. We looked into one hallway only. Here amidst a stifling stench five Germans were propped up; three were dead and the other two barely alive; all were covered black with flies and the living and the dead were eaten by white, weaving masses of maggots.

In the cauldron of war many strange things are developed from its boilings and fusings. All the stories that come to us tell of terrible madnesses, horrors committed in the delirium of battle, and there are also tales of beautiful heroisms of unselfishness and of strange awakenings to brotherhood such as peace is sometimes long in producing. Mr. Wood writes of the spirit of the trenches:

The feeling which the French soldiers on the firing-line have for the Germans is very different from the bitterness which one finds in the civilian population of France. We have heard more than one French soldier say in a voice tinged with admiration, "Ah, ils sont des bons soldats!" At the front and in the trenches one gets down to basic principles and realizes that "the other man" is a fellow human being

and not something with horns and a forked tail. The French soldier is grimly determined to go through the war to the bitter end and to accept nothing short of a complete victory, but at the same time he realizes that this mutual slaughter is indeed a sorry business. I shall never forget the face of a serious French territorial soldier of forty with whom I spoke today. He was one of a hurrying squad on the scene of the charge of the African brigade near Soisy-aux-Bois. Nine hundred dead were being buried in one big trench, and as I came to inspect it my territorial and a comrade were about to pick up a dead German who lay face down in a muddy field, with arms outstretched. A hundred others lay close about us. I offered the territorial cigarettes, and as he took one he indicated the field about us with a sweep of his arm and said sadly: "If Guillaume could have foreseen all this, do you think that he, one man, would have begun this war?" and he looked down at the dead German who lay at his feet with an expression full of sorrow and brotherly compassion.

In his analysis Mr. Wood speaks of this crucial battle of the Marne as "the Teuton's blow below the belt."

While on an expedition to bring away from the war zone the children of a Hungarian countess who was under the protection of the American embassy chance carried the automobile in which Mr. Wood was traveling into the midst of the battle of the Aisne. A direction was misconstrued, and without knowing it Mr. Wood and his companion found themselves outside the French lines, on "an elevation squarely between the two armies." Their glimpse of the battle is described:

Seeing a modern battle demolishes all one's preconceived ideas derived from descriptions of previous wars. One at least expects some sort of rapid and exciting action. In reality, as we stood in the very midst of the battle of the Aisne, there was, in our immediate neighborhood, only deadly silence. At intervals an angry rumbling would break out somewhere in the distance, but in the trenches close to our elbows there was no sound or movement. No birds, no beasts, no men were anywhere to be seen. This uncanny silence would continue for twenty or thirty interminable seconds and then a shrapnel would burst close by, with a sharp, ugly, threatening bang which had no echo; then all lapsed into silence again. Each shrapnel only made the subsequent silence more intense, just as the footsteps of a man crunching through the snow-crust of a winter wilderness seem like a brutal intrusion on the absolute stillness.

We looked behind us and could see no signs of French troops; we peeped around the house corner and could perceive no indications of the enemy. It was a monotonous landscape which faded away through the mist to nothingness, and its only noticeable features were a few shell craters and two French soldiers sitting close by in the end of a trench. These men remained motionless so long before one of them moved that we began to think they were dead. Their comrades were all hidden in a bomb-proof trench, which from any angle was invisible at a distance of a few yards. Several more officers came out of the house and chatted with us, or unconcernedly read newspapers which we distributed and made not the slightest break in their conversation when a shrapnel burst directly over our heads with car-splitting nearness.

In October, the volume of embassy work in the department of Germans, Austrians, and Hungarians having much decreased, Mr. Wood offered his services to the American Motor Ambulance Corps. On parting company with the American ambassador, Mr. Wood says of him, "Mr. Herrick has proved himself one of those rare men who are possessed of high ideals and far vision and who at the same time refuse to be impractical."

Subsequently Mr. Wood carried official dispatches in the American service to Berlin, to Vienna, Brussels, Berne, London, Budapest, and other cities. His observations show him a man of unusual clear-headedness, executive capacity, and courage. We shall be surprised if his seven months' adventures have not carried him beyond the desire to become an architect. Among his other talents, he has no mean skill as a writer. There is power of imagination and literary quality in the following, picturing the line of battle:

Following its twistings and turnings this strip of land is 450 miles in length. It lies wrapt in uncanny solitude, for in all its length there moves no living creature. It changes from beet fields to plowed land, to pasture and back to the eternal beet fields again. It runs across farms and over hills, through cities and under forest trees. It varies in width, here narrowing a few feet, there widening to several hundred yards. Five minutes would be ample time to walk across it anywhere, and yet it is the most impassable frontier ever marked out by man anywhere on the surface of mother earth. No person may cross it, no matter how exalted his position nor how mighty his influence, for throughout its length hosts of trained men lie ever ready to let loose upon any intruder a thousand shells and a million bullets.

What sights one might behold if one could, himself invisible, follow this ribbon of scarred earth as it winds its way across Europe from the North Sea to the Alps. Its length is mazed with barbed wire and electric death, and menaced by pits and mines. Heaps of dead men lie in the sun or rain and the wounded cry faintly and more faintly until they, too, are dead. The plants and trees are blasted and even the earth has been torn and tortured by explosions.

At some point along this line a moment comes when thousands of men start suddenly out of the bare earth like sons of the Dragon's teeth and as promptly charge forward. For a brief moment their shouts are heard through the stillness and then their voices are drowned by one great hellish din, made up of the roar of guns, the crash of cannon, the scream of shells, and the shock of ear-splitting explosions; the ground under their feet heaves and shakes and the air about them is filled with a confusion of flying dust and debris.

An appendix contains the summary of the matter of Mr. Wood's report of military observations made to the American government. The volume is well illustrated from photographs taken by the author.

THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN ATTACHE. By Eric Fisher Wood. New York: The Century Company; \$1.60 net.

Probably nowhere else does the wind blow so hard and steadily as in the Falkland Islands. Tree growth is practically impossible owing to this peculiarity, and with such force does the wind sweep that region that potatoes and turnips have been known to blow out of the ground. Grass, however, grows luxuriantly.



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## The Execution of Music.

The visit to San Francisco of M. Camille Saint-Saëns and the lecture delivered by him at the Salon de la Pensée Française of the Exposition was one of the musical events of the day, as much a distinction to the Exposition as a delight to those fortunate enough to hear the voice of the greatest living composer. It is therefore a matter of congratulation that the obvious duty of preserving this lecture in permanent form has been properly fulfilled by the finely prepared brochure that comes to us from the Blair-Murdock Company. The initiative in the matter was taken by Mr. Henry P. Bowie, who translated the lecture from the French and added some competent explanatory notes with facsimile reproductions from the pen of M. Saint-Saëns himself. It need not be said that Mr. Bowie has done his work *con amore* and with a fluency and felicity of style that are beyond praise.

ON THE EXECUTION OF MUSIC AND PRINCIPALLY OF ANCIENT MUSIC. By M. Camille Saint-Saëns. Done into English with explanatory notes by Henry P. Bowie. San Francisco: The Blair-Murdock Company.

## The Trojan Women.

The fact that "The Trojan Women of Euripides" is to be played at the Festival Hall of the Exposition on July 8th and 9th should cause a demand for Dr. Gilbert Murray's translation with explanatory notes which now appears in neat volume form from the Oxford University Press. As connecting the past and the present by a common bond of human suffering which seems to defy time it may be said that "The Trojan Women" was first acted in Athens during the Peloponnesian War of 415 B. C. It has now been produced by the Chicago Little Theatre Company at many places in America, and those who intend to see it on July 8th and 9th should certainly possess the volume, both as a preparation for the performance and as a permanent possession. The play is presented, says the programme, "not as an archaic curiosity, but as a direct message, inspiration, and appeal, here and now, to the men and women of America."

THE TROJAN WOMEN OF EURIPIDES. Translated by Gilbert Murray, LL. D., D. Litt. New York: Oxford University Press; 75 cents.

## Pieces of the Game.

The Countess de Chambrun explains that her story was finished before the outbreak of war and that for a time she intended to withdraw it from publication. On further consideration she allows it to appear, consecrating any profits there may be "to the alleviation of a portion of that homeless misery of which we have seen so much."

The story itself concerns the life and fate of an aristocratic young Frenchman married to an American girl and living in New England. Christian de Troyes is a fine specimen of his race, honorable, impulsive, and chivalrous, and his young wife belongs to the best type of American womanhood. There is only one reason why they should not live happily ever afterward, and that one reason is the malicious slander of a woman who deliberately instills poison into the ears of the young wife and suggests liaisons in the career of her husband. The idea is not, of course, a new one. It is as old as womanhood, but it is used here with a certain simple and direct pathos that commends itself.

PIECES OF THE GAME. By Countess de Chambrun. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.35.

## American Problems.

We have seen and heard so much of Paul H. B. d'Estournelles de Constant and have admired him so unfeignedly that this substantial presentation of his opinions about us and our problems will be received with something more than a passing interest. Of "impressions" of America we have had enough and to spare. They are usually confined to interviews, chambermaids, and skyscrapers. They deal with the trivial and the things that do not matter. But here we have an effort to understand the serious problems of American life by a man who knows us well and who brings sympathy and intelligence to his task.

Most of this book was written before the war, but the author is consistent with his peace principles in believing that the heart of the German people is sound and that no war would have come from a democratic Germany. As a Frenchman he would naturally like to enlist American aid, but he is always moderate and restrained. His book has no distinct plan of arrangement. He accepts his facts where he finds them and discusses the problems that they indicate. Thus he comes to California and talks about Asiatic immigration and the "inevitable" war with Japan. Elsewhere he is reminded of Henry George, and then, of the Mormons and polygamy, and Mr. Bryan, and alcoholism, and baseball, and idealism, and competition. And of course it is always possible to talk about the American woman, and sometimes it is impossible to say anything else. All is fish that comes under his net. Gardening, he tells us, is a sign of civilization and the cultivation of

delight incompatible with destructiveness. The book is genuinely delightful because it is so animated by the spirit of frank and sympathetic curiosity and the willingness to believe that if American life and thought are different from the European there is probably a good reason for it, and a reason that is worth his while to understand.

AMERICA AND HER PROBLEMS. By Paul H. B. d'Estournelles de Constant. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.

## Mysticism.

Miss Evelyn Underhill has written many books on mysticism, books that are not merely the exposition of a student, but also—one is inclined to think—the recorded experiences of a devotee. But now we have a book that should be more popular than any that have preceded it. Addressing herself to "the man in the street," Miss Underhill not only shows that mysticism is something practical rather than a mere shadowy dreaming, but that its attainments are within the reach of everyday humanity. Mysticism, she says, is the art of union with reality, and she persuades us easily that reality is an affair of direct rather than of sensuous perception, a domain of limitless experience of which the doors open only to rightly directed and sustained effort. Miss Underhill is somewhat overprone to lay emphasis on Christian mysticism to the exclusion of the much more scientific mysticism of the East, but none the less her little book remains by far the best of its kind.

PRACTICAL MYSTICISM. By Evelyn Underhill. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1 net.

## Dreaming Right.

This is a fairly good story for a six-hour railroad journey. It relates the adventures of Mr. Mymms, who discovers to his dismay that he has the faculty of correctly dreaming the results of horse races and is troubled with qualms of conscience as to the propriety of thus interfering with the fortuitous course of fate and fortune. But when Mr. Mymms finds that he can dream of other things with equal accuracy he naturally becomes an object of interest to statesmen and diplomats, who see advantage to themselves and their various causes in this uncanny prevision. The story is quite amusing for those who have nothing better to do than to read it.

THE MAN WHO DREAMED RIGHT. By W. Holt White. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$1 net.

## Child Study.

We are strongly of opinion that the modern child is much overstudied and that the chief need of the new generation is a little judicious neglect. None the less the present disposition to analyze, criticize, and investigate the child will probably continue for a time and we shall see innumerable organizations for the purpose and innumerable volumes of counsel and suggestion based on the dubious recommendation of scientific modernity.

But in this case the author does not tell us what we are to think about children. He contents himself with a programme of topics for discussion by child study clubs and of suggestions of the best ways to conduct them. Almost every conceivable aspect of child life is included, from pre-natal influences to the deadly cigarette. These many questions are duly tabulated with hints as to the sources of reliable information. The scope of the work is admirably wide, although we may still doubt if the child of the future will be substantially healthier, wealthier, or wiser than the child of the past uncontaminated by eugenism, unspoiled by system.

OUTLINES OF CHILD STUDY. By William A. McKeever. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1 net.

## Gossip of Books and Authors.

Mrs. Edna Bryan Buckbee, a San Francisco author, has written a timely volume, "The Sculpture of the Exposition." So far, other works dealing with the Exposition have treated the sculptural decorations only in incidental chapters. Mrs. Buckbee's entire volume is devoted to sculpture. One hundred carefully selected half-tones have been reproduced, each accompanied by a brief but clear description.

Paul Elder & Co. announce for early publication "The City of Domes," by John D. Barry. This new work will be in the nature of a walk with an architect about the courts and palaces of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, with a discussion of its architecture, sculpture, mural decorations, coloring, and lighting, preceded by a history of its growth. Two special features of Mr. Barry's book will be: first, a list of points of interest that the visitor should see, either by day or by night; second, a list of paintings in the Palace of Fine Arts that should not be overlooked.

Harper & Brothers announce that they will put to press next week for reprinting Rupert Hughes's new novel, "Empty Pockets," which was published late in May.

The J. B. Lippincott Company is publishing a book of timely interest, "Aeroplanes and

Dirigibles of War." The author is Frederick A. Talbot, who has written a number of popular books on the progress of the world in various lines of invention. Lippincott published last winter his "Oil Conquest of the World."

In "The Primrose Ring," the new story by Ruth Sawyer, published by Harper & Brothers, there is a heartiness of human appeal, a racy naturalness, a contagious joyousness, that remind one of a Dickens Christmas story. There is also plenty of magic, and it is very white. It is a magic made of primroses and the glamour of spring, of children's wistful dreams and a girl's understanding love.

Five editions of "The Rose Garden Husband" are now carrying their message of good cheer and joyous optimism to every corner of America. When the world meets any one so unaffectedly cheerful and cheering as Margaret Widdemer in this book, it sets the seal of its approval upon that person and book. We have yet to hear of any one who doesn't like "The Rose Garden Husband." It is published by the J. B. Lippincott Company.

Leonid Andreyev's "The Sorrows of Belgium" has just appeared in a translation by Herman Bernstein. This is a play in six scenes in which the devastation of Belgium and the horrors of war in general are vividly painted. It is published by the Macmillan Company.

In his "Romances of Amosis Ra," the great Egyptian scholar, Frederic Thurstan has shown us how Moses and his Egyptian friends lived in that palace that has just been discovered under the sands of Egypt, and he makes a vivid story of it. It is one of the J. B. Lippincott Company's recent publications.

An Australian edition of Stanley Shaw's secret service story, "A Siren of the Snows," has just been arranged for by Little, Brown & Co.

E. Phillips Oppenheim's novels, it is said, were never more popular than they are during these war times. The advance sale of his latest, "The Double Traitor," was, according to his American publishers, 2500 copies in excess of his previous book, "Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo," which, by the way, has now reached a seventh printing.

In a number of the prevalent discussions about "The Theatre of Ideas," published by the George H. Doran Company, the burlesque allegory in which the famous dramatist, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, makes fun of many modern ideas, the American critics have failed to catch the point of the whole satire, because they have taken it for granted that it is the economic play, the faddy theatre, alone, of which Mr. Jones is making fun.

Dr. A. A. Berle's celebrated book, "The School in the Home," is being brought out in an enlarged and revised form this spring. It contains more interesting material than ever. Also he is soon to publish a new volume on the training of children at home. This is entitled "Teaching in the Home," and it gives definite programmes for the work suggested in the former volume, "The School in the Home." The publishers are Moffat, Yard & Co.

## The Yale Review for July.

This number of the *Review* contains an especially powerful group of articles upon the stirring events of 1915. Sir Edwin Pears, chief English authority upon the Near East, and but recently a prisoner in Constantinople,

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reveals, through personal experience, German complicity in Turkey's rush into the war, and prophesies freely as to the future. An eloquent and deeply-felt essay by Wilbur C. Abbott searches out the root of the present conflict in the age-long struggle between democracy and autocracy. John Crowe Ransom, in a brilliant analysis, prefers to find its cause in the irreconcilable strife between two conceptions of justice, the old, or static, and the new, or creative, which progressive Germany has embraced. An intimate study of the Czar as he knew him is from the pen of the late Curtis Guild, ex-ambassador to Russia and ex-governor of Massachusetts. Charles Cheney Hyde, professor of international law in Northwestern University, interprets the acts of the United States in defense of our rights on the sea, and states with force and clearness the steps we must take in order to be right in the eyes of the neutral world.



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THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Diary of a Beauty.

The "beauty" in this case is a young country girl in New York State. She attends to the postoffice for her uncle and dreams the usual dreams of travel and wealth and the inevitable prince who shall help her to write the last chapter. And her dreams come true, which proves that she knows the essential art of dreaming. She attracts the attention of a wealthy and eccentric woman who believes that she can restore her own health by contact with vigorous girlhood. Then comes travel in Europe, but when she herself becomes ill she is summarily discarded and then the reverse side of the shield of prosperity is disagreeably displayed. Of course it all comes right in the end, and perhaps Miss Wella Baird enjoys her good fortune all the more from the fact that it so nearly slipped through her fingers. The author has written better stories than this and will do so again, but it is none the less a success, a story that is both vigorous and wholesome.

THE DIARY OF A BEAUTY. By Molly Elliot Seawell. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25 net.

Briefer Reviews.

The Thomas Y. Crowell Company has published a "Complete Course in Isaac Pitman Phonography," by Abraham Rosenblum. It seems to be an inclusive system of instruction, clearly and precisely expressed and with abundant and well-chosen exercises.

Electricity is likely to enter more and more into the life of the farmer in the production of light, heat, and power. In this volume on "Electricity for the Farm," by Frederick Irving Anderson (Macmillan Company; \$1.25), the author discusses the various sources of

power available to the farmer and their utilization for the production of electricity. It is a thoroughly practical book and a rather surprising one in its revelation of unused opportunities.

Harper & Brothers have published a new edition of the "A B C of Electricity," by William H. Meadowcroft (50 cents net). The volume has been enlarged by new material and entirely reset.

The Houghton Mifflin Company has published three plays by Mrs. Havelock Ellis under the title of "Love in Danger." As may be assumed from the authorship they are a presentation of problems connected with married life. The price is 75 cents net.

Duffield & Co. have published "The Emerald Story Book," made up of stories and legends of spring and nature by a number of the great writers of the day. The compilers are Ada M. Skinner and Eleanor L. Skinner, and they seem to have done their work of selection with skill and discrimination.

"The Gardenette," by Benjamin F. Albaugh (Stewart & Kidd Company, Cincinnati), is a consideration of some of the miracles that may be wrought by gardening in the city back yard. Almost we are persuaded to acquire a back yard in order that we may produce the marvels of flowers and vegetables. Unfortunately the author does not say how the small boy is to be excluded from these urban Edens.

Harper & Brothers have published a little volume by Miss Anne Morgan. It is entitled "The American Girl," and it comprises four chapters on education, responsibility, recreation, and the future. Perhaps the heart of Miss Morgan's advice is to be found in the assertion that the problem now facing the American girl is her utter inability to realize

that her future can only be a logical development of her present. If she works at all it is only that she may employ her time until she can find some one to work for her. Her ideal is still that of the parasite. Miss Morgan speaks the word of truth and soberness all through her little book, and it should have a wide circulation. The price is 50 cents net.

The Rural Science Series, edited by L. H. Bailey, has been enlarged by the addition of "Citrus Fruits," by J. G. Coit. It shows how oranges, lemons, and grapefruit may be successfully grown and their culture made to yield a profit. The volume contains the most practical and modern information and advice on all phases of the subject. It is published by the Macmillan Company. Price, \$2.

The Central Publishing Company, 25 West Forty-Fifth Street, New York, have published "An Egyptian Love Spell," by Maria Herrington Billings (50 cents). This is a story of reincarnation, and it relates how Jack Drummond, visiting the Hippodrome, recognized in one of the performers a maiden whom he had known ages ago in ancient Egypt. It is strange that we have not had more stories based on so suggestive a theme.

New Books Received.

HOW IT FEELS TO BE THE HUSBAND OF A SUPERAGETTE. By H. H. New York: George H. Doran Company; 50 cents net.

The man's side of suffrage.

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S HANDBOOK OF CLEANING. By Sarah J. MacLeod. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1 net.

The practical application of science to household problems.

IMPERIAL GERMANY AND THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION. By T. E. Veblen. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

Accounting for Germany's economic advance and

high efficiency by natural causes, without drawing on the logic of manifest destiny.

THE MEANING OF CHRISTIAN UNITY. By William H. Cobb. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.25 net.

A search for the foundations of concord.

COLLEGE AND THE FUTURE. Edited by Richard Rice, Jr. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Essays for the undergraduate on problems of character and intellect.

THE EVOLUTION OF LITERATURE. By A. S. Mackenzie. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.50 net.

A manual of comparative literature.

ARE WOMEN PEOPLE? By Alice Duer Miller. New York: George H. Doran Company; 60 cents.

A collection of suffrage rhymes.

THE WORLD'S PRAYER. By L. P. Gratacap, A. M. New York: Thomas Benton.

A plea of collective prayer.

WHAT PICTURES TO SEE IN AMERICA. By Lorrinda M. Bryant. New York: John Lane Company; \$2 net.

A survey of American art museums.

THE SORROWS OF BELGIUM. By Leonid Andrejev. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25.

A play in six scenes.

AUNT SARAH AND THE WAR. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; 75 cents.

"A tale of transformations."

The results obtained by Mrs. Stoner, author of "Natural Education" and mother of her naturally educated daughter, Winifred, is a woman of education and culture not greatly beyond the average, and Winifred was just a baby that would have differed in no great respect from other babies but for the natural education methods which were applied the moment she first opened her brown eyes. The book describing her method is published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.



"FRAMERS OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE U.S.A." NO. 7

# Thomas Jefferson "Father of the Declaration of Independence"

THIS noble founder of the Democratic Party immortalized himself by writing our Declaration of Independence—the document which laid the foundations of Free Government, not only for our own beloved land, but for all the world. His countrymen twice elected him President and will always treasure his memory. Jefferson was the most ardent advocate of Universal Freedom of his time and it was his wisdom and foresight which brought about the Louisiana Purchase. Every drop of his Virginia blood loved Liberty, and because he wanted Americans to be assured of it for all time he championed with all his might and main the signing of the Constitution of the United States. None of the Fathers of the Republic were more far-seeing than he and none knew better than he that a mild brew of barley-malt and hops is truly a temperance drink. Hence, in 1816, he wrote President Madison: "A Captain Miller is about to settle in this country and establish a brewery. I wish to see this beverage become common." Jefferson lived past his 83rd year and all his life he was a moderate user of light wines and barley brews. It is unimaginable that were he alive to-day he would vote otherwise than NO to proposed tyrannous prohibition laws. For 58 years Anheuser-Busch have been brewing the kind of honest barley and hop brews which Jefferson hoped in his day to see the National beverage of Americans. Exactly such a beer is BUDWEISER. Its quality, purity, mildness and exquisite flavor have won its way to the top. To-day 7500 people are daily required to meet the public demand. Its sales exceed any other beer by millions of bottles.

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### "WAR BRIDES"

This European conflict is a world-war, and no mistake. If you want to know how personal are the tears American people shed over it go to the Orpheum this week. Yes, to the Orpheum, home and headquarters of vaudeville joy! But Nazimova is there, and Nazimova is not exactly a synonym for cheerfulness. And Nazimova and "War Brides" combined are a tragedy and a funeral rolled into one. Everybody more or less weeps while witnessing the play. It would take a determined will to maintain a dry handkerchief, or an unspashed shirtfront, while this play that paints the dread tragedy of multiplied loss in so many homes goes on. On Sunday one heard the unmistakable sounds of grief, as well as of sympathy, from all sides. And then the sympathetic spectator who had no personal loss to mourn hethought himself of the close links between Europe and America, and remembered that there were many thousands of kinsmen and kinswomen in our safe and sane land whom those dreaded records of the slain coming from the blood-stained front would smite with acute personal grief.

Only if "War Brides" could but he played where it is needed! Or, rather, could have been played before the war. To be sure, it wasn't written then, and the time for hindsight wisdom has long gone by. But one of the sad things about this war is that, after it is over, many millions of peasants may go back to their plows absolutely unenlightened as to the cause and culpability of this greatest conflict in history.

In the meantime the women who are vainly calling peace meetings and peace congresses, and getting heartily snubbed on all sides, may feel that they can find in "War Brides" the trumpet-tongued eloquence that reaches the emotions of the common people, who, after all, in great part make up the fighters. However, in the autocracies of Europe, "War Brides" would have short shrift.

Marion Craig Wentworth, who raises this clarion call for a universal peace in the exhausted hereafter, when the Titanic struggle shall have been fought to a finish, and the flower of European nations will be crippled, dismembered, or dead, has not cast her play in any abnormal shape. It is simply a one-act drama which shows, in concentrated form, the kind of life European villagers are living today. The locale of the play is briefly designated as "a war-ridden country." For obvious reasons the German character of the village in the hook has been removed, although the upstanding mustaches of the officers can not fail to suggest the dominion of the great war lord of Europe. Nazimova also announces on the programmes that "War Brides" is neutral. The German names of the characters have been altered. Hoffman becomes Kerman, Hedwig is Joan, and there is an English suggestion to the names Amy and Captain Bragg, while Arno and Minna again transfer us to Germany.

Amy, a daughter of the humble household, is suffering from dread of being carried away on the hysterical wave of exaltation which is impelling the maids of the village to marry the soldiers who are on the eve of marching to the front. Wooed impetuously by a handsome and urgent lieutenant, solemnly exhorted to the sacrifice by her mother, who has three sons at the front and is nervously herself up to the departure of the fourth. Amy, reluctant, but carried away on the crest of a great wave of exaltation, emotion, and, in fact, hysteria, yields a hard-won assent. "For," says her mother, "the masters have said it. It is well for the country; our country." The handsome lieutenant with his martially erect mustache, who is not thinking of much more than the exaltation of the conqueror and the immediate gratification of possession, clasps his bride-to-be in his arms, when Joan appears on the scene. In this household of fair peasants Joan is dark, with the wild, flashing black eyes of a fanatic. She is the daughter-in-law of "Mother," being the wife of Frank, the eldest, who may never return to see the child that is on the way. Joan reminds one of the Russian "terrible." She is in the grip of "l'idée fixe," makes short work of Amy's reconversion, and her feverish lips roll forth such words as "Saviors of the future! No, breeding machines." "The war brides," she says in

strained, hysterical accents, "are to re-stock the land: to breed more food for cannon." "We hear, and rear, and agonize," she cries again passionately to that duffer of a captain, who, by the way, does not suggest German efficiency. "But one day we shall stop giving you men!" "War brides! Brood mares! Pah!"

Minna represents the other side, the light-headed pendulum that sways toward the popular party. She rushes in, with all her bridal honors fresh on her head, and exults in the cheers that we hear from the distance. They are cheering the war brides, who are promised pensions by their august sovereign should their newly-made husbands fall.

All this seems, in the end, but as a preparation to the agonizing scene which shortly follows. Even the farewell to the youngest son, the departure of the soldiers, the sad group at the door waving farewell to the last son of the house, the boy-soldier who must follow his seniors; even the thrill in the air caused by the sound of the marching feet, the inspringing fife, and the insistent drum, which clamors like Captain Bragg and seeks to persuade by its imperious resonance that grief and futile sacrifice are joy. All these are tame compared to what follows. Never for a moment do the listeners forget that all this is founded on tragic realities; that these scenes, in varying degrees of agony, are a part of daily life in the helligrent countries of Europe.

There is suddenly a wave of excitement that sweeps by the cottage windows; a signal, outcries, hurrying feet. News from the front has come. Amy rushes forth to learn how fares it with the three brothers in the trenches. The old mother, white, wild-eyed, but motionless, braces herself. The young wife waits in tragic expectancy and dread. The agonized sister returns silently with calamity written in her aspect. The moment following, when mother, wife, and sister share the desolating certainty that the three soldiers at the front have fallen is the moment when the audience parts with its last rag of self-control. Almost the entire audience surrendered itself to tears. The men wept as freely as the women. They held on to their shame-faced tears as long as they could, but the big drops had to fall.

Tears in the Orpheum which were not tears of laughter! Were we all dreaming? It seemed another place.

They say that the true test of a play is its power to reach the emotions. Looked at from that point of view, "War Brides" is real drama. I find it impossible to call it a playlet. It hinges upon such tragic and tremendous events. It goes still further than the scenes just described. But I'll tell no more. The reader may learn the rest for himself. It is a terrible picture of a woman half mad with grief and revolt, a woman with no submission in her blood, who is faced with the granite wall of absolutism, against which lives are hattered out while rebellion heats in vain.

Nazimova, in the rôle of Joan, is a true peasant, swarthy, unheathful, clothed in the mean garments of poverty. I do not think that Nazimova has been growing on her public in late years. She has not presented any memorable pictures of womanly nobility, and it is as easy to forget the Bella Donnas of the stage as those of real life. But we shall not soon forget her Joan, although I find myself questioning the artistry of all that screaming and noise. However, the true test of "War Brides" and of Nazimova's impersonation of Joan can not be made at a time like this, when the world weeps and everybody's nerves are more or less on edge.

I believe that some women have the idea that Marion Craig Wentworth means that the potential mothers of the world should abstain from motherhood, so long as the happiness and security of the sons and daughters of men are menaced by war. Perhaps she did, but, as a general thing, the writer of a play that hits the hull's-eye as unerringly as does "War Brides" knows something about human nature and human instincts. We can't go against them, war or no war. And no propaganda will ever succeed that overlooks that fact. No; while the woman with the half-hacked brains, and hysteria residing in that portion of her so-called mentality where reason is supposed to occupy a nook, however modest and inconspicuous it may be, even though such a woman gets queer hees in her honnet, I don't believe that the author of "War Brides" meant her play to be other than an appeal to the logic of reasoning people, founded on an appeal to their emotions. Because emotions, with the generality of people, respond first, and logic works afterward. And perhaps after all such propaganda is all in vain. There are peculiarly inexplicable movements that sweep, in the course of the world's history, over humanity. The microbe of war seems to be unloosed, and Europe—Europe!—wearing her jeweled crown of civilization, is committing hari-kari.

But, you ask me, do I like "War Brides"? No, I don't! And why, forsooth? Why do you not like and admire a play that knocks at our hearts, bringing to our sympathies a full

perception of the agonies of our fellow-heings? Well, it isn't because, due to my dignity as a critic, that I have a few tear-stains on the front of my second-best blouse. It is well to be moved to tears occasionally, even in the presumably joyous precincts of a play-house. And I believe in plays such as "War Brides." I am convinced that we in America take the theatre too lightly. It is well, at times, to surrender the scene dedicated to the lighter muses to dramas that bring darker perspective before our vision. In Europe they favor drama that induces thought. We'll come to it yet, too—are coming to it. In small communities of big cities. We must not forget that the wealthy classes of America are in large part built out of the toiling millions who have found prosperity in this new world of plenty. They have not all of them learned that it is sometimes stimulating to think out of business hours.

"War Brides" does not belong to the category of intellectual drama. It is purely emotional. But it leaves a good many reflections, realizations behind it. It is, as may easily be deduced from the foregoing, a sad and terrible view of the mourning interiors of European homes. And this idea of "war brides" brings up before us unpleasantly a perception of the animal side and animal functions of humanity which humanity, woman humanity in particular, is unwilling to face. We are trying to persuade ourselves that we are above certain conditions, certain possibilities. But, after all, we are subject to the flux and reflux of nature's laws. After great areas have been subject to depopulation, nature takes a hand. After wars men children are born at a percentage above the normal. So it will be no doubt this time. Nature doesn't care a tuppence whether these hoy babies that are going to come forth in large numbers to restore the balance of things will be food for cannon or die in their beds. Her business is to see that the next generation will have its due proportion of the sexes during the mating age. And all the agony and tears and revolts of poor Joan will not prevent humanity from fulfilling its appointed destiny. But they may help, they will help, to lessen man's stomach for war. Only, as I said before, we realize a lot of things in America that the peasants in Europe don't know. And "War Brides," therefore, is carrying on its propaganda in already fruitful soil.

Nazimova gave a personation that was very moving, full of suffering, revolt, and that wild hysteria that comes to woman when she can no more. One doesn't think, can't possibly think of enjoyment in connection with it. I think she carried it, perhaps, too far, and yet, I'm not sure. There is something about "War Brides" that is kind of unsettling to smug conviction.

The other characters were well played—except the captain—especially the rôle of Amy, by Mary Alden. The players felt the situations and responded with moving simplicity to the demand made upon their powers of expressing the suffering in the coil of agony which the humble family writhed under and endured. All except Joan. Hers was the soul of the Russian revolutionist who must do some deed for humanity's emancipation or die.

A few new acts are seen on the Orpheum hill. There was Joe Cook, for instance. Joe has a hoyish smile, a small juggling talent,

and not much else except a few "props." However, with several square yards of painted pasteboard, a few paper contrivances that moved on strings, a miniature tight-rope, some dumb-hells, and a sense of humor, little Joe contrived an act that is a hurlesque on vaudeville and which amused us.

Besides this there was the Pantzer Duo, a couple whose spines are of a serpentine flexibility, and who did remarkable contortions. How wholesome and strong and sure of herself seemed that strong dark woman of the pair, who so calmly sat on her own head. The man wore a clown's make-up, oddly contrasted with a countenance almost tragic in its invincible gravity.

The Terada Brothers, a Japanese pair who do the familiar high balancing act, with one acting as the strong man hearing the pole upon whose platformed summit the lighter man does remarkably calm and unruffled feats of danger, kept us rather on the anxious seat. There were also a couple of song-and-dance partners and several good left-overs, conspicuous among which the Mercedes act, like its sister act at the Zone, tends to convince us that telepathy is now an established possibility.

### THE PANTAGES THEATRE.

The devotees of Ranch 101 may see some few of their equestrian heroes at the Pantages this week, if they will. Although, on the whole, the horses are more interesting than the men, who hawl out a lot of incomprehensible witticisms to each other of a wild and woolly nature. But it is interesting to watch the physiognomy of the trick horse; and more especially as there is some mystery in connection with the intelligence of the educated horse which even a brain like Maeterlinck's could not solve. The act is very cleverly staged, and the fearless and dashing equestrian feats of the men worth seeing.

A lively bill, which included an act in which were exhibited neatly made-up imitations of noted movie stars, completed a programme of considerable variety. It is odd, by the way, to recall that, at the Orpheum, little Nap the chimpanzee is engaged in showing us how well an animal can be trained to act like a human being, while at Pantages the three Rianos are giving a really clever and amusing demonstration of how faithfully man may imitate the ways of a monkey.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

The origin of the emblem of the sun as the Japanese national symbol dates back to time immemorial. The first record of its use on land is that of a famous war lord of the eleventh century; again in the fifteenth century the emblem was adopted by the feudal lords and warriors. The connection of the emblem with the navy is also deep-rooted, having had local usage as early as 71 A. D., and a more extended field in 110 A. D. The official adoption of the sun-flag to represent the nation took place in 1810.

Margaret Anglin is to appear at the Columbia Theatre in the near future. Her play has proved one of the genuine hits of the New York season. It is entitled "Beverly's Balance," and is a drama with a new idea.

# Yosemite

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Includes Auto-Stage from El Portal to hotels and camps in center of Park.

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—Its domes and cliffs, its flowered meadows, its glorious waterfalls.



Two Daily Trains  
From Ferry Station

9:20 A. M.—Cafe-Observation Car.  
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A Third Train on Saturdays

7:20 A. M.—Lunch at Merced  
Dinner in Yosemite



FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Last Week of "Outcast" at the Columbia.

Elsie Ferguson, who is now in the second week of her brilliantly successful engagement at the Columbia Theatre, will continue to present Hubert Henry Davies's play, "Outcast," for a third and last week, commencing with next Monday night, July 5th.

It has been some time since local theatre-goers have had opportunity to see such a talented actress as Miss Ferguson and so engrossing and well-written a drama as the vehicle in which Charles Frohman, Klaw & Erlanger are presenting her. A simple, straightforward study of a man and his mistress—that, in a nutshell, is the story of "Outcast"—and Miss Ferguson, in the rôle of Miriam, is giving San Francisco some of the finest acting seen here in years.

It is a happy combination that has contributed to the star's triumph in this play, for despite her altogether admirable work, the dramatist is entitled to more than the usual amount of credit in this instance. Charles Cherry, Marguerite Leslie, and others are all cast to superb advantage in this play.

Matinées are given Wednesdays and Saturdays, the Wednesday matinees being played at special prices ranging from 50 cents to \$1.50.

Last Week of "Dancing Around."

Al Jolson in "Dancing Around," after two weeks of enormous business at the Cort Theatre, begins his last week tomorrow—Sunday—evening. "Dancing Around" is the most satisfying of Winter Garden attractions which have come to San Francisco, and Al Jolson's personal hit in this piece is beyond anything that he has achieved in these parts. It is not often that one hears in a theatre such gales of laughter as this inimitable comedian is able to produce nightly. All classes of theatre-goers seem to take the rarest delight in this comedian's whimsicalities.

Kitty Doner has justified the original opinion of her abilities as expressed when she ap-

peared here in "The Candy Shop." Frank Carter is the best singing and dancing juvenile who has come here in a Winter Garden show. Carter's acrobatic dancing is quite extraordinary; and beyond this, he possesses a singing voice of charm.

On Sunday, July 11, comes the Cort Film Corporation's filmatization of Walker Whiteside in "The Melting Pot," which has created something of a furor in the East. Whiteside was at his dramatic best in the great Zangwill play, and the moving-picture camera is said to have reproduced the art of the distinguished actor in startlingly real fashion. The production in its entirety is said to mark a new epoch in the realm of moving pictures.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

One of the sensations of the American stage is being achieved by the emotional actress Nazimova in the rôle of Joan in Marion Craig Wentworth's one-act drama, "War Brides," at the Orpheum. Next week will positively be the last of this tragic genius.

A splendid new bill will also be presented. Johnny Dooley and Yvette Rugel, late stars of "The House Warmers," will blend comedy with song. Miss Rugel is the smallest prima donna on the vaudeville stage, but is possessed of a voice of extraordinary volume, range, and sweetness. Her partner, Mr. Dooley, is an exceptionally clever comedian.

Florence Lorraine and Edgar Dudley will present the one-act comedy by Joseph A. Mitchell entitled "The Way to a Man's Heart," in which they will be supported by a capable little company. Miss Lorraine is a very clever comedienne and Mr. Dudley is also liberally endowed with histrionic ability.

Prince Lai Mon Kim, the noted Chinese tenor, who created quite a furor on the occasion of his previous visit here, will be heard in a repertory which ranges from grand opera to hallad.

Lucy Gillett, who styles herself "The Lady from Delf," is a dextrous juggler whose particular mania is the juggling of household ef-

fects. Dressed in a quaint Dutch costume, she appears in a picturesque delf room, where she juggles the various articles of furniture, including cooking utensils, table wares, furniture, and linen.

Renee Florigny, who for years has been known in the European capitals as one of the most accomplished and popular of pianists, will be heard in a programme which embraces selections from the great masters and illustrates the range and versatility of her art.

With this programme Joe Cook, the "One-Man Vaudeville Show," and Little Nap, the most wonderful chimpanzee in the world, will conclude their engagements.

Sarah Padden, Headliner at the Pantages.

Sarah Padden, a legitimate star with her own players from the United Stock Company of New York City, is the feature act at the Pantages on Sunday in a dramatic tale of department store life, entitled "The Little Shepherd of Bargain Row." Miss Padden enacts the rôle of a young woman born of lowly station in life who rises to a position of wealth and affluence in the mercantile world. The situations of the piece carry a beautiful vein of philosophy and impart sound advice to girls who are anxious to advance in their work. "The Little Shepherd of Bargain Row" has been one of the real successes of the season on the Pantages circuit this season.

Friend and Downing, two men comedians with Hebrew dialect, are the big laughing hit of the new bill. They have recently returned from a two years' engagement in the London music halls, where they scored a triumph. All of their jokes and songs are new and are written by themselves.

Dorothy Vaughn now calls herself the "sweet singer of sweet songs," and has an offering that is exclusive and popular.

West and Van Sicle present an instrumental act entitled "In the Rose Bower," with solos on the cello, French horn, and huggle.

The Ishiwaka Brothers are exceptionally clever contortionists and hand balancers.

Another comedy number will be shown by the Randow Trio, and the Espanozos, Spanish dancers, with comedy pictures, will complete the bill.

"Tanagra" at the St. Francis Hotel.

One of the most novel entertainments ever presented in San Francisco, and, in fact, anywhere, will be "Tanagra," which will be offered in the Italian room of the Hotel St. Francis from Monday till Friday, inclusive, of next week, the hours being from 2 to 6 o'clock in the afternoon and from 8 till 11 in the evening.

"Tanagra" was originally the name of a Grecian dancer, and small statuettes, found in Italian and Grecian tombs, have been given the same title. The present Tanagra, however, is a living human being, but appearing to be only of the size of the ancient statuette. Professor Salle of Paris invented for scientific research a device which was discovered to be as interesting to the public as the exhibition of liquid air or the first cinematograph, and, through the instrumentality of La Loie Fuller, Tanagra, in a miniature theatre, has been brought to the Western coast. Living, breathing human beings, less than a foot tall, dance, walk, talk, sing, play, laugh, and comport themselves in exactly the same manner as people of normal size. Tanagra will be exhibited for the benefit of the charity which Mme. de Page represented here in this country, and the productions will be under the personal direction of Miss Fuller. Society is taking a keen interest in the productions, which will be under the patronage of many well-known San Francisco people.

There will be no reserved seats and the price will be 50 cents for adults and 25 cents for children, to whom the entertainment is especially pleasing.

Fuller Entertainments at Popular Prices.

La Loie Fuller and her company of artists will give another of their delightful entertainments at Festival Hall this—Saturday—evening, at 8:30, with others this month on the afternoons of the 11th and 31st and on the evening of the 28th.

In order to give the masses an opportunity of seeing the wonderful spectacles with which Miss Fuller has delighted the principal European art centers for many years, she and the Exposition authorities have decided to set apart two thousand excellent seats for the small price of 50 and 75 cents, while box seats will be \$2 each. Such revelations in lighting effects as are shown by Miss Fuller have never been staged before, and they come as an exquisite supplement to D'Arcy Ryan's wonderful scheme by which the Exposition grounds are lighted.

The dancing girls brought direct from Paris as Miss Fuller's assistants are the perfection of grace and abandon, and they will again be seen in the dazzling "Dance of the Great Black Opal," the spectacular "Thousand and One Nights," the mysterious "Sirenes," and the witching "Night on Mont Chauve," as well as in other numbers. The Exposition Orchestra of eighty picked musicians will, as usual, furnish the music for the entertainment,

Georges George conducting the dancing numbers and Richard Hageman leading the entr'acte music.

As this will mark the first of the popular-priced entertainments given by Miss Fuller, Festival Hall will undoubtedly be crowded, and reserved seats may be obtained at the Exposition box-office, 343 Powell Street.

AMUSEMENTS

FESTIVAL HALL  
EXPOSITION GROUNDS

THIS, SATURDAY, EVENING AT 8:30  
And July 11, 28 and 31

La Loie Fuller

and

HER FAMOUS ARTISTS

Assisted by the EXPOSITION ORCHESTRA of 80

Prices—50c, 75c and \$1; box seats, \$2.

2000 SEATS AT 50c and 75c!

Seats on sale at 343 Powell Street. Phone—Sutter 6646.

TANAGRA

A Real Living, Dancing Human Being.  
Only 12 Inches High

Will Exhibit Herself for the Benefit of the

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at the

ST. FRANCIS HOTEL

(Italian Room)

July 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9, from 2 to 6

and from 8 to 11

Admission, 50c; children, 25c. No reserved seats.

FESTIVAL HALL  
EXPOSITION GROUNDS

Thursday and Friday Evenings

July 8 and 9, at 8:30

The World's Greatest Peace Play

"The Trojan Women"

Presented by the

Chicago Little Theatre Company

THE ARTISTIC SENSATION OF THE DAY

Reserved seats, 50c, 75c and \$1. Ready at

343 Powell Street, Monday morning, July 5.  
Phone—Sutter 6646.

ORPHEUM O'FARRELL STREET  
Between Stockton and Powell

Safest and Most Magnificent Theatre in America

Week Beginning this Sunday Afternoon

Matinée Every Day

Last Week—The Supreme Emotional Actress

NAZIMOVA

in

"WAR BRIDES"

In Conjunction with

A WONDERFUL NEW SHOW

DOOLEY and RUGEL, Comedy and Song; LORRAINE and DUDLEY present "The Way to a Man's Heart"; PRINCE LAI MON KIM, the Noted Chinese Tenor; LUCY GILLETTE, the Lady from Delf; RENEE FLORIGNY, the Celebrated French Pianist; Last Week, JOE COOK, "The One-Man Vaudeville Show," and THE MOST WONDERFUL CHIMPANZEE IN THE WORLD, LITTLE NAP.

Evening prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Matinee prices (except Sundays and holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phone—Douglas 70.

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Geary and Mason Sts. Phone Franklin 150  
Playhouse

Beginning Monday Night, July 5

THIRD AND LAST WEEK

Matinées Wednesday and Saturday

Farwell to the Greatest Musical Show San

Francisco Has Known in Years

ELSIE FERGUSON

In the intense, human play

"OUTCAST"

New York and Chicago Cast and Production

Note—Miss Ferguson will not appear in Oakland.

CORT Leading Theatre  
ELLIS AND MARKET  
Phone Sutter 2460

Third and Last Week Starts Sunday, July 4

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Francisco Has Known in Years

DANCING AROUND

With the Mangler of Melancholy

AL JOLSON

Nights, 50c to \$2; mats., 50c to \$1.50.

Com. Sun., July 11—Cort Film Corporation

presents WALKER WHITESIDE in "THE

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PANTAGES MARKET STREET  
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A WONDERFUL 8-ACT SHOW!

Exclusive Tour of the Legitimate Star

SARAH PADDEN

And her players from the United Stock Com-

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"THE LITTLE SHEPHERD OF

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Return Engagement of Those Great C

FRIEND AND DOWLING

After a 2-years London music-hall e

Next Week—The Naked Truth C

The Crocker National Bank of San Francisco

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|---|-----------------|
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| U. S. Bonds.....  | 2,030,000.00    |
| Other Bonds and Securities.....                             | 1,232,899.42    |
| Capital Stock in Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco..... | 120,000.00      |
| Customers' Liability under Letters of Credit.....           | 335,619.45      |
| Cash and Sight Exchange.....                                | 11,467,712.09   |
|   | \$30,214,145.54 |

LIABILITIES

|                                    |                 |
|------------------------------------|-----------------|
| Capital.....                       | \$ 2,000,000.00 |
| Surplus and Undivided Profits..... | 3,112,797.97    |
| Circulation.....                   | 1,960,000.00    |
| Letters of Credit.....             | 387,996.82      |
| Deposits.....                      | 22,753,350.75   |
|                                    | \$30,214,145.54 |

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Statement at the Close of Business June 30, 1915, of

FRENCH AMERICAN BANK OF SAVINGS

Savings and Commercial

108 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California

Member of Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco.

ASSETS

|  |                |
|--|----------------|
| First Mortgage Loans on Real Estate.....         | \$3,615,054.46 |
| Bank Premises.....                               | 520,694.73     |
| Safe Deposit Vaults, Furniture and Fixtures..... | 43,200.00      |
| Real Estate.....                                 | 39,217.80      |
| United States, Municipal and Other Bonds.....    | 1,465,331.55   |
| Collateral and Personal Loans.....               | 1,135,457.33   |
| Letters of Credit, etc.....                      | 48,601.94      |
| Cash on Hand and in Bank.....                    | 830,035.43     |
| Total.....                                       | \$7,697,593.24 |

LIABILITIES

|                             |                |
|-----------------------------|----------------|
| Capital Paid In.....        | \$ 750,000.00  |
| Surplus.....                | 194,000.00     |
| Undivided Profits.....      | 110,614.95     |
| Dividends Unpaid.....       | 92.50          |
| Letters of Credit, etc..... | 43,596.93      |
| Deposits.....               | 6,599,288.86   |
| Total.....                  | \$7,697,593.24 |

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| Leon Bocoqueraz | John Gutty    | N. de Pichon    |



## VANITY FAIR.

During the last few weeks we have kept our attention riveted hopefully upon the polymuriel gown. Frivolous and light-minded people may yield to the soft seductions of war bulletins and Bryanisms and so allow the real importances of life to escape them, but we are not so easily diverted from the things that really matter. It is now about two months ago since the polymuriel first hove into sight and we knew at once that civilization was about to enter upon a new cycle and that the Kingdom of Heaven was veritably at hand. And now we learn that the polymuriel is actually a *fait accompli* and that the millennium is due somewhere about next Friday.

For the benefit of those who have not kept themselves abreast of the march of a glorious modernism it may be said that the polymuriel is a gown that may be worn upon all occasions. We must confess that we have not yet seen the blue prints and specifications, the ground plan and front elevation, of the new costume, and therefore we are left somewhat in doubt as to the precise mechanism that will govern its movements and transformations. But there can be no doubt that the polymuriel will actually be able to pass the tests. It will comply with the factory act, it will not be unfair to organized labor, mothers will welcome it and children cry for it. The woman with the polymuriel will be able to defy fate and fortune. No longer will her soul shrivel before the impossibilities of the fashion-plate nor will she make her present frenzied demands that the war be stopped in order that the importation of Paris costumes may be renewed. We shall no longer be reminded that she is the mother of men—as though any one doubted that this is quite often true when conditions are favorable—or that she did not raise her boy to be a soldier. And when she undertakes a "hike" or a procession she will just put on her polymuriel and so be saved from the sin of envy and from the equal sin of causing envy in others.

The advantage of the polymuriel gown is that it can be used upon all occasions. It can be worn in bed as a night dress. By touching a button it can be turned into a bathrobe. Pull a lever and at once it is suitable for the breakfast table. Throw out a wing and you can go shopping in it. A neat and inconspicuous piece of mechanism turns it into a dinner dress. There are detachable parts that make it available for tennis, horse riding, and suffrage meetings, and if you take it off altogether you can go swimming in it. If you are invited for a week-end in the country, or a trip to Alaska, or a Women's Peace Conference at The Hague, all you have to do is to put on your polymuriel, slip a toothbrush into the pocket—although nothing about a pocket is said in the specifications—and you can start right away without other baggage. The polymuriel is instantly fatal to submariners, microbes, and the love of scandal. The designer, in a proud burst of eloquent originality, asks why the American woman should go to Paris for her dresses. Being herself a woman, she does not pause for a reply; otherwise we should fatuously remark that she goes to Paris because she wishes to and will continue so to wish. Are not the designers in this country just as good? The polymuriel, she adds somewhat startlingly, has no trousers, although one of its accessories, one of its by-products, so to speak, is a divided skirt. Consider, she says, how modest a thing is the divided skirt. Observe what happens when a woman gets into a street-car or an automobile, but with the polymuriel "she won't have that difficulty." And now we must possess our souls in patience until the polymuriel appears on the streets. In the meantime we may speculate on the ecstatic delight with which women will embrace the approaching opportunity to dress exactly like each other.

New York can not make up its mind as to whether the new battleship *Arizona* shall be christened with champagne or water. The Navy Department has been deluged with the opinions of the feeble-minded and the latest bulletin as to the views of Secretary Daniels describes his attitude as one of neutrality.

But why not compromise the matter? How would sarsaparilla do? Or root beer? Or cocoa?

A correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* says that she wanted to make a plain little white waist, the kind that you pay \$9 for in the shops and that are obviously worth about 14 cents. So she bought a pattern with instructions. You know the kind of pattern, at least you do if you are married and know anything at all. They are made of extraordinarily thin yellowish paper that tears if you so much as think about it. It is perforated all over with holes like piano-player music. You get into trouble if you absent-mindedly use a piece for a cigar-lighter. You must have seen it about. Now the pattern is all right. Any one can make anything with a pattern. In fact we have long cher-

ished the conviction that we ourselves could construct any article of women's clothing, upper or under, if we only had a pattern, solitude, and the ability to restrain our manly blushes. All you have to do in the case of an undergarment is to lay the pattern firmly upon the raw material, mark the outline with a pencil, leaving a margin for hems and errors. Cut it out. Do it a second time with another piece of raw material, stitch them together along the edges, construct a sort of tunnel for the pink ribbon, stitch on the lace around the lower extremities or the upper edge as the case may be, and there you are.

But to return to the lady who pours out her sorrows on the sympathetic bosom of the New York *Evening Post*. She has no complaint to make about the pattern. It is the elucidatory instructions that have reduced her to the edge of a gibbering idiocy. And here they are: "Tuck front creasing on slot perforations; stitch three-eighths inch from folded edges; or omit tucks and gather between double 'TT' perforations. Gather hack on crosslines of single small 'o' perforations, and adjust stay under gathers; centre hacks even, bringing small 'o' perforations in stay to under-arm seam. Close under-arm seam as notched, terminating at stay. Sew sleeve in armhole as notched, easing any fullness."

Now in all humility we ask to know. Do these ravings mean anything? How do you "adjust stay under gathers"? What is the process by which you "centre hacks even"? Of course you "sew sleeve in armhole." We should not be likely to sew the sleeve into the neck or into the small of the back. We know enough for that. Even in our own unobtrusive garments we should greatly object to find the sleeve anywhere but in the armhole. That is obviously where it belongs. But when it comes to "easing any fullness" we may frankly confess that we should be stumped. And we do not know how to "tuck front creasing on slot perforations." We have an inner conviction that it can not be done except perhaps by prayer. If the mysterious hand of destiny should at any time require us to make "a plain little white waist" we believe that we could do it in the way already outlined, but we shall avoid the false aid of the commercial pattern with its insanity-producing "instructions."

Position Wanted—A young person having received an excellent education, including writing, geography, history, mathematics, music, and art, would like to enter a respectable family to do washing and ironing.—*Saline County (Mo.) News*.

One by one traditions and conventions go toppling over on this age of progress—or iconoclasm (says the New York *Tribune*). Justice Blanchard is responsible for the downfall of the latest one. In an *obiter dictum* he remarks: "The time has gone by when an action for divorce can be predicated on the mere fact that a woman visits a man at his apartments. This is an enlightened age, and women are encroaching upon man's sphere of activities. They may have professional business together, and this is especially the fact when they are members of the same profession."

All this is true, and is pretty generally recognized by sensible people.

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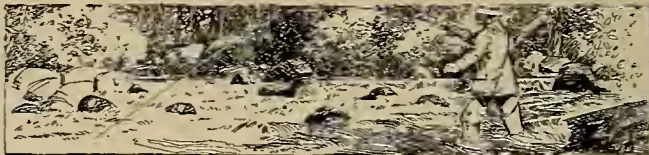
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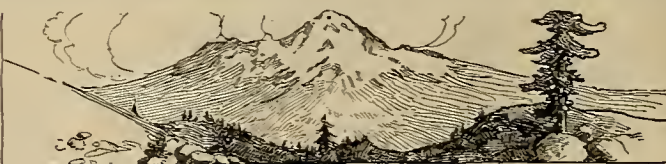
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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Husband was home that afternoon and when wife told him that she expected a party of guests, he made haste to put away all the umbrellas in the hall. Surprised, the wife asked: "Do you fear my guests will steal your umbrellas?" "No, dearie," said he, "but that they might recognize them."

Young Barnes had married contrary to his father's wishes. Meeting his parent soon afterward, the father said, angrily: "Well, young man, I have made my will and cut you off with a dollar." "I am very sorry, father," said the youth, contritely; and then added, "but you don't happen to have the dollar with you?"

An evangelist was exhorting his hearers to flee from the wrath to come. "I warn you," he thundered, "that there will be weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth!" At this moment an old woman in the gallery stood up. "Sir," she shouted, "I have no teeth." "Madam," returned the evangelist, "teeth will be provided."

A teacher wrote to a little girl's mother asking her to see that the child studied her lessons. Next day the teacher inquired: "What did your mother say about the note, Rosie?" The child replied: "Ma said she didn't know geography an' she got a husband; my aunt didn't know geography an' she got a husband, an' you know geography an' you can't get one."

William Travers Jerome went down to Georgia to address the Georgia Bar Association. Colonel Peter Meldrim was showing Jerome about. "You see that man," said the colonel, pointing out a distinguished person who sat on the hotel porch. "I do." "Well, suh, that is a man in whom our state takes great pride. He is Judge Blank, suh, the only man in Georgia who can strut sitting down."

The government official had been telling a simple old Scotch farmer what he must do in the case of a German invasion on the east coast of Scotland. "An' hae I reely tae dae this wi' a' ma heesties if the Germans come?" asked the old fellow at the finish. The official informed him that such was the law. "All livestock of every description must be branded and driven inland." "Weel, I'm thinking I'll hae an awfu' joh wi' ma hees!"

A self-conscious and egotistical young clergyman was supplying the pulpit of a country church. After the service he asked one of the deacons, a grizzled, plain-spoken man, what he thought of his morning effort. "Waal," answered the old man slowly, "I'll tell ye in a kind of parable. I remember Tunk Weatherhee's fust deer hunt, when he was green. He follered the deer's tracks all right, but he follered 'em all day in the wrong direction."

One evening, in the cardroom of a certain club, a man was caught cheating and exposed before the whole company, whereupon the indignant members rose in a body and kicked him from the top of the stairs to the bottom. Rising painfully, and full of wrath, he hobbled away to the residence of the president of the club, and there complained of the treatment he had received. "What would you do in my place?" he asked. "Well," said the president, "I should play on the ground floor in future—it's safer."

Senator Borah was talking at a dinner in Boise about an embarrassing question that had been asked at Chicago. "The question," he said, smiling, "went unanswered. It was like little Willie's query: A young gentleman was spending the week-end at little Willie's cottage at Atlantic City, and on Sunday evening after dinner, there being a scarcity of chairs on the crowded piazza, the young gentleman took Willie on his lap. Then during a pause in the conversation little Willie looked up at the young gentleman and piped: 'Am I as heavy as sister Mahel?'"

After a couple of years' absence from home Lawrence Wheat was playing in a city nearby and invited his father to come over and see the show. When the last curtain had rung down the elder Wheat went back of the stage to see his son, and while they were chatting the treasurer appeared at the door of the dressing-room and handed Lawrence his pay envelope. The old gentleman saw the figures on the outside and his eyes sparkled. "My hoy," he said, "you don't tell me you get that much every week, do you?" "That's right, dad." "Well, well," said the old gentleman, thoughtfully, "is that so? What other chores do you have to do besides acting?"

A minister, walking along the street one day, saw a crowd of boys sitting in a ring, with a small dog in the centre. When he

came up to them he asked: "What are you doing to the dog." One little hoy said, "Whoever tells the biggest lie wins it." "I am surprised at you little boys, for when I was like you I never told a lie." There was a silence for a while, until one of the boys shouted, "Hand him up the dog!"

A teacher was giving a lesson on the circulation of the blood. Trying to make the matter clearer, he said: "Now, boys, if I stood on my head the blood, as you know, would run into it, and I should turn red in the face." "Yes, sir," said the boys. "Then why is it that while I am standing upright in the ordinary position the blood doesn't run into my feet?" A little fellow shouted, "'Cause your feet aint empty."

It was in a painter's studio, and the artist and a friend discussed authors' rights. The painter was giving the last touches to a female figure, for which he was being served as model by a splendid rustic girl accompanied by her father, a knavish-looking fellow, who was an auditor of this discussion on authors' rights. When the painter had finished, the father and daughter departed. But after a quarter of an hour a knock at the door was heard. It was the girl's father, who had come back. He made straight for the painter, and extended his hand. "But," said the artist, "I have already paid you the sum agreed upon for your daughter's posing." Said the other, with a smile: "That is true; but pardon me—for my author's rights, don't you know?"

In September, 1912, Emperor William honored the Swiss with his presence during the military manoeuvres. He had heard so much of Swiss military efficiency that he wanted to come and see for himself. A picture post-card which has recently had a tremendous sale in Switzerland gives a humorous version of one of the War Lord's experiences on that tour of inspection. Bearing the heading, "The Kaiser in the Land of the Best Rifle Shots," it shows a conventional caricature of the emperor, helmeted, spurred, and hooted, with a hand on the hilt of his sword. He is looking at a simple Swiss soldier carrying a rifle. In the background is a musketry target showing a hit full in the centre of the bull's-eye. "And so, my son," says the Kaiser, "there are a hundred thousand shots like you in Switzerland. But suppose I should come with two hundred thousand Prussians?" "In that case, your majesty," replies the Swiss, "we shall each of us fire two shots."

## THE MERRY MUSE.

## The Hand to Hold.

If I might hold that hand again  
Clasped lovingly in mine,  
I'd little care what others sought—  
That hand I held lang syne!

That hand! So warm it was and soft!  
Soft! Ne'er was so soft a thing!  
Ah, me! I'll hold it ne'er again—  
Ace, ten, knave, queen, and king.

—New Orleans Times-Picayune.

## The College Student's Misere.

Upon his knees the Freshman prays:  
"Our Heavenly Father, Hope and Light,  
We thank Thee that no more they haze  
Us, on retiring for the night.  
Upon our knees we throw us down,  
And pray Thee for the strength of mind  
To study for the scholar's crown,  
Nor hope the easiest way to find.  
We pray Thee give us rest till dawn,  
We pray Thee make us better men,  
We pray Thee make our purpose strong.  
We ask it humbly, Lord. Amen."

Upon his knees the Sophomore prays,  
His pipe between his lips held tight:  
"O Lord of all, to Thee we raise  
A pleading voice in this our plight.  
Our hopes are gone, our money too;  
We've failed two courses flat, and now  
We really know not what to do,  
For Father's raised an awful row.  
We pray Thee lessen Father's wrath,  
We pray Thee give us hope again,  
We pray Thee for the royal path  
By which to learn. O Lord, Amen."

The Junior lies in bed to pray,  
And prays but seldom even there;  
He really has not much to say  
To Him above. Thus runs his prayer:  
"My money's gone a month too soon;  
The Old Man's tight as tight can be;  
O Lord, just touch him to the tune  
Of fifty dollars, please, for me.  
I know I play the cards too much,  
I know I'm not a Watch and Ward,  
The Profs have got me deep in Dutch,  
Forgive me. Fifty, please, O Lord."

The Senior is not much at prayer—  
His doubts are large, his hopes but small.  
He seeks not learning great or rare;  
His prayer is this, if he pray at all:  
"I know not if there be a God,  
But if there be, to Him I pray,  
Where'er He is, to spare the rod  
Nor flay me on that Judgment Day  
When Faculty shall take the vote  
On who shall get a sheepskin fine.  
Let them not get that day my goat—  
See to it, Lord, that I get MINE!"

—Puck.

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Deposits.....55,676,513.19  
Capital actually paid up in cash.....1,000,000.00  
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....1,908,093.74  
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|---|--------|
| American Boy and Argonaut.....                              | \$4.40 |
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| Sunset and Argonaut.....                                    | 5.25   |
| Theatre Magazine and Argonaut.....                          | 6.30   |
| Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic) and Argonaut..... | 4.30   |
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| Woman's Home Companion and Argonaut                         | 7.50   |
| Youth's Companion and Argonaut.....                         | 5.50   |



PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mrs. William Smith O'Brien has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Gertrude O'Brien, to Mr. William Mayo Newhall, Jr. Mr. Newhall is the son of Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall and a brother of Mrs. Atholl McBean, Mrs. Arthur Chesebrough, and Mrs. Marian Newhall. No date has yet been set for the wedding.

The wedding of Miss Kathy Steele and Mr. Skiddy von Stade took place at noon Saturday in the Church of the Advent at Westbury, Long Island. A reception following the ceremony was held at Sunridge Hall, the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Steele. Mrs. Devereux Milburn was her sister's matron of honor. The Misses Anne Steele and Helen Hitchcock were the bridesmaids. Upon their return from their wedding trip the young couple will reside in New York.

The wedding of Mrs. Elsa Cook Gracefield and Captain James Tracy, U. S. M. C., took place Thursday afternoon at the bride's home on Clay Street. Upon their return from their wedding trip Captain Tracy and Mrs. Tracy will reside in this city.

Mrs. James Potter Langhorne was hostess recently at a luncheon at the Town and Country Club. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Collie MacNeill of Columa, Mexico, and Mrs. William Bailey Lamar.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sherwood entertained a number of friends Wednesday evening at a dinner at their home on Pierce Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred B. Tuhbs gave a dinner at their home on Broadway Thursday evening, when a dozen friends enjoyed their hospitality.

Mrs. Philip E. Bowles was hostess Tuesday at a luncheon at her home, The Pines, in Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles K. McIntosh entertained a large number of friends Saturday evening at a dinner at the Burlingame Club.

The Misses Maud and Cornelia O'Connor were hostesses Thursday at a luncheon at the Hotel Cecil.

Mrs. George T. Marye was the complimented guest Thursday at a luncheon given by Mrs. C. O. G. Miller at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Ryland Wallace gave a luncheon at the Franciscan Club Tuesday in honor of Mrs. J. Sloat Fassett of Washington, D. C., and Miss Sadie Palache of Santa Barbara.

Mrs. William Bowers Bourn was hostess Wednesday at an informal luncheon at her home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. James Otis entertained a number of friends Saturday evening at an informal dinner at their home on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. Cuyler Lee gave a luncheon Sunday at their home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Horace Bradford Clifton was hostess Tuesday afternoon at a luncheon at her home on Tenth Avenue.

Mrs. Thomas Rickard was the complimented guest Wednesday afternoon at a tea given by Mrs. George Crothers at her home on Laurel Street.

Miss Evelyn Van Winkle will entertain a number of friends over the week-end at her home at Brookdale.

Mrs. Wilfred D. Chapman was hostess Thursday at a luncheon at her home on Pacific Avenue in honor of Mrs. Arthur Cosgrave, Mrs. Albert Hickman, and Miss Helen Foss of Boston.

Miss Marian Zeile gave a theatre and supper party Monday evening, when a dozen friends enjoyed her hospitality.

Mr. Richard Bernstrom, commissioner-general from Sweden to the Exposition, was host Friday evening at a dinner-dance at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mme. Emilio de Gogorza and Mrs. George T. Marye were the complimented guests Friday at a tea given by Mrs. George H. Mendell at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. Charles Kenyon entertained a number of friends Friday evening at a theatre and supper party.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan gave a house party at their home at Saratoga over the week-end, when a dozen friends enjoyed their hospitality.

Mrs. Jacques de la Montanya was hostess Tuesday afternoon at an informal tea at her home on Pacific Avenue in honor of Mrs. William Thornwell Davis of Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Vos were the complimented guests Thursday evening at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Sue Merriam was hostess Friday evening at a dinner at her home at the Presidio preceding the dance at the Officers' Club.

Major John Nance, U. S. A., and Mrs. Nance entertained a large number of friends Sunday afternoon at a reception at their home in Berkeley in honor of Captain E. W. Crockett, U. S. A., and Mrs. Crockett, who recently returned from the Philippines.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. William Roth have returned from a visit of several weeks in Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Livingston Van Winkle and their daughter, Miss Evelyn Van Winkle, have closed their house on Lake Street and are established at Brookdale for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Hellmann, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Glazier returned Thursday from a week's outing in the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Wright and Miss Helen Wright will leave July 15 for Idlewild in the Santa Cruz Mountains to spend the remainder of the summer.

Mrs. A. P. Hotaling and Miss Jennie Blair,



Chocolate Value

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By special arrangement we use the unexcelled Henry Maillard chocolate, of Fifth Avenue, New York.

PIG & WHISTLE, 130 Post Street  
Also 35 POWELL STREET

who have been spending the past two months in Honolulu, returned Monday to their home on Franklin Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Barnaby Conrad have gone to Ross, where they have rented a house for the summer.

Mr. Ralston Page, who has been attending school in the East, returned Thursday and has joined his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Page, at their home in Belvedere.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar De Pue have returned from the McCloud River, where they have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler at their country home, The Bend.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Wooster and their daughters, the Misses Ory, Edith, and Elizabeth Wooster, arrived Wednesday from New York and will spend the summer with Mrs. Wooster's mother, Mrs. Eleanor Dore, at her home in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Sloat Fassett, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Young, and Miss Jean Fassett have returned from a visit in Cloverdale with Mrs. Henry J. Crocker at her country home.

Miss Ruth Welsh has gone to Monterey to visit Miss Marie Hathaway at Pehhle Beach Lodge.

Mrs. Beverly MacMonagle and her sister, Mrs. Frederick Moody, are spending several weeks in Monterey. Mrs. MacMonagle will return to town shortly to welcome her son, Mr. Douglas MacMonagle, who is returning from a six months' cruise to the Orient.

Mrs. George Wells left Thursday for New York to visit her daughter, Mrs. Marie Wells Hanna. Before returning to California Mrs. Wells will visit her brother at his home in Wisconsin.

Miss Noel Haskins has arrived from New York and will spend several weeks visiting her cousin, Miss Leslie Miller, at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. M. P. Jones left Thursday for Monterey, where she will spend the summer.

Mrs. Thomas Albion Stoddard, accompanied by her son, Mr. Walton Hedges, has come out from Boston to visit her mother, Mrs. Emma Butler, at her home on California Street. Mrs. Stoddard contemplates spending the month of August at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lowe and their infant son have gone to Fort Bragg to remain two months. They will return to San Francisco in September to reside permanently.

Mrs. Juanita Wells Hughes will leave Tuesday for Monterey to spend a month with Mr. and Mrs. Francis McComas.

Mayor James Rolph, Jr., Mrs. Rolph, and their children are established at their country home near Woodside, where they contemplate spending the remainder of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Deering and their little daughter have returned from the Orient, where they have been traveling for the past six months.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Rose of New York will spend the remainder of the summer here. They are guests at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford have returned to their ranch near Pleyton after a two weeks' visit in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant and the Misses Josephine and Edith Grant have gone to their ranch near Mount Hamilton, where they will entertain a number of friends over the Fourth of July.

Mr. Harry Rohertson has returned from Milan, Italy, where he has been studying music for the past two years.

Mr. E. W. Hopkins has returned from San Diego, where he has been visiting the Exposition.

Mrs. George Harding arrived Thursday from Philadelphia and will spend several weeks with her sister, Mrs. James Ward Keeney, at her home on Buchanan Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith and Mr. and Mrs. Ross Amhler Curran have returned from a visit with Mr. and Mrs. George Delatour at their home in Sonoma County.

Mr. and Mrs. William T. Sesnon have closed their house on Devisadero Street and have moved to Santa Cruz for the summer.

Miss Elizabeth Tucker, who has been visiting Mrs. Norman McLaren for the past few weeks, returned Wednesday to her home in Portland.

Lieutenant-Colonel Frederick Perkins, U. S. A., has been granted a two months' leave of absence from the Presidio.

Admiral Richardson Clover, U. S. N. (retired), Mrs. Clover, and the Misses Clover have come out from Washington, D. C., and will spend the summer on their ranch in Napa County.

Lieutenant Thomas J. R. Walker, U. S. A., who is stationed in Arizona, has been granted a two months' leave of absence and is visiting friends at the Presidio.

The home at Angels Camp, Calaveras County, of Mr. and Mrs. John Fulton has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. Fulton, who was formerly Miss Anita Bertheau, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Caesar Bertheau of this city.

The First Jitney Bus.

The first jitney has appeared in London in 1830. It ran by steam power and carried twenty-eight passengers inside and twenty-two outside. Railroads prevented its operation by securing the passage of a law requiring each bus to keep a man 100 yards in advance with a red flag by day and a red lantern at night.

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BREAKFAST, 7 to 11,  
50 cents

LUNCHEON, 12 to 2,  
75 cents

DINNER, 6 to 8,  
\$1.25

Also a la carte service

Supper Dance in the Rose Room every evening, except Sunday, from 9 o'clock.

STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

BANK OF ITALY

SAVINGS

COMMERCIAL

Member  
Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco  
The San Francisco Clearing House Association

JUNE 30, 1915

RESOURCES

|  |                 |
|--|-----------------|
| First Mortgage Loans on Real Estate.....   | \$ 7,283,515.20 |
| Other Loans (Collateral and Personal).....   | 4,546,758.63    |
| Banking Premises, Furniture, Fixtures and Safe Deposit Vaults (Head Office and Branches) ..... | 846,831.59      |
| Other Real Estate.....   | 159,067.89      |
| Customers' Liability Under Letters of Credit.....  | 200,155.47      |
| Other Resources .....  | 96,354.11       |
| United States, State, Municipal, and Other Bonds.....  | \$3,171,911.25  |
| CASH .....   | 2,775,670.06    |
|  | 5,947,581.31    |
|  | \$19,080,264.20 |

LIABILITIES

|                                    |                 |
|------------------------------------|-----------------|
| Capital Paid Up.....               | \$ 1,250,000.00 |
| Surplus and Undivided Profits..... | 360,159.13      |
| Dividends Unpaid .....             | 37,395.00       |
| Letters of Credit.....             | 200,155.47      |
| DEPOSITS .....                     | 17,232,354.60   |
|                                    | \$19,080,264.20 |

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,  
CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

A. P. GIANNINI and A. PEDRINI, being each separately duly sworn each for himself, says that said A. P. Giannini is Vice-President and that said A. Pedrini is Cashier of the Bank of Italy, the corporation above mentioned, and that every statement contained therein is true of our own knowledge and belief.

A. P. GIANNINI.  
A. PEDRINI.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 30th day of June, 1915.  
THOMAS S. BURNES, Notary Public.

THE STORY OF OUR GROWTH

As Shown by a Comparative Statement of Our Resources:

|                           |                 |
|---------------------------|-----------------|
| December 31, 1904.....    | \$285,436.97    |
| December 31, 1905.....    | \$1,021,220.80  |
| December 31, 1906.....    | \$1,829,947.28  |
| December 31, 1907.....    | \$2,221,347.35  |
| December 31, 1908.....    | \$2,574,004.90  |
| December 31, 1909.....    | \$3,817,217.70  |
| December 31, 1910.....    | \$6,539,861.47  |
| December 31, 1911.....    | \$8,379,347.02  |
| December 31, 1912.....    | \$11,228,814.56 |
| December 31, 1913.....    | \$15,882,911.61 |
| December 31, 1914.....    | \$18,030,401.59 |
| June 30, 1915.....        | \$19,080,264.20 |
| NUMBER OF DEPOSITORS..... | 53,946          |

Savings deposits made on or before July 10, 1915,  
will earn interest from July 1st, 1915.



THE CITY IN GENERAL.

Plans for a big extension to the Palace Hotel have been made public, and it is the intention to add 300 more rooms. At present the Palace has 687 rooms for guests, exclusive of the many reception halls, hall-rooms, and other assembly chambers. Obadiah Rich, manager of the Palace, announces that work on the extension to the hotel will begin in the near future.

So far owners of but nine pieces of property out of 16,129 separate parcels in the Twin Peaks tunnel assessment district have lost title on account of delinquency and failure to redeem within a year after the assessment was levied. Fifty parcels have been sold to the city automatically because of failure to redeem.

Golden Gate Park Museum will become the owner of the entire Spooner collection of rare bric-à-brac, historic art work, and famous paintings under the provisions of the will of the late Mrs. Sarah M. Spooner, which has been filed for probate in Judge Van Fleet's court. The collection, which consists of 350 pieces, includes etchings, laces, fans, oil paintings, ivory carvings, and antique furniture, was gathered in all corners of the earth at a cost of more than half a million dollars. Its value now is said to greatly exceed this sum.

Distribution of the \$340,000 estate of Mrs. Bertha Triest, widow of Bernard Triest, has been effected through the authorization by Judge Hunt of the acceptance by the executors of \$149,415 worth of stocks and bonds of California public corporations as settlement

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DIVIDEND NOTICES.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY (the German Bank), 526 California Street; Mission Branch, corner Mission and Twenty-First Streets; Richmond District Branch, corner Clement Street and Seventh Avenue; Haight Street Branch, corner Haight and Belvedere Streets.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1915, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, payable on and after Thursday, July 1, 1915. Dividends not called for are added to the deposit account and earn dividends from July 1, 1915. GEORGE TOURNAY, Manager.

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK, 783 Market Street, near Fourth.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1915, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, payable on and after Thursday, July 1, 1915. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1915. H. C. KLEVESAHLE, Cashier.

in full on a legacy of \$150,000 under the will of Mrs. Rose Lewis, mother of Mrs. Triest, which forms part of the latter's estate. This will be distributed to the seven children of Mrs. Triest as their share under her will.

The City's Properties Company has petitioned the superior court for the appointment of a receiver in the action of the Ocean Shore Railroad Company against the Spring Valley Water Company for the recovery of \$35,000. The suit of the Ocean Shore Railroad was brought against the water company for the recovery of the price paid for twenty-two and a half acres of land in the Lake Merced rancho, which the railroad wanted for a right-of-way and which it has no use for since the road is bankrupt. The City's Properties Company alleges it is the possessor of a judgment against the insolvent railroad and wants a legal title to the \$35,000 which the railroad is trying to recover from the Spring Valley Company.

Surgeon-General Rupert E. Blue, U. S. A., will be the next president of the American Medical Association. His election by the house of delegates at its closing session completely upset forecasts and precedents.

The will of the late Peter D. Martin has been admitted to probate by Judge Hunt and the Anglo-California Trust Company is named as executor of the estate. Mrs. Lillie O. Martin, the widow, who was named as executrix in the will, resigned. Half the estate is bequeathed to the widow and the other half to the minor son, Charles Oelrichs Martin, who lives with his mother at 2045 Broadway. Martin died at Santa Barbara April 3.

The Dollar Steamship Company announces that it is arranging to transfer its registry to the British flag, owing to the new La Follette-Furusheth seamen's bill, which goes into effect at the end of the year. Robert Dollar, president of the company, went last week to Vancouver to arrange for the transfer. Not only will the change in registry be made, but Stanley Dollar announces that there is an equal chance that the company will move its headquarters from San Francisco to Vancouver.

Action in behalf of the City's Properties Company and all other judgment creditors of the Solano Irrigated Farms, Inc., was filed last Tuesday against Patrick Calhoun, A. J. Rich, the Solano Irrigated Farms, Jacob Gorfinkel, H. M. Hall, C. J. Goodell, and F. G. Herzog, asking the court to set aside a deed to the Solano properties and which, it is claimed, have been given over by the corporation to Hall, Goodell, and Herzog.

The French commission to the Exposition, now represented by L. George Lambert, tendered a reception on Thursday afternoon to Camille Saint-Saëns, the French composer. The reception was held in the hall room of the Fairmont Hotel, and the venerable dean of composers played a number of his own and other selections.

For bravery on the battlefield Paul Verdier, a business man of this city, has again been promoted in France. He has been elevated to the rank of an aide-de-camp to a general and expects to be transferred soon to Turkey or Italy.

In recognition of his accomplishments in the illumination of the Exposition, W. D'Arcy Ryan, chief of the department of lighting, has been awarded two grand prizes by the international jury of awards. The first award has been made on the basis of general illumination and the second upon the basis of pyrotechnics.

The Belgian section at the Exposition was formally opened to the public on Wednesday afternoon at 4 o'clock. The section occupies the west wing of the French pavilion, two rooms being set aside for it. In one room the walls are covered with paintings. The niches are filled with statuary of famous Belgian sculptors, Baertson, Donnay, Gilsoul, Constantin Meunier, F. Hops, Van Rysselberghe, A. Stevens, Ter Linden, Rousseau, Josue Dupon, Jean Gaspar, and many other artists of international fame are represented in the exhibit. Laces of the collection of Mme. Rigaud of Paris, tapestries from the establishment of Broquette of Malines, and models of the ports of Antwerp, Brussels, and Ghent are displayed in glass show cases. The second room is hung with pictures of Belgium's famous structures in Louvain, Dinant, Malines, Ypres, Furns, Ostende, Namur, Antwerp, Ghent, Brussels, Bruges, Gard, Mons, and Liège.

"The Trojan Women" at Festival Hall.

It is significant that one of the greatest events of the dramatic season should take place within the gates of the Exposition. On next Thursday and Friday evenings, at 8:30, the Chicago Little Theatre Company will bring the production of Euripides's great play, "The Trojan Women," to Festival Hall. The significance lies in the fact that San Francisco

will have a chance to see for the first time the new stagecraft that so much has been written about during the past few years. In Europe the exponents of the new movement in the theatre are Max Reinhardt and Gordon Craig, and the directors of the famous Sea Gull Theatre in Moscow. Here in America the Chicago Little Theatre stands alone in working out the new methods of stage-setting and lighting.


Since the initial performance at the Blackstone Theatre in Chicago "The Trojan Women" has been witnessed by scores of thousands of people in various parts of the Eastern and mid-Western states. Meredith Nicholson, the well-known author of "The House of a Thousand Candles," "The Port of Missing Men," and other successful works, has written of the production as follows: "The Trojan Women" is one of the most beautiful things ever shown on the American stage. The setting, the lighting, the grouping, were all wonderfully effective. No one interested in the theatre and its possibilities should miss it. I have never seen so quiet an audience; an awe lay upon the house throughout. I wish every one in America could see this production."

"The Trojan Women" was presented to an invited audience at Festival Hall recently and created a profound impression. Seats may be obtained at Exposition box-office, 343 Powell Street.

Greenbaum Arranging Season 1915-16.

The Will L. Greenbaum concert office is a bee-hive of active preparation for a busy season of 1915-1916, when it is hoped to make a memorable list of great star offerings for song and instrumental recitals. Emilio de Gogorza, the Spanish baritone, who has been for the past two months an Exposition visitor here, before departing for his summer home in Maine, concluded arrangements with Greenbaum for a Pacific Coast tour in early 1916. This tour will include a visit to Honolulu. Señor de Gogorza will open his fall season by appearing as special soloist with Mme. Melha at the famous Maine Music Festivals, and will reach San Francisco some time in early January.

The opening attraction of the Greenbaum season will be the leading dramatic soprano of the Metropolitan Opera House Company, Mme. Emmy Destinn, who for the past several years has been featured as co-star with Caruso at the big opera house. This will be Destinn's first concert tour in this country, but in Europe, before she visited America, she was a favorite "lieder" singer. The Metropolitan will contribute at least two other big stars to Greenbaum's list next year in Mme. Margarete Mathenauer and M. Eduard Ferrari-Fontana, contralto and tenor respectively.




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Definite arrangements have been made to bring the Kneisel String Quartet to California for a series of ten concerts. This will be the first appearance of this organization in eleven years. Kneisel will be remembered as the first concert-master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and the only man who toured Europe with an American quartet. Maud Powell, the greatest of women violinists, and the pianist, Morris Rosenthal, will also make Coast tours under the Greenbaum management.

"So your wife has eloped with your chauffeur!" "Yes, but he wasn't much of a chauffeur."—Houston Post.

WELLS FARGO NEVADA NATIONAL BANK

OF SAN FRANCISCO

STATEMENT OF CONDITION  
AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS JUNE 23, 1915.

ASSETS

Loans and Discounts.....\$19,274,865.81  
United States Bonds.....6,170,000.00  
Other Bonds.....3,867,798.35  
Stock in Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco.....285,000.00  
Customers' Liability on Letters of Credit.....1,808,239.44  
Bank Premises, Furniture and Fixtures.....2,053,950.25  
Redemption Fund with U. S. Treasurer.....300,002.50  
Cash on Hand.....\$ 3,342,242.05  
Cash with Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco.....842,952.65  
Cash with Other Banks.....11,853,851.89— 16,039,046.59  
\$49,798,902.94

LIABILITIES

Capital.....\$ 6,000,000.00  
Surplus and Undivided Profits.....5,177,151.82  
Letters of Credit, Etc.....1,899,930.46  
National Bank Notes Outstanding.....5,650,000.00  
Reserved for Taxes.....123,250.78  
Other Liabilities: Contingent Account.....206,896.91  
Deposits.....30,741,672.97  
\$49,798,902.94

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,  
CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO ss.  
I, FRANK B. KING, Cashier of the above-named Bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.  
Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 29th day of June, 1915.  
(Seal) O. A. EGGERS,  
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco.  
Correct—Attest: Percy T. Morgan, A. Christeson, F. W. Van Sicklen.

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I. W. Hellman, Jr., Vice-President  
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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

*First Lawyer*—Did his speech carry conviction? *Second Lawyer*—It did! His client got five years.—*Judge*.

*Mrs. Homespun*—This paper says a wife in Formosa costs five dollars. *Mr. Homespun*—Well, a good wife is worth it.—*Life*.

*Knicker*—Look at Miss Bearit's décolleté. Did you ever see anything like it before? *Bocker*—Not since I was a baby.—*The Club-Fellow*.

*She*—Suffered? I thought I never should live to tell the tale. *He*—For a woman that must have been suffering, indeed.—*Boston Transcript*.

"For \$2 I will foretell your future." "Are you a genuine soothsayer?" "I am." "Then you ought to know that I haven't got \$2."—*Buffalo Courier*.

*Miss Vine*—Do you favor women proposing? *Mrs. Oaks*—Certainly not. When a woman picks out a man she should make him propose.—*Chicago Tribune*.

*Christian Science Mother*—The child only imagines that he has a pain. *Unconverted Father*—Then I wish he'd imagine I'm walking the floor with him.—*Puck*.

"What do you think? A man brought back the umbrella he took from our hall stand!" "H'm! It speaks well for the honesty of the man, but it's a terrible slight to the umbrella."—*Judge*.

*Dewitt*—What is the sense of that rule forbidding an athlete to sell his prizes? *Winks*—They are afraid some fellow might find out how much his \$110 gold watch really cost.—*New York Post*.

"What," queried the unsophisticated youth, "is the best way to find out what a woman thinks of you?" "Marry her," replied the Shelbyville sage; "then wait a few days."—*New York Times*.

"Have you any creepers about your house?" "Yes—one." "What kind is it?" "Very fat, breaks up everything it can get hold of, and makes me walk the floor with it all night."—*Baltimore American*.

*Master*—Norah seems quite gone on that letter-carrier! *Mistress*—Gone! Why, she actually mails a postcard to herself every night, so he'll be sure to call at the house next morning.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Could I interest you in a little scheme to make you rich?" asked the suave caller. "You might," answered the busy person at the desk, "if you would pay me the first dividend in advance."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

*Gayboy*, '15—Struck a job yet, old top? *Grinder*, '15—Well—er—not exactly. I've been quite busy, though, trying to sell my prize thesis, "The Solution of the Great Problem of the Unemployed," to some magazine.—*Puck*.

"I have a great idea for a musical comedy!" exclaimed one manager. "Something in the way of a plot?" "No. But I know how to get a letter of introduction to a man who might put up money to run the show."—*Washington Star*.

"These South Sea Islanders are a queer lot. They have many things which are taboo, mustn't be touched." "I see nothing strange about that. It is the same principle on which we carefully plant a lot of grass for people to keep off of."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"I want you to be nice to the Greens tonight." "Now, why do you insist on that? You know I have no use for either of them." "I know, but I've just looked over the guests at this party, and the Greens are the only people here who own a car who go home our way."—*Detroit Free Press*.

*Bill*—Were you at the Prohibition meeting? *Jill*—Yes; I was. *Bill*—What in the world do you want to listen to those fellows for? *Jill*—It's cheaper. *Bill*—Cheaper? *Jill*—Why, yes; their statements didn't cost me anything, and they made me stagger.—*Dallas News*.

"Sometimes I think," remarked the timid young man in the parlor scene, "that if I—er—had money I would—er—get married." "Well," suggested the dear girl who was occupying the other end of the sofa, "why don't you try and—er—borrow some?"—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

"We are now," said the passenger in the dripping oilskins, "about to round Cape Horn. Don't you want to come out and see it?" "I should say not," answered the passenger with the novel. "You made me go and look at Sandy Hook, and it wasn't a hook at all. You can't fool me a second time."—*New York Sun*.

"I suppose it is hardly necessary for me to tell you, sir, that I am in love with your daughter," said the trembling suitor. "Not at all, young man," replied her father. "And, furthermore, I've seen enough idiotic symp-

toms in the past month to convince me that your passion is reciprocated."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

*Southerner*—Why are you Northerners always harping on the children employed in Southern factories? *Northerner*—Well, for

one thing, it detracts people's attention from the children employed in ours.—*Life*.

"My face is my fortune," said the conscious beauty. "Well, it isn't necessary for you to be constantly flashing your roll," remarked the male cynic.—*Judge*.

## Why a Secret Hiding Place Is Not the Place For Your Valuables

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# The Argonaut.

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## THIRTY-NINTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### Character Better than Culture.

There is no need to take seriously the attempt within the week on the part of a "crank" to blow up the capitol at Washington and later to assassinate Mr. John P. Morgan. The two projects had the same source—a mind disordered. But these incidents do teach one significant lesson. It is this, namely, that educational tests, concerning which so much has been claimed in connection with immigration, afford no assurance of good citizenship. Holt, or Meunter, was a man of many accomplishments. He had been employed as a teacher in Harvard and Cornell colleges, not to mention half a dozen freshwater schools. Intellectually he was a very cultivated man. Yet, under the changed conditions of his life in America as compared with that in his native Hanover, he became the most dangerous type of criminal. We are reminded, too, that pretty much all the imported "cranks" who have infested American life in recent times have been men of education. Your Herr Mosts are for the most part schooled men. In working experience we find culture a poor substitute for character. One honest, wholesome-minded, strong-

muscled peasant is, man for man, worth two of your so-called educated immigrants.

### Porfirio Diaz.

Any just estimate of a man—more particularly of a man associated authoritatively with great affairs—must take stock of the times and conditions of his activities. Thus when we reflect that Porfirio Diaz was that dread force in human government called a dictator; that he operated professedly under a representative constitution, but in practice disregarded the law and substituted for it his personal will; that he ruled arbitrarily for forty years many millions of people by force and terror; that he sent unnumbered men to death without hearing or trial; that in large measure he treated the property of the country with a large part of its population as a personal possession—when we reflect upon these things—we must remember that the seat of his operations was Mexico.

Diaz came to the head of the Mexican government by the only means possible after the practical failure of Juarez. He came as a soldier upon a situation which only a soldier might have dealt with. He found a population of some ten or twelve millions (since grown to eighteen millions) mongrel in blood, densely ignorant, without sense of social responsibility, ambitionless, shiftless, all but savage. He conceived the project of bringing Mexico, even thus poorly equipped, to membership in the community of nations and of outfitting the country with the facilities and the organization of modern industrial life. He saw very clearly the magnitude of the task before him. It called literally for billions of money, and Mexico was without credit. It called for an arbitrary centralized authority. And he, the man in power, was a rough-riding soldier whose sole mandate was his sword. Diaz had both read and observed widely, and he knew that if he should declare himself king of Mexico he could not make the claim hold good with the established dynasties whose sources of authority were deeply rooted. He recognized that the first need of the country was a government at once stable and respected, and this he saw could be more easily attained through a dictatorship under the mask of a representative republic than by any other scheme of national organization. So, making himself president and patching up the Juarez Constitution to suit his purposes, he set forth upon the great task he had planned for himself.

It took some years of severe rule to establish the Diaz government in the respect of the world and to gain for it the financial credit essential to the great plan. Finally this much was achieved and Diaz began actively his work of reorganizing the country. He borrowed money in vast sums and used it in the establishment of public works. It was not easy to borrow and he had resource to an old trick of making his projects attractive by connecting them with bonuses in favor of influential foreigners. He saw the need of transportation, so he invited railroad experts to visit the country and arranged with them for the building of railroads under land grants and other schemes similar to those employed in this country in promotion of our earlier transcontinental lines. So through a long course of years by varied ways Diaz wrought what we may style a physical revolution of Mexico. Far beyond even his own expectation his projects were successful in providing Mexico with the physical conditions of advanced life and in conjunction therewith establishing and sustaining the standing of the country in both the political and financial worlds.

But with all his success Diaz failed at the supreme point of bringing up the Mexican people to standards of life comparable with the physical facilities he had created. The people of Mexico, barring here and there exceptional instances, did not rise with the fortunes of the country. They developed neither initiative in busi-

ness nor steady habits of industry. Bettered measurably in their conditions, they nevertheless remained either at the bottom of the scale of civilization or below it. It takes time, and a lot of it, to make over a race. And the plan of Diaz made no allowance upon this account. His misconception was that modern facilities would make a modern race; he did not comprehend that character is a thing of slow growth, a thing which must develop upon a basis of sensibility and ambition, that it can not be framed by invention and fitted upon its subject by authority. Diaz failed further to understand that no people held under a despotic system of government, however worthy its intentions, may develop the propensities, habits, aptitudes, and powers essential to self-government.

It turned out that the developments wrought by Diaz, while insufficient to inspire the Mexican population, went far enough to illustrate to the people their own poverty and to raise in them a desire for more if not for better things. Blind and stupid as they were, the people of Mexico came to have a glimmer of conditions which they were not strong enough to command and certainly not wise enough to use discreetly, or to sustain. In the end Diaz, when his mind and hand grew infirm, was driven from the country by a rising tide of discontent stimulated by his own efforts for the national advancement. Few events in the career of modern nationalities are more pathetic in the recital than the story of Diaz in forced retirement from Mexico. He himself was a Mexican, sharing not only in the national sentiments, but in the common condition of its mongrel breeding. He had wrought vastly for his country and with a success which had made him one of the kingly figures of the world. Yet with all his success, in the face of all his high achievements, there was forced upon him the overwhelming sense of essential failure. He had built up for his country a development which it was powerless to sustain without his own or some other similar authoritative leadership. He had for his country entered into obligations which nobody, minus his own powers and prestige, could make good. He had been wrong in the assumption that prosperity and the scheme of modern life could be fitted upon the Mexican people by the forces of external intelligence and autocratic authority. He left Mexico truly a man of a career almost unparalleled, yet a man who had signally failed.

There are few records of a personal career more romantic and fascinating than that of Porfirio Diaz. He was a child of the people, born to relative poverty and to conditions of ignorance. Yet in his childhood he exhibited qualities which led the authorities of the church to undertake his education for the priesthood. Escaping by desertion from a routine which he found unendurable, he entered upon the career of a soldier, associating himself with a small patriotic minority. He fought bravely and effectively for the liberty and honor of Mexico as he understood these terms. Rising in military service, he became a diligent student of military affairs and ultimately a master of tactics and of strategy. From one success he passed to another until ultimately, still a comparative youth, he found himself the foremost man in Mexico. Upon this foundation he wrought out the career and established the fame which classifies him historically as the greatest man ever produced by his race.

Porfirio Diaz has been the subject of many eulogies. Men of all countries have testified to the dignity and power of his character. But perhaps the estimate at once most striking and true is that made by Elihu Root, Secretary of State of the United States, when in the year 1910 he said:

It has seemed to me that of all the men now living, Porfirio Diaz of Mexico was best worth seeing. Who considers the adventurous, daring, chivalric incidents of his early career; whether one considers the vast work of



ment which his wisdom and courage and commanding character accomplished: whether one considers his singularly attractive personality, no one lives today that I would rather see than President Diaz. If I were a poet, I would write poetic eulogies. If I were a musician, I would write triumphal marches. If I were a Mexican, I should feel that the steadfast loyalty of a lifetime could not be too much in return for the blessings that he had brought to my country. As I am neither poet nor Mexican, but only an American who loves justice and equity, and hopes to see their reign among mankind progress and strengthen and become perpetual, I look to Porfirio Diaz, the President of Mexico, as one of the great men to be held up for the hero worship of mankind.

If by subsequent events the heroics of this eulogy are exhibited as somewhat overwrought, it still may be taken, if not at par value, as an illustration of the impression made by Porfirio Diaz upon the best intellects of his own day.

#### Work of the Trade Commission.

One of the gratifying developments of the time is the manifest desire of the new Federal Trade Commission to be helpful to business. The powers of this body as defined by law are prodigious; and if they should be exercised in a spirit which inspired certain other official activities in recent years they would do the country a very great mischief. But it turns out that four of the five members of the commission are strongly opposed to further harrying of business, large or small. They stand individually and collectively for permitting certain combinations and are on record as willing that the Sherman law should be amended provided that no authority is given to fix or advance prices in domestic trade. They will allow combinations in cases wherein it may be demonstrated that they will add stability to trade conditions, secure uniformity in trade practices, standardize the treatment of employees, effect economies in accounting systems and the like. But they draw the line at price combinations.

The commission is attempting to justify its existence by a scheme of business promotion along constructive lines. It is proposed by the commission, if it shall be given the means, to district the country and to station "business doctors" in each district instructed to show the little merchant or manufacturer how to systematize his affairs, how to arrange his machinery and so coördinate his plant as to obtain the highest efficiency, how to cut costs of production, how to keep his accounts. This plan finds an analogy in the work of the Department of Agriculture in helping the ignorant and the inexperienced farmer. That it smacks of paternalism will probably not affect its popularity at a time when pretty much everybody is looking to the government for pretty much everything.

One of the first things in the plan of the commission will be to issue standard systems of accounting for all the different classes of business, proffering the schemes free to all who apply, with the promise of such individual and specific advice as the experts of the commission may be able to give. Then forms of statements which, when filled out and certified by chartered public accountants, may become the basis of bank credit, will be issued freely to all who apply.

The commission is concentrating its efforts upon matters of this sort instead of going, as was expected by many, into wholesale and spectacular assaults. In other words, it is undertaking to correct defects in business practice by standardizing methods large and small, to the end that all business may be conducted under certain fixed and accepted general methods.

The commission is about to undertake a prolonged Western trip to be marked by public hearings in different parts of the country with respect to commercial and industrial interests. An attempt will be made, for example, to determine the length to which an association of orchardists or raisin-growers may go in the matter of combination in production and marketing without running foul of the anti-trust laws. This is merely a sample of the questions for which the commission is attempting to find an answer.

The wish of the commission to mark out a path for business to follow has run foul of a judgment on the part of its lawyers that it has no power to answer hypothetical questions and to determine in advance that such and such a proposed activity is in restraint of trade or constitutes unfair competition, while such another proposed activity is open to no such objection. In other words, the commission has not the right, in the judgment of its legal advisers, to adjudicate questions in advance. Under this limitation the commission

is restive. It would like to be able to chart a course for business to follow. It does not wish to wait for cases in violation of what it deems correct practice. It is inspired by the very good purpose of preventing abuses rather than of curing abuses once in operation.

In the meantime the commission, by its friendly attitude toward business, its openly declared wish to help rather than to persecute, its efforts to instruct and to guide, is gaining the confidence of the business public. Feared as a possible menace to business when the commission came into existence, it is now regarded as an agency of possible value and as one involving no menace. Something may be due to administrative inspiration, possibly something to accident, but the comfortable fact remains that the commission is reflective, not of the fierce spirit of de-traction which recently ruled in the government, but of a new spirit much saner, much worthier, much wholesomer.

#### Matters at Washington.

Although the German sur-rejoinder has not been given to the public, nor formally addressed to the government, its terms are definitely known to our State Department. It is not satisfactory in the sense that it fails to accept any of the principles laid down in the original note of February 10th—the "strict accountability" note—or the note of May 15th—the first *Lusitania* note—or the note of June 9th. Germany, while perfectly polite at the point of manner, declines to recede from her original position. The Washington administration is to continue to temporize with the situation and to prolong the interchange of notes. It is receding from its original position, trusting in the ability of the American people to forget. It looks now as if we should have no definite outcome in relation to a correspondence the original terms of which were positive almost to the point of an ultimatum. There will be an interminable interchange of notes. Neither Germany nor the United States will in terms alter its position, but—nothing will come of it.

Before leaving for New England last week President Wilson stated positively that he had no thought of attempting now to help secure peace. This statement came, curiously enough, upon the heels of positive information directly to the contrary. More than once the State Department has seriously tendered its good offices to the combatant nations. No other question has, in fact, absorbed more of the time and attention of the government in recent months. Consideration of this incident calls for a statement not very pleasant in the making. It is this, namely, that President Wilson is less scrupulous as to facts, more willing to shield himself behind what may euphemistically be termed "euphemistic evasions," than any recent predecessor. Instances without number are cited over Washington dinner-tables. For example, on the morning of the day Secretary Bryan resigned the President told a friendly visitor that there had positively been no break in the cabinet and that all the members of that body were cordially in agreement with him in the matter of his note to Germany. At the very moment, half an hour before the cabinet session, he had Bryan's resignation in his pocket. Innumerable similar instances provide matter for gossip at the national capital. A prominent New York editor remarked at Washington the other day in the course of private conversation: "If this thing (meaning the President's habit of protecting himself by questionable statements) ever gets to the point where it is understood by the American people, he will hit the toboggan hard." A kindly critic attributes Mr. Wilson's aberrations from the strict line of truth to brain fog. "Mr. Wilson," he said, "can not endure prolonged labor. Weary, badgered, worn, he undertakes to accomplish his purposes in the easiest way, and oftentimes the short cut to surcease is a statement which will not bear analysis."

These days most military and naval men at Washington devote the bulk of their time to study of military operations in the war zone. The common opinion among them is that Germany is bound to win, but this judgment is by no means unanimous. A great ordinance expert remarked to the *Argonaut's* Washington correspondent last week something to this effect: In wars of the past the two elements of success were personnel and matériel. In the present war matériel comes first. And by matériel is meant not only the

machinery of war, but the ability to produce, and therefore to renew, that machinery. When this war began Germany, in the matter of matériel, was three years ahead of the Allies. She is still two years ahead. But at this point she has now reached the maximum of her strength. She can not turn out munitions any faster than she is now doing it. On the other hand, the resources of the Allies in that particular are expanding rapidly. They are producing munitions in an ever-increasing ratio. Every day makes the strength of the Allies greater. The advantage is passing from Germany, she probably realizing this better than do the Allies themselves. Germany's logical policy now should be to strike some tremendous blow, making a seeming gain which she can not hold and then adroitly to bring about peace. Many critics are of the opinion that this is the object of her present tremendous efforts in the southeastern sphere of war. It is to be added that all of Germany's military preparedness has been based on the tactics of a sudden, swift, overmastering war. Those tactics have failed. She can hold out for a very long time, but from now on she is likely to be at a disadvantage. "Now," concludes this critic, "is the logical time for Germany to manoeuvre for peace. And the President of the United States is the logical negotiator of peace."

An admirer of the President, and one of the few who may be called his intimate friends, offered the other day a curious apology for the Administration's attitude respecting the shipping bill. He argued that Mr. Wilson did well in approving the bill when the labor lobby had jammed it through Congress. "If he had not approved it," said this apologist, "we would have the agitation with us now stronger than ever. By signing the bill the President produced the horrible examples of the Pacific Mail and the Dollar line. The one is going out of business; the other has registered its ships under a foreign flag. These examples are far more effective in relation to public sentiment than would be reams of argument. Now we shall have a chance to repeal this destructive law and enact something better."

"Among many score stories in circulation here," writes the *Argonaut's* Washington correspondent, "tending to illustrate temperamental and other frailties of the late Secretary of State there is one which will especially interest San Francisco. It is to the effect that the authorities of your Exposition sought, in the selection of a Fourth of July orator, to identify the Exposition with the government. The idea—founded in a special and important motive—was to get a high representative official to deliver the oration. Choice fell upon Mr. Bryan, Secretary of State, not on personal account, but solely because of his official character. He took the invitation under advisement; and that was the status of the matter up to the time of his retirement from office. Then, just as if nothing had happened to alter the conditions, he accepted the invitation. According to gossip here, there was consternation at San Francisco. Nobody wanted Mr. Bryan, the private citizen. What was wanted was the Secretary of State. If Mr. Bryan had had in his make-up one atom of delicacy he would have seen the point himself and have given the Exposition authorities an opportunity without embarrassment to invite either the new Secretary of State or some other official representative of the government. But Mr. Bryan either did not understand the situation or was so eager to get the prospective fee, and at the same time to exploit himself, that he passed it over. In the meanwhile it occurred to the Exposition authorities that the choice of Bryan as Independence Day orator might be construed by the President as an expression unfriendly to himself. To set themselves right on this point they are reported to have gotten into communication with the White House, setting forth the circumstances of the invitation as given prior to Bryan's retirement and asking in confidence the President's wishes in the matter. The story goes on to recite that Mr. Wilson expressed to the San Francisco people his thanks for their consideration, with the further statement that he was pleased to know that Mr. Bryan was to speak at San Francisco. So, although Bryan, regarded in his personal character, was the last man in the world who would have been asked to deliver the address, he is duly booked for the occasion and no doubt he will never discover the fact that in an individual and personal sense he is *persona non grata* to his entertainers. The



insensibility under which he accepted the invitation when the conditions under which it was given were radically changed, will serve him again when he gets to San Francisco. He will not discover that the Exposition management will wish him in Halifax; and he will pocket the five-thousand-dollar honorarium without knowing that the Exposition people would much sooner have thrown it into San Francisco Bay."

The Supreme Court of the United States has just completed twenty-five years' operation under the judicial system as revised under the Evarts law of 1890. This law created nine circuit courts of appeal, a species of sub-supreme courts, designed to relieve a pressure which has long congested the Supreme Court docket and had contributed grievously to the law's delays. When the system went into effect twenty-five years ago the Supreme Court was three years behind in its work, and even yet the docket has not been cleared. Today the court is only one year behind. An average of 430 cases are filed with the Supreme Court each year. During the court year just ended 528 cases were filed and 539 cases were disposed of. There now stand on the docket 535 cases awaiting adjudication.

### General Huerta's "Deep Hurt."

The *Argonaut* wishes to register itself as among those who sympathize with the "deep hurt" that General Huerta has received at the hands of American authority. Let the point of justification of his arrest and detention be waived; there still remains the matter of his personal treatment. Huerta is a man of rank and dignity in the world. He has been the head of a neighboring nation. He is a soldier of distinction. He has a right to be treated as a gentleman and a man of honor. But our government, which now for more than two years has pursued him with relentless bitterness on a purely gratuitous assumption, which has hindered and thwarted him in grievous ways, now declines to accept his word of honor and insists upon confining him like a common felon in a dirty prison. It's a shameless business—all the more shameless because there is in it an element of vulgar cheapness. General Huerta, sitting on his prison pallet, confesses his "deep hurt." Verily there are those of us who feel in connection with this incident a sense of deep shame.

### First-Born Children.

It is evident that the problems of heredity are still far from the solution that the more enthusiastic of our sociologists would claim for them. Speaking at the Child Welfare Bureau at the Exposition a few days ago, Mr. G. Hardy Clark of Iowa is reported as saying, "When you marry choose the oldest child in the family and you will never make a mistake." The best characteristics of both parents, said the speaker, are always to be found in the first-born. No doubt this dictum of an alleged science will receive the hearty and even enthusiastic applause of the fortunate first-born. It is equally sure to be received with disdain by those who did not happen to be among the first domestic arrivals. And the world at large will go on its tranquil way marrying and giving in marriage under the wise guidance of a tempered and regulated impulse.

But in this particular instance we have a speedy evidence of the frailty of these new creeds and dogmas. Almost simultaneously with the speech of Mr. G. Hardy Clark of Iowa comes the report of an article by Professor Karl Pearson of the University of London contributed to the *Journal of Heredity*. First-born children, says Professor Pearson, are usually inferior physically, mentally, and morally. First-born stock sharply declines under the shock of Professor Pearson's announcement that there is a distinct advance in the values of later arrivals.

But now comes Dr. Charles Gilmore Kerley of New York, who is described as a "pediatric specialist," whatever that may be. Dr. Kerley is connected with all sorts of institutions for babies and should be heard with respect. And Dr. Kerley throws oil upon the troubled waters by assuring us that the first-born child is inferior physically, but not mentally or morally. For the moment there seems to be some hope of a *modus vivendi*, but we are once more discouraged by the opinion of Dr. Menas S. Gregory, the eminent psychopathist, who tells us that first-born children are apt to be inferior mentally, but not physically or morally. So we had better go on falling in love in the old delightful way and take whatever consequences there may be.

## THE THEATRE OF WAR.

A correspondent expresses the opinion that I have laid insufficient weight on the recent Russian reverses. A victory, he says, is a victory, which is indisputably true. But he goes on to say that the only way to win wars is to win victories, and that all victories are steps toward the end. But here his ground is not quite so solid. There have been victories that are much worse than defeats, and no victory is worth winning unless it can take its place in some larger plan. Now within the past week there have been still more German successes in the east. The Russian armies are still in retreat. Ivangorod is threatened, and so is Brest-Litovsk, and so is Warsaw. And yet even at the risk of still further annoying my correspondent it is necessary to repeat that these German victories have not yet taken their place in the larger German plan. They are not decisive. In other words, the German forces have not yet succeeded in doing what it is essential that they should do unless their efforts are eventually to be lost.

Now the obvious German objective has been stated here more than once. Let it be stated again, and this time in the words of "one of the best-known officers in the United States army," who is quoted by the Washington correspondent of the *New York World*. This officer says: "The question immediately arises: Then what must the Kaiser do before he can be considered as having seriously defeated the Russians? The answer is simple. He must destroy the Russian army by enveloping it in sections, or he must tear it to pieces by shreds. As long as the Russian commanders are capable of maintaining their lines and make it impossible for the Germans to break them up or envelop them, it makes little difference whether the battle front is 100 miles within the Austrian border or whether it is pushed back 100 miles into Russia. As long as the Russian line holds, the Kaiser's effort will be wasted, because every movement he makes costs him a life that is worth to him five times as much as the life that went with it is worth to the Czar. It is highly probable that the Russians will continue their defensive movement all summer. However, whenever the Germans show a tendency to relax and strengthen their lines on the French front, you will find that the Russians will change to offensive tactics, and thereby they will compel the Germans to maintain a great force before them at all times. Considering the shortage of munitions, the Russians have handled their campaign magnificently. If it had not been for the Russian forces it is probable that the Kaiser would have broken the backbone of the Allies in France, and the decisive stages of the war would have been passed before this time."

A military writer in the *New York Globe* says the same thing. He asks if the German campaign has brought decisive results, and then he goes on to say: "The chances are that it has not, and that the Russian armies, when resupplied, will be as formidable as before. The Russians, remembering how they won in the great war against Napoleon, are not held back by pride from retreat. The Grand Duke Nicholas has followed the traditional military policy of his country three times since the beginning of the war. It is probable that the retirement has been in time again." Now this is so obvious that it hardly needs so much emphasis. The supreme need of Germany is to concentrate all her forces upon one frontier. If she can do this she can win the war. This has been her intention from the beginning. Bernhardt laid it down as the *sine qua non* of success. It has been the central plan of her campaign from its start. This is the one test to be applied to every move that she makes—does it or does it not enable her to bring all her strength to bear upon one battle line? Her strategy against the Russians has been superb, and her men have fought with a bravery that has probably never been surpassed on earth. But these things will avail her nothing unless she can so shatter the Russian strength that it no longer counts, unless she can so completely break up the Russian armies that they need no longer be taken into consideration. Now she may do this eventually, but she has not done it yet. No such claim has been made. On the contrary it is admitted that the Russians have withdrawn in fairly good order, that their losses are by no means irreparable, and that they may go on withdrawing indefinitely rather than risk the morale of their forces or pledge the campaign on the result of a great battle. In other words the Russians are now doing exactly what they did when they confronted Napoleon. They are compelling their enemy to pursue them, and to lengthen his lines of communication in doing so. And they are quite willing to give man for man in rear-guard actions, as they can well afford to do.

The Germans are now advancing between the Bug and the Vistula rivers. The map shows an equilateral triangle of forts with Warsaw and Brest-Litovsk forming the northern base and Ivangorod the southern apex. The Germans are now about forty miles southeast of Ivangorod and about ninety miles southeast of Warsaw. They are said to be advancing at a speed of about five miles a day, and they can strike either northwest toward Ivangorod or northeast toward Brest-Litovsk. If they choose the latter and are successful they will be well to the rear of Warsaw and in control of the railroad system. At the same time it is to be remembered that there is fighting along the whole 700 miles of frontier and that German forces are menacing Warsaw from the north and the west as well as from the south. It is quite possible that the Russians will make no definite stand even to defend Warsaw. It is well known that there was a military party in Russia at the beginning of the war that was in favor of abandoning Warsaw without a blow in order that the Germans might be drawn deeply into Russian territory. The plan was not favored by the Grand Duke Nicholas, but he may feel

now that he has no alternative. At the same time it is more likely that he will defend Warsaw.

Making all due allowances for the superiority of the German soldier over the Russian, we must still look to the shortage of ammunition for an explanation of the worst of the Russian reverses. During the winter and early spring Russia had only three sources of supply, and they were her own factories, Japan, and America. Her own factories do not amount to much, and she lost the Japanese market during the friction between Japan and China. American shipments had to go by way of Vladivostok and thence over the Transsiberian Railroad, already choked with traffic far beyond its capacities. The Japanese market is now once more open to Russia, and the summer weather has also made available the port of Arcangel. But Arcangel is connected with the interior by a single-track narrow-gauge railroad which is quite incapable of meeting the demands upon it. It is congested with freight that has been piled up there since last autumn. A young American business man lately arrived in New York from Arcangel is reported by the *New York Evening Post* as giving a gloomy account of the state of affairs at Arcangel. He is also reported as saying that Russian officers had often sold their regiments to the Germans, and that this accounted for the large number of prisoners taken. We may suppose that Russia's ammunition problem is growing less acute every day.

There can be no doubt that the relative inactivity on the western field is also due to the shortage of ammunition that is felt most keenly by the British. This accounts for the failure to take the offensive along the whole line, and when the war is over there will certainly be an outbreak of reproach from the French, who are thus held back by the inability of the British to make a corresponding attack. The *New York Sun* prints a communication from an American who has lately returned from England and who says that English newspapers are not allowed to print the facts and that even letters to America describing the situation are censored and suppressed. He says that the British are merely holding their lines and enduring as best they may a high explosive fire that they are unable to return. The Germans refrain from the hand-to-hand fighting, where they usually get the worst of it, and content themselves with a bombardment that effectually does their work. Even where trenches are lost by the Germans they know the range to an inch and can easily make the trenches untenable by their captors. The British are short, not only of ammunition, but also of guns and rifles. The theoretical supply of machine guns is four to a battalion, but this is seldom attained. The Germans have twelve. In the rear of the forces there are tens of thousands of men eager to participate, but held back because they have no rifles. There was a time when the French were in a similar quandary, but they foresaw their needs and bent the whole of the national energies to meet them. The French are now fairly comfortable in the matter of ammunition, but England is still far behind. There is also a deficiency of horses and harness. The gunners complain of their enforced inactivity, since there is always a shortage of something. When they have enough horses they have no harness, and when the harness comes to hand the horses have been taken for some other duty. It was the munitions problem that resulted in the fall of the government, but it is by no means certain that the coalition government has yet solved it. The *Sun* correspondent was of course writing of the condition of affairs some three weeks ago, and Lloyd George may have worked miracles since then. But if only half of what is said is the truth it fully explains a quiescence, as well as a casualty list that might otherwise be inexplicable.

The same correspondent says that the attack on the Dardanelles was begun on the distinct understanding with M. Venizelos that Greece would lend her aid, not only in the form of a cooperating army, but also that the Greek islands could be used as a base. But M. Venizelos was unable to keep his word, and as a result the Allies found themselves in a peculiarly difficult situation and unable to move either forward or backward. The "foremost military expert" in England—presumably Mr. Hilaire Belloc—is quoted as saying that the problem of the Dardanelles was then on the point of solution, since the Allies had succeeded in cutting off the Turkish supplies and that they would thus be forced to evacuate their fortifications on the Gallipoli peninsula. The same authority was also quoted as saying that the situation in the Dardanelles was at that time actually the brightest in the whole field of war and that there would be great developments in the course of a few weeks. If there is any reason at all for such an optimistic view it may be due to the activity of Allied submarines, who have already been reported as highly successful in intercepting Turkish transports in the Sea of Marmora.

The Italian campaign has at least the merit of simplicity. There are now three armies in the field. The first is directed toward the Trentino with Trent for its immediate objective. The second is making its way to the east of the Trentino and in the direction of the valley of the upper Drave. This army constitutes a threat against Vienna and it also prevents the sending of forces from Vienna to the relief of the Trentino. The third army has moved eastward, crossed the Isonzo River, and is proceeding toward Trieste. It has taken Tolmino, Gradisca, and Montfalcone, and is now about twenty miles from Trieste. But it is quite likely that we shall hear no stirring news from this part of the field for some time to come. Italy's policy is to avoid costly attacks on strong fortifications and to let the Austrians wear themselves out by artillery duels. In the meantime she is organizing her own strength, and it is possible, even probable, that she is preparing a force to participate in the Dardanelles.



So long as the Austrians are depleting their strength in the struggle against Russia there is no reason why the Italians should undertake to storm fortifications that they hope to reduce in a more leisurely and economical way with their heavy guns.

London is confidently expecting more Zeppelin raids and believes that all previous visits have been in the way of reconnaissances. It is not believed that more than three Zeppelins have been destroyed, including the one that was brought to the ground by the Canadian aviator Warneford. It is now recognized that the right time to attack the Zeppelin is when it is leaving its hangar or returning to it and therefore flying at a low level. After it has once attained its normal height it is difficult for the aviator to get above it, while to fire at a Zeppelin from the ground is extremely difficult, owing to the uncertainty of the aim, and also dangerous to civilians, since the shells are likely to fall back among them. The war office has just warned the newspapers that no mention must be made of the areas over which Zeppelins have passed, since such information would be useful to the Germans in subsequent raids, and that such information must not be contained in letters to neutral countries, which "should be both brief and easily legible."

The many references that have been made to "the labyrinth" may give interest to the information that this now famous fortification is a few miles north of Arras and commands the road to Lens. It is about a square mile in size and is described as a sort of rabbit warren of heavily defended trenches, intersecting and facing in all directions. Machine guns were mounted at every angle, and at all important points there were heavy howitzers protected by steel cupolas. Immediately to the north of the labyrinth is the sugar refinery of Souchez, also the scene of fierce and continuous fighting. The Paris *Temps* prints a detailed map of the labyrinth compiled from the reports of aviators. About half of the labyrinth has now been taken by the French at immense loss of life.

The high explosive shells for which the British army has been clamoring in vain are said to account for the successes of the Italians, who were quick to see the advantage of these projectiles over the more familiar shrapnel. The French are using a high explosive shell, not only against fortifications, but also against bodies of men. These shells explode by a time fuse in the same manner as shrapnel, but they contain no bullets, depending for their effect upon the flying fragments of metal from the casing. Eric Fisher Wood in "The Note-Book of An Attaché," says that although these metal fragments are small they fly with such force as to make fatal wounds and even cut into the wood of rifle stocks. He saw the body of a man whose back had been pierced by about forty small particles of a shell, and they were as evenly spread as the shot from a shotgun. German wounded had told him that this French shell fire was so hellish that no man escaped except by a miracle. Shells bigger than the three-inch, says Mr. Wood, seldom do any damage, but have a tremendous moral effect even upon veteran troops. The fire of big howitzers is usually inaccurate, but when these shells hit a building the effect is tremendous. On the other hand, when they explode in soft ground they are not dangerous, and most of the battlefields of France are on muddy fields, where the six-inch shells make a crater about forty feet in circumference and five or six feet deep. They explode upward, and casualties from them are so rare as to be considered freaks.

Many keen observers are asking themselves why the German authorities should be at such pains to contradict the peace rumors that have been so rife during the last few weeks. Assurances that Germany herself has made no overtures would be natural enough, but why should Germany take pains to assure the world that no proposals have come at any time from Russia, that Russian resistance is still practically unbroken, that there has been no peace suggestions from England, and that the peace congress at The Hague produced no results? The Springfield *Republican* thinks that Germany may wish to impress her own people with the obstinacy of the struggle and so to prepare them for an inconclusive peace which will carry with it no territorial gains. Says the *Republican*: "There have been hints as to the need of educating the public not to expect too much, and probably this necessity is greatest in Germany because in that country alone have expectations been kindled by a long series of brilliant if indecisive victories." The Allies have had nothing much to rejoice about since the battle of the Marne, but it may be that public opinion in Germany has not discriminated between brilliant achievements and those other achievements which may not be brilliant but that point toward a radical success. Miss Jane Addams is probably right when she says that all of the countries at war would like to have peace, but that not one among them will propose it. The proposals must come from a neutral. With all due respect to Miss Addams this may be described as rather a feminine view. There is not the least reason to believe that either side would accept peace except on a basis of victory and the attainment of the ends set forth. Anything in the nature of compromise appears to be out of the question. SIMEY CORN.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 7, 1915.

In all the principal plazas and gardens of Seville moving-picture screens are erected and small tables and chairs set out, the exhibitors either making their profits from the drinks sold or by rental of chairs at two cents each. Thousands of people go nightly to the different plazas and gardens, and the entire life of the city for about four months centres around these moving-picture shows.

## A FALSE ALARM.

Saint-Perix Makes a Surprising Discovery.

Saint-Perix went home in a very bad humor. He had been utterly cleaned out at the club. The worst luck!—he had not won once in three hours. At last he threw down the cards and left, swearing that never again would he be found seated at a card-table.

Ensnared in his coupé, he said to himself, with sullen anger, that all this would never have happened if the countess had not had a headache—her eternal headache—and they would have gone to the opera together and yawned in company throughout the performance, as they always did on Fridays. Mechanically he thought of the story they had told him of Montescourt one evening at the club. It was almost a farce, what with Montescourt's simplicity, his wife's perpetual indisposition whenever she was called on to accompany her husband to a ball or the theatre, and the handsome young man—like a hero of light opera—who made the third in the *dramatis personæ*.

Could it possibly be that the countess was playing the same trick on him to be alone and free for an entire evening? Was not that headache a mere pretext? One by one a thousand forgotten details came back to his memory. He recalled that fashionable kirmess for the benefit of the inundated Madagascans, where, having neither rosebuds nor sachet-bags to sell, Mme. de Saint-Perix had offered her bare arm to be kissed at twenty-five louis a kiss. The receipts had been enormous. He remembered the interminable walks she had taken in the country with her cousin Max; a ball where she had danced four waltzes with the same partner; a letter that she had burned, with deep emotion, some days later.

All these phantoms dazed and excited him. He thought himself already the object of his friends' contemptuous pity. Was it for this he had married a young girl just out of the convent-school—timid, naive, blushing at the least word?

"Fool that I am!" he burst out at last, "to think of such things. The countess is an angel in her conduct, and she would never—"

He shrugged his shoulders and did not finish the sentence.

The coupé stopped before his house. Saint-Perix entered. The gas was extinguished, the servants had evidently gone to bed. The house was wrapped in silent peace.

"Evidently," said he, "I was not expected so early." And lighting a match, he proceeded softly to his wife's chamber, happy at the thought of surprising her in sleep and feeling a great love for her, a shame at the absurd suspicions which had left a sore spot in his heart.

He crossed the antechamber, pushed aside the portière of the boudoir, and recoiled, startled, livid, as if he had seen a terrible vision.

He had seen a man in the countess's apartment—a sort of Romeo, of aristocratic bearing, crisp curling hair, and irreproachably dressed.

"So," muttered the husband, "I was not mistaken!"

He approached the man, his hands clenched, menacing, pale with anger.

"Will you inform me what you are doing here, sir, in my house?"

"I have no reply to make," stammered the other.

"Scoundrel! I find you at night in my wife's apartment—"

"I can say you nothing, sir. If you consider yourself aggrieved, I am at your orders."

He extended to Saint-Perix a card, which fell to the floor, and with the other hand, drew from his pocket an elegant little revolver, and saluting ceremoniously, he said: "Whenever you choose. The Baron San-Leone, Hotel Bristol. It is too late to prolong this conversation—so farewell, till we meet again." And he hastened from the house without awaiting Saint-Perix's reply.

The latter, stupefied, leaned with both hands upon a chair to keep from falling. All seemed red before his eyes. He felt that he would go mad—a terrible sense of desolation seemed to crush him down.

"I shall kill him!" he cried, at length; "as for her, I shall attend to her later."

He picked up the card and hastened to the club to choose his seconds.

"A duel to the death," he told them, "and the sooner the better."

\* \* \* \* \*

The next afternoon at 4 o'clock the seconds came to give an account of their mission to the unhappy husband.

"We presented ourselves," said one of them, "at the hotel indicated on the card of your Baron San-Leone. He had left by the first train in the morning."

"The coward!" cried Saint-Perix; "I would give a hundred thousand francs to find him again!"

At this moment there was a discreet knock, and the countess's maid half-opened the door.

"Madame begs that monsieur will see her for a moment," said she.

"Very well," he replied, shortly; "you may go."

Scarcely had he pronounced these curt words when the countess, her eyes red with weeping, her face pale and drawn, entered the salon.

"Henri, Henri, what is the matter with you today,"

she cried, "that you avoid me and close your door to me?"

"You shall learn presently, madame, since you seem not to know," replied Saint-Perix, in measured tones of bitter irony; "at present, as you see, my occupation prevents me from—"

"But I must speak with you," she interrupted quickly; "I must speak with you now. Do you know what happened in my boudoir last night?"

"I know only too well, madame."

"What! You know that while I was asleep some one broke open the sandalwood box in which I keep my diamonds—"

Saint-Perix had risen. He gasped, and seizing the countess's hands in his own, he repeated, anxiously: "Some one broke open your box?"

"Yes, and the robber has left nothing, not even my engagement ring, that I prized so much."

"Gentlemen, all is explained!" cried the count, triumphantly; it is a good lesson—do you not think so?—and one which I merited. Our San-Leone was a common sneak-thief. Well, so much the better. Your jewels, fortunately, can be replaced."

And the Saint-Perixs began a second honeymoon which was quite as tender as the first.—Translated for the Argonaut from the French of René Maizeroy.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

William A. Durst, said to be the only man now living who served aboard the *Monitor* when that vessel attacked the *Merrimac* in the first battle of ironclads, is a resident of Philadelphia. He is more than seventy-five years of age, but retains his physical and mental strength to an unusual degree.

Mgr. Thomas F. Kennedy, on whom the honor of titular Archbishop of St. Leucia of Isauria has just been conferred, is rector of the American College in Rome. He is a native of Pennsylvania. His education was finished in Rome, and in 1887 he was ordained a priest. Since 1901 he has held his present office with the American College.

Dr. K. Hirayama, who has come to this country commissioned to spend two years in the study of the various observatories and astronomical stations, is a professor of astronomy in the Imperial University at Tokyo. He will obtain, during his stay in the United States, material on which to perfect a national Japanese almanac. He will also study at the Yale University observatory under Professor Brown.

Dr. Samuel Taylor Darling, bacteriologist, for ten years associated with Major-General William C. Gorgas in sanitary work at Panama, may go to Serbia as a member of the sanitary expedition that will be sent to Serbia by the Rockefeller Foundation. Dr. Darling accompanied Major-General Gorgas, then a colonel, and Major Noble, of the Panama Sanitary Corps, to South Africa in 1913, where they went to endeavor to reduce the mortality among the miners in the Rand district.

Sir Thomas George Shaughnessy, one of the most able and remarkable figures that the American and Canadian railroad world has produced, started in the purchasing department of the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul road in 1869. He remained with the same company thirty years, always rising, always meeting every demand made on him. In twenty-two years he had risen from a humble clerkship to the position of vice-president of the company. Since 1899 he has been president of the Canadian Pacific. In 1901 he was knighted by Queen Victoria.

Manuel Vasquez Tagle, minister of justice in the cabinet of the late President Madero, and who has taken no part in the revolutionary activity in Mexico since Huerta's coup in February, in 1913, has been practically agreed upon by the leaders of the Villa-Zapata coalition as acceptable to them for the provisional presidency of Mexico should an agreement with the Carranza faction be possible. He was the only cabinet minister who did not resign when Huerta overthrew the legally elected Madero administration. He left Mexico City then and has since lived in the United States.

Dr. Meyermann, a scholarly German prisoner whose release has been under discussion in Japan on the presentment that he would be more useful at the head of the Tsingtao observatory than as a prisoner of war, is a graduate of Heidelberg and Göttingen universities, and has established a reputation through practical work, especially in the measurement of magnetism. Tsingtao observatory was established by the German government in 1899, and when the equipment for time reporting and earthquake, magnetic, and time mensuration was completed later Dr. Meyermann was appointed its head.

Dr. Enrico Castelli, who recently addressed a meeting of the general medicine section of the Pan-American Medical Congress in San Francisco, is a special delegate from the faculty of the Royal University of Medicine, Genoa, Italy, to the medical profession of this country. He strongly advocates the revolutionary method of treatment which has the support of the Italian government and of the leading German specialists in tuberculosis. "If vaccination against tuberculosis by the methods now used in Italy is made compulsory in the United States," predicts Dr. Castelli, "tuberculosis in fifty years will be no more prevalent than smallpox is today."



## HEARD IN HIS OWN DEFENSE.

## The Quiet Old Clerk Who Suddenly Went Mad.

"Have I your honor's permission to make a statement?"

"Your honor!" cried Lawyer Lang, springing to his feet—"your honor, before you pass on this request, I should like to make a statement myself."

"What is it, Mr. Lang?" asked the judge.

"It's just this," said Mr. Lang, with something more than his usual acerbity; "you remember, of course, that when this man, Cephas Love, was first brought to trial he was without counsel; that he refused to secure any, and that you therefore peremptorily appointed me as such. The appointment was useless, for the defendant has absolutely and unconditionally refused to say a word to me concerning his case. I wish it to be distinctly understood, however, that this silence of the defendant's has been maintained in the face of my most diligent efforts to break down his reserve, for while I first accepted your honor's injunction perfunctorily, I ended by becoming deeply interested in what is certainly a unique case—so far as my practice goes. What I wish to state with particular stress is that I am absolutely and entirely ignorant of the nature of the statement which Mr. Love has asked permission to make. In fact, sir, all I can officially claim to know of this man is that on the fourteenth of this month of August he was found in the very act of throttling another man to death at No. 863½ Pine Street, in this City and County of San Francisco; that he was arrested in *flagrant delicto* by Officer Thomson; and that he has been confined in the city prison ever since. He is no more a client of mine than is your honor, and it would be a gross misuse of terms to style him a 'defendant.'"

As Mr. Lang sat down, the man referred to as Cephas Love shook hands with him cordially, and repeated his request for a hearing.

"It is a rather unusual proceeding—at this stage of the trial," said the judge, "for a person in your position to make a statement, but the whole proceedings in this case have been unusual. Moreover, I have not the right to deny you. Do you wish your statement to appear as evidence?"

"Yes, sir."

"Take your place on the witness-stand, then, and be sworn."

He repeated the clerk's mumble-jumble of words with slow emphasis, and laid an intonation upon the concluding words, "So help me God," that gave them a reverential effect not often heard in that courtroom.

The sketch which the artist of a morning paper was at this moment making showed a tiny, neat man, sitting primly with crossed legs and smoothing out the folds of a red-silk handkerchief spread over his knees. His hands, face, and scalp were of a false ruddiness that was caused by a network of small veins in the skin, and that was made all the more vivid by the contrast of a fringe of flax-white hair and two patches of close-trimmed whiskers that lay on each cheek like small powder-puffs. His eyes were light blue and moist; his lips thin and straight; and the rest of his features ordinary and inexpressive. He was dressed in a suit of dark gray clothes, and looked something between an upper servant and a small lawyer. There had been even more than the usual interest felt in the case, the courtroom was crowded, and when the prisoner began there was a strained attention to hear what he had to say, made all the more necessary because of the low and rather thick voice in which he spoke.

"My name is correctly given on the documents in the case, I believe," he began; "besides which it has been on the city directory for the past thirty-two years. It is Cephas Clavering Love, although the middle name is very seldom used. I am sixty-three years of age, and was born at Memphis, Tennessee. I came to San Francisco thirty-three years come next Christmas Eve, and for twenty-one years thereafter I was a clerk for the law firm of Kittredge & Shaw, as I believe your honor well knows. For the past twelve years I have been engaged in the law-stationery department of Messrs. Rocker & Coe. These gentlemen, together with many others, I understand I have the right to summon as witnesses to testify as to my general good character, but I shall put none of them to this inconvenience—"

"Proceed, Mr. Love," said the judge, for the witness had stopped and was nervously rubbing the palms of his small, withered hands with the handkerchief.

"Thank you, your honor," said the old man, "I'm not used to making long speeches. All I need further say in any preliminary way about myself is that I am a widower, with one married daughter living in Norfolk, Virginia; that I am a member of Dr. Dodd's church that I live temperately, drinking but little and smoking less; and that I am a quiet, law-respecting, God-fearing old man. Yet I sit here today in this court a murderer."

"Your honor," exclaimed Mr. Lang, once more springing to his feet, "I must insist that the witness be instructed. Your honor knows that a plea of not guilty was entered in the court of examination, and a similar plea has been formally entered in this court of arraignment. This man is on trial; he has not been convicted, and I call upon your honor to instruct the witness that he must not use such terms of self-accusation, as well as to inform the jury that they pay no attention to the wild words of the witness."

"The witness is thoroughly conversant with legal practices, I believe, Mr. Lang," said the judge, "and fully appreciates the gravity of his position and the necessity for carefully weighing what he has to say. Nevertheless if—"

"Excuse me, your honor," said the old man Love, gently stretching out a somewhat shaky hand toward the judge; "you need not caution me, your honor. I am, as you say, thoroughly aware of the gravity of my words—and position. What I say is simply the truth, and the truth can injure no one. I am a murderer, and I purpose telling the story of my crime without attempting any palliation."

There was a stir in the courtroom, and a veiled woman—the mother of the victim, it was said—leaned forward in her chair and sobbed.

"Your honor," cried Mr. Lang, again on those ready feet of his; "there is an attempt at sensationalism here," with a vibrating forefinger pointed in the direction of the sobbing woman, "and I ask that it be stopped."

"Well, now," said the prosecuting attorney with hot sarcasm; "we must say we like that. During the whole of these proceedings we haven't said a blessed word. We've allowed you to put your man on the witness-stand with all the stage effect you wanted and without a boo; and now, because this poor, bereaved woman—this heart-stricken mother—gives way to her natural grief when the damnable crime that robbed her of her darling is brought to her mind, you—you, sir, who should be the last man to make a sound, go to blabbing about sensationalism. Why, sir—"

"That will do, gentlemen," said the judge, quietly but firmly, for Mr. Lang was actually bounding about in his anxiety to make his retort. "Go on, sir," he added, turning to the defendant, who during the discussion had busied himself folding his red handkerchief into a neat, square package.

"Since working for Messrs. Rocker & Coe," Cephas Love continued, "I have been in the habit of walking down to the store along Pine Street each morning from my boarding-house, at the corner of Larkin and James Streets. On the 16th of June last, or it might have been the 17th, I noticed that No. 863½, after having been vacant for many months, was about to be tenanted. The next morning, and it was a Friday, I remember, my attention was again attracted to No. 863½, and this time by a very peculiar incident. The two windows on the ground floor, where the parlor was evidently situated, were draped with heavy curtains of some maroon-colored stuff, after a fashion which used to be in vogue for dining-rooms when I was a boy. As I was passing the house, the curtain nearer me was drawn aside and a face peered out—such a face as frightens a child in what are called its 'bad dreams.'"

"Describe it, Mr. Love," said the attorney Lang.

"I can not," said the witness, putting out both hands in a gesture of repulsion that was strangely energetic in a man seemingly so placid and undemonstrative; "it was more of a mask than a face. Not one of these grotesque masks, you understand, but one of utter vacuity—a blank, an emptiness, a soulless nothing. The eyes were big, wide open, with the white showing all around the pupil between the fixed lids. The cheeks pale and flabby, the nose a line, and the mouth half open, with the lower lip drooping."

Here a strange thing happened, for while the prisoner described the face, his own took on that of the creature he was delineating, until in the place of the little old gentleman of semi-clerical aspect there appeared the dodding head of a mowing idiot. The red handkerchief had been snatched up from where it lay smoothly folded over on his knee, and was now grasped in both hands like a ball.

"I could only see his face," said Love, dropping back, so to speak, into himself, "because he brought the curtains close up about his neck, like a garment—like a dressing-gown. After I had moved on a few paces I turned around, for so strange was the impression produced on me that I can liken it to little less than fascination. The face had not moved, but the great staring eyes were still fixed on me as the eyes of a portrait done in oil-painting always seem to be, no matter where the observer may move. More than once during the day I found myself thinking of this vacant, fatuous face, and then toward the afternoon I managed to dismiss it with the resolution that it undoubtedly belonged to some poor, unfortunate being, whose friends preferred to take private charge of him rather than to send him to an asylum, and that his presence at the window was due to the temporary absence of those whose duty it was to look after him. But with all this common-sense view of the matter, I found myself stupidly excited and nervous as I drew near the house next morning. Well, sir—I mean, your honor—the fellow must have been watching for me, for as I came opposite the windows again, a thin, white hand parted the curtains and the vacant face was turned once more upon me. This time I thought that the eyes, though fixed and wide open, had the light of a nasty smile in them and that the drooping lower lip was shot out in a grimace of contempt. I had a stout walking-cane in my hand," said the witness, jumping up, "and I threatened the fellow with it in this way." Here he shook out the red-silk handkerchief and waved it rapidly toward the jury-box as though it were a danger-signal. One of the jurymen drew back, with a little nervous start, and the judge looked curiously at the defendant-witness.

"Control yourself, Mr. Love," said he, "and tell your story as calmly as possible."

"I will, your honor," he replied, with meekness and an instant change of demeanor, although it was noticed that great beads of perspiration had broken out on his forehead, and that, now and then, these merged themselves one in the other and then ran trickling down his face like an overcharged raindrop on a window-pane.

"For two or three days I changed my way to the office," he continued, "and took another street, so as to escape the sight of this oppressive face. It was a useless precaution, however, for what had been a day horror now became a nightmare. For the first time in my life I became the victim of insomnia. The horrible blank features covered the walls like a patterned paper; they were as visible in the darkness as in the light; they kept my eyes open and stared into them; and they covered me like waves rolling over my bed. The void, meaningless face was with me in a hundred fantastic and distressing shapes, and I felt that I could have strangled the beast of a possessor had he come within my grasp."

The little man's voice rose into a screech, the dull blue eyes flashed like a moving mirror, and his chest heaved, while he twisted the red-silk handkerchief into a scarlet rope.

"On the morning of the third sleepless night," he went on, sinking his voice into a hoarse whisper, while the crowd in the courtroom leaned forward as one man to hear what was being said—"on the third morning, I got up and determined to put an end to it all. I took out a razor, threw back my collar, in this way, and was going to cut my throat, when the idea entered my head that I would first go and squeeze the life out of my tormenting devil, and then come back and make away with myself. Dressing hurriedly, I ran downstairs and into the street. I was in front of No. 863½ like a flash of double-greased lightning. Quick as I was, the monstrous villain was just as quick. Back went the curtains, as though jerked by red Zamiel himself, and out shot the face—a scarecrow that would frighten the very blue-birds of heaven. No doubt about it, the ghost-like thing was mocking me now—mocking my misery, mocking poor old me, who had been cursed by it for forty million years. I don't know what I said. Call them black, bad words. To hell with what I thought! All the blood rushed to my head, until my ears rang like the seven bells of Kingdom Come. With a one, two, three, I was in the house; and with a four, five, six, I was squeezing his damned wind-pipe—like this."

"Look out, judge!" yelled Mr. Lang, while a cry of horror rose from the people.

The judge had been gently swinging himself around in a quarter-circle on his chair, looking keenly now at the curious witness, and now inquiringly at the prosecuting attorney. As he swung round the last time the prisoner leaped out from his place, as though moved by a steel spring, and flung himself upon the judge like a cat. The shock threw the judge out of the chair, and both went down together. There were snarls and screams from behind the desk, and when the bailiff leaped in, the prisoner had wound the red-silk handkerchief around the judge's neck, and was tugging at it like a demon. A dozen other rescuers were on hand the next minute, but it took nearly the whole of their misdirected strength to tear away the shrieking, frothing maniac and carry him downstairs to the safer accommodation of the "tanks." THOMAS J. VIVIAN.

Scientists hesitate to estimate geologic time in terms of years. Such estimates have, however, been made, and one published by Professor Charles Schuchert in 1910 states that about 12,000,000 years have elapsed since the close of the Carboniferous age, an age, as the name suggests, in which great deposits of carbon, in coal, were being formed in many parts of the world. This age has been divided by geologists into the Mississippian, Pennsylvanian, and Permian epochs, of which the Mississippian is the oldest and the Permian the youngest. The Pennsylvanian epoch alone is estimated by Schuchert to have covered 2,160,000 years, and animal life is supposed to have existed on the earth for over 14,000,000 years before that time. Geologic periods are recognized primarily by the animals and plants that lived in them, so that the study of fossils plays a very real and important part in the progress of geologic knowledge. Rocks of Carboniferous age, as shown by their fossils, have a wide distribution in the United States, and they are apt to abound in these remains of plant and animal life. The fossil shells which are found in them, however, may vary greatly from point to point, because the animals they represent lived in different periods of geologic time or in different regions in the Carboniferous ocean.

The decline of the banana industry in Costa Rica for several years past has become very noticeable and its effects are strongly felt in the business life of the country, for Costa Rica formerly led in the production of bananas. Plantations have become affected by an incurable disease, and as a result the largest growing and shipping company has found it more profitable to cultivate new plantations in other countries, building new wharves and constructing new railways, than to attempt to stamp out the disease. The banana business is therefore gradually leaving Costa Rica.



## ENGLAND AT WAR.

"Piccadilly" Talks About Conscription, Lloyd George, and the Suffragettes

Although there is a good deal of conscription talk in the air just at the present time, no one seems really to think that it will come to anything. At the same time it would be rash to predict that this or anything else will or will not happen. At one time it seemed nearly certain that compulsion would be applied to the munition workers and that the application of a metaphorical bayonet in the rear would supply the stimulus that was imperatively needed. But the labor-union leaders at once displayed a disposition to be reasonable. They had failed to realize that this new work was different from all other work that they had ever done and that the very existence of the country depended upon it. It was a work, not for wages, but for patriotism, and it would be as absurd for the soldier in the trench to insist upon his eight-hour day in the face of a German attack as for the munition workers to exact the letter of their union law. No one now believes that there will be any more difficulty with the factory workers.

For this we have to thank Lloyd George. He has a persuasive way with him that would fully justify him in being an Irishman instead of a Welshman. Himself a man of the people, no one knows better than he how to speak the popular language. But he never condescends to cajolery or flattery. Even the roughest audience feels that he is paying to it the compliment of an appeal to reason. At the same time he never gives the idea of compressibility. He is not afraid to say that a thing must be done and to convey something more than a hint of what he will do to compel it to be done. The kindest and most genial of men, he yet gives the idea of force and of a relentless use of force should the occasion demand it. When Lloyd George was an obscure country attorney in Wales he was once consulted by a deputation of non-conformists as to their proper action in view of the refusal of the Episcopal clergyman to permit the burial of a Methodist in the consecrated churchyard. Lloyd George advised them to take the body to the churchyard and if the gates were locked against them to break them down. They followed his advice to the letter, and the country was electrified to find that such action was legal. Lloyd George's fortunes may be said to date from that moment. From that time until now he has been breaking down gates that were locked against him, and it is now generally recognized as the part of wisdom to open the gates before Lloyd George brings up his battering ram.

But it is not likely that there will be conscription in England. There is no real evidence of such a need. It is true that one meets a good many young men on the streets who would look well in khaki, but on the other hand it is an admitted fact that Kitchener has received all the men that he has asked for, and even more than can yet be supplied with rifles. No one knows just how many men are under arms nor where they are. There is something more than a suspicion that Kitchener himself has set afloat some of the talk about the reluctance to enlist and that he has done this in order to create the impression of slackness and inefficiency. There are certainly three million men now ready for service, and no one would be surprised to learn that there are more.

The work of the women has been beyond praise from the beginning. To say that Mrs. Pankhurst is a firebrand would be to utter a truism, but there is no one now to complain of the superheated energy that she is throwing into her work for the country. Mrs. Pankhurst's scorn for the shirker and the slacker is something to remember. The men may decry conscription as much as they will, but Mrs. Pankhurst is made of sterner stuff than that. She would have conscription for men and for women, too. She does not see why women should not be as deadly with the rifle as their husbands and sons, but since there seems to be a prejudice against women in the trenches, there is no reason why they should neglect other opportunities for service nor why such service should not be made compulsory. Mrs. Pankhurst has no patience with the rather maudlin feminine sentiment which says and sings "I did not raise my boy to be a soldier." She would ask, "What, then, did you raise him for? To be a corporation lawyer?" Mrs. Pankhurst uses her *Suffragette* and all the mechanism of her organization to overcome the womanly objection to sacrifice husband and son if such a sacrifice should be called for. Probably Mrs. Pankhurst's influence has sent thousands of men to the front who would otherwise have stayed at home.

There need be no doubt that this new sort of militancy has won the day for suffrage. It may be a long time before the whirling war clouds will permit another legislative view of the great question, but when that day shall come the result will be a foregone conclusion. It is unthinkable that there will be any opposition. The suffragette women of England have shown a spirit of comradeship that has been supposed to be rather a male appanage, but that they have raised to a sort of sublimity. It is said that Germany counted upon the aggression of the suffragettes as one of the most important of the factors that would keep England at peace, and if so the disappointment must indeed be great. The suffragettes have not only done a hundred things, and done them well, that are usually left to men,

but they have shown an equal competence in the softer duties that seem to fall more naturally within their sphere. Although the "war babies" have not been nearly so numerous as the voice of scandal would have us believe, the suffragettes have been prompt to do what the occasion demanded. Any irregular baby needing a home has been promptly supplied, and it has been done intelligently and in such a way that the baby shall have the best chance in life that its capacity will permit. The condition of England is strained and critical enough in all conscience, but she may thank the suffragettes that it is not much worse. PICCADILLY.

LONDON, June 18, 1915.

Como Bluff, Wyoming, is classic ground to those interested in the fossil remains of animals that inhabited this region long ages ago, for it was here that the first dinosaur bones were discovered in the Rocky Mountain region. Some of the dinosaurs were the largest land animals that ever walked the earth, and some were very diminutive. They differed greatly in size, shape, structure, and habits. Some were plant eaters; others fed on flesh. Some walked on four feet; others with small, weak fore limbs walked entirely upon the strongly developed hind legs. Some had reptile-like feet; others were bird-footed. Some had toes provided with long, sharp claws; others had flattened hoof-like nails. There were dinosaurs with small heads, and others with large heads. Some were large and cumbersome; others were small, light, and graceful, and so much resembled birds in their structure that only the skilled anatomist can distinguish their remains. Some of enormous size were clad in coats of bony armor, which gave them a most bizarre appearance. The largest herbivorous or plant-eating dinosaur whose fossil remains have been found in Como Bluff was the huge *Brontosaurus*, or thunder lizard, as it was called by Professor Marsh. It was seventy feet long, stood sixteen feet high at the hips, and had a long tail, an equally long neck, and a head that was only a little larger than that of a horse. The weight of such a creature has been variously estimated at eighteen to twenty tons. This animal doubtless lived on the luxuriant tropical vegetation, but how its enormous bulk could be sustained by such food as could pass through its ridiculously small mouth has caused much wonder. Some dinosaurs that are even larger than the *brontosaurus* have been found more recently. A *dipodocus* now in the Carnegie Museum in Pittsburgh had the enormous length of eighty-four and a half feet. At the time these animals flourished the Rocky Mountain region was a low, nearly level country, covered with tropical vegetation, with many wide, shallow streams and swampy areas, thus furnishing a congenial place for these sluggish, swamp-inhabiting creatures to wade lazily about or float in the water, for it has been deemed improbable that the enormous bulk of some of them could be sustained without lateral support such as would be obtained in water.

It is estimated that approximately 10,000,000 people of South America drink Paraguay tea, or yerba mate (*Ilex Paraguayensis*). It is a mildly stimulating beverage, prepared by infusion with boiling water, like ordinary tea. For two years the United States Department of Agriculture has been experimenting with it in the Southern States, but its adaptability will not be determined for a few years yet, as the plant is a slow grower. It is a small tree or shrub nearly related to the holly. It bears bright evergreen leaves, insignificant white or yellowish flowers, and tiny purplish-black berries. It grows wild over a vast area in southern Brazil, Paraguay, and northern Argentina. The leaves and young shoots are the useful parts of the plant. At present the crop is obtained in a very primitive way from the forests by special workmen (*yerbateros*). They lop the branches off with axes, and scorch them over a hot fire. Then they gather the leaves and small twigs, and place them on a wooden trestle over another fire, where they are exposed to a slower scorching process for from one to three days. The leaves are then beaten or ground to powder, packed in hides and shipped to market. The usual custom in South America is to drink yerba mate from a hollowed gourd. The vessel is called mate, and it gives its name to the beverage. Yerba mate contains tannin and caffeine, and its physiological effects are similar to those of tea or coffee. A liking for it is by no means peculiar to the Spanish-American race. European colonists in South America are very fond of it, and have to a considerable extent adopted this non-alcoholic beverage as a substitute for the beer and wines of their homeland.

The largest statue in the world is now being carved in Japan. It is a recumbent effigy of Nichiren, a Japanese patron saint, cut from a natural granite rock on a hillside on the island of Ushigakubi, or, "the cow's head," in the inland sea of Seto, Japan. The stone image will be 240 feet long from head to foot, sixty feet longer than the Sleeping Buddha statue at Segu, Burmah, and considerably larger than the Sphinx in Egypt.

From Seward to Fairbanks, Alaska, the government-owned railroad is under construction, as well as a branch to the Matanuska coal fields. Plans are prepared for docks, machine shops, and warehouses at Seward.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## The Rabbi and the Prince.

A monarch sat, in serious thought, alone,  
But little recked he of his robe and throne,  
Naught valuing the glory of control,  
He sought to solve the future of his soul.  
"Why should I bow the proud, imperious knee  
To mighty powers no mortal eye can see?"  
So mused he long, and turned this question o'er;  
Then, with impatient tread, he paced the floor  
'Till maddened by conflicting trains of thought,  
And speculations vague which came to naught,  
With feverish haste he clutched a tasseled cord,  
As desperate hands in battle clutch a sword.  
"Summon Jehoshua," the monarch cried;  
The white-haired Rabbi soon was at his side.

"I bow no more to powers I can not see.  
Thy faith and learning shall be naught to me,  
Unless, before the setting of the sun,  
Mine eyes behold the Uncreated One!"

The Rabbi led him to the open air.  
The Oriental sun, with furious glare,  
Sent down its rays, like beams of molten gold.  
The aged teacher, pointing, said: "Behold."  
"I can not," said the prince. "My dazzled eyes  
Refuse their service, turned upon the skies."  
"Son of the dust," the Rabbi gently said,  
And bowed with reverence his hoary head,  
"This one creation thine eyes can not behold.  
Though by thy lofty state and pride made bold,  
How canst thou, then, behold the God of Light,  
Before whose face these sunbeams are as night?  
Thine eyes, before this trifling labor fall,  
Canst gaze on Him, who hath created all?  
Son of the dust, repentance can atone;  
Return and worship God, Who rules alone."  
—James Clarence Harvey.

## The Relief of Lucknow.

Oh, that last day in Lucknow fort!  
We knew that it was the last;  
That the enemy's lines crept surely on,  
And the end was coming fast.

To yield to that foe meant worse than death;  
And the men and we all worked on;  
It was one day more of smoke and roar,  
And then it would all be done.

There was one of us, a corporal's wife,  
A fair, young, gentle thing,  
Wasted with fever in the siege,  
And her mind was wandering.

She lay on the ground, in her Scottish plaid,  
And I took her head on my knee;  
"When my father comes hame frae the pleugh," she said,  
"Oh, then please wauken me."

She slept like a child on her father's floor,  
In the flecking of woodbine-shade,  
When the house-dog sprawls by the open door,  
And the mother's wheel is stayed.

It was smoke and roar and powder-stench,  
And hopeless waiting for death;  
And the soldier's wife, like a full-tired child,  
Seemed scarce to draw her breath.

I sank to sleep; and I had my dream  
Of an English village-lane,  
And wall and garden;—but one wild scream  
Brought me back to the roar again.

There Jessie Brown stood listening  
Till a sudden gladness broke  
All over her face; and she caught my hand  
And drew me near as she spoke:—

"The Hielanders! Oh! dinna ye hear  
The slogan far awa'?  
The McGregor's. Oh! I ken it weel;  
It's the grandest o' them a'!

"God bless the bonny Hielanders!  
We're saved! we're saved!" she cried;  
And fell on her knees; and thanks to God  
Flowed forth like a full flood-tide.

Along the battery-line her cry  
Had fallen among the men,  
And they started back;—they were there to die;  
But was life so near them, then?

They listened for life; the rattling fire  
Far off, and the far-off roar,  
Were all; and the colonel shook his head,  
And they turned to their guns once more.

But Jessie said: "The slogan's done;  
But winna ye hear it noo?  
'The Campbells are comin'?' It's no a dream;  
Our succors bae broken through!"

We heard the roar and the rattle afar,  
But the pipes we could not hear;  
So the men plied their work of hopeless war,  
And knew that the end was near.

It was not long ere it made its way,—  
A thrilling, ceaseless sound;  
It was no noise from the strife afar,  
Or the sappers under ground.

It was the pipes of the Highlanders!  
And now they played "Auld Lang Syne."  
It came to our men like the voice of God,  
And they shouted along the line.

And they wept, and shook one another's hands,  
And the women sobbed in a crowd;  
And every one knelt down where he stood,  
And we all thanked God aloud.

That happy time, when we welcomed them,  
Our men put Jessie first;  
And the general gave her his hand, and cheers  
Like a storm from the soldiers burst.

And the pipers' ribbons and tartan streamed,  
Marching round and round our line;  
And our joyful cheers were broken with tears,  
As the pipes played "Auld Lang Syne."

—Robert Trail Spence Lowell.



## THE CULTURE OF GERMANY.

Ford Madox Hueffer Traces the Growth and Spread of the Prussian Idea.

In the midst of volumes of diplomatic correspondence and other volumes dealing with commercial rivalries as the caucuses of the great war, it is a relief to turn to a book that goes below the surface and analyzes the intellectual and cultural developments that have led Germany into this fearful struggle. "When Blood Is Their Argument" is a brilliant review of the growth of the Prussian idea, leading to scientific efficiency or *Kultur*, tracing it historically and through the educational system, and showing how step by step it has substituted specializing in non-essentials for the humanities and eliminated culture in our sense of the word.

Ford Madox Hueffer, the author is peculiarly fitted to undertake this interesting task. He is equally at home in English, French, and German, and is distinguished as a novelist, journalist, and essayist. In fact there are few men in the world today so well qualified to make a study of this kind and open out to us the true inwardness of German ideals and their close connection with the European tragedy.

The first part of Mr. Hueffer's comprehensive work is devoted to German civil and financial history from early Prussian days down to 1880. It is not strictly political history he is dealing with, and he sketches in broad lines to show how the barbaric and non-national state that was first the Margrave of Brandenburg and later the Kingdom of Prussia grew into the conglomerate of commonwealths that constituted the Prussia of 1870. The tragedy of the failure of the real cultural and liberal German aspirations in 1848 and the greater tragedy of the forcing upon Germans of the Prussian yoke through premeditated wars are traced step by step and connected logically with Prussian philosophy and economics. He credits Bismarck with entire sincerity in his belief that the formation of the German Empire in 1870 was a guaranty of the future peace of Europe; that the poverty-stricken German states needed peace more than anything else and "would continue to desire that peace which is necessary for the development of commerce and the thriving of industry." Little did the great chancellor see whither sudden prosperity and Prussian psychology would lead the empire.

The remainder of the book is taken up with a fascinating study of the growth and training of the Prussian idea, and no detail is too small for attention if it throws light on the development of this idea which roughly speaking is the deification of the state as opposed to the individual, the glorification of war, and the preaching that the German is superior to every other civilization and must dominate. An amusing instance of the author's minute observation is his reference to children's voices and the habit of loud talking almost universally indulged in by Germans. He was struck by the noisy character of the singing in unison by school-children, and his investigation showed him that:

It is characteristic of the thing that is known as German *Kultur* that, since Prussia has had a hand in the education of German children, the voice of the German nation has been completely ruined. This comes about because German elementary school teachers are instructed to make their children roar as lustily as possible when they are having singing lessons. This is to make the German child manly.

In 1892 it was pointed out to the then minister of Prussian instruction that this factor was ruining the chances of the country in the vocal-organic world, since shouting in youth destroys the subsequent elasticity of the vocal chords. And, indeed, there have been singularly few great German singers since 1890 or thereabouts. The minister of education replied that the art of singing was of small value in comparison with the manliness of the population. To have a loud voice and to shout from the chest is, according to this gentleman, to be a better soldier. And of course the little girls must make as much noise as possible, too, in order not to be out-shouted. Thus, in such a detail as this does Prussia attend to the warlike character of its people and to the inculcation of a national spirit of belligerence.

Few things in Hueffer's book are more interesting than his analysis of Nietzsche and his work, an analysis keen and critical, which varies widely from that of most writers. He gives a picture of the Nietzsche for whom the 'seventies were years of disillusionment and depression; years that in the place of a golden era brought religious persecutions, harsh industrial conditions of life, and bitter race recriminations. Out of this developed the somewhat confused ideas which formulated as an egotist materialism, which while quite foreign to Nietzsche's personal character, was to have such an effect on German thought.

In the views of Hueffer the hard struggle for existence and the narrow margin of existence in Germany have been responsible also for a certain bitterness and envy:

And I can not sufficiently emphasize to what an extent bitterness is the note of modern German life—of that modern German life whose only discoverable arts of importance are the bitter, vigorous, and obscene drawings of *Simplicissimus*, the bitter and terrifying lyrics of the most modern German poets and the incredibly filthy—the absolutely incredibly filthy—productions of the German variety stage. Imagine then this population whose cultural high lights—for the bitter drawings and the bitter poems and even the obscenities are things of an amazing cleverness—imagine then this embittered population whose cultural high lights are all products of malignity—this population filled with megalomania by the traditions of 1870 and the writings of Richard Wagner; inspired to a religion of materialism and of egotism by misreading the writings of Friedrich Nietzsche—this population without rest,

without joy, without ease, and without any ceasing from the passion for money!

In a brilliant passage the author points out that whereas despots from time immemorial have taken all possible measures against the spread of popular education as being dangerous to their power, the Kaiser William II, as a stroke of genius, determined to encourage education, but to shape it to his own ends and thereby make it serve his purpose. Education must first of all teach an exaggerated nationalism and devotion to the state, and particularly to the house of Hohenzollern, and secondly it must be materialistic and technical rather than cultural. How this has been done by ministers of education responsible solely to the crown is worked out in interesting detail. To such an extent did the system succeed in teaching nationalism that:

The great bulk of the population of Germany seriously imagined before August 4, 1914, that the French nation was so enfeebled as to be unable to offer any armed resistance to the legions of William II; the English so sunk in sloth, decadence, and the love of comfort as to be incapable of armed resistance or the power of commercial organization in war time; and the Russian Empire a horde of negligible and impoverished barbarians.

In successive chapters Hueffer traces the changes in university teaching that have resulted from state control over professors and their utterances; the effect on art of the Kaiser's interference in the supposed interest of German morals; and the Kaiser's idea of what a German should be. On the latter subject he quotes the very pertinent speech of the Kaiser at the opening of the Sieges Allee in Berlin, 1901: "Great ideals have become for us Germans a permanent possession while other nations have lost them. The German nation is now the only people left which is called upon to protect, cultivate, and promote these grand ideals."

One can not read Mr. Hueffer's pages, discursive as some of them are, without the feeling that he has made a keen and just analysis of that disease of megalomania from which modern Germany has been suffering and its connection with the awful calamity that has overtaken Europe.

WHEN BLOOD IS THEIR ARGUMENT. By Ford Madox Hueffer. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1 net.

## THE SOUL OF THE JACKIE.

A Naval Officer Tells of Service in Many Parts of the World.

The war-obsessed reading public of London has fallen under the spell of a small volume of "human interest" sketches, entitled "Naval Occasions," dealing with life in the British navy. The American publishers tell us that the author, who is named to us only cryptically as "Bartimeus," is a naval officer who has seen service in all parts of the world. The London journals hail with unwonted enthusiasm this new adventurer in the fields of Kipling and W. W. Jacobs, who has struck a fresh note all his own.

These are not war-time stories, but studies of the days of apprenticeship through which the "jacky" and the "middy" are put; humorous and analytical descriptions of the raw stuff from which heroes are made. The world in general sees only the outside of things on such holiday occasions as that pictured in the following:

By degrees the more adventurous spirits found their way down between decks, where, in a short time, the doorway of each officer's cabin framed a cluster of inquisitive heads. In one or two cases daring sightseers had invaded the interiors, and were examining with naive interest the photographs, Rugby caps, dented cups, and all the *lars atque penates* of a naval officer.

"Ere, Florrie!" called a flushed maiden of Hebraic mien, obtruding her head into the flat, "come an' look!" She extended a silver photograph frame—"Phyllis Dare—signed an' all!"

The other sighed rapturously and examined it with round-eyed interest. Then she gazed round the tiny apartment. "Aint 'e a one! Look at 'is barf 'anging on the roof!" . . .

The harassed sentry evicted them with difficulty. "Better'n Earl's Court, this is," opined a stout lady, who, accompanied by a meek-looking husband and three children, had subsided on to a midshipman's sea-chest. She opened the mouth of a string-bag. "Come on, 'Orace—you just set down this minute, an' you shall 'ave 'arf a banana."

A very small midshipman approached the chest. "I hate disturbing you and Horace," he ventured, "but I want to go ashore, and all my things are in that box you're sitting on—would you mind . . .?"

"Ma!" shrilled a small boy, indicating the modest brass plate on the lid of the chest they had vacated. "Look!"—he extended a small, grubby forefinger—"e's a viscount!"

"Garn," snapped his father, "that's swank, that is. Viscounts don't go sailorin'—they stops ashore an' grinds the faces of the poor, an' don't forget what I'm tellin' of you."

The marine sentry overheard. "Pity they don't wash 'em as well," he observed witheringly.

They are not all "viscounts," as we know, but it is an abrupt change for every mother's son of them when the striplings leave the luxuries of even the simplest home for the rigorous training of the "king's naves":

The old *Britannia* training consisted of four terms, each of three months' duration, during which a boy fresh from the hands of a tutor or crammer had many things to learn. He was taught to "drop everything and nip!" when called; how, when, and whom to salute. To pull an oar and sail a boat; to knot, splice, and run aloft; how to use a sextant. He learned that trigonometry and algebra were not really meaningless mental gymnastics, but a purposeful science that guided men upon trackless seas. In short, at an age when other schoolboys see their education nearing its end, he had to begin all over again, to be molded afresh for a higher purpose.

. . . He had to accustom himself to bathe, dress, and undress, to sleep and to pray, surrounded by a hundred others.

There was also the business of the hammock, in and out of which he was learning to turn without dishonor.

But the conclusion of the first breathless three months found him amazingly fit and happy. His mind was stored with newly acquired and vastly interesting knowledge. The beagles and football sweated the "callow suet" off him and gave him the endurance of a lean hound. He was fitting into the new life as a hand into a well-worn glove.

As a sample of the exigencies of routine a chapter is given to the day of the "Midshipman of the Second Picket Boat," whose orders are to serve as "Duty Steam Boat." At five in the morning of a wet and stormy day he is off and away in his small craft to round up three empty coal-lighters that have broken adrift:

Now to take in tow an unwieldy lighter in the dark with a heavy swell running, and to moor it safely in the spot whence it came is a piece of work that requires no small judgment. However, one by one, the three truants were captured and secured, and then, with the gray dawn of a winter morning breaking overhead, the picket boat swung round on her return journey. On her way she passed another boat racing shoreward for the mails. The midshipman at the wheel raised his hand with a little gesture of salutation, and she went by in a shower of spray.

Half an hour later the midshipman of the second picket boat, garbed in the "rig of the day," was ladling sugar over his porridge with the abandon of one who is seventeen and master of his fate. A messenger appeared at the gunroom door:

"Duty steam boat's called away, sir."

Her midshipman locked away his pet marmalade pot (for there are limits even to the communism of a gunroom) and reached for his cap and dirk. "We aint got much money," he observed grimly, "but we *do* see life!"

The sailor is famous as a man of sentiment, be he officer, middy, or common tar, and this element is not lacking in the present story of his life. There is one tale of the last night in port of the ship's doctor and the junior watch-keeper. As they return shipwards a woman of the streets accosts them:

The woman paused irresolute for a moment, and then came towards them, with the light from a gas-lamp playing round her tawdry garments. She murmured something in a mechanical tone, and smiled terribly. The young doctor emptied his pockets of the loose silver and coppers they contained and thrust the coins into her palm: with his disengaged palm he tilted her face up to the light. It was a pathetically young, pathetically painted face. "Wish me good luck," he said, and turned abruptly to overtake his companion.

The woman stood staring after them, her hand clenched upon her suddenly acquired riches. An itinerant fried-fish and potato merchant, homeward bound, trundled his harrow suddenly round a distant corner. The girl wheeled in the direction of the sound.

"Ere!" she called imperiously, "'ere! . . ."

The echo of her voice died away, and the young doctor linked his arm with the other's.

"There is a poem by some one I read the other day—d'you know it?"

"I must go down to the sea again, to the lonely sea and the sky, And all I ask is a tall ship, and a star to steer her by."

He mused for a moment in silence as they strode along. "I forget how it goes on: something about 'a vagrant gipsy life,' and the wind like 'a whetted knife'."

"And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover, And a quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over."

"That's how it ends. I know."

The junior watch-keeper nodded soberly. "Yes. . . . But it's the star we need the most, Peter—you and I."

A good half of the volume is given up to the doings of the common sailor, his life and his loves. His spandy appearance is a matter of great importance to his happiness and success, and its details are not without interest:

A score of subtleties go to make up his rig, and never was tide bound by more unswerving laws than those that set a span to the width of his bell-bottomed trousers or the depth of his collar. This collar was instituted by his forebears to protect their jackets from the grease on their queues. The queue has passed away, but the collar remains, and its width is sixteen inches, no more, no less. The triple row of tape that adorns its edge commemorates (so runs the legend) the three victories that won for him his heritage; in perpetual mourning for the hero of Trafalgar, the tar of today knots a black silk handkerchief beneath it. It is doubtful whether he is aware of the portent of these emblems, for he is not commonly of an inquiring turn of mind, but they are as they were in the beginning, they must be "just so," and that for him suffices.

To the landsman the sailor has a speech which is wholly foreign:

A number of factors go to make his speech the obscure jargon it has been represented. Recruited from the north, south, east, and west, he brings with him the dialect he spoke in childhood. And it were easier to change the color of a man's eyes than to take out of his mouth the brogue he lipped in his cradle. A succession of commissions enriches his vocabulary with a smattering of half the tongues of earth—Arabic, Chinese, Malay, Hindustanee, and Japanese: smatterings truly, and rightly untranslatable, but Pentecostal in their variety. Lastly, and proclaiming his vocation most surely of all, are the undying sea phrases and terms without which no sailor can express himself. Even the objects of everyday life need translation. The floor becomes a deck, stairs a hatchway, the window a scuttle or gun-port. There are others, smacking of masts and yards, and the "Tar-and-Spunnyarn" of a bygone navy: they are obsolete today, yet current speech among men who at heart remain unchanged, in spite of higher education and the introduction of marmalade and pickles into their scale of rations. The tendency to emphasis that all vigorous forms of life demand finds outlet in the meaningless oaths that mar the sailor's speech. Lack of culture denies him a wider choice of adjectives: the absence of privacy or refinements in his mode of life, and a great familiarity from earliest youth, would seem an explanation of, if not an excuse for, a habit which remains irradicable in spite of well-meaning efforts to counteract it.

"Naval Occasions" not only gives a graphic picture of life in the British navy, but the manner of its telling makes it a valuable addition to the real literature of the day. These stories are told with highly artistic skill, restraint, and subtlety.

NAVAL OCCASIONS. By "Bartimeus." Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## Civilization and Health.

A few chapters of Dr. Woods Hutchinson will serve to counteract a good deal of the nonsense written and spoken by the medical specialist. Dr. Hutchinson tells us, for example, that the human race is in no danger of extermination from any of the diseases dressed up bogey-fashion for the purpose of terrifying us. Nor shall we all be insane by 1966, at least not more so than we are now. Disease is not increasing, and those that exist are being cured more easily. The remedy for the evils of civilization, says Dr. Hutchinson, is more civilization, and here, perhaps, he falls into the error of the aphorism, as he does often. For we should like to know what he means by civilization. The use of drugs, he believes, will nearly cease. They will be needed sometimes for emergencies, but the actual cure will be food and fresh air.

Dr. Hutchinson devotes three chapters to the health of women, which he thinks will not be undermined by the things that they are now doing. He devotes a chapter to the fly and another to the cow. We have some sage advice on the vacation habit, on outdoor pursuits, on fresh air, and on spring fever. Whatever faults the author may sometimes display will be found at their worst in the chapter on vivisection, and perhaps the best corrective for the impression that this chapter is intended to convey will be found in a perusal of medical and scientific journals, wherein vivisectioners themselves have recorded their own deeds and the motives of those deeds.

CIVILIZATION AND HEALTH. By Woods Hutchinson. A. M., M. D. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50 net.

## West Winds.

Those anxious to secure a representative selection of California fiction would do well to make acquaintance with this handsome book issued under the editorship of Herman Whitaker. The fifteen stories that it contains are by Elizabeth Abbey Everett, Shirley A. Mansfield, Sarah Thurston Nott, Agnes Morley Cleveland, Rebecca N. Porter, Julia B. Foster, Charles F. Lummis, Jack London, Hester A. Dickinson, Elizabeth Griswold Rowe, Frances Orr Allen, Mrs. Carl Bank, Harriet Holmes Haslett, Torrey Connor, and Herman Whitaker. The illustrations by competent artists are in tint and on detachable leaves. A very handsome book and well suited for presentation.

WEST WINDS. Edited by Herman Whitaker. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.; \$1.50 net.

## Naples and Southern Italy.

Mr. Edward Hutton evidently finished his fine volume since the beginning of the war, since it is dedicated to Francis Edward Fitz-John Crisp, killed in action during January of this year. Let us hope that Mr. Hutton's book will not derive an added value from the destruction of any of the treasures about which he writes so well.

The present volume is concerned with Naples and the cities to the south, and it comprises not only a survey of Italian art and architecture, but of the history which forms their background. Mr. Hutton's work has the double charm, not only of his exhaustive knowledge, but of its presentation in a form that evidences a certain tranquil enthusiasm on the part of the author which communicates itself easily to the reader. To wander through Italy with Mr. Hutton for a guide is to see everything and to hear everything worth while, and to enjoy to the utmost the mingling of past and present necessary to an appreciation of the Italy of today. The volume contains twelve colored illustrations, as well as numerous reproductions in monotone and a map.

NAPLES AND SOUTHERN ITALY. By Edward Hutton. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2 net.

## The White Alley.

Here we have another ingenious detective story in which Fleming Stone displays his usual and supernatural capacities. Carolyn Wells stands almost alone in the perfection of the mechanism with which she sets forth her horrid crimes. There is never a suggestion of slipshod work nor a broken thread in the net which closes so inexorably around the criminal. But at one point the author has laid herself open to criticism in this particular story. No girl in her right mind could wish to marry Justin Arnold, and least of all so nice a girl as Dorothy. We trust we have no criminal sympathies, but we were glad when Justin was killed. For what else could he have done with him?

THE WHITE ALLEY. By Carolyn Wells. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25 net.

## Oregon.

Mr. George Palmer Putnam has already proved that he knows how to write a travel book and to avoid the pedantries and the egotism that usually mar the work of this kind. Certainly his book about Oregon is so delightful and so well planned, and this, of course, is the only way

to travel. Sometimes he journeyed on foot and sometimes by canoe, and he describes it all just as it would appear to the careless refugee from the city who wants the kind of placid adventure that comes unsought where nature reigns supreme. We have a little about shooting and a little about fishing, a modicum of folk lore and mountain-climbing, and a liberal measure of mere incident that sets the reader to wondering whether he, too, may not go and do likewise. And an effect wholly pleasant is intensified by the illustrations that are numerous and unusually vivid and good.

IN THE OREGON COUNTRY. By George Palmer Putnam. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.75 net.

## Patchwork Comedy.

We are sometimes inclined to wonder why characters in novels do not act in emergencies like characters in real life. Here we have a story of a father and son bled nearly white by a blackmailer who has discovered something discreditable in the life of the dead wife and mother. Now to resist the blackmailer is an axiom of common sense, and its result is always the lesser of two evils. But here we have the Carfews, father and son, aided by an experienced lawyer, who are ready to pay the demands of the blackmailer Morton so long as their fortune continues, and in order to prevent a whisper of a girlish dereliction already a generation old and that would arouse neither the interest nor the credence of any one. Family honor is, of course, a delicate fabric, but here we seem to have an excessive tenacity to be found only in fiction.

But the story itself is told tolerably well, although without much red-blooded vitality. The background is made up of interesting people, especially the Devon villagers, and the plot moves forward to a definite end.

PATCHWORK COMEDY. By Humphrey Jordan. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.30.

## Alice and a Family.

Mr. St. John G. Ervine has here written one of the really delicious stories of the day. His heroine is Alice, a girl of fourteen, and of the typical East London type. Alice intrudes herself into the affairs of a helpless neighbor who has just lost his wife, and with a strong young hand upon the domestic helm she eventually steers that chaotic ship to port. And when Alice finally arranges a marriage between her own mother and the aforesaid widower we feel that we have witnessed a feat of strategy of no mean order. A story of this sort is worth about ten average novels.

ALICE AND A FAMILY. By St. John G. Ervine. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25.

## Gossip of Books and Authors.

"Jaffrey." William J. Locke's latest novel, published recently, has already gone into a second edition.

In monopolies, as in other things not too well thought of nowadays, the United States was merely an imitator. The old East India Company of England was a great monopoly in the seventeenth century, as E. Keble Chatterton tells us in his recently published book, "The Old East Indian" (J. B. Lippincott Company). Profits ranged from 93 to 234 per cent a year, and the captains of ships in addition made sums of from \$10,000 to \$60,000 a voyage. Lieutenant Chatterton has a romantic story to tell.

There is opportunity for comment in the following foreign orders received recently by the Houghton Mifflin Company: From Shanghai, Dr. Cabot's "What Men Live By"; from Manila, a number of copies of C. W. Barron's "The Audacious War"; and from Tokyo, several copies each of the "Life of S. F. B. Morse," Thomas H. Dickinson's "The Chief Contemporary Dramatists," Hearn's "Japanese Lyrics," Woods Hutchinson's "Civilization and Health," Horace J. Bridges's "Criticism of Life," and "War's Aftermath," by David Starr Jordan and Harvey Ernest Jordan.

A volume entitled "Seal and Flag of the City of New York" is about to be published by G. P. Putnam's Sons in commemoration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the establishment on June 24, 1665, of municipal government under the mayor and board of aldermen of the City of New York as successors in office of the burgomasters and schepens of the City of New Amsterdam.

Not for two years has there been a new novel from the pen of Gene Stratton-Porter, author of "Freckles," "Laddie," "The Harvester," "The Girl of the Limberlost," etc., and the announcement from Doubleday, Page & Co. that her new book will be issued on August 17th has created considerable stir in the literary world. The title of this new novel is "Michael O'Halloran," and if the whispered comments which have been overheard about the book are to be believed, "Michael" is in every way a fitting companion for his predecessor "Freckles."

In his "Hollow Tree Stories," Albert Bigelow Paine has built up one of the pleasantest imaginary worlds for children that have ever been conceived. It is a world in which every-

thing is quaint and amusing and unexpected without being distorted or lurid. These tales have, in fact, all the traditional fascination of the animal fable without any of the crudities or the unchildlike touches that sometimes occur in genuine folklore. Harper & Brothers are the publishers.

Harper & Brothers have just published a new novel by Holman Day, called "The Land-loper." There has been an interval of nearly three years between this novel and Mr. Day's last-published book, "The Red Lane."

In "The Ollivant Orphans," by Inez Haynes Gillmore, which they expect to issue the end of August, Henry Holt & Co. feel that she has even surpassed her popular "Phoebe and Ernest." Her new book tells how these six adolescent orphans, each with a considerable ego, were stranded at their mother's death, started in on cooperative housekeeping, and finally found themselves. It is a decidedly up-to-date tale, with plenty of humorous incident and some pathos.

"What Pictures to See in America" is by Mrs. L. M. Bryant, author of "What Pictures to See in Europe," etc. Mrs. Bryant visits the art galleries of America from Boston to San Francisco and points out the masterpieces of famous artists. To the transcontinental traveler no more interesting or useful guide-book can be offered this summer. The John Lane Company is the publisher.

"The Devil in a Nunnery" is not a hook of "naughty tales." It is a collection of medieval stories written in the very choicest short-story style—quaint, piquant, yet feudal and primitive, material handled with a delicate artistic touch, rich, quiet humor, not, however, lacking in sympathy and power. E. P. Dutton & Co. are the publishers.

A few weeks ago D. Appleton & Co. published Joseph C. Lincoln's new novel, "Thankful's Inheritance." Thankful Barnes's new property becomes the centre of interest in this new story. It is a very wonderful house, the location could not be better, but awful to relate, the house is haunted! But Dan Cupid is on the spot and, scorning ghosts as well as locksmiths, he collaborates with the author in developing a good old-fashioned romance.

"Love-Birds in the Coco-Nuts," by Peter Blundell, author of "The Finger of Mr. Blee," "Oh, Mr. Bidgood," etc., is a love story (a true one, the author assures us) told in a quaint and unusual manner by a woman of the Far East. The complicated matrimonial ventures of Ferdinand Fernandez and Lolina are humorously depicted. It is published by the John Lane Company.

Sarah Grand, the author of "Adnam's Orchard," published by D. Appleton & Co., is taking an active part in the Red Cross work in England.

Grace Livingston H. Lutz was born in Wellsville, New York, but wrote her charming novel, "Miranda," in the lovely home she owns near Philadelphia. Carolyn Wells, who wrote "The White Alley" and other detective stories, was born and lives in Rahway, New Jersey. Molly Elliot Seawell, born in Virginia, wrote "The Diary of a Beauty" in her present home in Washington, D. C. All are Lippincott authors.

At the request of the War Department at Washington Eric Fisher Wood, author of "The Note-Book of an Attaché," published by the Century Company, who was one of a commission appointed to report for our government on the battle of the Marne, spent five days giving to three United States officers from the War College information they wished about the European fighting and fighters.

In "The Historical Geography of Bible Lands" the author has planned an imaginary tour of Bible lands as a course of study. The subject matter of the course is weighty enough for adult students, while the method is sufficiently simple and vivid for pupils of fourteen years of age. The accompanying pupil's book is an historical atlas of Bible lands. The work is published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

"The Miracle of Love," Cosmo Hamilton's new novel, was begun in England, continued in America, and finally revised, tried up, in the barracks where, as lieutenant in the Royal Naval Reserve, Mr. Hamilton has been guarding against the attacks of aircraft.

It is hoped that among the large number of books already written upon this subject, the one issued by E. P. Dutton & Co., "A Walk in Other Worlds with Dante," by Marion S. Bainbridge, may be a source of pleasure and help to those who from various causes are unable to study profoundly the works of the poet to whom reference is constantly made in the present day.

"We speak much of our development into a world power through the war of 1898. We were such a power potentially as soon as we had a navy of a strength to enable us to say to another power, 'I forbid!' And we can

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only remain a world power through a navy which can command safety and peace." Thus speaks Rear-Admiral French E. Chadwick in the closing pages of his book, "The American Navy," issued as the initial volume of the new Doubleday, Page & Co. series of American Books, which are designed to take up the most pressing American problems in brief forward-looking books by persons preëminently equipped to speak authoritatively upon the subjects treated.

"Tennis as I Play It," by Maurice E. McLoughlin, with introduction by R. Norris Williams, containing over seventy illustrations, is marvelously complete. McLoughlin studies each stroke completely, from service to smash. He tackles the questions of speed, of the different spins it is possible to impart to the ball, enlarges on "overhead work," devotes a chapter to ladies' tennis, and several chapters to his many exciting experiences with the world's most famous players in matches all over the world. The book is published by the George H. Doran Company.

Dr. James Jackson Putnam, the author of "Human Motives," the first volume in the new Mind and Health Series of popular medical handbooks which Little, Brown & Co. are publishing, was for nearly forty years a teacher of nervous diseases at the Harvard Medical School, becoming professor emeritus in 1912.

The Volta Bureau at Washington, for the increase and diffusion of knowledge relating to the deaf, is educating the public to the fact that every deaf child can be taught to speak and to understand the spoken word by reading the movements of the lips. It contains all procurable literature on the history, causes, and alleviation of deafness, and the education of the deaf, valuable genealogical material procurable nowhere else, and a card catalogue with family history of more than 50,000 deaf children. This unique collection, which never can be duplicated, is of inestimable value in searching for the causes of deafness.

## THE SIX BEST SELLERS IN SAN FRANCISCO FOR JUNE

♦♦♦♦

To fill a want which it has felt as long existing here, the Argonaut will announce herein, for the benefit of book lovers, the six books in fiction most in demand in the city each month.

## THE WHITE HOUSE LIST

1. Jaffrey—William J. Locke.
2. A Far Country—Winston Churchill.
3. The Harbor—Ernest Poole.
4. Empty Pockets—Rupert Hughes.
5. Ruggles of Red Gap—H. L. Wilson.
6. Mary Moreland—Marie Van Vorst.

## ROBERTSON'S LIST

1. A Far Country—Winston Churchill.
2. Ruggles of Red Gap—H. L. Wilson.
3. Jaffrey—William Locke
4. Pollyanna Grows Up—Eleanor H. Porter.
5. The Harbor—Ernest Poole.
6. Victory—Joseph Conrad.



THE LATEST BOOKS.

European Police.

Raymond B. Fosdick, author of this comprehensive study of the European police, was formerly commissioner of accounts of the City of New York, and he tells us that his present work was based upon long and personal inquiry in some twenty of the chief European cities. On the whole, he says, the police systems of Europe bear an excellent reputation. The men are friendly with the public and are never associated with dishonesty. The rectitude of the police force is taken as a matter of course, and there is nothing that remotely resembles the American "system." The policeman is the servant of the community and he is rarely allowed to forget it or to exercise tyranny even over the poorest.

These results are largely produced by the separation between the police and politics. The police commissioner is selected for his efficiency, and for nothing else, and he is clothed alike with power and responsibility. In London the commissioner is the final court of appeal in all that relates to discipline and he holds his office for life. The men are carefully selected under moral and physical guarantees and are elaborately trained in all that relates to their duties.

While the British and continental police are nearly equally efficient there is a radical difference in their official status. The English police are civil employees whose primary duty is the preservation of peace. On the Continent the police force is an implement of the government, and is responsible to the authorities rather than to the people. In most of the larger cities the men must have a military training behind them.

The efficiency of the European police, explains the author, is partly due to the absence of "moral" legislation. There are no unenforceable laws, nor do the laws change with the see-saw of party politics. The duties of the police are always the same, and they are always practical.

It would be impossible to give even a digest of the voluminous information contained in this useful book. Mr. Fosdick is an ideal investigator, careful, accurate, and thorough. At a time when we are more than usually ready to submit our own ideas and methods to the heat of the crucible it is well that we should have so elaborate a presentation of the way in which things are done elsewhere.

EUROPEAN POLICE SYSTEMS. By Raymond B. Fosdick. New York: The Century Company; \$1.30 net.

Confederate Prisons.

Dr. Homer B. Sprague, who writes this vivid account of life in Confederate prisons, was brevet colonel of the Thirteenth Connecticut Volunteers. After the war he became a professor in Cornell and president of the University of North Dakota. He has already written two works on the Civil War, as well as an analysis of the causes of the European war. Now we have this story of his life in Confederate prisons, which derives its interest as much from the personality of the writer as from the historical importance of his narrative. Indeed he says that the distinction of his own story lies in the fact that he is careful to put the best possible construction upon the treatment of Union prisoners by the Confederates.

Colonel Sprague was taken prisoner at Winchester, and he closes his diary on February 22, 1865, when he was exchanged. He was at Staunton, Libby, Salisbury, and Danville, and while he voices his indignation at the treatment of prisoners in these "southern hells," he none the less points out that the percentage of death in Southern prisons was under nine, while the percentage of death in Northern prisons was over twelve. On the other hand it is to be remembered that the Northern soldiers were in all cases physically fit, while multitudes of the Southern, enrolled by conscription, were physically unfit. Colonel Sprague's book will certainly take an honorable place among the records of the Civil War.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS IN CONFEDERATE PRISONS, 1864-5. By Homer B. Sprague. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1 net.

The House of Toys.

Most of the modern novels seem to be "houses of toys," with silly and unimportant people living in them. This is the story of a handsome boy with a taste for architecture who marries a pretty girl with the rabid, predatory selfishness that we seem to prefer in our light fiction. When poverty enters at the door love flies out of the window, and so there is something like a separation until the usual sentimental reconciliation makes everything right again.

THE HOUSE OF TOYS. By Henry Russell Miller. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.25 net.

Briefer Reviews.

The implements of war are already horrid enough, but Mr. Arthur Train in his "The Man Who Rocked the Earth" seems bent on showing us that they may be more horrid still and that the unholy alliance between science

and Satan may yet have revelations in store for us. At the same time the author mercifully allows us to suppose that the new discovery is utilized for the preservation of peace. The story is published by Doubleday, Page & Co. Price, \$1.25.

"Are Women People?" by Alice Duer Miller (George H. Doran Company; 60 cents net), is described as "a book of rhymes for suffrage times." It must suffice to say that most of these rhymes are of the cleverest kind, a genuine delight.

Harper & Brothers have published "The Housekeeper's Handbook of Cleaning," by Sarah J. Macleod (\$1 net). The book contains the results of experiments in laboratories of the application of science to household problems, deals with the numerous aspects of cleaning that come within the housekeeper's range, and serves as a sort of laboratory guide.

"Whither," published anonymously by the Houghton Mifflin Company (50 cents net), is a remarkable and earnest plea against the materialism of thought that is so much a mark of the day and that has already done so much to dwarf and uglify our civilization. We no longer ask "Is it right or wrong?" but "Is it sterilized?" We worship material things to the utter exclusion of the finer realities. We have lost all true standards of value, and our minds are closed to everything except the physical. And so the author asks, Whither? And he asks the question with such sincerity and strength as to arouse uneasy suggestions of the reply.

New Books Received.

THE SOVEREIGN COUNCIL OF FRANCE. By Raymond Du Bois Cahall, Ph. D. New York: Columbia University Press.

A study in Canadian constitutional history. Issued in Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law.

THE REVIEW OF AMERICAN COLONIAL LEGISLATION BY THE KING IN COUNCIL. By Elmer Beecher Russell, Ph. D. New York: Columbia University Press.

Issued in Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law.

RECONSTRUCTION IN GEORGIA. By C. Mildred Thompson, Ph. D. New York: Columbia University Press.

Economic, social, political. Issued in Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law.

A GERMAN-AMERICAN'S CONFESSION OF FAITH. By Kuono Francke. New York: B. W. Huebsch; 50 cents net.

A general discussion of national forces and duties.

ON THE TRAIL. By Lina Beard and Adelia B. Beard. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.25 net.

An outdoor book for girls.

A BIT O' LOVE. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; 60 cents net.

A play.

THE DIPLOMACY OF THE WAR OF 1914. By Elzery C. Stowell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$5 net.

The beginnings of the war.

SANITATION IN PANAMA. By William Crawford Gorgas. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$2 net.

History by a man who made it.

THE LIGHT FEET OF GOATS. By Shaemas O Sheel. New York, 2 East Twenty-Ninth Street; Laurence J. Gomme; \$1.

A volume of verse.

AMERICA TO JAPAN. Edited by Lindsay Russell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25 net.

A symposium.

HOW TO STUDY THE OLD TESTAMENT. By Frank Knight Sanders, Ph. D., D. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

For students.

SCHOOLS OF TOMORROW. By John Dewey. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50 net.

A glance at educational prospects.

THE TESTING OF A NATION'S IDEALS. By Charles Foster Kent, Ph. D., Litt. D., and Jeremiah Whipple Jenks, Ph. D., LL. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Issued in the Bible's Message to Modern Life.

CREAM TOASTS. By Fred Emerson Brooks. Chicago: Forbes & Co.

A volume of verse.

THE TREASURE OF HIDDEN VALLEY. By Willis George Emerson. Chicago: Forbes & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A story of Western life.

THE GREAT WAR. By Frank H. Simonds. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$1.25 net.

The second phase. From the fall of Antwerp to the second battle of Ypres.

THE STATE FORBIDS. By Sara Cowan. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; 60 cents net.

A play in one act.

TENNIS AS I PLAY IT. By Maurice E. McLoughlin. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$2 net.

An expert answer to the principal tennis questions.

ON DESERT ALTARS. By Norma Lorimer. New York: Brentano's.

A novel.

FIELD BOOK OF WESTERN WILD FLOWERS. By Margaret Armstrong in collaboration with J. J. Thorner, A. M. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2 net.

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|   | \$23,216,963.28 |

They are:

"San Francisco and North Pacific Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$476,000.00), "Southern Pacific Company, San Francisco Terminal 4 per cent Bonds" (\$200,000.00), "San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$30,000.00), "Northern California Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$83,000.00), "Pennsylvania Railroad Company 4½ per cent Bonds" (\$50,000.00), "Market Street Railway Company First Consolidated Mortgage 5 per cent Bonds" (\$678,000.00), "Los Angeles Pacific Railroad Company of California Refunding 5 per cent Bonds" (\$400,000.00), "Los Angeles Railway Company of California 5 per cent Bonds" (\$334,000.00), "The Omnibus Cable Company 6 per cent Bonds" (\$167,000.00), "Sutter Street Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$150,000.00), "Gough Street Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$20,000.00), "San Francisco, Oakland and San Jose Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$500,000.00), "The Merchants' Exchange 7 per cent Bonds" (\$1,355,000.00), "San Francisco Gas & Electric Company 4½ per cent Bonds" (\$523,000.00), "Los Angeles Gas & Electric Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$100,000.00), "Spring Valley Water Company 4 per cent Bonds" (\$50,000.00), "German House Association 6 per cent Bonds" (\$101,000.00).

|   |               |
|---|---------------|
| 4—PROMISSORY NOTES and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is..... | 34,551,491.78 |
|---|---------------|

The Condition of said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its office, which is situated at the corner of Market, McAllister, and Jones Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the payment thereof is secured by First Mortgages on Real Estate within this State and the States of Oregon and Nevada. Said Promissory Notes are kept and held by said Corporation at its said office, which is its principal place of business, and said Notes and debts are there situated.

|   |            |
|---|------------|
| 5—PROMISSORY NOTES and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is..... | 413,060.00 |
|---|------------|

The Condition of said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its office, which is situated as aforesaid, and the payment thereof is secured by pledge and hypothecation of Bonds of Railroad and Quasi-Public Corporations or other securities.

|   |              |
|---|--------------|
| 6—(a) REAL ESTATE situated in the City and County of San Francisco (\$1,938,466.47), and in the Counties of Santa Clara (\$26.00), and Alameda (\$7539.75), in this State, the actual value of which is.... | 1,946,032.22 |
|---|--------------|

(b) THE LAND AND BUILDING in which said Corporation keeps its said office, the actual value of which is.....

|            |
|------------|
| 995,922.65 |
|------------|

The Condition of said Real Estate is that it belongs to said Corporation, and part of it is productive.

|  |            |
|--|------------|
| 7—ACCRUED INTEREST ON LOANS AND BONDS..... | 216,219.62 |
|--|------------|

TOTAL ASSETS .....\$61,339,689.55

LIABILITIES:

|   |                 |
|---|-----------------|
| 1—SAID CORPORATION OWES DEPOSITS amounting to and the actual value of which is..... | \$57,701,667.98 |
|---|-----------------|

Number of Depositors..... 87,162  
Average Deposit.....\$662.00

|   |              |
|---|--------------|
| 2—ACCRUED INTEREST ON LOANS AND BONDS...\$ 216,219.62 |              |
| 3—RESERVE FUND, Actual Value..... 3,421,801.95—       | 3,638,021.57 |

TOTAL LIABILITIES .....\$61,339,689.55

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,  
By CHARLES MAYO, President.

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,  
By R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, } ss.  
City and County of San Francisco }

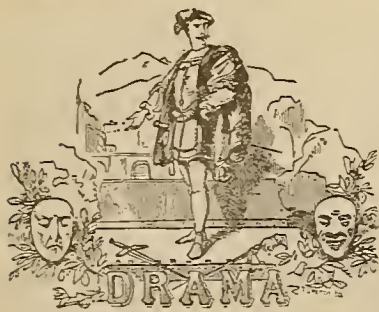
CHARLES MAYO and R. M. TOBIN, being each duly sworn, each for himself, says: That said CHARLES MAYO is President and that said R. M. TOBIN is Secretary of THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, the Corporation above mentioned, and that the foregoing statement is true.

CHARLES MAYO, President.  
R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2d day of July, 1915.

CHAS. T. STANLEY,  
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.





### "TANAGRA."

This pretty little show in miniature, it seems, received its name because of its having been played before royalty in the palace of the Italian king, who, in common with other European royalties, has testified interest and entertainment in the various evidences of Loie Fuller's ingenuity. For it turns out that Loie Fuller has contrived the mechanics of "Tanagra," furnishing lights, costumes, and accessories, while her dancing girls are the performers.

The ballroom of the St. Francis addition has been petitioned off with screens hung with the Loie Fuller stuffs that we have seen fluttering and surging in the luminosity of her showers of electric light. "Tanagra" is a carrying out of the hopes of Mme. De Page, whose friends have not allowed her death through the *Lusitania* tragedy to interfere with her plans for a campaign to raise funds for the Belgian Red Cross, thus assisting soldiers of all nations who fall on Belgian soil. And, no doubt, Loie Fuller has donated her ingenuity and energy to the cause. The screens are arranged in long wings on each side of the miniature stage, probably to conceal an elaborate system of reflectors. What we see are the tiny figures of the dancers going through their graceful evolutions, or occasionally singing, but as the stage is only three or four feet wide, one may get some idea of how considerably the figures are reduced in size.

"Tanagra," in fact, is a Loie Fuller show in miniature. The singing, which is decidedly amateurish, has not hitherto figured in the Fuller entertainments, but we see the dances of the veils, of the elves, of fire, of flowers, a snake dance, electric fireworks, nymphs at play, and so on. The prettiest part of the entertainment is that which shows several of the performers giving a drapery dance, that is, rhythmically fluttering their ample, thin silk draperies in the multiple-colored lights that play upon them. The figures are so tiny that familiar features would not be recognizable; no loss in this case, for the Fuller dancing girls have been chosen for their hair—which is always flowing—and their grace, instead of for the beauty of their features. But it suggests an idea for amateurs who might yearn to perform in public, but would like either to have their identity concealed or their faults and defects minimized, by the employing of this illusion. It would have the same effect, to a certain extent, as the illustrator secures when

he paints his picture large and then has it reduced by photography.

Another idea is suggested by this decidedly novel effect. Fairies of the properly minute size, as compared to humans, have never figured on the stage. Perhaps Miss Fuller may give us a fairy pantomime yet, in which, on different parts of the stage, we could see the band of mortals and elves in contrast. What a charming idea! One that general managers might well take up, now that the tastes of children are beginning to be recognized in theatre-land.

### THE PANTAGES THEATRE.

Since imitation is the sincerest flattery Rose Stahl ought to be pleased with Sarah Padden, who, at the Pantages this week, is appearing in a playlet which plainly was inspired by "Maggie Pepper," and who makes unmistakable efforts to build the character of Nora Blake upon that of Klein's department-store heroine. I say build, as there can be no doubt that Miss Padden issued orders to the author of the playlet to write her something suggestive of Maggie Pepper and Rose Stahl. The disciple, however, imitated the faults and mannerisms of her model instead of her merits. Doubtless if she could have reproduced them she would be a little higher in the world, for Rose Stahl's better parts as an actress are what give her her individuality, and a something unique which she is going to lose if she allows them to overexploit her sentimental side. That is what Sarah Padden dwells on, and the hint of heartbreak in the voice, which is a trick, I should judge, easily picked up in a school for acting.

Humor, delightful, original, unforced humor—that is Rose Stahl's great gift. May she cherish and preserve it, and not allow them to overdraw the supply until the bubbling spring runs dry. If Sarah Padden could reproduce that humor her fortune would be made. However, she does her best, and the playwright has tried to put in her mouth such sudden bits of from-grave-to-gay repartee as are peculiarly characteristic of the rôles written for Miss Stahl.

Miss Padden runs against two extra meritorious acts to contest her honors as a Pantages headliner this week. The Lambardi troupe sent a five-strong operatic company consisting of soprano, contralto, tenor, baritone, and bass. The singers, of course, are not first best, but they are plenty good enough to please lovers of the old melodious standbys that we know almost too well to sit through in these progressive and highly advanced days, but whose gems we will always be faithful to. The five, who acted as their own chorus when the need came, gave something from "Faust," from "Traviata," from "Carmen," and from "Pagliacci," appearing in costume, and acting as well as singing the parts.

A very pretty act, considering it is purely acrobatic, is that of the Ishikawa brothers, five daintily formed little men from the land of jiu-jitsu. The five seemed quite as comfortable locomoting on their hands as on their feet, and did the usual surprising as well as some unusual stunts to which the muscle-bound audience in front becomes so calmly accustomed. But what was particularly enjoy-

able about them was the grace and delicate finish of their poses, which were contributed to by the beautiful shapeliness of their little bodies. It might seem, to a discerning eye, as if their strong man had a beautiful little crush on himself, but that did not prevent him from being the prettiest and most graceful poseur in the lot.

Friend and Downing are modeled on the singing-Jew-and-his-interlocutor that we saw two or three weeks ago at the Orpheum, who, in turn, were modeled on a better-known pair, who still had their more widely known models back of them, and who, in the long ago, drew their inspiration from Weber and Field. The strain is drawn out quite thin, but the success of the jokes is unfailing. Friend—I suppose he is the comic Jew of the pair—has a pair of rolling, meaningful eyes which are a distinct asset, and I imagine that he is going to matriculate into choicer pastures in the fortunate by and by. But he will have to sternly suppress all outward signs of being amused at his own comedy, more particularly as his very satisfactory interlocutor is quite on the spot with ample evidences of risible appreciation.

The Randow Trio served as a foil to the superiority of the Japanese, although comic acrobats always tickle a vaudeville audience, and the dance number of Los Espanozas, the "cheerful singing" number of Dorothy Vaughan, and the West and Van Sielen musical comedietta rounded out a well varied program, which, without doubt, will have made a very successful appeal to the extra large holiday audiences.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Endurance tests show that in time of war the Swiss soldiers can "command" the highest Alpine passes and the most difficult mountains with light artillery. The infantry, the field artillery and cavalry are recruited by the cantons, but the engineers, guides, sanitary and administrative troops, as well as the army train, are enrolled by the confederation. The cantons furnish the uniforms and equipments, for which they are, however, reimbursed by the federal government, and the latter supplies the arms directly. A yearly inspection of armament and equipment at which every soldier, without exception, has to appear, prevents any neglect in that line, as every man keeps his uniform and rifle at home, and when the mobilization order goes forth, the whole army is ready for action within a few hours. A regular salary is paid only to the instructors, the general staff, and a few other officials. The officers receive pay only during the brief period they are called upon for training. The common soldier, when on duty, has his traveling and living expenses paid and receives besides that a daily compensation of eighty centimes, or sixteen cents.

As a business city, Trieste, now looming so large in the public eye, since Italy declared war, is tremendously successful, and therefore largely modern. Its harbor facilities are the best that modern technic can devise, and many millions of dollars have been expended in carrying their undertaking to conclusion. In 1910 nearly 12,000 vessels, representing a total of about 4,200,000 tonnage, entered and cleared at the Trieste harbor. The population numbers 229,475, of whom about 170,000 are of Italian descent. The new part of the city has been built largely upon land reclaimed from the sea; its streets are broad and straight and its buildings are substantial and modern in architecture. Tergetse (Trieste), the Roman colonization of this coastland, was probably established under the reign of Vespasian. After the decay of Rome, Trieste experienced a checkered course for centuries. It was captured by Venice in 1203. Its people struggled with the Venetian conquerors for the next 180 years, and finally, in 1382, they placed themselves under the protection of Leopold III of Austria.

The latest musical novelty is described by the New York World: "Along the two sides of the store are what look like telephone switchboards. Two telephone receivers hang from hooks and four numbered knobs wait only the magic touch to connect you up with your favorite selection. All you have to do is to drop a penny in the slot, turn the four knobs until you get the number corresponding to the one you've chosen in the catalogue, and away you go. It is the plan to add self-playing records to their equipment until it will be possible for one to hear an entire grand opera for, say, 37 cents. Or for 22 cents you can have an evening of Wagner, and so on."

Karl Friedrich Glasenapp, the famous biographer of Richard Wagner, recently died at Riga, Russia. The Glasenapp Wagner biography, published in 1876, remains the most extensive work on the life of the great composer.

The \$50,000,000 Welland ship canal in Canada, at the eastern end of the great lakes, will probably be completed by 1918. The war has been but a slight handicap.

### CURRENT VERSE.

#### Culene Rhu.

'T is the air of you  
And the hair of you,  
With its wondrous golden sheen.  
'T is the eyes of you,  
And the surprise of you.  
(And the lies of you, my queen!)  
'T is the face of you  
And the race of you  
On which the lads are keen—  
But the heart of you  
Is the part of you  
That I love, Mavourneen!  
—Elsie Assigne King, in Reader Magazine.

#### Rosemary—For Remembrance.

When I would go a-walking  
In springtime on the green  
As other hearty lads may do  
With loves to look and lean,  
There is a hand, a wasted hand  
That slips our hands between.

And when I heave above you  
And lean to touch your lips,  
Another face is lifted  
As the white heron dips,  
When all the sailor lads come home  
Who man the lonely ships.

And were we two together  
Too close to breathe or stir,  
With stars our wakeful candles  
Upon strewn boughs of fir,  
I could not lie beside you  
And not remember her.  
—Willard Wattles, in Smart Set.

#### An Old Song.

And if I came not again  
After certain days;  
If no morning sun or rain  
Met me on their ways;

If the meadows knew no more  
How my feet go free,  
And the folded hills forbore  
Any speech of me;

If you did not find me here,  
At the door at night,  
And the cold hearth kept no cheer,  
And the panes no light;—

Oh, if I came not again,  
Would you miss me much?  
Would your fingers once be fain  
Of my wandering touch?

Would you dream me at your side  
In the waking wood,  
Where the old spring hungers hide  
In blue solitude?

Would you wonder where I passed,  
Into joy or pain?  
Oh, to know you cared, at last,  
Came I not again!

—From "Crack of Dawn and Other Poems," by Fannie Stearns Davis.

#### Rain.

Long as unending threads, the long-drawn rain,  
Interminably, with its nails of gray,  
Athwart the dull gray day,  
Rakes the green window-pane—  
So infinitely, endlessly, the rain,  
The long, long rain.

#### The rain.

Since yesternight it keeps unraveling  
Down from the frayed and flaccid rags that cling  
About the sullen sky.  
The low black sky;  
Since yesternight, so slowly, patiently,  
Unraveling its threads upon the roads,  
Upon the roads and lanes, with even fall  
Continual.

Along the miles  
That 'twixt the meadows and the suburbs lie,  
By roads interminably bent, the files  
Of wagons, with their awnings arched and tall,  
Struggling in sweat and steam, toil slowly by  
With outline vague as of a funeral.  
Into the ruts, unbroken, regular,  
Stretching out parallel so far  
That when night comes they seem to join the sky.  
For hours the water drips,  
And every tree and every dwelling weeps,  
Drenched as they are with it,  
With the long rain, tenaciously with rain  
Indefinite.

The rivers, through each rotten dyke that yields,  
Discharge their swollen wave upon the fields,  
Where coils of drowned hay  
Float far away;  
And the wild breeze  
Buffets the alders and the walnut trees;  
Knee-deep in water great black oxen stand,  
Lifting their hellowings sinister on high  
To the distorted sky;  
As now the night creeps onward, all the land  
Thicket and plain,  
Grows cumbered with her clinging shades immense,  
And still there is the rain,  
The long, long rain,  
Like soot, so fine and dense.

Rain, with its many wrinkles, the long rain  
With its gray nails, and with its watery mane;  
The long rain of these lands of long ago.  
The rain, eternal in its torpid flow!  
—From "Poems by Emile Verhaeren."

A new iron mine now being opened in Minnesota has an estimated content of 4,000,000 tons of ore. It will be worked by the open-pit method prevalent in that state.

# Yosemite

## By Day or Night

From San Francisco

**\$23.00 Daily**      **\$20.00 Fridays and Saturdays**  
3 Months Return Limit      15 Days Return Limit

Includes Auto-Stage from El Portal to hotels and camps in center of Park.

Auto-Stage from Yosemite to Wawona and Mariposa Big Tree Grove and return \$15.00 extra.

Above all, See Yosemite

—Its domes and cliffs, its flowered meadows, its glorious waterfalls.



### Two Daily Trains

From Ferry Station

9:20 A.M.—Cafe-Observation Car.  
11:40 P.M.—Pullman open for occupancy at Oakland Pier at 9:00 P.M.

### A Third Train on Saturdays

7:20 A.M.—Lunch at Merced  
Dinner in Yosemite



## FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

## La Loie Fuller Sunday Matinee.

"The mistress of light," La Loie Fuller, with her company of wonderful girl dancers, will give her first matinee performance at Festival Hall tomorrow—Sunday—afternoon, at half-past two.

Miss Fuller's delightful entertainments have become one of the recognized features of the Exposition, and no place else can such beautiful and wondrous displays of color, coupled with youthful grace and exuberance, be seen. Her dancers, over a score of English girls who have been with Miss Fuller for five years, occupy a place peculiarly their own and do their work with a spontaneity that must needs be seen to be appreciated. All of the favorite dances of the night performances will be given, including that riot in color, "The Birth of the Great Black Opal," the mysterious "Sirenes," the splendid "Thousand and One Nights," and the uncanny and fearsome "Night on Mount Chauve." The accompanying dance and entr'acte music, played by the eighty artists of the Exposition Orchestra, is a feature in itself, and one that always attracts a large number of music lovers.

Seats may be obtained at the Exposition box-office, 343 Powell Street, and Miss Fuller's final performances for the month will be given Wednesday evening, the 28th, and Saturday afternoon, the 31st.

## "The Melting Pot," Photo Play at the Cort.

Sunday night will see the final performance of Al Jolson in the merry Winter Garden extravaganza, "Dancing Around," which has proved such a success at the Cort Theatre. This popular attraction could hold the boards for at least another week, but previous bookings prevent.

Beginning with a matinee Monday, July 12th, the notable filmatization of Walker Whiteside in "The Melting Pot," will begin an engagement at the Cort. It is said that the photo drama, which has been made of Israel Zangwill's greatest play, marks an epoch in motion-picture production.

Very few actors from the legitimate stage have been able to leap into the immediate success which has attended the entry of Walker Whiteside to pictures. The art of pantomime is not so well studied as an art in America as it is in France, for example, but it was by no means a source of wonder to critics of motion pictures that Whiteside achieved so much as he did in the Cort Film Corporation's motion-picture production of "The Melting Pot." It was expected of Mr. Whiteside that he would be wonderful in pictures because, as one dramatic critic has said, "he can tell more with his actions than any other actor on the American stage."

In the character of David Quixano, as it was written for the screen, Whiteside had quite as great a character to look into and portray as he had in the stage part which he created, and in addition the latitude of pictures being so much greater than that of the stage, he found bigger opportunities for expression.

The vision evoked by the Jewish musician's "American Symphony," a picture of men and women of many lands descending into the bubbling crucible which is America, there to be fused into one mass, is a masterpiece of artistic visioning possible on the screen alone. The realistic showing of the massacre in Kishineff that sent David Quixano to America is another point in which the photo play achieves superiority.

During the engagement at the Cort matinees will be given daily in addition to the evening performances.

## The New Bill at the Orpheum.

At the Orpheum next week Miss Kitty Gordon will appear in the act de luxe by Jack Lait, author of "Help Wanted," entitled

## Beethoven Festival of Music

## CIVIC AUDITORIUM

Larkin and Grove Streets

AUGUST 6, 7, 8

2 Nights and Sunday Afternoon

ALFRED HERTZ, Conductor

Josiah Zuro, Chorus Master

FRANK W. HEALY, Manager

2000 SINGERS

Symphony Orchestra (100)

Friday Night, August 6.....Beethoven Ninth Symphony  
Saturday Night, August 7.....Wagner Programme  
Sunday Afternoon, August 8.....Artists' Matinee

## SOLOISTS

MARCELLA CRAFT.....Soprano  
ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK.....  
PAUL ALTHOUSE.....Tenor  
OTTO GORITZ.....Baritone

Prices—Season tickets (three concerts), \$5, \$3.75; single concerts, \$2, \$1.50, \$1.

On sale July 6, Sherman, Clay & Co. and Kohler & Chase. Mail orders with checks to Beethoven Festival Committee, care Sherman, Clay & Co.

"Alma's Return." She will be supported by the clever and popular leading man, Mr. Harrison Hunter. Miss Gordon achieved success on the English stage before she came to this country, where she appeared in "The Girl from Kay's," "The Duchess of Danzig," and "Veronique." Among her other starring vehicles have been "Alma, Where Do You Live?" "The Enchantress," and "Pretty Mrs. Smith." She is the daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Blades, R. A., and the wife of the Honorable W. W. Horsley-Beresford, who has returned to England to serve his country in the present crisis.

Ruby Norton and Sammy Lee, who for two years were featured with Mme. Trentini, will contribute novelty songs and dances. They are both youthful and clever and furnish a most enjoyable quarter of an hour's entertainment.

The Four Melodious Chaps—Curtis, Armstrong, Rhoades, and Curtis—possess voices that harmonize perfectly. They are good soloists and enliven their act with refined comedy.

Britt Wood, who on account of his characterization is frequently referred to as "The Booh," furnishes one of the best acts in vaudeville. This juvenile jester with his mouth organ is always a big hit.

Dooley and Rugel, Prince Lai Mon Kim, the Chinese tenor, and Lucy Gillett will also be included in this bill.

A special added attraction will be Jack Wilson, assisted by Franklyn Batie. Mr. Wilson styles his act "An Impromptu Revue," and most appropriately, for it is an amusing criticism on timely topics and many of the acts that have just preceded it. He is one of the best of vaudevillians and his appearance on any stage is always the signal for an ovation.

## Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre.

Margaret Edwards, the perfect girl, who achieved worlds of publicity through her posing in the undraped as "The Naked Truth Girl" in the sensational film, "The Hypocrites," is the big box-office drawing card at the Pantages on Sunday. Miss Edwards is unquestionably one of the most talked of girls in the world today. She is just seventeen years of age; is five feet two inches tall, has never worn a corset, and has been proclaimed by artists who should know as the "perfect specimen of girlhood." In her vaudeville offering of Miss Edwards gives an explanatory exemplification of physical culture, after which she goes through a routine of posing and graceful Grecian dances.

The six Kirksmith Sisters furnish a real entertainment of high-class music. The girls are youthful, pretty, and wear exquisite gowns. Their act is styled "An Offering to the Muses," and their repertory includes ensemble numbers on brass and stringed instruments.

Without any advance billing five of the Lambardi singers were placed on the present programme at the Pantages and so great was the success of the quintet that the management have arranged to hold them over one more week. For next week they will render a condensed version of Gounod's immortal opera, "Faust," with Lambardi in his favorite and best rôle of Mephistopheles; Ingar sings Faust; Renis, Martha; Sheenti, Marguerite, and Gallazi, Valentine.

The other acts will be Halley and Noble; the three Weber Sisters, acrobats; the Flying Fishers, "Three Aerial Men"; the "Passing Revue Trio," and "Laughing Gas," a screamingly funny Chaplin "movie."

## Mrs. Patrick Campbell Coming to the Columbia.

There will be no performances at the Columbia Theatre during the week commencing with Monday, July 12th.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell in G. Bernard Shaw's latest effort, "Pygmalion," will make her appearance at the Columbia Theatre commencing with Monday night, July 19th. This is an announcement sure to create a great deal of interest, as the names of G. Bernard Shaw and Mrs. Patrick Campbell are two to be conjured with.

The new play by Shaw has been called a romance. It is in five acts and tells the story of a flower girl, Eliza Doolittle, a product of the London streets that Dickens loved to immortalize, who is discovered by a man of scientific temperament. As Pygmalion, the sculptor, moulded the cockney flower girl to the manners, graces, and outward appearances of a duchess. In doing it, however, he ignores the fact that he has awakened in her a soul. She falls in love with him, and the appeal of the play is in the story of her romance. Eliza possesses a priceless father, who describes himself as "one of the undeserving poor." A dustman by trade, he is eventually overwhelmed by prosperity and becomes a respected member of the middle classes, a position in life he abhors. Having brought these two characters of the streets into respectability, what is to become of them remains unanswered. Mr. Shaw reaches his own conclusions of this situation in a thoroughly Shavian manner.

The advance sale of seats begins Thursday.

## The Beethoven Festival of Music.

With Dr. Max Magnus as president, R. M. Tobin as vice-president, and Frank W. Healy as business manager, an organization known as the Beethoven Monument and Festival Committee has been perfected to handle all the artistic and business details of probably the most momentous festival of music ever given in San Francisco.

On the morning of August 6th a bust of Beethoven (1770-1827), who before his death established himself as the world's greatest master of absolute music, will be placed in Golden Gate Park. The bust, a gift of the Beethoven Mannerchoir of New York, to the city of San Francisco, will be accompanied to San Francisco by President George E. Albrecht and five hundred singing members of the Beethoven Mannerchoir.

On the nights of August 6th and 7th, and Sunday afternoon, August 8th, at the Civic Centre Auditorium, concerts will be given by the greatest aggregation of talent ever presented on one programme in San Francisco. The Ninth Symphony of Beethoven will be given Friday night, August 6th, with a symphony orchestra of 100 leading players of this city; Marcella Craft, soprano; Ernestine Schumann-Heink, contralto; Paul Althouse, tenor, and Otto Goritz, baritone, and a chorus of 500 voices will sing the vocal music of the Ninth Symphony. Alfred Hertz, the conductor from the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, will conduct all concerts. Josiah Zuro, the talented young conductor from Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera House, will train the Ninth Symphony chorus. Twelve hundred singers, under the direction of Herman Schoenfeld and Siegfried Hagen, will come from Los Angeles to appear in Saturday night's concert.

Seats for all concerts are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's.

Considerable interest attaches to the return of Richard Walton Tully's Persian spectacle, "Omar, the Tentmaker," which is scheduled for presentation at the Cort Theatre beginning Sunday, July 25. Guy Bates Post, who made such an impression in the title-rôle last season, is again the star, and the production in its entirety is on the same lavish scale.

When "The New Henrietta" is seen at the Cort soon, one of the most notable all-star casts ever brought to the West will be disclosed. William H. Crane, Thomas W. Ross, Maclyn Arbuckle, Amelia Bingham, and Mabel Taliaferro head the company which Joseph Brooks has assembled. Winchell Smith is responsible for the modernization of the Bronson Howard play in which Crane and the late Stuart Robson starred for years.

## Venice, City Built on Piles.

Venice is the most colossal edifice upon piles that the world has ever seen. Its houses and palaces have arisen out of the sea. So enormous was the weight put upon the countless thousands of piles used, it was necessary to choose the mightiest trunks and finest sorts of wood, which were brought from foreign lands by the enormous sea commerce of Venice; and it happened in the last century that a noble family resolved to pull down their splendid palace on the Canal Grande in order to get at the precious cedar stems on which it is built (says the *National Geographic Magazine*), and thus rescue themselves from a slough of debt; but the republic forbade this desperate measure. It is well known that the first idea of great financial transactions originated in Italy, but in this field of commerce also Venice ranked foremost; she had the oldest bank in Europe, which dates back to the days of Barbarossa and the development of which is a considerable factor in the city laws. All enactments having reference to this bank were proclaimed from the steps of the Rialto; here was the Exchange; here the great commerce in the treasures of the East was carried on; here Venice bartered the wealth of her industry for the wealth of natural products before England and Holland became the mistresses of the trade of the world. Rich as Venice is in beauty, however, one thing is wanting to her—Nature. Whosoever wishes to enjoy nature must take refuge in the Giardini Pubblici, on the Lido, or on the little islands of Chioggia and Torcello, where the fishermen's huts stand, built out of the beams of wrecked ships. The public gardens of Venice are the creation of Napoleon, who pulled down hundreds of buildings, even consecrated buildings, in order to give this space for recreation to the Venetians; making them thus the most rare and singular of presents—a solid piece of dry land, a promenade among trees! One goes along the Riva de' Schiavoni, which leads from the piazzetta in the direction of the Lido. This Riva is a noble quay paved with broad flagstones, over which throngs of people move and in front of which are anchored rows of ships. For a long time the Venetians dwelt at Malamocco, but when King Pepin, the son of Charlemagne, forced them from their stronghold, they went to the lagoons at the mouth of the River Po, where they succeeded in driving off Pepin and es-

tablishing the new city of Venice. After the Venetians found themselves able to repel the forces of Pepin, they began their career of conquest by taking the coasts of Istria and Dalmatia, later acquiring territory in the Levant and the Greek archipelago, and finally conquering Constantinople. The Crusades, which impoverished the rest of Europe, doubly enriched Venice. She had the carrying and transport trade in her own hands, and her conquests gave her the spoil of many Eastern states.

In Argentine the laws provide that a father must leave his children four-fifths of his fortune, and a husband, if he has no children, has to leave half of his property to his wife. An unmarried son is compelled to leave his parents two-thirds of his property, and only unmarried persons without parents or descendants can make wills disposing of their possessions as they see fit.

Tiflis, which the Czar has been terming "a pearl of the Russian crown," was described by Bryce as "a human melting pot, a city of contrasts and mixtures, into which elements have been poured from half Europe and Asia, and show no signs of combining." The description holds good today, for there are said to be seventy languages spoken in the ancient city.

The moonlight schools of Kentucky since they have been opened in the mountain districts have an attendance of 100,000 adult pupils, with 1000 volunteer teachers, and the governor has issued a proclamation emphasizing the importance of the movement and urging the still further coöperation of the citizens.

There are still living six descendants of Victor Hugo, two grandchildren, and four great-grandchildren. The income from royalties on Hugo's works still amounts to \$10,000 a year. It amounted to \$200,000 in 1884.

The American Bible Society is ninety-nine years old, and last year it distributed 6,370,485 Bibles and religious documents. During its life the society has passed out more than 109,000,000 volumes.

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## VANITY FAIR.

A Berlin report of an irritating brevity refers to the proposals that have been "broached in some quarters" for the legal establishment of polygamy as an aid to a population so tragically reduced by war. Not for the first time, we are informed, has polygamy been ordained and instituted for such a purpose. In 1650 it was enacted by a local Diet that it should be illegal to take into cloisters any man under the age of sixty, also that certain classes of priests should be allowed to marry, and furthermore that every male person should be permitted to marry ten women. There is no record of the response to this gracious permission, but we may assume that it lacked enthusiasm. Fancy wanting to marry ten women. There may have been some young devotees, inexperienced and guileless youths, who gathered in their ten wives at one fell swoop, so to speak, but we may doubt if there were many men who already possessed one wife and who then went whooping it up for nine more, or who already had two and yet demanded the other eight. It hardly stands to reason. This would not be one of those occasions when men clamor for their rights. Now if the Diet had made it compulsory to have ten wives there might have been some appreciable gain to the census reports. But men do not go to the penitentiary merely because they have "permission" to do so.

But the Diet displayed a tender solicitude for the women themselves. An honorable man, says this ancient law, who thus takes ten women will not only feel it to be his duty to provide them with necessities, but he will also "prevent all dissatisfaction among them." Now we do not see how this could be done. No man ever yet lived who was able to satisfy one wife. The best authorities have agreed that such a thing can not be achieved. How, then, should he satisfy ten? The Mohammedan law which permits polygamy is very stern on the subject of favoritism. It demands that all the wives shall be satisfied, and this is said to account for the fact that polygamy is now rare in Mohammedan countries. We may reasonably believe that the Diet of 1650 failed in its benevolent intentions and that the census returns were unaffected.

Of course there is much to be said for a plurality of wives. If one were allowed to have half a dozen or so the quality would not be so important. What one wife lacked another could supply. The bigoted monogamist overlooks the fact that a particular wife may be eminently suited to one occasion and yet be quite out of place upon another, just as evening clothes are well adapted to the dinner-table but would be merely absurd at breakfast. In just the same way a wife may have all the qualifications for breakfast time—although few have—such as a habit of silence and the ability to refrain from a light-some demeanor, and yet be quite unsuited for dinner, when the chief requisite is a capacity to put adroit questions calculated to elicit some aspects of one's omniscience on the affairs of the world. The average man needs at breakfast an inaudible sympathy and at dinner an audible but well-regulated deference. There are very few women who can supply both, or indeed either of them in the right place. Either she will be offensively blithesome at breakfast, or taciturn and reproachful at dinner. Now under what may be called the platoon system you select your wife for each occasion with due attention to her natural idiosyncrasies. But of course we shall not get to this point yet awhile, and perhaps it is just as well. It would be the old story over again. The higher-ups would get all the best wives, and then we should have to amend the Sherman act.

Why should a man be accused of "sissiness" because he wears a wrist watch? Some Eastern pundits are making vastly merry over their discovery that army officers are somewhat addicted to this practice. Now the wrist would seem to be exactly the place where a soldier should wear his watch, or indeed any other man who is likely to find that both hands are strenuously and simultaneously occupied. The idiot scribes who are raising their feeble cackle over this matter might find something better with which to occupy their alleged minds than the wearing of a watch in the most sensible of all places.

If certain correspondents of the New York Sun can not be persuaded to moderate their vehemence there is likely to be bloodshed. Surely there is war enough over in Europe without running the risk of a sex war in America. For example, what are we to say to the following epistle, which emanates from Derby, Connecticut:

Having read with intense interest the recent letters discussing the sexes, I would like to say that all the men I have ever met and now are of the same calibre. The masculine sex is a combination of hypocrisy, deceit, and egregious conceit. Most men are inveterate fabricators. And fabricators are obviously worse than plain

liars, for, generally speaking, people lie for their own protection and safety; but men fabricate deliberately for their amusement and in a great many cases to the detriment of others.

Men can not speak the truth consistently, so inevitably an element of cowardice must possess them. Any ostensible sincerity is merely a veneer to conceal their falsity.

FEMALE.

There is a distinct lack of finesse about this letter, an absence of that adroit delicacy that we like to associate with the gentler sex. Small wonder that it should call forth the following vigorous rejoinder:

If "Female," whose letter you publish in the Sun today, ever met a real man, she probably would not recognize him; her range of vision and comprehension is evidently as narrow as I imagine her nose, face, and body to be. If she would only reveal her identity to Barnum & Bailey's Greatest Show on Earth I have no doubt they would offer her a big salary to occupy the throne in their museum of freaks; and I am NOT A LIAR.

A few days later there appears a tirade that evidently emanates from a man. No doubt the poor beast had received provocation, but why does he rush away and print his sorrows in the Sun. Better men than he have suffered in silence and doubtless will continue to do so until the end of the world. Here is his disgraceful letter:

There is no better evidence of woman's selfishness than her habit of unpunctuality. An idle woman demands from a busy man a higher standard of punctuality than she sets for herself. She will scold him unmercifully for being late, and then be always late herself, when she has nothing else in the world to do but be on time. A RECENT SUFFERER.

Now the Sun would do well to stop printing these incendiary letters. Why throw oil upon the flames of sex hatred?

The Chamber of Commerce of Johannesburg, South Africa, has sent to England an appeal for wider use in the British isles of maize, one of the chief products of the land around the erstwhile Boer City. Attention is called to the many ways in which we of the United States make use of this variety of grain.

San Marino, which has joined the cause of the Allies, is one of the smallest governments in the world. It is a tiny republic on the Adriatic, surrounded by Italian territory, and has an area of thirty-eight square miles, with a population of about 11,000. It claims to be the oldest state in Europe.

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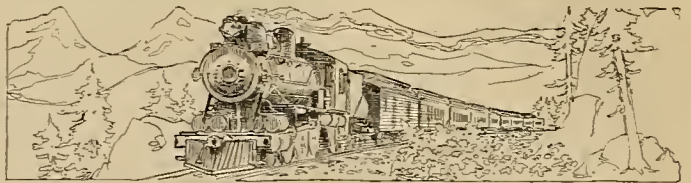
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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Donald, the boatman, had been taking the minister, a total abstainer, out fishing, and was asked on his return if he'd had a good day. "Na, na," returned Donald. "The mean-spirited body had nae whisky, sae I took him whaur there wis nae fish."

Robbie met a neighbor who was smoking some fine, fragrant tobacco sent by his son in America. He took out his own pipe ostentatiously. "Ha' you a match, Sandy?" he queried. The match was forthcoming, but nothing more. "I do believe," said Robbie, "I ha' left ma tobacco at hame." "Then," said Sandy, after a silence, "ye might give me back ma match."

A politician who was seeking the votes of a certain community in Ohio to the end that he might be sent to Congress thought it worth while to make mention of his humble origin and early struggles. "I got my start in life by serving in a grocery at three dollars a week, and yet I managed to save," he announced. Whereupon a voice from the audience queried: "Was that before the invention of cash registers?"

Sheridan was one day annoyed by a fellow-member of the House of Commons, who kept crying out, "Hear, hear." During the debate he took occasion to describe a political opponent. "Where," he exclaimed, with great emphasis, "where shall we find a more foolish knave or a more knavish fool than he?" "Hear, hear," shouted the troublesome member. Sheridan turned round, and, thanking him for the prompt information, sat down amid a general roar of laughter.

At a certain caucus in Hampden, Maine, the only attendants were Hannibal Hamlin and a citizen of very large stature. Mr. Hamlin had some resolutions to pass which began by representing that they were presented to a "large and respectable" gathering of voters. "Hold on," cried the other man, "we can't pass that, for it aint true! It aint a large and respectable caucus! There's only two of us." "You keep still," commanded the wily Hannibal, "it's all right, for you are large and I am respectable. You just keep still."

Rose had called on her afternoon out to see her friend, Arahella. Arahella's mistress had just purchased a parrot, and Rose was much interested in the bird. "Birds is shore sensible," she observed. "You kin learn them anything. I uster work for a lady that had a bird in a clock, an' when it was time to tell de time oh day it uster come out an' say 'cuckoo' just as many times as de time was." "Go along. Yo' doan' say so," said Arahella, incredulously. "Shore thing," replied Rose, "and de mos' wonderful part was dat it wuz only a wooden hird, too."

Thomas A. Edison once said to a reporter, apropos of deafness: "Deafness has its advantages. My own deafness enables me to concentrate my thoughts as I'd never be able to do if abstracted by noise and conversation. It helps me to sleep, too. Some men, through deafness, actually get a reputation for wit. I know a stupid old fellow, deaf as a post, to whom a lady said, nodding toward a rich banker's daughter: 'Is Miss Bond a pretty girl?' The deaf man, misunderstanding the question, answered calmly: 'No, she isn't; but she will be when her father dies.'"

In one of his famous after-dinner speeches Horace Porter once told this story: After having wrestled with about thirty dishes at this dinner, and after all this, being called upon to speak, I feel a great sympathy with that woman in Ireland who had had something of a field-day on hand. She began by knocking down two somewhat unpopular agents of her absentee landlord, and was seen later in the day dancing a jig on the stomach of the prostrate form of the Presbyterian minister. One of her friends admired her prowess in this direction and invited her in and gave her a good stiff glass of whisky. Her friend said, "Shall I pour some water in your whisky?" and the woman replied, "For God's sake, haven't I had trouble enough already today?"

Many years ago there was an American missionary located among the Indians in the Far West who was of an hospitable turn of mind. He always kept hard cider on the premises. If any one of his widely scattered flock of Indians chanced to call upon him, he would bring them forth a jug of it. One day a strange Indian called—one whom he had never seen before—evidently an unconverted heathen, so far as Christianity was concerned—but converted to the consumption of alcoholic beverages. He, as it turned out, had been coached after the manner of a student at a university. His acquaintance with English was limited. He opened fire upon the

astonished missionary thus: "Ahraham, Jacob, Jonah, Job, Satan, Beelzebub," and then paused, evidently expecting a reply. "What on earth do you mean?" asked the missionary, he not having been christened after any of them, drawing himself up in a dignified manner. The Indian pithily replied: "I mean cider."

Roscoe Conkling came into Charles O'Connor's office one day in quite a nervous state. "You seem to be very much excited, Mr. Conkling," said Mr. O'Connor, as Roscoe walked up and down the room. "Yes, I'm provoked—I am provoked," said Mr. Conkling; "I never had a client dissatisfied about my fee before." "Well, what's the matter?" asked O'Connor. "Why, I defended Gibbons for arson, you know. He was convicted, but I did hard work for him. I took him to the superior court and he was convicted; then to the supreme court, and the supreme confirmed the judgment and gave him ten years. I charged him six hundred dollars, and Gibbons is grumbling about it—says it is too much. Now, Mr. O'Connor, I ask you, was that too much?" "Well," said O'Connor, very deliberately, "of course you did a great deal of work, and six hundred dollars is not a big fee; but to be frank with you, Mr. Conkling, my deliberate opinion is that he might have been convicted for less money."

There was a couple who had two children, a boy of fourteen and a girl of twelve. About that time of life another hahy came along. With that prudishness so commonly found, the parents took the greatest pains that the children should not know anything about the condition of their mother or the impending event, and when the time approached the girl was sent on a vacation to some relatives in another city. At last the great event took place, and the father came and said to the hoy: "Johnny, you have a new hahy brother." The boy said nothing. The father sat down at his desk and in a few moments handed the hoy a telegram. "Take that to the telegraph office," he said, "and send it to sister. Here is a dollar to pay the charges." The boy came back after a while and handed his father the change. "What," said the father, "that telegram cost more than 35 cents, didn't it?" "Oh, yes," the hoy replied, "the one you wrote would have cost more. I sent one of my own." "You did," the father said, "and what did you say?" "Oh," the lad replied, "I just wired sister: 'I win, it's a hoy.'"

THE MERRY MUSE.

Origin of a Trade Maxim.  
When Pharaoh's finest daughter  
Her daily strolling o'er,  
Saw Moses in the water  
And rushed the babe ashore,  
She first that motto started  
Which no shrewd merchant spurns,  
If he be honest-hearted—  
"Small prophets—quick returns!"  
—Chatter.

I Remember! I Remember!  
I remember, I remember,  
The house where I was born;  
The little window where the sun  
Came peeping in at morn.  
You'd hardly know the old place now,  
For dad is up to date,  
And the farm is scientific  
From the back lot to the gate.

The house and barn are lighted  
With bright acetylene,  
The engine in the laundry  
Is run by gasoline.  
We have silos, we have autos,  
We have dynamos and things;  
A telephone for gossip,  
And a phonograph that sings.

The hired man has left us,  
We miss his homely face;  
A lot of college graduates  
Are working in his place.  
There's an engineer and fireman,  
A chauffeur and a vet.,  
'Lectrician and mechanic—  
Oh, the farm's run right, you bet.

The little window where the sun  
Came peeping in at morn,  
Now brightens up a bathroom  
That cost a car of corn.  
Our milkmaid is pneumatic  
And she's sanitary, too;  
But dad gets fifteen cents a quart  
For milk that once brought two.

Our cattle came from Jersey,  
And the hogs are all Duroc;  
The sheep are Southdown beauties  
And the hens are Plymouth Rock.  
To have the best of everything—  
That is our aim and plan—  
For dad not only farms it,  
But he's a business man.

—Canadian Courier.

Rise and Fall.

'Twas a breach of promise suit, the letters all  
were read,  
And here is what the opening words of each  
epistle said:  
"Dear Mr. Smith," "Dear Friend," "Dear John,"  
"My Darling Four-Leaf-Clover,"  
"My Ownest Jack," "Dear John," "Dear Sir,"  
then "Sir," and all was over.  
—Puck.



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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

News comes from New York of the announcement of the engagement of Miss Ruth Haskins to Mr. Cyril Tobin of this city. Miss Haskins is the daughter of Mrs. Charles Waldo Haskins of New York and a sister of Miss Noel Haskins. She is a cousin of Mrs. A. L. Stone, Mrs. Bernard Ford, and Miss Leslie Miller. Mr. Tobin is a brother of Mr. Joseph Oliver Tobin and a nephew of Mrs. Charles Clark, Mrs. Raoul Duval, and the Messrs. Clement, Joseph Sadoc, Edward, and Richard Tobin. No date has yet been set for the wedding, but it will take place some time in the fall.

The wedding of Miss Stella McCalla and Mr. Harold Sands took place recently in St. Thomas's Episcopal Church in Washington, D. C. A reception following the ceremony was held at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Bowman McCalla. Upon their return from their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Sands will reside in Washington, D. C., where they have leased a house.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt gave a dinner Sunday evening at the New York State building in honor of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Lasalle of Massachusetts.

Mrs. E. E. Brownell was hostess Tuesday at a tea at her home on Broadway. The affair was in honor of Mrs. J. Morris Slemmons, who with her husband, Dr. Slemmons, will leave shortly for the East, where they will reside.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott entertained a number of friends Tuesday evening at a dinner at the Hotel St. Francis preceding the concert given by Miss Elizabeth Latham.

Miss Marie Louise Baldwin was hostess Wednesday at a luncheon at her home on Pacific Avenue. The affair was in honor of her house guest, Miss Alice Delamar of New York.

Mrs. George T. Marjoe was the complimented guest Friday at a luncheon given by Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett at her home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Colton Havens entertained a large number of friends Saturday afternoon at a reception at their home, Wildwood, in Piedmont. The affair was in honor of the women delegates to the peace conference.

Mrs. William G. Irwin was hostess Wednesday at a luncheon at her home on Washington Street. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Claus Augustus Spreckels.

The Misses Morrison gave a tea Sunday afternoon at their home, Paradise, near San Jose. The affair was in honor of the foreign and state commissioners, who were guests over the week-end of the San Jose Chamber of Commerce.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels entertained a number of friends over the Fourth of July at their country home, Sohra Vista, in Sonoma County.

Mrs. George Harding of Philadelphia was the complimented guest Thursday evening at a dinner given by Colonel Hamilton Stone Wallace, U. S. A., and Mrs. Wallace at their residence on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Edward Carpenter was hostess Thursday at an informal luncheon at her home on Jackson Street.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave a dinner Friday evening at her home on Broadway in honor of Mrs. John Rodgers Chadwick and the Misses Katherine and Nan Chadwick of New York, who are visiting their cousins, Miss Mary Phelan and Senator James D. Phelan.

Mrs. Phoebe Hearst entertained a number of friends at a Spanish harbecue Saturday at her home at Pleasanton. The affair was in honor of Mr. and Mrs. William Randolph Hearst and their guests, who recently arrived from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel C. Jackling gave a dinner Monday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Judge of Salt Lake.

Miss Elsie Ferguson was the guest of honor Sunday at a luncheon given by Mrs. Truxton Beale at her home in San Rafael.

Miss Dorothy Baker was hostess Tuesday at a luncheon at the Town and Country Club in honor of Mrs. Albert Hickman and Miss Helen Foss of Boston.

The members of the Burlingame Club entertained a large number of friends Saturday evening at a dance.

Major Philip Wales, U. S. A. (retired), and Mrs. Wales gave a dinner at their home in Menlo Park Sunday evening, when a dozen friends enjoyed their hospitality.

The Virginia Society of California gave a reception Saturday evening at the Palace Hotel in honor of Governor Henry Carter Stuart of Virginia.

Mrs. Louis Chappelle was hostess Tuesday afternoon at a bridge-tea at her home at Fort Milby.

Captain Edwin C. Long, U. S. A., and Mrs. Long entertained a number of friends Thursday evening at a bridge party at their home at Fort Scott.

Captain A. M. Bryant, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bryant gave a dinner and skating party recently, when they entertained a score of friends. The affair was in honor of Colonel George McGunnele, U. S. A.

Colonel Lincoln Karmany, U. S. N., and Mrs. Karmany entertained a number of friends Monday afternoon at a reception at their home at Mare Island in honor of Colonel Joseph H. Pendleton, U. S. M. C., and Mrs. Pendleton.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Charles B. Alexander and their daughters, the Misses Harriet, Janetta, and Mary Alexander have arrived from New York and will spend the summer in San Mateo, where they have rented the home of Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Eddy returned Tuesday from Sobro Vista, Sonoma County, where they spent the holidays, and are settled for two months in Mrs. Leigh Sypher's home in San Mateo.

Mr. Gardiner Williams of Washington, D. C., is visiting his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Eyre Pinckard, at their home on Gough Street. Mr. Williams has been spending the past week fishing at the Big Meadows.

Mrs. Herman Oelrichs arrived Monday from New York and will be in town several weeks. She is a guest at the Fairmont Hotel.

Miss Noel Haskins of New York is visiting Miss Leslie Miller at her home on Pacific Avenue. Miss Haskins is a sister of Miss Ruth Haskins, whose engagement has been announced to Mr. Cyril Tobin of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis and their sons, the Messrs. William Tevis, Jr., Gordon, and Lansing Tevis, spent the holidays in Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Parmelee Eells left last week for San Rafael to spend two months in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Gnuu, who during that time will occupy the Eells home on Pierce Street.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lawson and their two daughters spent the Fourth of July with Mr. and Mrs. Eells.

Mrs. James Amsden, Mrs. William Haupt, and Mrs. James B. Haggin arrived last week, and are visiting Dr. Harry L. Tevis at his country estate near Alma.

Dr. Herbert C. Moffitt, Mrs. Moffitt, Miss Alice Moffitt, and Master James Moffitt are occupying their cottage at Lake Tahoe, where they will spend July and August.

Miss Natalie Campbell, Miss Marie Louise Black, and Mr. Douglas Alexander spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson at their home in Burlingame.

Miss Jane Cushing, who arrived recently from New York, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Monteleone in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Colonel and Mrs. Hamilton Stone Wallace, and Mrs. George Harding of Philadelphia have returned from a trip to the Feather River country.

Mrs. R. P. Schwerin and her son, Master Richard Schwerin, have returned from Bartlett Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. C. Wichfeld, who have been spending their honeymoon in California, have returned East and will spend the summer on the Massachusetts coast. Mrs. Wichfeld was formerly Mrs. Clarence Moore.

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Sherwood and their children are settled in Santa Barbara for July and August.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Livermore have closed their home on Russian Hill for the summer months, during which time they will remain in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Geissler and their little daughter, Martha Geissler, have come from New York to spend several weeks with Mrs. Geissler's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Moore, at their home in Ross.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence W. Harris and their children are occupying their hungalow in Mill Valley, where they will remain until September.

Mrs. Virginia Maddox has gone to Monterey for an indefinite visit.

Governor Samuel Moffett Ralston has returned to Indiana after a visit to the Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. Claus Augustus Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Eddy, and Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Vos will leave today for Lake Tahoe to spend a week at the Tavern.

Hon. Charles Page Bryao has come from the East to visit the Exposition. Mr. Bryan was formerly American minister to Belgium.

Mrs. John Rodgers Chadwick of New York and her daughters, the Misses Katherine and Anne

Chadwick, are the guests of Senator James D. Phelan and Miss Mary Phelan.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. King have returned from a visit in Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Deering and their little daughter, Miss Francesca Deering, have returned from a three months' visit to the Orient.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur A. McLean and their daughter, Miss Anita McLean, have returned from Honolulu and are again at the New York State building, where they will make a brief visit before departing for their home in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Walker Salishury have returned to their home in Salt Lake City after an extended visit at Stanford Court.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis have rented the home in Burlingame of Mr. and Mrs. John Gayle Anderson.

Mr. and Mrs. George Almer Newhall and their little sons, George and Walter Newhall, have gone to Lake Tahoe to spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Scheld of Sacramento have opened their cottage at Inverness, where they will remain until September, when their daughter, Miss Margaret Scheld, will go to New York to spend a year in a finishing school. Miss Elena Eyre and Miss Flora Miller spent the Fourth in Inverness as the guests of Miss Scheld.

Miss Emelie Tuhis has returned from Belvedere, where she has been visiting Miss Marion Leigh Maillard.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ford, and the Misses Leslie Miller and Noel Haskins have returned from a trip to Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Adams and Miss Edith Adams, who recently came to California, have returned from a two weeks' visit in Santa Barbara and Coronado. They have been joined by Mr. Robert Adams, Jr., who will accompany them to their home in New York.

Bishop Sidney C. Partridge and Mrs. Partridge have arrived from the East and will spend several weeks with their relatives in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. George B. Willcutt, their son, Dr. George Hayes Willcutt, and his fiancée, Miss Dorothy Baker, have returned from a visit to the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Leonard have returned to their home in New York after a month's visit with their little granddaughter, Miss Jean Leonard, and Mrs. Lane Leonard.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rollo Peters and Rollo Peters, Jr., were the week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Coryell at Lloyd, Menlo Park.

Mrs. Charles Buckingham has returned from her ranch with her infant daughter and is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Page, in Belvedere, where she will remain until the weather is cooler in Marysville. Mr. Buckingham will spend the week-ends with his family.

The home in Chicago of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Woodhouse has been brightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. Woodhouse, who was formerly Miss Rebecca Kruttschnitt, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Ward at Burlingame was brightened on June 25th by the advent of a daughter.

Practically 529 years ago William Buckels, a Hollander of Bierwich, made the—then—astonishing discovery that salt would preserve fish, and that salted fish could be packed and exported. Before his time herrings had to be consumed within a few days of their capture. Buckels salted them. In 1386 William Buckels salted the first hundred of herrings, and having salted them, he packed them in barrels. This exercise of common sense resulted in a singular development of the resources of the country. The English fisheries were not as prominent five hundred years ago as they are now, and Holland had for a time almost a monopoly of a market which she was able to create and to supply. Buckels had not to wait five hundred years to have his claim to public gratitude recognized. Charles V had a statue erected to the mackerel salter who became the benefactor of his country. Queen Mary of Hungary, however, paid him even greater honor. During her residence in Holland she discovered his tomb, and, seated upon it, ate a salted herring.

Among the interesting, still persistently individual peoples of Russia are noted the Letts, a branch of the Lithuanian nation, a Slavonic division whose past in the marshy swamps of Lithuania lies as deeply hidden as the mystic ritual of the Druids. Lithuania was once a great kingdom. The Lett is taciturn, morose, little given to welcoming the stranger. He dwells apart, not as the communistic Russian in villages whose houses closely press one another. The Lett preserves his own tongue, traditions, and dreams, and remains in this twentieth century more than half a worshiper of Nature and a believer in omens and black craft. The old gods whom he cherished and revered the longest, whom he sought long after Europe all around him had accepted the teachings of Christ, still exert an influence upon him, still survive for him in a thousand superstitions, even though he is as devout as any of the present-day Christians.

The most famous effort to capture Gibraltair from the English was a siege by the French and Spanish enduring from 1779 until September, 1783. The rock has been in British hands since 1704.

An Exhibit by Charles Rollo Peters, Jr.

Lovers of art will be interested to hear of the forthcoming exhibition of drawings and designs by Mr. Charles Rollo Peters, Jr. The exhibition will be held at the California Galleries, 239 Geary Street. It will open on July 12th and will continue until July 22d, from 10 to 4 o'clock daily.

Artesian wells were unknown in the Philippines until the American occupation, whereas now there are more than 1000 of them, from which one-fifth of the population obtains its drinking water.

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With rims that are rusted  
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## THE CITY IN GENERAL.

Three highwaymen on last Saturday at Sixteenth and Irwin Streets stopped the pay-day automobile of the Pacific Coast Glass Company, containing \$3346 and two employees, forced the two employees to get out, and, taking automobile, money, and all, drove off down Sixteenth Street. Later a small part of the money was found where it had been buried, and two men were taken into custody, but strenuously denied any knowledge of the affair.

The funeral of Mrs. Caroline Bering, a pioneer of this city of 1849, took place on July 1st. Her death occurred at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Belle McPherson, 25 Parnassus Avenue. She came here around the Horn, and in 1852 married the late John P. Bering.

Joseph C. Campbell, one of the best-known attorneys of California, a Republican leader and orator of note, died early on July 1st at his home in the St. Regis apartments, 350 Gough Street. He was sixty-three years old. Death was due to the rupture of an abdominal blood vessel received three weeks ago while playing golf. He was a native of Indiana, and for forty years had lived in California. After serving as district attorney for San Joaquin County he came to San Francisco, founding the law firm of Reddy & Campbell. Upon the death of Patrick Reddy the firm became Campbell, Metson & Campbell. This later was changed to Campbell, Metson & Drew. Soon after the fire of 1906 the firm was changed to Campbell, Metson, Drew, Oatman & Mackenzie. In 1910 Campbell retired from the firm.

In the neighborhood of 1000 press representatives have been in session here this week. The congress opened on Tuesday. Twenty-five foreign nations and forty-five states were represented. Walter Williams, dean of the College of Journalism of the University of Missouri, acted as director of the congress.

On last Tuesday Judge George A. Sturtevant enjoined the city from operating its direct car service between the Exposition and Ferries via Geary Street. Unless the Supreme Court overrules his decision the city will have no right to operate cars on lower Market Street except the Geary Street cars which run to the beach and Golden Gate Park. While the city attorney will take an immediate appeal to the Supreme Court, it is not believed that a decision will be reached before the Exposition is over. The injunction was to have gone into effect on Wednesday, but the city gained a stay of twenty-four hours. The bond of the United Railroads was fixed at \$110,000.

The Dollar Steamship Company has sold two of its American steamships, the *Mackinaw* and *M. S. Dollar*, to a British concern. Negotiations for the sale of the *Robert Dollar*, the company's other transpacific trade steamer, are under consideration. Captain Robert Dollar, president of the Dollar Company, has returned from Vancouver, where he negotiated the sale of the two steamships. He went north to arrange for British registry for his vessels, owing to the terms of the La Follette-Furuseuth seamen's bill. He found, however, that a sale was more profitable. The *M. S. Dollar* and *Mackinaw* have been sold to the British firm of Burkhill Brothers of Shanghai.

Oscar G. Dornin, one of the best-known insurance men in California, died early Wednesday at his home, 2243 Stuart Street, Berkeley. He had been ill six months. Dornin came to California in 1872 from New York. He was cashier of the Board of Fire Underwriters of the Pacific in San Francisco for more than twenty years. He leaves a widow, two daughters, and a son.

Federal Judge Van Fleet on Wednesday issued an order restraining the city from enforcing the new gas rate ordinance until Saturday, July 17th. He also issued an order directing a hearing, to be held next Monday, on the matter of granting an injunction to the Pacific Gas and Electric Company restraining the city from enforcing the rate of 75 cents pending the hearing of the suit begun last week.

## NOTES OF THE EXPOSITION.

E. de Kruffy, commissioner of The Netherlands to the Exposition, has departed for his post at Buitenzorg, Java. He is chief of the department of industries and commerce. It was largely due to his efforts that The Netherlands has such a comprehensive exhibit at the Exposition.

New Zealand has been awarded more than 300 prizes for her exhibits by the international jury of awards. The following are the awards given New Zealand: Grand prizes for agricultural products, photography, lamb, cheese, grass seed, legumes; medals of honor for por-

traiture, automatic irrigation, oats, peas, tares, grass, clover seed, refrigerated meats, mutton, lamb, poultry, butter, hemp, wool; gold medals for dairy machinery, wheat, oats, barley, peas, gum, wool, mutton, lamb, beef, butter, cheese, flour, and canned meats. In addition there were 156 silver medals, 127 bronze medals, and ten honorable mentions in the list of awards made.

Ettore Tito, one of the best-known of the Venetian painters exhibiting in the Fine Arts Palace, has been awarded the grand prize in the Italian section by the unanimous vote of the international jury of awards. Tito, who was the winner of the grand prize at the Brussels Exposition, has five paintings on exhibition in the Palace of Fine Arts.

The '49 Camp is going to have another chance to make good. Miller and Coudon of San Diego, who say that reviving moribund '49 camps is one of the best things they do, promise a generally rejuvenated and amplified show.

Three grand prizes and a gold medal have been awarded to the San Francisco firm of Gantner & Mattern for knit goods. This is a distinction for San Francisco and Gantner & Mattern, who only a few years ago commenced a small manufacturing business here with little more than a thorough knowledge of the enterprise.

The Guatemalan display is housed in a splendid structure, and contains a particularly magnificent array of exhibits, especial attention being given to the agricultural products of the country. To the agriculturist the corn shown should have a special attraction, as it is claimed that Guatemala is the home of corn, which was first cultivated there by the Indians.

The Philippine exhibit is very striking and covers every phase of the agricultural, mineral, horticultural, vegetable, and educational development of these islands, showing the great work done by the United States government.

The international jury of awards has awarded a grand prize to the Southern Pacific Company for its display of equipment in the Transportation building. The exhibits include the old locomotive, the "C. P. Huntington," the first engine used on the Central Pacific, huge locomotives of the most modern types, and a widely varied display of railroad equipment.

The heauties of California laurel are seen to great advantage in the California building, where the furniture in the reception room is made of this wood. Laurel is a very beautiful native hardwood which was formerly used to a great extent for furniture, hiliard tables, and café fixtures, but for a number of years has been superseded by the vogue of mahogany and oak.

The Great Northern Railroad has been awarded a gold medal for its exhibit. The announcement was made by the jury of awards and places the company well toward the top of the list of all those having buildings on the Exposition grounds.

The Oregon commission entertained Governor George W. Clark of Iowa and his staff with a luncheon Saturday in the host section of the Oregon building.

A new motion-picture wonder has just reached the United States government's exhibit in the Liberal Arts building. It shows the forest fire which burned to the very edge of the town of Sisson, California, last year, as well as the fire which, originating in town a few days after the forest fire had been fought out, spread from house to house until nineteen buildings had been consumed. The work of the United States Forest Service in fighting the fire is also pictured.

George Hough Perry has resigned from the position of director of exploitation of the Exposition. The resignation will take effect August 1. With Perry, forty or fifty writers, typists, secretaries, and clerks—in fact, the entire exploitation division—will cease to be employed. Perry plans to return to his home in New York to engage in an advertising business in the East. About one-third of the exploitation employees were removed by a cut a month ago. The exploitation work will, after August 1st, be done by a corps of writers now engaged in the work of exploiting special days and events.

J. A. Robertson, high commissioner to the Exposition from Queensland, was host July 1 at a dinner to a party of twenty-five friends at the Inside Inn. The guests were a number of hosts and hostesses of various state buildings and members of foreign and state commissions.

The three days' Independence Day celebration yielded the Exposition \$108,968.96 gross. In connection with this announcement Com-

troller Rodney Durkee gave out a statement on Tuesday showing that the celebration profits have reduced the Exposition indebtedness to considerably less than \$200,000. This does not include the balance of \$610,494 on the note issue of \$1,062,500 made by local bankers during the construction period.

William Jennings Bryan spoke on Wednesday night on "World Peace" at the closing session of the International Conference of Women Workers for Permanent Peace in Festival Hall.

Virginia Day was observed with an extensive programme in front of the Mount Vernon Home at 3 o'clock on Thursday afternoon. Governor Stuart delivered the leading address. He arrived with a party of twenty prominent Southerners, accompanied by an imposing battalion known as the Richmond Blues, Virginia's finest military company, on Wednesday.

Governor Emmet Derby Boyle of Nevada and a large party of prominent Nevadans arrived on Wednesday to participate in the Nevada Day exercises in the afternoon. Two former governors of Nevada, Tasker L. Oddie and Jewett W. Adams, were present at the exercises, which were held at the Nevada building at 3 o'clock.

All records for attendance were broken on July 5, when 187,429 people passed through the gates.

The international jury of awards has awarded to the United States government twenty-eight grand prizes in competition with twenty-one other countries. The prizes were given as follows: Treasury Department—Four grand prizes for exhibits of public health, mint, coast guard, and collective exhibits; War Department—Three grand prizes for engineering corps, Mississippi River commission, and collective exhibits; Navy Department—Two grand prizes for collective exhibits and yards and docks; Postoffice Department—One grand prize for model postoffice; Department of the Interior—Five grand prizes, two for reclamation service exhibits and one each for collective exhibits, mines, and government survey; Department of Commerce—Six grand prizes, two for bureau of standards and one each for collective exhibits, coast survey, bureau of fisheries, and census bureau; Department of Labor—Three grand prizes of mining, labor statistics, and children's bureau; American National Red Cross—Two grand prizes, one for social economy and one for service exhibit in Liberal Arts Palace; Panama Canal—Four grand prizes for dredging system, sanitary exhibits, photography, and engineering features.

The Japanese commission has been notified by the superior jury of awards that Japanese exhibitors have been awarded thirty-nine grand prizes, 139 medals of honor, 346 gold medals, 470 silver medals, 376 bronze medals, and 141 honorable mentions, making a total of 1512 awards. Besides these, three medals of honor, six gold medals, four silver medals, and three bronze medals were given to collaborators.

## Statues in Russia.

Before erecting a statue in Russia it is customary to submit the design for the approval of the people concerned. In many cases a wooden model of the statue to be erected in the exact spot where the complete statue is to stand. If the majority do not approve of the design it is withdrawn and another



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substituted. This custom has resulted in Russia having probably the best memorial groups and statues of any country. Russians call the city of Moscow "Holy Mother Moscow," because it is the centre around which grew the great empire of the Czar. There are five hundred churches and cathedrals in Moscow and many hundreds of smaller shrines. The Kremlin, at Moscow, is the keystone of Russian history. The men who lived and ruled from the Kremlin are the ones who built this mighty empire. In no equal area in the world is there crowded such an array of historic cathedrals and monasteries, sacred relics, trophies of war, sacerdotal robes, tombs of human saints, gold and silver vessels, precious stones, pearls and jewels to the value of millions of dollars. The battlements of the Kremlin, originally made of wood, were later constructed of masonry by artisans imported for that purpose from Italy. These architects constructed the present imposing battlements and taught the people of Russia how to manufacture good brick and mortar. In Russia all government officials, high and low, all school-teachers, university professors, postmasters, etc., wear uniforms.

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## NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT.

THE LUTHER BURBANK COMPANY, San Francisco, California.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors of The Luther Burbank Company, a corporation, held on the 29th day of June, 1915, an assessment of one (\$1.00) dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of said corporation, payable immediate to Ross Thompson, Assistant Secretary of the corporation, at the office of the company, Burbank Building, Market and Deale Streets, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 2d day of August, 1915, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on the 21st day of August, 1915, to pay the delinquent assessment together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

ROSS THOMPSON,

Assistant Secretary and Acting Secretary of The Luther Burbank Company.

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Have you no friends?" asked the recorder. "No, judge: nothin' but relatives."—*Newburgh Journal*.

"Whisky, my friend, has killed more men than bullets." "That may be, sir; hut, bejahers, I'd rather be full of whisky than bullets."—*London Opinion*.

*Katie (very earnestly)*—If you had never met me, darling, would you have loved me just the same? *George (fervently)*—Yes, dearie—more.—*Cartoon*.

*Mr. Mudd*—Now where the deuce is that carhureter? *Mrs. Mudd*—Why, John, I heard you swearing at it, so I threw the horrid thing in the ditch.—*Judge*.

"What makes you think Dauber will succeed as a painter?" "He has the soul of an artist and the perseverance of a hook agent."—*Philadelphio Public Ledger*.

*Hokus*—What's the matter with Fluhduh? He looks as though he didn't have a friend in the world. *Pokus*—Oh, he's still keeping his New Year resolutions.—*Judge*.

"Doppel hates to spend money." "I'll tell you how much. If it were possible to take gas every time he parts with a dollar, he'd take it."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

*The Lady of the House (to gos company collector)*—Yus, an' the only difference between the Germans' had gas an' yours is Germans don't charge for it!—*Passing Show*.

*Magistrote*—It appears to be your record, Mary Moselle, that you have been thirty-five times previously convicted of drunkenness. *The Prisoner*—No woman is perfect.—*Judge*.

"My doctor told me I would have to quit eating so much meat." "Did you laugh him to scorn?" "I did at first; but when he sent in his bill I found he was right."—*Dollos News*.

*Music Dealer*—And here's the "Lucia" sextet—a very popular record. *Mrs. Rox (virtuously)*—No, not for a family machine; there's too much of this sex business nowadays.—*Puck*.

*The Sultan*—I want to speak to you about the light of the harem. *Grand Vizier*—The beautiful Fatima? *The Sultan*—No, the gas bills. They're getting too goldarn high.—*Boston Globe*.

*Modge*—Have you really found that absence makes the heart grow fonder? *Morjorie*—Indeed I have! Since Charlie went away I've learned to love Jack ever so much more.—*Topeka Journal*.

*English Visitor*—Did you ever know of an American having an old family servant? *American Hostess*—Of course. Why, I have a cook that has been with me over a month!—*New York Sun*.

"Don't hate a man because he has lots of money," counsels a Eureka philosopher. "Cultivate his acquaintance and see if there isn't some honest way you can separate him from some of it."—*Kansas City Star*.

*London Householder*—Not many people away holiday-making in war time, I suppose. *Milkman*—Well, mum, you'd be surprised; at least five gallons of my customers were away last week-end.—*Punch*.

"See that man over there?" "Yes—very ordinary looking. What's he ever done?" "Well, he aint much for looks, hut he can come nearer findin' a drink in a dry town than any other man ye ever seen."—*Kansas City Star*.

"I notice you consult that man frequently." "I have a great respect for him," said Congressman Fluhduh. "As to why?" "I offered him a little piffing office once and he wouldn't give up a good, paying business to accept it."—*Pittsburgh Post*.

"He is a very distinguished-appearing man. A captain of industry, I'll bet." "You're wrong. He drives a jitney." "How do you know?" "I tapped him on the shoulder with my fan, and he reached back under his arm for a nickel."—*Houston Post*.

*Tourist*—How far is it to the village of Slocum? *Notice*—Foive mile, sir. But you be walking away from it. *Tourist*—But the sign-post directed me this way! *Notice*—Ah, yes! But we've 'ad all the signposts turned round to fool the Zeppelins.—*Passing Show*.

*Young Lady (on first visit to Western ranch)*—For what purpose do you use that coil of line on your saddle? *Cowpuncher*—That line, as you call it, lady, we use for catching cattle and horses. *Young Lady*—I dare say. Now, may I ask, what do you use for bait?—*Chicago News*.

"You see that old chap? The war's cost 'im a pretty penny." "Ow's that?" "Well, 'e used to 'ang round our works money-lending. Lend a hoh to any man 'oo 'ad a middle-of-the-week thirst, and get eightencepence back from 'im on Saturday. And all the chaps

'oo've gone to enlist took it out of old Tom by horrowin' a boh on their last day. He says this war's a disgrace to civilization."—*Manchester Guardian*.

*Patience*—I don't think I could possibly marry a man for his money. *Patrice*—No, I

don't think you possibly could.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"We must have an organ to support us," said the practical politician. "Just what I was saying to my monkey," observed the itinerant musician.—*Baltimore American*.

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THIRTY-NINTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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**A Little Issue and a Big One.**

Viewed normally, the contention between the Municipal Railroad and the United Railroads is this: There are certain tracks in lower Market Street which the two systems under a formal agreement use in common. This agreement was entered into prior to recent extensions of the Municipal System; but the cars of the new extensions have been operated over the tracks in question. When the Exposition came on the United Railroads wished to run certain of its cars, not definitely arranged for in the original agreement, over the same tracks, but this privilege was denied by the municipal authorities upon the ground that it would play into the hands of a rival of the Municipal System.

Then came the United Railroads into Judge Sturtevant's court with a protest against the use of the tracks in question by the newly-extended lines of the Municipal System. The argument was to this effect: While the contract of common user specified "all cars" of the Municipal System, it must be held to relate only to the system as it was at the time the agreement was made. Lines of the Municipal System not in existence

at the time of the making of the contract have no right to come in under the contract. This was the contention of the United Railroads. It was sustained by Judge Sturtevant with many citations to similar renderings of the law in other and similar cases.

Now the *Argonaut* is no lawyer. It will not pretend to say whether Judge Sturtevant in his interpretation of the law was right or wrong. But the *Argonaut* does know that Judge Sturtevant is a man of intelligence and a lawyer of respectable standing and a judge approved by the bar as fit and worthy. His judgment is entitled to consideration for whatever it may be worth legally. There is a way to correct it if it be wrong—a method calculated to get at a right judgment without excitement of any kind or injustice to anybody.

But what do we see? We see a furious campaign in the *Examiner* newspaper, not only against Judge Sturtevant's decision, but against Judge Sturtevant himself. He is denounced broadly as a traitor to the interests of the city because, forsooth, he has read the law in a way which supports a contention urged under the law by a business rival. Apparently the *Examiner* would have had Judge Sturtevant adjudge the case before him, not upon considerations of law, but in the interest of the Municipal Railroad System, right or wrong, because, forsooth, that system belongs to "the people."

What further do we find? We find the mayor and the whole municipal government, aided by an ex-Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, engaged in a personal campaign against Judge Sturtevant, not in the ways provided by law, but before the public. Stories of ridiculous fliminess respecting Judge Sturtevant's career and character are popularly exploited. There is talk fast and furious of "going for" Judge Sturtevant under a recall procedure. Everything and anything calculated to stimulate public feeling against a judge who rendered a decision presumably in accordance with his reading of the law is thus promoted by official authority.

Need we wonder that the spirit of anarchy is abroad in the land when a great public journal and a city government thus combine to hound a judge for a decision made in due order, and presumptively right, and, taking it at the worst possible, reflective only of mistaken judgment? When social forces of established prestige and fixed authority thus combine to play upon the sensibilities of the public, what hope is there of respect for constituted authority, for government by law, for maintenance of the orderly structure of society?

Viewed in the light of its larger relationships and its possible consequences, the incident becomes one of grave importance. Not that it matters seriously who may or may not use the tracks in lower Market Street, but as to whether or not we are to have interpretation of the law by men dedicated to that work, or by newspapers and politicians under appeal to popular (and ignorant) feeling. Under analysis the issue becomes this: Are we to have government in orderly and decent fashion under the law; or are we to abandon the law and turn over the business of government to conflict of interests and prejudices under appeal of newspaper and official demagogues? This is the real issue; and, men and brethren, it is a mighty serious one.

**Mr. Roosevelt "Coming Back."**

Information in the form of a dispatch, manifestly authorized, to the effect that Mr. Roosevelt is "frankly contemplating return to the Republican party" may hardly be called news. Now for some months the Colonel has been edging in, so to speak, with the obvious purpose of getting back into the old affiliation. One evidence of this intent was his refusal some months ago to meet and counsel with that extreme element of Progressivism which has yet to discover that naught remains of the famous movement excepting the necessity for burying it. Another and even more

significant indication of the Colonel's mind is the fact that he recently broke his long-sustained intimacy with the Pinchot brothers, Amos and Gifford, and with some others of the radical type.

The truth is that Colonel Roosevelt is politically and otherwise a very lonesome man. His genius is not for detachment. He is none of your last-ditch enthusiasts. Martyrdom has no charms for him. His idea is to win; and if he doesn't win he tries something else. He might under the excitement of conflict die for a cause. But he lacks the moral stamina to live on and on for a cause.

Again, it may be dawning upon the Rooseveltian mind that much that he—and others—mistook for personal ability came to him by absorption or even a more direct process. Very active of mind, Mr. Roosevelt has never been a profound or persistent thinker. Perhaps no man of large public career ever gained more or so much through conscious or unconscious borrowing from others. All through his career until now he has had the advantage of inspiring associations. The driving force of his career he has, unquestionably, supplied himself, but his ideas have largely been borrowed or absorbed. In his recent detachment from Mr. Taft, Mr. Root, Mr. Murray Butler, and others of his old-time associates he has suffered not merely the loss of a sustaining and friendly atmosphere, but failure of the real sources of his working ideas. And he, essentially a "practical man"—we have it from a record of his own making—has found small compensation in contact with the dreamers and half-baked theorists of his recent Progressive affiliation. Obviously Mr. Roosevelt would like to get back into the old and stimulating atmosphere; and one step towards it he conceives to be reaffiliation with the Republican party.

It goes without saying that any man with a following is welcome in any political organization. Yet we think it more than questionable if Mr. Roosevelt may return to the party of his historic connection in anything like his old form. There is a proverb which declares political memories to be short. But it is not forgotten and can not be forgotten, certainly not for many years to come, that through pique and personal vanity and the ruthlessness of a colossal ambition, Mr. Roosevelt brought about the defeat of the Republican party in 1912. He can come back, of course, in the sense of rejoining the party. But unless we very much misconceive political human nature, his return must be in a distinctly reduced and relatively humble form. If he has any idea of rushing in with three whoops and a double somersault and landing in the centre of the stage he would better dismiss it. The party, neither in its leadership nor in its rank and file, will have it so. There are too many of us who can never be brought to trust him again.

The breach between Mr. Roosevelt and the vital leaders of Republicanism is a permanent one. No more can he ever be the friend of Mr. Taft, whom he betrayed, of Mr. Root, whom he slandered, or of a multitude of lesser lights who can not forget that in 1912 he played a rôle at once childish and disloyal. There remain in active party life a good many men who for official favors bestowed and accepted, still hold themselves somewhat in Mr. Roosevelt's debt. There is, too, a certain magic in the historical character of one who has played Mr. Roosevelt's part in the world. And still throughout the country there remains a considerable element capable of being cajoled by the Rooseveltian preachments on "righteousness," "social justice," and other like verbal clap-trap. Much, too, may still attach to high energies and high pretensions. Mr. Roosevelt may, we think, command a place in the Republican party and hold himself a certain force in it. But it will not be the place.

There is still another fact portentous in its meaning



upon Mr. Roosevelt's political future. The Roosevelt of today is not in his individual character the Roosevelt of another day. Time and stress of life, alas, have left upon this one-time idol marks mental, moral, physical. Every man, so the philosophers tell us, becomes ultimately a reflection of his own habits of living and thinking. Shakespeare gives us the fine symbolical figure of "The hand of the dyer." In his changed character Mr. Roosevelt proves the rule. No man may play the part assumed by Mr. Roosevelt this ten years past—no man may abandon himself to the hypnotisms of vanity and ambition, yield to rages and hatreds, wield maliciously the hand of power, overbear, browbeat, cajole, deceive—no man may do these things and come out of it wise in heart, pure in feeling. If the Roosevelt of today is a less potent and less worthy quantity than the Roosevelt of long ago, the change may easily be explained. If the man be mentally deteriorated, morally shop-worn, verily the fault is his own. Mr. Roosevelt, if the truth be told, has become a victim to the reaction of the many and furious passions which in recent years have marked his career and marred his character.

### The German Problem.

It may help to understanding—perhaps we would better say comprehension—of the problem to briefly review the facts:

England, finding herself through the superiority of her navy in control of the sea, enforced closure of the German ports. Ships were not allowed either to come or to go, the avowed purpose being to prevent the Germans from importing supplies of any kind. Under German interpretation this policy was defined as an effort to "starve out" the German civil population.

Germany, being unable to meet the British navy in traditional warfare, resorted to other means. She declared the region round about the British Isles to be a "war zone" and planted it with explosive mines. She put into commission a large force of submarines, which proceeded to lie in wait for British ships. Many were destroyed—likewise by mistake several ships that were not British, including two or three American ships. Under the old practice it was required—in fact it had become a recognized rule of war—that before sinking a merchant ship opportunity of escape should be given to all non-combatants, crew and passengers alike. Under the conditions of submarine warfare this rule is impracticable and it has been disregarded by the Germans. Wherever they have chanced to come upon a British ship, or one which appeared to be British, they fired upon her from under water, usually without warning, sending ship, crew, and passengers to the bottom of the sea.

With reference to two specific instances of this kind resulting in the death of several American citizens the United States made formal protest, declaring the whole system of submarine warfare as pursued by Germany to be inhumane and illegal; declaring further that the United States would hold Germany to "strict accountability" for any injury done to American citizens.

Then came the case of the *Lusitania*, involving the calculated death at the hands of a German submarine of something more than a thousand non-combatants, of whom more than a hundred were citizens of the United States.

With direct reference to this massacre—for it was nothing less—the Washington government addressed to the German government a note in positive tone. It protested in the name of humanity against a method of warfare in disregard of international rules long established and respected. It demanded abandonment of a method of warfare thus disregarding of humane considerations. It reasserted the right of citizens of neutral countries to travel on merchant ships, and asserted the purpose of the United States to stand upon her rights under the traditional rules of war. The letter was in effect an ultimatum requiring of Germany that she bring the practice of her submarines into conformity with established and recognized usages of warfare.

The German reply set forth certain theories with respect to the character of the *Lusitania*. She was declared to be an auxiliary warship and thus subject to hostile attack. There was further attempt to justify her destruction on the ground that she carried as freight quantities of war material intended to be used against German soldiers. Then followed many expres-

sions of cordiality towards the United States. But—most significant omission—there was no reference to the demand of the United States that Germany's methods of submarine warfare be so modified as to bring them into conformity with the established usages of war.

The answer of the Washington government was a note of studied mildness. It controverted the German theory as to the character of the *Lusitania*, maintaining that she was not a warship and reasserting the right of American citizens to travel from country to country upon any merchant vessel. This note concluded with a reassertion of the demands of the first *Lusitania* note.

Now we have in reply a second note from Germany, very respectful and friendly in tone, but ignoring the main point at issue. It reasserts the traditional goodwill between the United States and Germany and declares the wish of the last-named country to respect the lives and interests of Americans. It suggests a system of identification for Americans traveling in the regions involved in war, with much else of friendly import and intent, but it is silent with respect to the broader demands of the Washington government—either those urged under the rights of international law or the broader demand in the name of humanity.

In the meantime there has been no radical change in German submarine policy. Submarine activity goes on practically as before. One ship transporting war materials to Europe has been destroyed with all on board, including ten American citizens. Manifestly Germany does not intend to yield to the demand of the Washington government. Whether it be in accord with international law or not, whether it be allowable under humane considerations or not, she proposes to employ both defensively and offensively the one means at her command—the submarine. The use of this agency of warfare in any effective way is obviously incompatible with the traditional and legal rules of war. None the less Germany will not be debarred from employing an agency which she finds effective either because under old traditions it may be called illegitimate and inhumane, or because the United States insists upon its abandonment.

Now, what are we going to do about it? The question is a very serious one. In truth we are in a bit of a hole. If we shall reassert the demands of the first and second *Lusitania* notes it will amount to an ultimatum. And if Germany shall decline this ultimatum—as surely she will—then we shall have either to fish or to cut bait. In plain words, we shall have either to back down or to fight. If, on the other hand, we make polite and indefinite answer to the German letter, ignoring her failure to answer our specific demand, that will in effect be a retraction—a backing-down. Again, what are we going to do about it?

This is the question which just now is exercising the minds of President Wilson and his Secretary of State. It is the most serious question an American administration has had to consider since the Venezuela incident of twenty and more years ago. There are three alternatives: (a) to show the white feather; (b) to literally hold Germany to "strict accountability," which would mean war; (c) to demand of Germany in the briefest possible terms a direct reply, yes or no, to the demands of the two previous *Lusitania* notes, and if answer should be declined, or if it should come in unsatisfactory form, then to sever diplomatic relations. This, while short of war, would be an assertion of the moral resentment of the United States.

If we had not before us the record of President Wilson's dealings with Mexico it would be possible to speak with greater assurance of the probable course of the Washington government in this newer and more serious crisis. In consideration of the element of stubbornness in the President's character we should say that he would not back down—that he would stand to his guns, no matter what the consequence might be. But, albeit the apparent stubbornness of the Wilsonian character, we have seen that under pressure the Wilson mind is able to reverse itself. Mr. Wilson sent an army to Mexico in enforcement of a demand for a salute in condonement of a constructive insult. The army camped half a year on Mexican soil and returned—without the salute. At Indianapolis half a year ago the President declared that Mexico was none of our affair. Since then he has taken another view of the matter and, while avoiding anything like effective

action, is regarding Mexico as very much our affair, as illustrated in the arrest and detention of General Huerta. Stubborn as he appears to be, the President has none the less in the course of the last two and a half years been on every side of the Mexican question excepting the right side.

What course will the President take with respect to the German crisis? He ought in respect of his own stand and of the dignity of the country to reassert his original position in so far as it relates to the legal rights of American citizens, and to demand a categorical answer. If the answer should be no, or if it should come in the form of another evasive note, then German representatives in this country should be given their passports. The United States ought to break friendship with any country which declines to respect the rights of its citizens under international law. Probably it would not result in war. But if war should come we should meet it precisely as we should any other calamity forced upon us by circumstances beyond our control. The *Argonaut* ventures the prophecy that Mr. Wilson will not take this course. He will, we think, in effect back down—not indeed in words, but by acts. He will write a new note to the Berlin government positive enough in its terms. But there will be nothing behind it. It will be neither more nor less than a new chapter in a long-drawn-out diplomatic correspondence. The interchanges will continue until the end of the war and the issues raised by the President will then be determined by an international council. This is the *Argonaut's* guess and the *Argonaut* piques itself upon its character as a guesser.

### Bayonets and Beer.

Soldiers in the European war, says Miss Jane Addams, must be made drunk before they will obey their officers' commands for bayonet charges. The Germans, continues Miss Addams amusingly, are made drunk on beer—a tedious process, one would suppose—the French on absinthe, and the British on rum.

It will be remembered that Miss Addams has just returned to America after the farcical proceedings at The Hague in connection with the so-called peace conference of women. Upon the conclusion of the conference Miss Addams seems to have visited various European capitals and to have made her personal appeal to all responsible statesmen within reach. It need hardly be said that this appeal had no effect whatever. There was no possibility that it should have any effect. We may suppose that not a single one of the statesmen concerned had ever heard of Miss Addams or looked upon her other than as an amiable eccentric whom it might be well to humor.

And this is precisely the way in which most of her own countrymen will look upon her, and with a full recognition of the splendid social work that she has accomplished in Chicago. Probably it was the deserved distinction accorded to her for this work that has thus lured her into a field for which she is wholly unsuited and where she has come perilously near to making herself ridiculous. The women who obeyed the summons to The Hague might as well have remained at home and sung hymns. It would have been just as effective. Miss Addams might just as well have saved herself from a round of visits to busy officials who must have regarded her intrusion as an amusing annoyance. Did she actually suppose that she could succeed where the veteran statesmen of the neutral world are perplexed and thwarted day after day?

Miss Addams's incapacity to understand even the elementary conditions of war is shown by the supremely silly remarks that have been quoted. Bayonet charges are usually in the nature of impromptu, a sudden snatch at opportunities that may or may not occur. Moreover, the average soldier after monotonous days and weeks in the trenches is apt to look upon the bayonet charge as the shining reward of patience, as something worth longing for and waiting for. The idea of thousands of men being "doped," as Miss Addams says, and with beer, too, for a bayonet charge that may never come at all has at least the advantage of making us laugh. Miss Addams should remember that she is speaking of men and trained soldiers, not of young ladies.

In point of fact we have a superfluity of amateur peacemakers, and they have done far more harm than good. The best of all services to the cause of peace just at present is an individual inconspicuousness, and



this of course is extraordinarily hard for those who have once tasted the delights of distinction.

### Washington Notes.

The arrest and detention of General Huerta is now seen to be a colossal blunder. This is the view of it taken by all the Washington diplomats and shared by the authorities of the army. Several men high in the government hold the same view. It appears that the arrest and prosecution of Huerta is due to the activities of certain very young detectives of the Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice. This bureau has taken over the general work once done by the secret service of the Treasury Department and has largely expanded it. The bureau has been very active in Mexican matters and has a number of men on the border. It appears that these men have been in close relations with the Carranza and Villa forces, and that it is from these sources that they drew their reports as to Huerta and his purposes. Thus it appears that the action of the United States in arresting and detaining Huerta stands upon a foundation of information supplied by his Mexican rivals and enemies. It is a nice business all round. But what is to be done with Huerta? Nobody seems to know, and the question is becoming embarrassing.

Holt's bomb in the Capitol and his attack on Morgan created little surprise at Washington because recent months—the period since the war began—have been marked by crank threats and petty demonstrations. The White House, cabinet officers, and every man prominent in the government have been overwhelmed with crank letters, some of them of a very violent type, and it is a dull day when one or more cranks are not arrested at the White House while demanding to see the President. The country has not heard of these things because there is an unwritten law at Washington to the effect that correspondents are to make the least possible out of the sayings and doings of cranks. The first news of the bomb in the Capitol threw the authorities into confusion. It was not that they had no clue, but that they had so many. Acts of this sort had been hinted at in scores of letters that had been received by different officials, by different persons. Unquestionably the war in Europe has thrown many weak-minded persons like Holt off their mental balance. There are fears of other manifestations, and all high officials and public structures are under careful observation. The President's movements, while not restrained, are carefully shielded.

Neither in official nor in military circles at Washington are German protests against the sale of munitions of war to the Allies by American manufacturers taken very seriously. The reason is that Germany has been very active in this kind of business for a long time. The Krupp works have been selling cannon and other Krupp products to all buyers for forty years and more. German manufacturers supplied the English both with arms and ammunition in the war against the Boers. Italy, too, was supplied with arms from German sources under commercial arrangement, in her war with Turkey, Germany's own ally. It is by these means that the German capacity to produce munitions has been sustained. She has been able to build up and keep in motion vast establishments for producing the materials of war by the aid of other and purchasing nations.

Brother Josephus Daniels's latest contribution to the gayeties of the naval service is in the form of model laundries installed aboard our warships. No longer does the jackie address himself to the old tubs and washboards. In future laundry work will be done by patent processes. Along with tub and washboard will go the familiar line of flapping clothes running from yard-arm to deck—a sight curiously contrasting with the frowning personality of a warship. Under the new régime washing and drying clothes will be done below decks. A nominal fee will be paid by the jackies for laundry work.

It has been announced by the Secretary of the Navy that the Navy Department will not be represented this year in the national rifle matches established some twelve years ago. These matches are held under the auspices of the National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice, made up of army, navy, marine, and national guard officers, with the Assistant Secretary of State as *ex-officio* president. It is an official body and its name tells its purpose. This year the matches will

be held at Jacksonville, Florida. The regular infantry, the regular cavalry, the national guard of all states save three, the marine corps, and many civilian rifle clubs will be represented by picked teams. These matches are the big event in the rifle-shooting world. They are precisely in support of President Wilson's suggestion of "a citizenry trained and accustomed to arms" as the nation's chief defense. But Brother Daniels holds that this activity is not necessary to the proper conduct of the navy and he will permit no navy team to attend.

### THE THEATRE OF WAR.

The events of the week have fully justified the doubts that were generally felt as to the strategic value of the German successes in Galicia. It became evident at the beginning of the week that the defense was becoming stronger and that the attack was becoming weaker. It must necessarily be so. The German advance meant a lengthening of their lines of communication and increasing difficulties with big guns and wounded. On the other hand the Russian forces were on their own territory and steadily approaching their source of supplies and of reinforcements. We may take with the customary grain of salt the claims from Petrograd that the German advance had been definitely checked and that the Russians were once more on the offensive all along the line. The German advance was not, and is not, definitely checked, but it seems that its force has been greatly lessened. At some points the Russians have been on the aggressive, but it might be correct to say that something like a balance point has been reached and that at the moment there seems to be an equality of strength, a sort of oscillation from side to side. The Russian defensive lines stretch in a great curve from the west of Warsaw to Bukowina. The line has been broken or at least pushed sharply inward between Krasnik and the River Veprez on a forty-mile front, and it is the object of the Germans to push through this break and to head straight for Warsaw. Half way between Krasnik and Warsaw is the great fortress of Ivangorod, while due east of Warsaw is the equally strong fortress of Brest Litovsk. At one time it seemed possible that the Germans intended to make for Brest Litovsk and so attack Warsaw from the rear, but their present direction is toward Ivangorod. If the road should seem presently to be open for an advance on Warsaw from the southeast we may expect that there will be also an attack from the west and perhaps also from the north. At the present moment the advantage is with the Russians. The Austro-German forces attempting to rush northward through the gap to the east of Krasnik have been halted and driven back by a Russian attack from Lublin. This is admitted by the Austrian bulletins, which express a confidence to hold the Krasnik Heights—that is to say the Germans are on the defensive. Whether they will attempt an attack on Warsaw from the west and north remains to be seen. The reports seem to point that way.

Now an attempt to predict the result of the present attack upon Warsaw would be mere guesswork. But at least it may be said with some confidence that the chances of success have become distinctly less within the last few days. It is now clear that the Russian armies were not routed, nor anything like routed, that they withdrew in good order, and that they fought rear-guard actions all the way. We may remember also that Warsaw has already been threatened twice, and that upon each occasion the Grand Duke did as he has now done, retreating until the force of the rush had spent itself and taking instant advantage of the first sign of a weakening advance. To estimate his success upon this occasion would demand a knowledge of facts that is simply not obtainable, and the most vital of all these facts is the supply of ammunition. Probably it was the lack of ammunition that necessitated the withdrawal from the Carpathian passes, but even if there is still a lack it is not likely to be so severe, seeing that the Russian army is moving to meet the supply, so to speak. It may be said that to retreat and to fight rear-guard actions is a traditional feature of Russian strategy. And perhaps it may be permissible to repeat that the only success which can have any real strategical value for Germany is so to crush the Russian armies that they become negligible. Germany's imperative need is to transfer her forces, or a large part of them, from the east to the west. No less than nine German and Austrian armies have been engaged in the recent fighting between Southern Poland and Bukowina and they comprise about one million and a half men. Russia certainly had less than a million in the same field, and they were short of munitions. And it need hardly be said that the German soldier as an individual is vastly superior to the Russian.

There are stories that Germany is actually transferring men to the west and that she is doing this not only through Belgium, but also by the southern route along the Swiss frontier. Probably the facts, so far as they are facts, are capable of another interpretation. It is hardly credible that she is depleting her eastern forces at such a juncture as this. Stories from Holland say that 250,000 men have passed westward, and if this is so they are recruits from Germany, young and newly trained. The Swiss stories originate from the fact that the frontier has been rigorously closed, and of course if this is so it was with the object of concealing something. It may have been guns no longer needed in the east or impossible of transportation over the Russian roads, and that would be useful in the Alsace fighting or for the attack on Verdun. It is not, of course, wholly impossible that a certain number of men may have been detached from the eastern battle, and if so it would point to a German determination to rid Alsace

of the French at all costs. And this leads to a very interesting speculation which has been made by some eastern experts in international politics and that is at least worthy of mention, especially as it seems actually to emanate from Berlin. It is to the effect that Germany is preparing to claim peace on a basis of existing conditions. She has invaded the Russian possessions on the Baltic, and she is in possession of Belgium and northern France, and these territories are, of course, included in German territorial ambitions. With Galicia freed from the Russian invaders, and Alsace cleared of the French, she would be in a position to say that her own territory was intact and that she had gained in addition all that she wanted. It is true that Italy is in possession of a small part of Austria, but Germany could well afford to be indifferent to this, seeing that she herself recommended Austria to cede much more than this. At least Germany would be in an admirable position for a close bargain. That the Allies would not for a moment listen to such a proposal goes without saying, and it might even go far to prolong the war. At the same time we may be reasonably certain that every country in Europe is anxious for peace and that it is likely to come without the terrible appeal to utter exhaustion. France has no more men upon whom to call, and if Germany is losing 300,000 men a month the simplest of arithmetical calculations must produce interesting results. If there is actually such a plan as that outlined above there are at least two ways in which it might be thwarted. Russia may stiffen her resistance to a more formidable extent than ever, and the Allies may refuse to consider such a proposal, as they most certainly would refuse to consider it, especially in view of the further assurances from Berlin that such a peace would be only in the nature of a breathing space preparatory to a further attempt to crush Great Britain. In this connection we may note the statement just attributed to the emperor in conference with the Berlin bankers that the war will end in October.

There have been no strategically important events in the western field. There has been heavy fighting around Arras and a fresh attack upon Verdun, which failed. A distinct victory at either Arras or Verdun would be very serious for the defeated army, but at present a distinct victory seems unattainable. If the British could push forward but a few miles at Arras it would mean the retreat of the whole German line from the sea to Soissons, while if the Germans could take Verdun they would be able to straighten out the great loop which now terminates at St. Mihiel. Looking at the war maps that were drawn nine months ago, there is practically no change in the situation anywhere. The British have gained around Ypres and the Germans have gained beyond Noyon. The French have gained a little at La Bassée and Albert, and also near Pont à Mousson, but the most important French gain has been in Alsace north of Thann. But these gains appear to be very small and to have no strategical value, nor likely to have unless they are carried much further. The successful German attack on Souchez, six miles north of Arras, was of course intended to forestall a French attack. The Germans can not afford to lose ground here.

There has been a renewal of rumors of another German attempt upon Calais, and we hear of troops being massed for that purpose. There is probably no present foundation for such a belief. The defending lines are now much stronger than they have ever been, and they could be still further strengthened by new drafts from England in the course of a very few hours. Major Morant, the distinguished military expert of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, evidently foresees nothing sensational in that direction. He says: "It is not yet clear whether we ought to lay stress upon England's ammunition scarcity and the growing difficulty in recruiting up till now. We can only state that the waste of ammunition on the part of the enemy is still boundless, and that the losses at the front all have been replaced. We should be well advised to believe that England will succeed in reorganizing the production of ammunition and that the English armies in France will be able to maintain their present status."

And this leads us to the question of the whereabouts of the British army. Major Morant probably knows exactly what he is saying when he remarks that "the losses at the front all have been replaced." Doubtless they have been somewhat more than replaced, since the British army in France is certainly not less than a million men, and this in spite of the statement by Lord Lansdowne in the House of Lords that the number of men at the front is 400,000. Now the actual extent of the armies raised in Great Britain is problematical, but there are assuredly two million men who have not yet crossed the water, and perhaps there are three million. Private letters have been received in San Francisco from men who have been training steadily for six months and who are still wondering when they will get their marching orders. The munition difficulty has doubtless played its part in the delay, since it is evident that if there has been an actual shortage in France it would be useless to send new armies into the field. The military expert of the New York *Evening Post*, a critic of unusual competence, is probably right when he says that British policy forbids any effort being made by a portion only of available strength. The attack, when it is made, must be by forces so overwhelmingly strong and capable of such continuous fighting with all arms that success shall be reasonably assured. The same writer speaks of the formation of a "phalanx," a heavy mass of men, a huge human battering ram such as the Germans used in Galicia. Such a phalanx, he says, "is unquestionably now in the course of formation in northern France, and it will be made up of men as well as guns." The quantity of munitions needed for such an army is almost incalculable. To supply the army at the front is one thing, but to supply an army three or four times as



large is quite another. We may suppose that the real problem of munitions relates rather to the equipment of the new army than of the old. It would be fatal to dispatch it except with the assurance that it could maintain a continuous battle up to the point of complete success or complete defeat.

Submarine successes have naturally given an edge to the many speculations as to the ways in which the under-water terror can be evaded. The celebrated American aviator, Mr. Witner, is inclined to pin his faith to the aeroplane. He says that a sufficient number of aeroplanes could easily prevent the German submarines from coming within fifty miles of the Irish coast, and he can only suppose that Great Britain is unable to spare a sufficient number for that purpose. Mr. Witner's opinion is confirmed by that of Mr. Charles Dickinson, president of the Aero Club of Illinois. Mr. Dickinson says it is known that an aviator flying at an altitude of 300 to 500 feet can see from 150 to 200 feet beneath the surface of the water, and as a consequence detect the presence of any submarine craft under the surface of the water in the vicinity of the ship and warn it in sufficient time to allow of escape. A warship, says Mr. Dickinson apoposely, costs \$7,000,000 and a hydroplane \$7500. A hydroplane in attendance upon the *Lusitania* would probably have saved the ship.

In connection with Russia's ammunition problem the New York *Globe* quotes Dr. R. B. Ward of New Haven, Connecticut, who has just arrived from Russia. Dr. Ward says that the Arcangel Railroad has been taken over in its entirety by the government for the transport of munitions, and that munition-laden ships from England and Canada have been arriving almost daily. Dr. Ward says he left Petrograd about the middle of June and that there were no signs of discouragement. "Thousands of new troops are already in training and in readiness to be rushed to the front as soon as the danger of another shortage of ammunition is over. They are simply awaiting ammunition and equipment. Within ten miles of Petrograd over 60,000 troops are encamped ready for the word to go into action, and I was reliably informed as many more are in readiness in dozens of other places." Dr. Ward says that Russia is not receiving much help from Japan in the way of munitions, but that hundreds of Japanese officers are drilling the Russian troops in the use of heavy artillery. At his hotel in Petrograd there were seventeen of such officers who had served in the siege of Port Arthur and who made no secret of their presence or of what they were doing.

During the last few months we have heard a great deal about the American shells that are supposed to be working such havoc in Europe. We are told that but for these shells the war would have been over long ago and that they are of peculiarly good workmanship and accuracy. Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria is reported as saying that one of his regiments "was exposed to a murderous fire for about a week, 35,777 shells falling on them on the last day," and that probably fifty per cent of these French shells were of American manufacture. We now have the assurance of the French government that no shells whatever have been purchased in America and that therefore it is not the American shells that are responsible for the murderous fire. It seems, moreover, that the popular idea as to American ammunition for the Allies is wholly erroneous and that the course of the war has not been changed by one hair's breadth by such shipments from this country. It is true that large quantities of ammunition have been ordered here, but the first shipments upon any noticeable scale are only now being made and can not possibly have yet reached the front. Practically no American shells whatsoever have yet been fired in the European war, and it will still be a long time before these shells arrive in any appreciable quantity. And when they do arrive it will not be at the depots of the French army, which is occupying nearly the whole of the western front.

What has become of General von Hindenburg? It is now nearly two months since his name has been mentioned. The Galician victories have been won by Von Linsingen and Von Mackenzen. We hear occasionally of Austrian commanders, but of the grim old warrior who won at Tannenberg and in the Mazurian Lakes we hear not a word. It is suggested that Von Hindenburg is in command of a secret effort to reach Petrograd by way of the Gulf of Riga and that he will presently be well to the front once more. On the other hand there is a whisper that his popularity has proved a source of annoyance to other commanders and that he is being kept temporarily in abeyance until the balance of power shall be restored.

Movements of the Italian army are slow and there is still nothing in sight that resembles a pitched battle. This is due partly to caution, partly to the mountainous nature of the ground, and partly to bad weather. Italy has now 800,000 men at the front, and certainly a million men in reserve. Her battle front is about 320 miles in length. It stretches from Stelvio to Civedale, about twelve miles, thence to Lake Garda, about eighty-five miles, and thence to Marivolda, 116 miles. Other forces are stretched for thirty miles along the Carnic Alps, and for twenty miles between the Carnic and Julian Alps. There is also the army on the Adriatic, occupying about fifty-five miles.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 14, 1915.

SIDNEY CORYN.

One of the most sharply defined watersheds on this continent lies on the Minnesota-South Dakota boundary. From Lake Traverse the Red River of the North flows to the Arctic, while from Big Stone Lake, immediately adjacent, the Minnesota River finds its way into the Mississippi.

## THE WIDOW OF THE LATE SMITH.

No Wonder the Judge Said, "Boys, It's Hell!"

All five of the passengers were riding inside the coach, for it was a day in November—cold and cloudy, and a light snow was spasmodically falling. It was fairly good wheeling, as that word is understood in the Rockies, but six stout mules had all they could do to manage the coach. One moment they were groaning and straining up some steep incline; the next fairly lifted from their feet as we dashed furiously down a hill, our speed only partially checked by the brake, which Tommy the driver would frantically apply.

Every one in the West has a title of some sort, no matter whether he has a right to it or not, and the five men in the coach were known as the colonel, the major, the judge, the doctor, and the professor.

On the coach was an express-box, said to contain thirty thousand dollars in bullion, the product of the Greenwood mines. In a rack near the driver's feet hung two revolvers and a rifle. The road was considered safe enough, for no robbery had occurred there since the camp had been in existence, still the stage company preferred to take reasonable precautions. Hence the weapons.

It was at the end of one of Tommy's flowery periods (which came to our rescue when the coach, stuck fast at the foot of a veritable hill of difficulty, had at last been dragged up by the mules, inspired by the outpouring) that the gentleman occupying the middle seat (left) broke the silence. We knew him as Professor Blood, "the hull owner of the Blackeye mine of Greenwood and several others." It was at the close of Tommy's exhortation, I say, which began softly and slowly, then gradually increased in volume, speed, and power, until the flow was simply overwhelming, that the "professor" remarked pleasantly:

"Tommy seems to swear to'ably easy, I'm thinkin'. It's a great gift; wonderful what 'twill do sometimes. When I was a-teamin' it up to Leadville, I would bet willin' I could cuss a dead mule up a six-hundred-foot grade, with a load, and all by the parts o' speech. It's just like anythin' else, though, takes practice.

"Those was great days," he went on with a retrospective sigh, "great days. We was gettin' twenty and thirty cents a pound fur stuff, an' makin' slathers o' money; an' losin' it, too," he added, with a laugh. "I 'member comin' down over the divide one night alone, with three thousan' dollars in my pocket, when a d—d road agent held me up an' cleaned me out. I was pretty blamed mad, but I had to ante."

"I'd like to know," said the doctor, "how one or two men can stop and rob a dozen, all well-armed. It looks as if they had no nerve. I don't think I'd stand it."

The judge whistled softly at this remark; the major smiled and made a pretense of wiping the window with his coat-sleeve and looking out; the colonel expectorated mournfully. The professor alone was calm.

"Pardner," said he, looking the doctor in the eye, and tapping him gently on the knee as he spoke, "was you ever held up?"

The doctor shook his head.

"I thought likely," said the professor significantly. "Just look here, when you are stopped you ante quietly and perlately. It's runnin' too much of a risk to object. If any man is lookin' fur a chance to climb the golden stairs, through barin' of his buzzum for his fellow-creatures—without compensation—let him. It aint in my line, I'm pretty sure, an' so I say if ever you're held up you jest fork without any back talk—it's really the cheapest, and a long way the safest."

These sentiments seemed to meet with universal approval from the other occupants of the coach, and the doctor, quite crushed by the weight of opinion against him, relapsed into silence.

After this, conversation became desultory. Now and then a passenger would volunteer a remark, which sometimes elicited a reply and sometimes did not. Often, as the road led up some steep incline, we would get out and walk to restore by exercise the circulation in our benumbed limbs. Twice the coach stopped at relay stations, where fresh mules were harnessed in the place of the tired-out animals. The stations were nothing more than rough log stables, with accommodations for the men who fed and cared for the mules.

The snow had been falling all the afternoon in fine flakes, and had spread over the earth a thin white cover that partially hid the roughness of the mountains and whitened the light that came through the clouds, into which we sometimes drove. The road was becoming very heavy and our progress slow, when, to our relief, the coach, about four o'clock, entered a small park of a few hundred acres and pulled up in front of Sampson's—twelve miles from Leadville. While fresh mules were being harnessed we alighted, and stepped into the room that served as bar, office, parlor, and reading-room, for Sampson's was a hotel as well as a relay station.

The establishment was owned and managed by Mr. Sampson and his wife Almira, or to put it in another way, Sampson's and Sampson himself were controlled by Almira. A modern Delilah she, who, when she married Sampson, had, figuratively speaking, clipped his locks and left him deprived of all ambition. There was a rumor current that Sampson drank, a rumor not altogether without foundation, since no one had ever seen him entirely sober. His sole duty was to tend

bar, and when not occupied in ministering to the liquid wants of others he was looking after himself. There was but one beverage sold at Sampson's—whisky—though there hung upon the wall, back of the rough bar, an illuminated card, setting forth in fly-specked characters the superior merits of Hall's Jamaica Ginger.

We had not noticed at first, in the dim light of the room, the figure of a woman, clad in deep black and wearing a heavy veil drawn over her face. She sat in a dark corner and seemed to shrink from observation. But when Tommy entered, after looking to his cattle, and had fortified his nerves with four fingers of the "reglar thing," swallowed without a murmur, Almira took him aside and engaged him in earnest conversation, and her gestures then, for the first time, directed our attention to the woman.

Our halt was necessarily short, and we were soon back in the coach; the mules had been changed, and we were ready to start. But Tommy lingered, and when at length he appeared at the door, seemed in no hurry. He stood there, slowly drawing on his gloves and surveying the scene with a carelessly critical eye and an expression of countenance that seemed to indicate that as for him, if he were to be given the chance, he would make a good deal better world than this one—easy. In his mouth was a cigar, tipped up at such an angle that the glowing end nearly touched the wide brim of his sombrero. The major, irreverently inspired, voiced the sentiments of the party when he remarked in a drawling tone:

"I reckon that after bein' the angel Gabriel, for pure glory an' so forth, I'd rather be a driver to a coach than most anythin'!"

Just then there appeared in the doorway the lady in black, to whom Thomas gallantly offered his arm, and thus escorted to the coach. As they approached, the colonel gave a little groan. "We're goin' to have lovely woman along with us," he said, plaintively. Consternation was depicted on each face when the coach door was opened and Tommy, looking in, remarked authoritatively: "Sorry, gen'lemen, but I shall hev to trouble you. Here's a lady goin' to Leadville, an' she's goin' inside. Jump in, marm!" and in the young woman jumped with remarkable lightness, and took the vacant seat in the forward corner.

"Cunnel, you'll look after her," said Tommy at the door; "she's in my charge. Widder of Smith, she is; him that was killed down to the Walker mine last month, but she don't savy a word of English, bein' French."

As we pulled out the clouds parted for an instant and a bright ray of sunlight lit up the coach, striking full upon the dark veil of our new companion. It made briefly visible the outlines of her face, and those of us who were fortunate enough to catch a glimpse of it were convinced that the lady had great beauty. Indeed the judge, who had a happy facility of expression, acquired from a long, though not lucrative practice at the bar, leaned over to the doctor and whispered in tones of fervent admiration:

"She's as pretty as Cle-op-e-try, by Jove!" to which the doctor responded with an assenting nod of much vigor.

The presence of Mrs. Smith in the coach acted on the party as a little restraint, which the judge and the colonel vainly endeavored to dispel.

"Fond of travelin', ma'am?" said the latter, in his best off-hand style, as he leaned toward her and smiled handsomely. The lady made no reply, and the judge knocked the colonel's elbow.

"Sh! colonel!" he said; "you don't s'pose *she* understands you, when it's as much as *I* can do to untangle your ideas from your words. *She* speaks French!"

The colonel accepted the rebuke meekly, and made no further conversational effort. The road became more and more difficult as we advanced, and the fresh mules were unruly and drove very hard. Several times, in bad places, they had balked, and the coach had swung around in a way that would have upset a lighter vehicle, yet no exclamation of alarm escaped from the lady, who sat motionless in her corner.

"Terrible bad place to be held up 'long here," said the major, after an unusually long silence, during which the coach had slowly pounded over a huge rock and then slid off with an unpleasant scrunch. "I should hate to be stopped here, for I have a little matter of twelve hundred dollars about me, which I don't care to lose. Of course, we're all friends here?" he hastily asked.

We were, and then it came out that each man was carrying various sums of money, ranging from five hundred to four thousand dollars, the last amount being the property of the colonel, who described accurately how he had concealed it in a package, sewed in his clothing next to his body, where it was quite inaccessible to dishonest persons.

"I reckon it'll take a pretty smart chap to find that," he remarked complacently, as he slapped his hand on the spot where the treasure was concealed. We could not deny this, and murmurs of admiration were heard at his shrewdness. All this time—in fact, since we left Sampson's—the mysterious Mrs. Smith had not moved or changed her position. She still kept her veil down, and in the slowly waning light her black dress seemed to emphasize the shadows in the coach.

"Judge," said the major at length, "it must be lonesome for her. You're consid'able of a lingoist, couldn't



you give her a little touch in the native, just to be polite?"

The judge looked embarrassed and scratched his head confusedly.

"Why, mebbe I might rack out *some* French," he said, "it aint much to do, but er—what'll I say? You got to be mighty circumspec' in talkin' French to a lady—it's a terrible free langwidge."

Both the military men were impressed by this, the colonel particularly so, and for a moment his face was expressive of painful perplexity.

"Well, just say somethin' civil," he said at length: "ask her if she wants the winder up. 'Taint likely she does, but you might ask her."

"Oh, no! colonel," said the judge, "not that. That particular word winder—in French—here the judge lowered his voice to a whisper, 'is cussin', an' you'll hev to excuse *me*. That's where I draw the line."

"Well, chin your own way, then," said the colonel, testily, "though I reckon I can open a winder fur a lady—in French—without breakin' any of the commandments. Only say somethin' or we'll think you don't know how."

This was touching the judge on a tender spot, and looking at the colonel with an air of haughty dignity, he said, slowly:

"If it'll amuse the boys, I reckon I'll take a little pasear, though I'm a trifle rusty in my langwidges just now. Had consid'able practice, too, down in San Migell County."

Then, with a soft ahem and a flourish of his handkerchief, he leaned forward, and casting a bewitching glance at the lady, murmured:

"Buenos dias, señora. Habeis vosotros—er—that is—como esta vey?"

The lady made no answer; in fact seemed not to hear, but the judge was in novise disconcerted.

"Reckon she was thinkin' of the late lamented, and didn't wholly catch on to my idee," he remarked, pleasantly. "I'll open another lead," and again he smiled, as he murmured:

"These gen'l'men"—indicating us with a graceful and comprehensive sweep—"bein' gen'l'men, and well acquainted with good sassiety, hev asked me to pass their compliments to you, ma'am, which I now do. Er—el tiempo es bien inconstanty, señora, and esta—er—the judge concluded the sentence with a gesture. "It's a little remark in the vernacular of the French," he explained, "an' I reckon it'll fetch her."

It certainly did seem to have some effect, for the lady uttered a sound strangely like a chuckle, but said nothing.

"Judge," said the colonel, after waiting a reasonable time for an answer, "I'm afraid your langwidges have been—so to speak—tamp'ered with. I've always allowed there was *some* difference between French and Spanish *myself*."

The judge waxed indignant. "A joke's a joke an' all right," he said, "but I didn't s'pose there was a man here but knowed the roots of the two langwidges was the same, an' if you can only confine your talkin' to roots—an' you gen'rally can in genteel sassiety—it makes no odds whether it is French or Spanish."

"All right, judge, all right," said the colonel, soothingly: "of course, we know'd that well an' good, but a man must have his little joke now an' then. But ask her—in your roots—if she's any objection to smoke."

The judge, partly mollified, did not essay this in speech, but beginning even farther back than "roots," managed to ask the question by signs. The lady nodded her assent with vivacity, and drawing a silver case from her pocket, took therefrom a cigarette, which, after raising her veil a little, she placed between her lips. At first we were amazed, but the colonel, with that *savoir vivre* which had always distinguished him and made him so popular with the sex, quickly recovered himself, and gallantly offered the lady a light, which she graciously accepted. Then murmurs of admiration were heard. The major audibly compared her to "a butterfly and a whippoorwill, by gad!" The colonel swore that "she took him, blamed if she didn't," while the judge repeated his former opinion, and declared that "she was a reg'lar Cle-op-e-try from the word go." The professor was silent, but I have reason for believing that he indorsed all the others.

"What I admire in lovely winmin," said the colonel, as we sat there quietly smoking, "is the er—the ability she possesses to adapt herself to circumstances, as illustrated in the above. We are all friends here—in course—so we can be comfortable, but I'm safe in sayin' I shall be glad to get to Leadville. That little matter of four thousand dollars I got sewed into my—judge, sure the lady can't understand English—my—in fact, gen'l'men, my shirt," said the colonel frankly, again indicating the exact location of the treasure, "is a tax on my mind, an' I want to git it off."

Outside, the snow had ceased falling, and the dusk of a winter's evening was slowly deepening into darkness. High up on the slope that rose on our right stood a solitary pine-tree, that had pushed its way through the rocks, and now stood, lonesome and sad, by night and day, keeping a melancholy watch on the valley. The sun, long since hidden to us below, shot a ray as a good-night message, and for an instant the tree was ablaze; then the light died quickly out and we were in semi-darkness again. The road wound its way around the face of a high cliff; on one side towered a wall of rock sheer three hundred feet; on the other sunk an un-

soundable chasm. Tommy sat on the box, his two lamps lit, and his tongue playing a rapid accompaniment to his whip. Inside the small reflector at the end of the coach only served to make the night without seem darker than it was. Silently we sat there smoking, the ends of our cigars alternately glowing and dimming in the dingy air. An unusual volley of oaths from the box, a cracking of whips, a shouting, and then the stopping of the coach with a lurch startled us out of our quiet. Then a shout from Tom as he spoke to his cattle, and a voice, ringing like a bugle, was heard from the rocks above:

"Come! none o' that! Make a straight haul for it, d—n you! Throw off that box! Lively now! Put up your hands an' git down! Every one of you, *git down!*"

Sorrowfully we obeyed. The description the professor had given a few hours before of our probable sensations was exactly true. A pair of six-shooters, held in the hands of a stalwart man, whose face was partly concealed by a black mask, hastened our descent, and in a moment we found ourselves ranged in line, with our hands above our heads, a meek, unhappy, cowed group. At one end of the line stood Tommy, swearing savagely at his luck; at the other stood the colonel, cool, impassive, dignified, confident in the security of his treasure. The last to descend was the widow, but a widow no longer, for out of the coach there sprang an active young fellow, of slender but sinewy build, smooth-shaven, dressed in the conventional garb of the Western rider, and carrying in his hand a nickel-plated six-shooter. And this was Mrs. Smith—who did not speak English. Any one standing near the judge at that time, might have heard an exclamation, both forcible and profane. The "widow" heard it, for with a little laugh he (or she) touched his finger to his lips and said:

"Hush, judge! that's cussin', an' you draw the line there, you know."

And then he proceeded to search the pockets of his fellow-travelers, as if it were a very commonplace affair, which it certainly was not, and relieve them of their valuables, his associate keeping guard meantime. Down the line he went, doing his work quickly but carefully, but before he was done the other began to grow impatient.

"Hurry up, Jim!" he said; "aint you most through? We're late."

"All done but this one," said Jim, the quondam widow, as he halted before the colonel; "he's got four thousand dollars sewed plum to his shirt. I reckon I'll hev to rip the old coon open to git it." Saying which he drew his knife, and with a quick movement, as if to disembowel the colonel, slipped the point through his clothing, and with a wrench pulled out the package.

"Sorry to trouble you, gents," said the larger man, bowing politely, "but I won't detain you much longer, fur I know you want to git to Leadville. I hope this old gen'l'men," pointing to the rent in the colonel's dress, "won't take cold. He must be careful—good men are scarce." The colonel snorted. "You will kindly stand just where you are till I give the word. There is a few friends of mine a-lookin' at us from them rocks, and I really wouldn't move very much if I was you—I really wouldn't, for their guns is all hair-triggers an' dreadful liable to go off. You won't move now, will you?"

We would not! Wild horses could not have dragged us from that spot, for up in the rocks we fancied we could see two shining barrels, aimed truly at us, and we were really anxious to remain quiet. Before we knew it we were alone; our new acquaintances had vanished in the dusk, and an instant later we heard the same voice, ringing out above us:

"Git into the coach now and git!"

And we got.

But we were no longer the cheerful party we had been. Outside we could hear Tommy swearing all sorts of new and exuberant oaths, at himself, the company, the mules, the coach, and the road-agents. Inside not a word was spoken until the judge, stooping down, lifted into view the black skirt that the former widow had worn. A sad smile stole over his face and he whispered, mournfully:

"Boys, it's just hell!"

FORBES HEERMANS.

Kerosene to extinguish fire was recently used with good effect at Calexico, in Imperial Valley, California. The fire in question somehow started in bales of cotton. Now a cotton bale is subjected to a very heavy pressure; water will penetrate it but an inch or so, whereas kerosene will go clear to the centre. A fire in a cotton bale does not blaze, but simply smolders and eats its way into the bale. At the comparatively low temperature at which cotton burns, and where there is no flame, kerosene does not ignite, but smothers or extinguishes the slow, creeping fire. After the fire is extinguished the bands are removed from the bale and burned portions of the cotton stripped off. It is said that the use of kerosene has practically no detrimental effect on the cotton, and after it has been spread out and aired for a few days all odor of the oil disappears.

The place from which more railroad ties are shipped than from any other in the United States is Reeds Springs, Missouri, in the Ozarks. Tie hewers are paid from twelve to sixteen cents a tie, according to the hardness of the wood.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Henry Morgenthau, ambassador of this country to Turkey, has just been signally honored by the Constantinople College. At its annual commencement exercises the institution conferred on him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws.

Sir Gilbert Parker was the recipient of one of the six baronetcies conferred by King George on his birthday, June 3. His services to the empire are not only those he renders as a Member of Parliament, but he may be said to be one of the writers who has helped crystallize imperial sentiment by means of his novels.

Professor W. G. Foye of the Harvard division of geology, has been sent by the Sheldon Fund to study the coral reefs, the uplifted limestones, and the volcanic rocks in the Fiji Islands. His investigations will occupy the better part of a year, and are expected to add materially to the scientific knowledge of the regions covered.

Professor Gail Cleveland, who has just been decorated by the Emperor of Japan with the Fifth Order of the Sacred Treasure for his services in the Tohoku Imperial University, is a graduate of the University of California, class of 1909. Although now in this country, Professor Cleveland spent three years in Japan as professor of English in the College of Agriculture of the Imperial University.

Señor Alfonso Cravioto, who recently came to this country as president of the commission of teachers appointed by General Carranza to study the educational systems of the United States, is a high official in the Carranza government and sub-secretary of the Department of Public Instruction. The commission will spend many months in this country in study and investigation, with a view to applying the best of the principles of American schools to those of Mexico in due time. Señor Cravioto will also devote considerable time to art during his visit.

The Honorable John Christian Watson, former premier of Australia, now traveling in Canada, rose to his exalted position from a "printer's devil." He was born in Valparaiso, Chile, but went to Australia when quite young. He is a thorough newspaper man, conversant in a practical way with every end of the business, and when the war broke out he had a building up and part of the staff hired for the creation of a new labor paper. A member of the Labor party, yet he is a staunch advocate of a strong army and navy, believing that preparedness is a guaranty of peace.

Frank Duveneck, who will receive a special gold medal from the Panama-Pacific International Exposition in recognition of his comprehensive retrospective collection of paintings at the Exposition, was born in Covington, Kentucky, in 1848. He studied in Munich for ten years, and developed a special devotion to portraits and figure paintings, many of which are in this country. Since 1881 he has lived almost continuously in Florence, Italy, painting and teaching. He was awarded a medal at the Chicago Exposition. At the Panama-Pacific Exposition, Gallery No. 87 in the Palace of Fine Arts is entirely devoted to his work.

Frank Alvord Perret, whose knowledge of volcanoes is probably unique in the world, is an American, a native of Hartford, Connecticut. After volcanic outbursts he has been able to accurately forecast their conduct for some time to come, and in this way his labors have been of inestimable value to residents of volcanic districts. He has visited and studied practically every volcano of note in the world. He was the first to reach Messina after the devastating earthquake of 1908. As an inventor he is also widely known. In 1904 he took up volcanology and became honorary assistant to Professor Matteucci in the Royal Observatory, Mt. Vesuvius, and was later decorated Knight of the Italian Crown.

Henry William Blair, author of the first prohibition amendment in Congress, in 1876, is still practicing law, at the advanced age of eighty-one years. His offices are in Washington. He is a native of New Hampshire, and has represented his state in both houses of Congress. He declined the office of judge of the United States district court, and was appointed minister to China in 1891, but resigned when the Chinese government objected to him because of his opposition to Chinese immigration. Being a veteran of the Civil War, in which he saw hard service and was twice wounded, he has been devoted to the pension system, and is the originator of the bills under which about half of the soldiers' pensions are now paid.

Lionel Walter, the new Lord Rothschild, is said to possess none of his famous father's business ability, cares nothing about business, and is devoted to the collection of animals and birds, and possesses a zoo of great merit. Though heir to millions, it is announced that his father, in view of his lack of the material nature, cut him off with \$25,000 a year, leaving the bulk of the fortune and the partnership in the house of Rothschilds to his second son. Lord Walter once acquired an island in the Pacific Ocean for the sole purpose of breeding giant tortoises, of which the Tring zoo boasts some remarkable specimens. He it was who issued a wonderful book on extinct birds a few years ago, which it cost \$100,000 and many years of labor to produce.



## GENERALS IN DISGRACE.

"Piccadilly" Writes of Military Reputations That Have Not Been Proof Against the War Test.

One of the disadvantages of a censorship is the stimulus that it gives to imagination and to gossip. Where there is a lack of authorized fact we may be sure that guesses and speculation will take its place, and that they will command the implicit credence often denied to truth.

This may go far to account for the popular conviction that there is some kind of a feud between Lord Kitchener and Sir John French. It is true that the evidential facts are of a meagre kind and capable of quite other interpretation, but where the other interpretation is withheld it is natural that the public should supply its own. When Mr. Asquith paid a hurried visit to the front a few weeks ago it was confidently assumed that his mission was one of remonstrance and reconciliation. When General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien recently returned to England there seemed to be no other plausible explanation than that he had quarreled with Sir John French. It will be remembered that General Smith-Dorrien received full credit for the extrication of the British forces from the German envelopment after the battle of Mons, but since then we have heard nothing of him. For a long time the public has been uneasy over the inactivity at the front and the complaints of Sir John French that he was kept short of ammunition. It seems now that the scarcity was much less than was at first supposed and that it applied rather to the equipment of the new armies than of the old. Then came the suspicion that Sir John French was actually the inspiration of the Northcliffe attacks and that he was using for that purpose a civilian intermediary who was not even an Englishman. And so the story grew, as such stories always do grow on their passage from mouth to mouth, and now we are told that it was Sir John French who was responsible for the attempt to shelve Lord Kitchener on his return from India. There is also a belief that French is not on the best of terms with Joffre and that he resents his subordinate position to one whose military rank is inferior to his own.

Now all this may be pure moonshine. Popular beliefs usually are. At the same time the war has created a sort of atmosphere of recalls, as is inevitable where military reputations founded upon theory are put to the stern test of practice. Every army now in the field has suffered from the inexperience of its commanders. The bloodless casualty list of officers removed, degraded, or recalled will make interesting reading when the war is over, and will doubtless provoke a flood of acrimonious controversy. General Joffre removed no less than forty-three generals at one fell swoop, and many of them were men of brilliant reputations, but who fell to pieces at the practical touch of war. On the other hand he has called back to the colors many men who have been superannuated, and certainly it is a puzzle to the layman why a general should be retired from service by an age limit, and irrespective of his vigor and capacity. Perhaps the most notable of Joffre's decapitations was that of General d'Amade, who has now been recalled for the third time, and at last, we may suppose, permanently. General d'Amade is said to have shown incompetency during the retreat from Mons, but being a friend of the president he managed to secure his reappointment to the French army in Alsace. He was again removed, and again he used the same influence and was sent to the Dardanelles. Now the curtain has fallen once more upon General d'Amade, who is said to possess every military virtue except the power to command men. And since General d'Amade is the particular friend of General Ian Hamilton, in command of the British forces at the Dardanelles, we find popular rumor assuming that Hamilton also is a failure and slated for a speedy return. Constantinople has already proved fatal to Admirals Milne and Troubridge, who were supposed to have shown negligence in the pursuit of the *Breslau* and *Goeben*. Admiral Carden was recalled for unspecified reasons and his place taken by Admiral de Robeck. General Gouraud is now at the head of the French forces, but he, like all the rest, will have to realize that the only road to success is to succeed.

Germany has been quite as unfortunate as her enemies in this respect. General von Moltke was summarily removed for resisting the emperor in his plans for the taking of Calais. General von Kluck is supposed to be still with the army, but with an eclipsed renown. We have heard nothing about Von Hindenburg for some time, and it is said that the crown prince has not exactly covered himself with military glory and that he owes his continued position to his royal rank rather than to his genius as a soldier.

Russia has, of course, been unfortunate in many of her commanders, as she always is. The Grand Duke is something of a martinet, and he neither forgets nor forgives. General Soukhomlinov is no longer minister of war, and the eternal munitions problem is supposed to be responsible for his downfall. Another grievous disgrace is that of Rennenkampf, who failed to be at some exact spot at some exact moment indicated by the Grand Duke, and who was promptly sent back to Petrograd. Rennenkampf is one of the few men who distinguished themselves during the Japanese war, and his recall was received almost with consternation. And

in this connection there is a curious story. It is said that Rennenkampf fell from grace not so much because of a military or tactical failure as because he annoyed the Czar by allowing his troops to destroy the Kaiser's hunting box in East Prussia. Is it possible that the European monarchs now at war are still preserving the amenities of royal domestic life? It would certainly be strange if there should still be an interchange of those little friendly epistles that preceded the war and whose "dear Nicky" and "dear Willie" and "dear George" looked so strange among the diplomatic documents of that day. Perhaps "dear Willie" sent a note to "dear Nicky" begging him to keep an eye upon that hunting box if the dear Cossacks should get within reach of it, and naturally a failure to respond to a polite request would be embarrassing.

When the truth becomes finally known we shall probably find that the Austrian commanders have suffered more heavily than any. General von Potiorek was first lauded to the skies and then with his new honors thick upon him he was summarily disgraced. He is supposed to have reported victories that had not been won, a fairly common failing, one might suppose from the bulletins. But General von Auffenburg's case was even worse. He was the chief of the general staff and he was not only recalled, but placed under arrest, and is now awaiting court-martial. No one seems to know just what he has done, but it must have been something very grave. But with such a spectacle of the fall of the mighty it is small wonder that the public should be on the alert, or that it should be prone to mistake the shadows for the substance.

LONDON, June 28, 1915.

One of the oddest products of cross-breeding yet developed comes to light in the "catalo," a hybrid of domestic cattle and the buffalo, and one which may assist to solve the meat problem. It has been found to thrive in arid countries and is said to yield excellent meat. Says the *Forcast*: The catalo is so hardy that he can live on pastures which would be poor picking for a sheep, and his meat is equal to the best beef. The new species has really been established, and there are now a sufficient number of cataloes to make it safe to prophesy that the new animal will play a leading part in the future food-supply of the nation. The range is the natural habitat of the buffalo, and the catalo appears to inherit from its wild progenitors this love of the open. Turn the catalo loose in summer and winter; it fattens much more rapidly than domestic cattle would under the same circumstances, and its mortality rate is much lower. In Texas, the worst tick country in the whole United States, the catalo has grown and thriven, immune from Texas fever and Texas blackleg, in the midst of cattle-herds which were dying from these dreadful diseases. The experiments by which breeders have finally produced the catalo are more interesting. They have succeeded after many years of fruitless effort, because the two men who were instrumental in discovering the secret of a successful cross are wealthy as well as scientific, and grudged neither money nor trouble when it came to the possibility of establishing a new breed of domestic animals. When the true catalo appears, it becomes a type which combines the characteristics of both lines of ancestry and is quite distinctive. It has a heavier coat than the domestic animal, carries a larger hump and bigger hind quarters than the buffalo, and—which is all-important—cuts approximately one hundred and fifty pounds more of edible meat than the ordinary "beef critter." So far as is known, no males have ever been born from the first cross, so that the second generation is either three-quarters or one-quarter buffalo, as the case may be. From these are produced the true catalo, which has both species on both sides.

Aluminum is the most abundant of metals and ranks third among the elements which compose the crust of the earth, being exceeded only by oxygen and silicon. It is an important constituent of all common rocks except certain sedimentary rocks, as sandstone and limestone. It is never found native, or in elementary form, but occurs as an oxide, hydrous oxide, fluoride, phosphate, sulphate silicate, or other compound. The consumption of aluminum is constantly expanding, and aside from its use in the manufacture of cooking utensils, it is being employed in the construction of automobile castings and of welded tanks used by brewers, preserve manufacturers, and fat renderers and for wire for power-transmission lines. Other uses which are important in their adaptability and efficiency, but which absorb only a small portion of the domestic product, are the manufacture of powdered metal, used as a paint pigment and in making aluminum foil. Aluminum foil is gradually displacing tin foil, which heretofore has been used for wrapping cheese, candies, tobacco, tea, and other products. The production of bauxite and the consumption of aluminum in the United States in 1914 were the largest ever recorded. The states which produced bauxite in 1914 were Alabama, Arkansas, Georgia, and Tennessee. Arkansas produced more than eighty per cent of the output.

There are 2723 foreign firms, employing 52,799 persons in China. Japanese naturally predominate, with the British in second place with 606 firms and 10,265 employees. Germany is fourth in rank.

## OLD FAVORITES.

Kubla Khan.

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan  
A stately pleasure-dome decree:  
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran  
Through caverns measureless to man  
Down to a sunless sea.  
So twice five miles of fertile ground  
With walls and towers were girdled round:  
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills  
Where blossom'd many an incense-bearing tree;  
And here were forests ancient as the hills,  
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted  
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!  
A savage place! as holy and enchanted  
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted  
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!  
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,  
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,  
A mighty fountain momently was forced:  
Amid whose swift half-intermittent burst  
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,  
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:  
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever  
It flung up momently the sacred river.  
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion  
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,  
Then reach'd the caverns measureless to man,  
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:  
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far  
Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure  
Floated midway on the waves;  
Where was heard the mingled measure  
From the fountain and the caves.  
It was a miracle of rare device,  
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!  
A damsel with a dulcimer  
In a vision once I saw:  
It was an Abyssinian maid,  
And on her dulcimer she play'd,  
Singing of Mount Abora.  
Could I revive within me  
Her symphony and song,

To such a deep delight 'twould win me  
That with music loud and long,  
I would build that dome in air,  
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!  
And all who heard should see them there,  
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!  
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!  
Weave a circle round him thrice,  
And close your eyes with holy dread,  
For he on honey-dew hath fed,  
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

—Samuel T. Coleridge.

### The Old Familiar Faces.

I have had playmates, I have had companions,  
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school days:  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,  
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies;  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a Love once, fairest among women:  
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her—  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man:  
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;  
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood,  
Earth seem'd a desert I was bound to traverse,  
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,  
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?  
So might we talk of the old familiar faces,

How some they have died, and some they have left me,  
And some are taken from me: all are departed;  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.—Charles Lamb.

### Garibaldi's War Hymn.

The graves loose their captives; arise our departed;  
Our martyrs come forth, all our heroes great hearted,  
With sabre in hand, and their brows crown'd with laurel,  
The fame and the name of Italy their star!  
Make haste, oh, make haste! forward, gallant battalions!  
Fling out to the winds flags for all, ye Italians,  
Rise, all with your weapons! Rise all fire impassion'd!  
Rise all fire impassion'd; Italians ye are!

### Refrain—

Depart from our homeland, depart, O ye strangers!  
This hour gives the signal; betake you afar!

The land famed for flowers, for poets, for singing,  
Once more be a land where the sword blows are ringing!  
Our hands may be bound with a hundred harsh fetters  
But still they can brandish Legnano's bright swords.  
The Austrian staff no Italian belabors:  
The race born of Romeo do not jest with their sabres;  
No longer will Italy put up with her tyrants;  
Too many long years have we harbor'd their hordes!

For us are the dwellings of Italy fashion'd,  
While yours on the Danube must henceforth be station'd.  
You've ravaged our fields, ay, our bread you have stolen;  
Our sons for ourselves we desire to enroll.  
The Alps with the two seas mark Italy's borders;  
Our fire-blazing chariots shall mow down the warders;  
All signs of the former frontiers shall be cancel'd!  
One banner alone let us raise o'er the whole!

Let voices be silent, let each arm be ready!  
Let's face to the foe, let us march firm and steady!  
And then in a moment the Austrian will flee us.  
One thought in our hearts for our homeland shall flame!  
Our eyes are not fix'd upon barbarous plunder;  
Great princes from robbers no jealousies sunder;  
The natives of Italy form but one nation;  
Her famed hundred cities are one but in name!

—Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole.

Four-fifths of the halibut of the world is taken on the Pacific Coast banks.



## A WANDERER'S TRAIL.

## A. L. Ridger Describes How a Poor Man Traveled Around the World.

The average British tourist skips around the world on fast boats and trains, and from his fleeting impressions writes a book that is intended as a profound study of people and conditions. A. L. Ridger, F. R. G. S., author of "A Wanderer's Trail," is English—but he did not adopt the usual English method of travel. Lack of funds made it necessary that he work his way. His adventures, which embraced plenty of hardships, furnish material for a volume that contains much of interest. He was "broke" in San Francisco just after the disaster of 1906—when nearly everybody here was in a like condition. He went into the Northwest country and worked in the logging woods. He picked berries and did hard labor of many sorts. Returning to what he persists in calling "Frisco," he could find nothing to do, so he gladly accepted an offer to work his way to Japan on an old tramp steamer. She was a decrepit boat, and the voyage was a hard and dangerous one. Arrived in Japan, he got a place as a teacher. Following this he went through China, Korea, and India. Then he came back to the United States, and after alternate good and bad times returned home with a lot of real adventures to tell about.

It was while in San Francisco that Mr. Ridger visited some friends in Sonoma County. Wandering around the ranch, he found in a creek what he took to be rich quartz. Great excitement on the part of Mr. Ridger. Then:

Bidding my charming hosts farewell I returned to San Francisco. On my way there on the train I showed my gold (?) quartz to some men sitting opposite to me. One of them, having examined a piece with a critical and knowing eye, remarked seriously: "Gee! You've got something good there!" He followed up these words by adding that he hoped I had marked the spot from which I had obtained the specimens. I looked at him with a do-you-take-me-for-a-tenderfoot sort of air and replied loftily, "Why, sure I did." I had one small piece of satisfaction when an assayer in Frisco to whom I had taken the stone drily remarked: "Shasta mica; tons of it in the neighborhood!" and that was that I was not the only fool in the world, remembering my *vis-à-vis* on the train.

One can not help feeling that the writer's satisfaction had but slight foundation—that the man on the train was none too gently "spoofing" him.

The author spent some time in Alaska, and the lure of gold took him and a companion on an unsuccessful journey out of Skagway with the mining country their objective:

After walking steadily for a couple of hours with our packs on our backs we left the trail along the railroad and descended to the old one, which had been trodden by few since the early days. Beside the trail here and there we passed little heaps of stones—graves of some who fell by the wayside in that mad rush to Klondyke when pioneers dragged their bleeding feet up the icy stairways of the White Pass! As I gazed up at those peaks above me I thought of the tragedies those silent mountains of eternal snows must have witnessed, the sights they must have beheld! Men dying with their packs on their backs, frozen to death, heedlessly passed by—heroes fighting epic battles with the elements, men quarreling like wolves, their very vitals seared by the icy cold; men swept away in scores, like chaff before the wind, by the resistless force of the snowy avalanche. . . .

We camped for the night at a "half-way" house, almost in ruins—a relic of the pioneer days. It was fairly cold, and after our long weary struggle packing our traps over the rocky trail we were not sorry to rest. Scraping together some wood, including the fragments of an old chair, we soon had a good fire going. Hot pork and beans with some coffee warmed our chilled bodies, and we sat late into the night yarning and smoking. There still remained in the old cabin the wooden makeshift of a couch, on which we curled ourselves up in our blankets, and were soon asleep.

They had to lay over a couple of days because of the author's partner being lame from an old sprain. Finally they had to abandon their enterprise and return to Skagway:

The next day saw two dispirited and weary-looking objects trudging in silence along the trail in the direction of Skagway. They talked but little, but gathered now and then some of the wild raspberries that grew in profusion along the mountain slopes. The contrast between the warm summer in Alaska and the rigorous cold of the winter is very great. The summer is as warm as in Oregon, flowers bloom and vegetables grow in plenty. In the winter, on the other hand, the land sleeps under its cloak of snow and ice, against which nothing can prevail.

We reached Skagway late in the evening. Our position was not exactly cheering. We had three dollars between us, and when we had left the prospect of getting work was not very bright. However, Fate was good to us. Two men got drunk that night! That meant that on the morrow two vacancies in the gang working on the wharf were filled by my partner and myself. Our work consisted of trucking freight from the sheds and loading it onto the railroad cars that ran alongside. Every now and then we were also called upon to do longshoring—to unload the steamers when their time was short. The work was hard, but after a day or two of it I got into the swing, being now in fairly good trim, and found nine hours of manual work in Alaska not much harder than sitting for a like period in an office. The pay was thirty-five cents an hour.

Mr. Ridger found New York a homeless, merciless, and rather overpowering place. "I would not care," he says, "to find myself stranded in that city." Boston made a greater appeal to him, although he laughs at the Bostonese as a typical exponent of American blooded aristocracy. There is one other great American institution of which he also remains unconvinced—that of the American art of "hustling":

Everybody in New York seemed to be very busy, especially those who were doing nothing. Really I think the much-talked-of "bustling" of Americans is just a big bluff. A man

in the U. S. A. flies down at a breakneck speed in an elevator to save time, only to waste it with the "guy" in the cigar store at the bottom. He bolts his meals at a "quick-lunch" counter to idle an hour in a barber's shop. He tears out of the theatre before the curtain drops to fritter away half an hour at an adjoining saloon. I have an idea that more time is wasted in America by hustling than saved. A man who always looks husky is generally a slacker!

He tells of an amusing adventure in Japan. He had been wearing two pairs of heavy socks, of different colors, under his sea-boots. He was invited to a dinner ashore. Dressing hastily in the semi-darkness, he put on his socks without looking to see if their colors matched, hauled on his sea-boots, on account of the snow, and sallied forth. The result was embarrassing:

Without any misgivings, then, as to the correctness of my garb I sailed gayly off to my Japanese dinner. The universal custom in Japan, as no doubt my reader knows, demands that one take off one's shoes before entering the house to avoid soiling the delicate *tatami*. Of this I was unaware, or had forgotten—I do not quite recall now. On my arrival, anyway, my Japanese host informed me of his country's custom in this regard. It was not until I began tugging off one of my heavy sea-boots that the first misgivings shot through me as to whether my socks were *de rigueur* or not. The first sock or socks appeared. They would have just about passed muster in a crowd with a series of discreet movements, but I had inward qualms that the other ones would not so successfully pass muster. Alas! my fears were too true! For when those socks appeared to light, not only were they of different color and texture, but also much of the texture of the socks was not there!

Mr. Ridger complains that he found no romance in Japan and remarks that Lafcadio Hearn must have supplied his own. Perhaps this is true in a sense, and we feel that Mr. Ridger is to be commiserated. In this connection it is interesting to note that he followed Hearn's occupation while in Tokyo:

In Tokyo I gained my living as an English teacher. This task of teaching English in Japan is not a very difficult one. It is, however, a rather tiring occupation. The one qualification necessary is tact.

Discipline in Japanese schools is very lax. It is no exaggeration to say that the student virtually rules the school. His power is ridiculously great. Should a class dislike a teacher, they either boycott him, or they holdily proceed *en masse* to the school authorities and demand his dismissal. And the almost inevitable result is the teacher's dismissal! To the authorities the only guaranty of the efficiency of a teacher is a full class-room. Needless to mention, I was an efficient; for my class-room was always full. That is why I say the only qualification needed was tact.

While serving as an English teacher in the Japanese capitol Mr. Ridger lived and ate in Japanese fashion, and we feel that he did not quite get the interior view that might have been expected, under these circumstances, of the civilization of the Flowery Kingdom. The following, an excerpt from a letter, written while he was lodging under the roof of a Buddhist temple, is an interesting index to the mentality of Mr. Ridger, aside from the intended humor:

Well, here I am at the present moment writing you this letter, seated like the Sultan of Turkey, or as near the uncomfortable position as I can get, in the back room of a Buddhist temple, facing a rather pretty little pond in which big goldfish are swimming about. I offended the old guardian of the temple yesterday by suggesting that I would like one of those fine, fat fish fried for my breakfast. The sense of humor in some of the inhabitants of the land is not what you would call highly developed. The old priest and I are great pals, none the less. I walk into the temple whenever I please, though of course I pay the same respect that I would to a church. The old chap reminds me of the smug parson at home—has a nice soft job and doesn't care whether it snows! Buddhism in Japan today seems to me to stand in the same intellectual relation to the intellectual Japanese as our modern dogmatic Christianity does to the intellectual public of the West.

Another amusing bit from the same letter is concerned with an extraordinary financial deal—that of the sale for £10 of the author's diary from London to Tokyo to be used as the basis for a Japanese newspaper serial:

A little while ago I passed the newspaper office, where I saw the first issue of the serial story they are making out of my diary exhibited on the placard outside. My photograph was there also. Quite a little crowd of admiring Japanese was around. I looked at the paper—it was in Japanese, so I couldn't read it—and I looked at the people. Then in an awed whisper to myself I said: "Here is fame at last!" Having reached in my mind the place where there seemed nothing much more worth living for, a sympathetic friend informed me of the contents. Thereupon I fled and hid my face for shame. Out of the brief extracts of my diary concerning my departure, which consisted of the date I left England and of the date that I arrived at St. Vincent Island, the reporter had written three columns, containing everything from my sobbing in the arms of the captain on leaving home to falling overboard and swallowing a shark, or the shark swallowing me, I forget which. I have practiced *judo* from then even more steadily than before; for I am looking for that reporter.

I have received one or two letters from young Japanese from various parts of the country as a result of these newspaper articles. One of these letters informed me that the writer felt himself inspired by the account of my thrilling doings, and suggested that I should take him with me. It was rather an amusing request, seeing how I am situated; but, poor youngster, I fully sympathized with him, knowing myself full well what *wanderlust* will make you do.

Although, unfortunately, it does not submit easily to quotation, there is much interesting matter throughout in the descriptions of Manchuria and East Africa. Mr. Ridger went from Antung to Mukden shortly after the Russo-Japanese War. The qualities of the landscape of this locality awaken exceptional enthusiasm in his narrative:

It is impossible to convey an adequate idea of the exquisite panorama of beauty that unfolded itself before the eyes of the traveler high up on these hills. Looking down, one saw the little red-earth track, the course of the railway, winding its tortuous course in and out of shady valleys, green with luxuriant foliage, and waving crops of rice and millet

through which silvery streams lazily wended their way to the distant mountains, their bluish tints blending with the waving yellow of the ripening grain. Weeping willows drooped in graceful languor over rippling streams, whose waters were dammed at intervals with barriers of stones to turn the primitive water-wheels for the homesteads. Here and there one espied the blue-garbed laborer working diligently in the fields; Manchurian carts drawn by teams of all kinds of animals—oxen yoked with donkeys and mules, horses, too, whilst a drove of pigs sometimes followed in the wake.

Amidst all this beauty and peaceful calm there was constant reminder of the terrible carnage that these placid hills and glades had witnessed not so many months before. Little green mounds—the graves of the dead—met one's eyes on all sides. Rifle-pits and trenches, now covered with Nature's cloak, recalled scenes of blood and strife. We passed on our way numerous villages, which consisted of small huts built of stone, held together with mud, the walls plastered with chopped straw and clay. The presence of a foreigner seemed to excite a certain amount of curiosity and interest at the villages where we stopped. Small groups of naked toddlers, stolid-faced men, carmine-painted women and maidens with their peculiar Manchurian head-dress, would assemble round my carriage and indulge in personal comment. Fortunately—for I was pretty sure that they were not complimentary—I was not able to understand their remarks.

In one range of hills the summits of five adjoining peaks were flattened with astounding regularity, giving the impression of turrets of an old castle. Most of the hills were thickly wooded, their purple and blue tints changing into and blending harmoniously with the green of the verdure and foliage. Slate abounded in some of the districts through which the line ran.

In Cochin, while traveling the Malabar coast, Mr. Ridger happened upon that strange colony of Jews, who are said to have gone there from Syria during the first century after Christ and of which tradition even states that it was founded by one of the Apostles. Mr. Ridger writes of it:

If true, it is most remarkable that this small colony of white Jews should have remained in complete isolation in the midst of an alien and dark-skinned race for nearly two thousand years, preserving intact their identity, their color, and their religion. They intermarry amongst themselves, though it is said that some husbands are recruited from the Jewish community in Bombay. They live in complete isolation in the heart of the native town, and some of them have never left the street in which they were born. I got a glimpse of only a few, as they are very shy and the approach of a stranger generally means an empty street. I was told that some of the girls of the community were very pretty, but the few I saw could not be called beautiful, though they would certainly be called very dirty. An old Jewish synagogue at the end of the street in which they lived proved a most interesting sight. The floor was inlaid with very old tiles of the ancient Chinese willow pattern. The Indian rajah of the state bought these tiles at a very low price years and years ago. The Jews of the colony coveted them, so they informed the rajah—in quite a disinterested fashion—that the tiles were made out of cows' bones ground down. The result, as anticipated by the wily Jews, was that as the caste of the rajah forbade him to have such articles near him, they were able to purchase them for a mere song. At least this is the story.

In the synagogue I was shown an ancient Hebrew Bible, consisting of numerous writings on parchment; I was assured that it was, as indeed it looked, centuries old. The old clock of the synagogue was also a most interesting sight, being a unique specimen of ancient handicraft. It was worked on a most primitive system of weights, all the works being quite exposed. I was told it had never stopped and was centuries old; it was indeed a rare curiosity.

A little Jewish boy blew vigorously on an old ram's horn, making a most diabolical noise, which is always to be heard on special festive occasions. Having seen all there was to be seen, I retraced my steps down the little street, vainly trying to get a glimpse of the hidden beauties.

One can not help feeling that Mr. Ridger takes rather a superficial view; that he does not "get into things." His sense of the picturesque suffers by comparison with that of Harry Franck and other world wanderers—he regards himself as of rather more importance than the countries he visits and the people he sees. However, he has written a narrative that is really interesting despite its deficiencies. He has illustrated it profusely from photographs.

A WANDERER'S TRAIL. By A. L. Ridger, F. R. G. S. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$3.50.

The Island of Ascension, in the Atlantic, belonging to Great Britain, is one of the most unique places in the world, in that there is no private property in land, no rents, no taxes, and no use for money. The flocks and herds are public property, and the meat is issued as rations. So are the vegetables grown on the farms. When an island fisherman makes a catch he brings it to the guardroom, where it is issued by the sergeant-major. Practically the entire population are sailors and they work at most of the common trades. The climate is almost perfect and anything can be grown. The island is eight miles by six in size and has a population of about 450. It is 250 miles northward of St. Helena, and is governed by a captain appointed by the British navy.

The Missouri River carries more silt than any other large river in the United States except possibly the Rio Grande and the Colorado. It gathers annually from the country that it drains more than 123,000,000 tons of silt and soluble matter, some of which it distributes over the flood plains below to form productive agricultural lands, but most of which finds its way at last to the Gulf of Mexico. It is by means of data of this kind that geologists compute the rate at which the lands are being eroded away. It has been shown that the Missouri River is lowering the surface of the land drained by it at the rate of one foot in 6036 years.

Macedonia grows the richest opium of all countries. The export of crude opium from the Salonika district to this country ranks second to tobacco in value. The product is used solely in the manufacture of morphine and is not the quality used for smoking.



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## The Veils of Isis.

One does not doubt that Frank Harris selected the title of this tale which heads his collection of short-story narratives because of a certain analogy in his methods to those of the Egyptian goddess in her mystic favors to Amantes. This author of rare attainments, direct yet polished style, and profound interest and penetrative divination in the subtler psychology of human life and conduct is a master in his craft. There is something compelling about these brief tales which strip the veils from human souls, revealing secret beauties and strange complexities there whose truth the reader feels intuitively.

"A Daughter of Eve," for instance, a wonderful drama in miniature of the intensity of life, of emotion, and of anguish experienced on board a pearling schooner during an adventurous cruise in the South Seas; in this story is related the havoc created by an immature, enigmatic girl in the lives of those around her, because, while conscious of her unusual charm, she was unwitting of the dangerous explosions it could cause.

"Within the Shadow" is another gem. It is a glimpse into the inner, hidden life of China, and relates the characteristic Oriental revenge of a Mandarin on his guilty wife. But the luminous point in the intensity of interest felt by the reader is in the unveiling of the soul of this woman when, in full consciousness of the revengeful doom awaiting her, she gives herself, with Oriental fatalism, to her English lover.

Each one of the eleven tales—some of them cast in dialogue form—shows a thoroughly unconventional point of view. In fact in "The Ugly Duckling" the author reveals fully his vigorous hatred of Philistinism. His candor, his robust Paganism of tone is sometimes startling, but never unrefined or inartistic. Indeed, he is an artist in the highest sense, for he recognizes truth and appreciates beauty. His style is admirable; not a superfluous word, or thought to blur the truth, clearness, or beauty of the images presented.

THE VEILS OF ISIS. By Frank Harris. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.

## The Game of Empires.

America, sternly aroused from her idealistic dreams of peace, is called upon to recognize that the world is not yet governed by ideals, but by force. God, it seems, is still on the side of big battalions, and the nation that has ships and armies is likely to set her heel upon the neck of nations that have neither. It is conditions, and not theories, with which we have to deal.

Dr. Edward S. Van Zile, trying to impress this on the mind of his readers, has no very difficult task. He need only point to the facts. Democracy has been flouted, diplomacy pushed contemptuously on one side, and the whole world invited to find a remedy for the threat of millions of armed men. Obviously there is no remedy except other armed men to oppose them and ships of war to keep them at a distance. Treaties and agreements are at present about as useful as incantations. China, for example, had to choose between guns and vassalage. She seems to have chosen vassalage. There was no alternative. The author seems to think that America may have the same choice, and he urges her to get the ships and the guns that she may defend herself in the only possible way. And it may be said that his plea is not only forceful and convincing, but that it is expressed interestingly and with a valuable array of facts with regard to the war that we should be sorry to miss.

Perhaps it is a mere convention that leads the author to the assumption that democracy is necessarily opposed to war. Exactly the opposite seems to be the fact. There is no reason to suppose that a plebsite of Europe would have secured peace. Italy went to war on a wave of popular clamor. France and England, both of them democracies, would certainly have voted for war. In Greece and the Balkan States there is a popular demand for intervention. War will never be avoided by particular forms of government, nor by anything else save the spread of ethical ideals.

THE GAME OF EMPIRES. By E. S. Van Zile. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; \$1.25 net.

## The Heroine in Bronze.

James Lane Allen writes this pretty love story in a fervent strain of etherealized romance, even though the heroine lives in New York and is a daughter of American wealth. Those who remember his delicious "Kentucky Cardinal" will look forward, also, to enjoying a similar taste of the refined yet delightful humor that lighted up the pages of that charming idyl as warmly and brilliantly as the plumage of the beautiful bird whose affairs it chronicled. But Mr. Allen grows more serious in these later years. Humor there is, but not so individual nor so spontaneous. His courtly chivalry toward an ideal of womanhood has not suffered, however, and his heroine is almost too perfect. However, the love affairs in his novels are almost always rays, and the heroine of an idyl can not be treated as quite of the same everyday flesh

and blood as her mates in fiction. Perhaps this gives the book something of its old-fashioned Southern flavor; that is to say, the attitude of the hero toward his heroine.

The story chronicles one of those unspoken estrangements that a rise like mists between true but taciturn lovers, and permits the reader many glimpses into the clean, pure souls of a young couple who are singularly well-mated. Mingled with the course of the narrative are many of the musings-by-the-way of a writer who is, in a way, a sort of prose-poet.

A HEROINE IN BRONZE. By James Lane Allen. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

## The World Crisis.

Here we have a frank appeal for American intervention in the war. Indeed, says Dr. Shumaker, we have already intervened, since there can be no such thing as neutrality in a world unified by civilization. American soldiers went to China in conjunction with the forces of Europe. American battleships went to Mexico. And in each case the object was to prevent civilization from being menaced by turbulence. But here we have something a thousand times worse. International faith, says the author, was violated when the Belgian line was crossed, and we can not afford to lose international faith. "When civilization is at stake there is no neutrality to noble minds."

Dr. Shumaker's remedy, full of a fine enthusiasm as it is, may be said to be one-half hysterical and one-half impracticable. He would have us appeal to the warring nations, to the churches, to men of good-will, and to the mothers of the world, and then, if the appeal should be unheeded, "recall all proclamations of neutrality simultaneously with the sending of half the United States navy to the North Sea."

It need hardly be said that the appeal would not have the slightest effect, while it would be interesting to know what the fleet would do in the North Sea when it got there. There are fleets there now and they can not do anything. The author seems to suppose that the nations are fighting in consequence of misguided reason. They are doing nothing of the sort. They are fighting through unreasoning passion, which is still as impenetrable by appeals as armor-plate by mosquitoes. The highest philanthropy is compatible with merely doing what is possible to keep the ring until passion shall exhaust itself and reason once more make itself felt.

THE WORLD CRISIS AND THE WAY TO PEACE. By E. Ellsworth Shumaker, Ph. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; 75 cents net.

## A New Book by George Cable.

"Gideon's Band" is a story whose action dates from before the war, and takes place on one of those floating palaces of the Mississippi that carried indiscriminately the rich whites, the black slaves, sugar, and cotton to the various river ports along its mighty banks. The book has all the faults of George Cable, his well-remembered obscurities, his prolonged leisureliness, his passion for dialect. But it has, too, many of his virtues. He puts into this chronicle of a picturesque life dating more than half a century ago a freshness, a vividness, and a wealth of graphic detail that brings it vividly before our twentieth-century minds. He shows his characters as the product of the times; the arrogant young men, reared in proud idleness; the wily old politicians, flattering the pride of the Southern aristocracy; the calm, strong, patient men who guided the destinies of the mighty steamboat, and the devoted slaves whose lives were so intimately blended with, yet so remote from, those of their owners.

The story is too winding, too involved, too full of little mysteries that have to be divined by the patient reader, yet, after all, few can wield the brush that paints that picturesque Southern life now passed away so deftly and so lovingly as this man who was not of it.

GIDEON'S BAND. By George W. Cable. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.35 net.

## Gossip of Books and Authors.

Lovers of the writings of John Muir will be glad to know that he left at his death a large body of important manuscript material which the Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publisher, will issue in the near future. Arrangements are pending for the publication of several characteristic records of travel similar to Mr. Muir's well-known hooks on the Sierras and the Yosemite, as well as for a notable "Life, Letters, and Journals," which promises to take its place with the most important American publications of this type. This will be the only life and letters of Mr. Muir authorized by the family.

A book on Germany which has to do "neither with the controverted merits of the international quarrel nor with the comparative force and probable success of either belligerent" has just been published. It is entitled "Imperial Germany and the Industrial Revolution"; its author is Thorstein Veblen. The new work, to quote from the preface, "aims to account for Germany's industrial advance and high efficiency by natural causes without drawing on the logic of manifest tes-

timony, providential nepotism, national genius, and the like." It is published by the Macmillan Company.

Henry Holt & Co. have had to delay until July 24th the publication of G. H. Perris's long-expected "The Campaign of 1914 in France and Belgium." Mr. Perris is not only a noted historian, and author of "A History of War and Peace," "Germany and the German Emperor," etc., but he has had charge of the special correspondents at the front for the London *Chronicle*, has been at the front himself, and is personally acquainted with some of the big personages of the different nations now fighting.

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce that new impressions have been printed of the following books: "The Saint," by Antonio Fogazzaro; "The Fine Points of Auction Bridge," by Florence Irwin; "Shelburne Essays, First Series," by Paul Elmer More; "Australian Life in Town and Country," by E. C. Buley; "What Handwriting Indicates," by John Rexford; "The Cyclopædia of Social Usage," by Helen L. Roberts; "Biographical Story of the Constitution: A Study of the Growth of the American Union," by Edward G. Elliott.

A. R. Dugmore pays a tribute to the most gifted of living engineers in his "Romance of the Beaver," published by the J. B. Lippincott Company. "Throughout North America it is fairly safe to say that millions of acres of the finest cultivated land owe their existence to the beaver. . . . In some cases evidences of beaver work have been found fully thirty or forty feet down; there is fairly good evidence that the dam built by the beaver must have existed about one thousand years ago."

The Thomas Y. Crowell Company has arranged with A. Rosenhlum to issue a "trade edition" of his "Complete Course in Isaac Pitman Phonography" (\$1.50). This is a modern, practical, and comprehensive work—one of the best on the subject, and is used in many educational institutions.

Harper & Brothers announce the reprinting of "When a Man Comes to Himself," by President Woodrow Wilson.

Roland G. Usher, though he writes of history, has been enjoying the vogue of a continuous best seller. Before one hook falls out of the list he gets out another to carry on the—for him—good work. Last year his "Pan-Germanism" put him on the list and kept him there until early this spring, when his "Pan-Americanism" also took a place on the list, which it has held since publication. It is published by the Century Company.

"A Madman's Head"—that is what contentaries said of Blake's portrait. Mr. Yeats in his biography of the poet says that he was sane. His earlier biographer, Mr. William Rossetti, has probably declared him mad. Blake's later critic, Mr. M. Berger, in his volume, "William Blake: Poet and Mystic," published by E. P. Dutton & Co., does not answer for his sanity. Every reader of his book may long to have known Blake, to have talked alone with him and entered into his wild mind, even in his wildest moods.

G. P. Putnam's Sons have just published a story entitled "Edgar Chirrup," by Peggy Wehling, author of "Virginia Perfect." In one sense it is a story of the stage, but, though the hero is a comedian and though the author is evidently familiar with theatrical life, the hook is, above everything else, a study of character. It is a very winsome character.

Another hook of present interest is a study of the race problem in the United States from a South African point of view, by Maurice S. Evans, author of "Black and White in Southeastern Africa." Longmans, Green & Co. will bring it out under the title, "Black and White in the Southern States."

## New Books Received.

HISTORICAL GEOGRAPHY OF BIBLE LANDS. By Richard Morse Hodge, M. A., D. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A manual for teachers.

CHRISTMAS PLAYS FOR CHILDREN. By May Pemberton. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1 net.

Plays and pageants with music.

PERU. By Millicent Todd. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$2 net.

An account of a "land of contrasts."

THE LANDLOPER. By Holman Day. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.35 net.

A romance of the woods.

EIGHT O'CLOCK. By St. John G. Ervine. New York: The Macmillan Company.

A series of sketches.

THE LIFE OF HENRY LAURENS. By D. D. Wallace, Ph. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$3.50 net.

A biography of the president of the Continental Congress. With a sketch of the life of Lieutenant-Colonel John Laurens.

"COMMON SENSE" APPLIED TO WOMAN SUFFRAGE. By Mary Putnam Jacobi, M. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.

A statement of the reasons which justify the

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LETTERS FROM BROTHER BILL, "VARSITY SUB." By Walter Kellogg Towers. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; 50 cents.

A book of advice for football players.

CONTEMPORARY PORTRAITS. By Frank Harris. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$2.50 net.

Conversations with Carlyle, Renan, Wilde, Swinburne, Meredith, Browning, Whistler, Verlaine, France, and others.

AT THE FRONT WITH THREE ARMIES. By Granville Fortescue. New York: Brentano's; \$2 net.

Adventures in the war.  
THE NEW WORLD. By Witter Bynner. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; 60 cents net.

A poem.

## August Century Magazine.

The movement and the color of war have ever been an inspiration to artists, but the latter as a rule, standing outside, have painted only spectacular moments, charges, victories, surrenders, and the like. In this war almost all the young artists of Europe are actually in the trenches, and they see it intimately and familiarly as it is. At the request of the *Century Magazine*, Armand Dayot, French inspector of fine arts and founder and editor of a well-known French art review, made an automobile tour at the front and collected sketches actually made in the trenches by friends of his, including some of the most gifted of the younger French artists. These drawings, fifteen in number, he has contributed to the *August Century Magazine*, where they will appear accompanied by an interesting interpretive text by M. Dayot himself. Sketched in moments of danger, to the sound of hursting shells, or in moments of forced leisure, the pictures and the article together are said to give a memorable impression of the French army in action and at rest. "The Lookout," "A Soldier's Family at the Front," "Digging a Trench," "The Card Party," and "The Letter" are among the subjects represented.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Blue Blood and Red.

In spite of a title hinting at the caste lines of Europe, it is in democratic America that the action of this novel of Geoffrey Corson's transpires. The author has placed in contrast two families, one belonging to the common people, and the other of that old landed aristocracy which is becoming of less social consequence as the vast fortunes of America grow. Both pictures are interesting and well drawn, each showing a discriminating acquaintance on the author's part with the two layers of society.

One can but hazard a guess that in the breast of Neal Carmichael, the scion of American aristocracy, the author shows a reflection of the flame that burns in his own, the nature of which can best be expressed in his own words: "The church had failed to live up to the socialism of Jesus, but men's hearts, still strong and hopeful, could be used as cornerstones for the modern temple of adjusted relations between all classes."

The author, like his two chief characters, is thus, one surmises, something of an idealist. But he is a practical one, who understands the other side of the shield. Otherwise he could never have made such an admirable study of Ada, the cool, self-poised, clear-headed, rather scheming, eminently capable young woman who always knew what she wanted, and never balked at any obstacle in the way of getting it, even if the desired object was a new husband.

But what possessed the author to allow two such high-mettled idealists as Neal and Patricia to succumb so readily to the claims of the flesh? To be sure their sin was momentary, and their remorse immediate and lasting. But if, in a world whose society in-

cludes many celibates who do not break through bonds, people of such really fine and lofty ethical standards as Neal and Patricia could not resist the fiery temptation, who, then, can? One can not refrain from quarreling a little with the author over this point and wondering whether his underlying motive has failed to reach some of his readers.

At any rate, the expiation of Patricia makes overlong reading, added to which there is rather too much of a see-saw in her previous love relations with Neal. And yet, in spite of these faults in the book, one admires and approves the author, who has a knowledge of life and character, wedded to high standards. His book is interesting and full of purpose, even if the latter is not always understood, and one lays it down with very much of a conviction that he is going to make some little stir as a successful novelist.

BLUE BLOOD AND RED. By Geoffrey Corson. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.35 net.

Sundown Slim.

This is a story of pioneer life in Arizona, with the usual mixture of cowboys, bad men, and pretty girls. We have a glimpse of the feud between cattlemen and sheepherders and of the Mexicans, who did something to complicate life in those early days. And we are grateful for Sundown Slim himself, bobo, poet, and hero, and shall think somewhat more kindly of the breed henceforth and for his sake.

SUNDOWN SLIM. By Henry Herbert Knibbs. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.35 net.

Garden Oats.

This story by Alice Herbert has a certain value and interest for its depiction of a phase of English life that must now be on its way to disappearance. It is in autobiographical form and begins with early school days and

with that form of fanatically pious training once described by Mr. Edward Gosse and that makes us shudder. The author describes her experiences in English and Continental schools and how finally she breaks her way into the world, marries a rather uninteresting man, and rises superior to the temptations of another and more fascinating swain. The story is a quite readable one, although we are inclined to wonder if these particular characters were worthy of selection from a world nearly full of similar people.

GARDEN OATS. By Alice Herbert. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.30 net.

Briefer Reviews.

Mary F. Leonard completes her trilogy of the Susan Books by a substantial volume entitled "Susan Grows Up" (Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.50). We learn now what happened to Susan and her group of friends when they became young women. It is a good story for girls.

"Chemistry of Familiar Things," by Samuel Schucker Sadler, S. B. (J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.75 net), is a thoroughly practical presentation of utilitarian chemistry. The author deals with air, water, metals, rocks, soil, food, textiles, chemical evolution, and physiological chemistry, with enough of the principles of elementary chemistry to explain its practical application. The illustrations are numerous and good.

"Ventures in Thought" is the title of a volume of essays by Francis Coutts, who already has a dozen volumes of poetry and history to his credit. This new book contains 248 pages apportioned to some fifty essays, covering, it would seem, nearly the whole range of human thought, from female suffrage to religion. Mr. Coutts does not seem to have a great message to deliver, but he expresses

delicate thoughts in a delicate way and he manages to leave us with the gratifying conviction that we have been thinking. His book is published by the John Lane Company. Price, \$1.25 net.

G. P. Putnam's Sons have published a "Field Book of Western Wild Flowers," by Margaret Armstrong, in collaboration with J. J. Thorne, A. M., professor of botany in the University of Arizona, and botanist of the Arizona Agricultural Experiment Station at Tucson. The volume is handy, compact, and complete, and, moreover, it contains five hundred illustrations in black and white and forty-eight plates in color from nature by the author. The price is \$2 net.

The Macmillan Company has rendered a national service by their series of True Stories of Great Americans, a series that is genuinely historical instead of merely perfunctory, as such stories usually are. The latest addition to the shelf is "Nathan Hale," by Jean Christie Root, and containing a vivid account of Hale's boyhood, his home, and his later life. Perhaps the author is well entitled to claim a special value for her book as being a biographical picture as seen through a woman's eyes. The price is 50 cents.

Every one remembers the article contributed by William R. Lighton to the *Saturday Evening Post* describing how a newspaper man took an abandoned farm and made a success of it. Mr. Lighton's name now appears on the title-page of "Letters of an Old Farmer to His Son," just published by the George H. Doran Company (\$1 net). The letters are a felicitous blend of philosophy and agriculture, redolent of a practical kindness and shrewd good sense. We may hope that there are many farmers who write such letters to their sons, but we have our doubts.



"FRAMERS OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE U.S.A." NO. 8

# The Pinckneys—"Fathers of the Republic"

PERHAPS South Carolina's best gift to this Free Republic was the splendid services of her two great sons—Charles Cotesworth Pinckney and Charles Pinckney. It can truthfully be said of the Pinckneys that their love of honor was greater than their love of power, and deeper than their love of self. One played an important part in the "Louisiana Purchase"—the other, while an envoy to France, was told that the use of money would avert war, and to this replied: "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute." Both devoted their eminent abilities toward framing our National Law. The Constitution of the United States, as it stands to-day, was built upon the framework of a plan first proposed by Charles Pinckney. It was he who demanded that it contain freedom of religion, freedom of the press, habeas corpus and trial by jury. In political faith only did these two great men differ. Charles Pinckney was an ardent Democrat, and Charles C. Pinckney a loyal Federalist, and was twice a candidate for President. It is easy to imagine the horror that these two great lovers of Personal Liberty would have expressed if shown the proposed Prohibition Laws of to-day. It is needless to say that if alive they would VOTE NO to such tyrannous encroachments upon the NATURAL RIGHTS OF MAN. The Pinckneys both believed in the moderate use of light wines and barley brews. They also believed in legislation which encouraged the Brewing Industry because they knew that honest Barley Beer makes for true temperance. For 58 years Anheuser-Busch have been brewers of honest Barley-Malt and Saazer Hop beers—the kind the Pinckneys knew to be good for mankind. To-day their great brand—BUDWEISER—because of its quality, purity, mildness and exquisite flavor, exceeds the sale of any other beer by millions of bottles; 7500 people are daily required to keep pace with the public demand for BUDWEISER.

Visitors to St. Louis are courteously invited to inspect our plant—covers 142 acres.

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### "THE WOMEN OF TROY."

For many years the curiosity felt by the theatre-going public in ancient Grecian drama, stimulated by innumerable allusions in literature, had no opportunity for gratification. But during recent years the huge audiences attracted to college representations of the most noted tragedies of Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and of the comedies of Aristophanes have been admonishing the theatrical managers that they must not be caught napping. And so, even at this far-off edge of our vast territory we have witnessed professional performances of "Electra," of "Antigone," and now of "The Women of Troy." This is the first time, however, that we have had opportunity of witnessing an application of the new ideas that have been entering into progressive theatrical production during a decade. Yes, during a decade. So long it takes for new ideas to win their way.

England lost her opportunity when Gordon Craig, who is the pioneer in the conception of a union of all the arts in dramatic expression, was obliged to carry his ideas to the Continent, and, indeed, even as far as Russia, in order to secure their practical application. In America it has remained largely for detached or emancipated theatres to take up the movement. The Chicago Little Theatre Company is one of these, and in "The Women of Troy" we of San Francisco have at last seen a stage setting in which the ideas of the new cult are carried out: simplicity and subjective expressiveness of line, harmony of coloring, softness of light. The arts of architecture, painting, music are invoked. There is a meaning to everything, and the superabundant realism of setting and accessories which has been prevailing and still dominates theatrical production is banished. There is a subjectivity to the atmosphere, which repels the mind, in contrast to the flagrantly competitive profusion of furnishings and accessories to which we are accustomed. We may hail, indeed, a future in dramatic art in which the Idea is going to tower above the physical fact.

That vast, irregular fissure in the riven wall of Troy carried its full symbolism. It conveyed so much—broken lives, broken hearts, a broken and ruined land. We saw that the lights were manipulated as a painter handles his colors. No abrupt edges, no harshness of outline, no sudden, blinding changes, but gradual progression toward the glow or the darkness that was coming to reveal or envelop the woeful figures of the women of Troy. When Helen, summoned before her deeply wronged consort, appeared, this semi-divine being whose fatal charms men were unable to resist, stood bathed in a soft, rosy light. After all the moanings and the mournings of Hecuba and Andromache, cast out in the night-tide of absolute despair, we felt the calm, fatalistic charm that this woman, dowered by the gods, carried in her person. The warm, yet gentle glow that played around her presence, the order and beauty of her rose-colored robe, and of her hair held in bondage by her Greek fillet, all marked the contrast between this fate-borne daughter of destiny and the woeful women who "weep, weep for Ilion!"

All of the action of the play centres before the jagged opening in the wall of Troy. Thus the stage setting remains unchanged, except for the lights, which, playing on the vast, broken wall of masonry, make the only scenic changes. They, however, using the language of suggestion speak far more to the purpose than would numerous changes of scenery.

All this sounds, doubtless, as if an ideally beautiful performance took place, more especially when I add that the unnamed players, whose identity remains undisclosed, rendered their parts with fine elocution and with classic grace and expressiveness of pose and gesture. But, alas! there is a but. In the first place Festival Hall is much better suited to music or spectacle festivals than to dramatic performances. In the second place it is better suited to musical than to spectacular performances. Those lofty side panels, so necessary to diminish the vast width of the stage—a perfectly legitimate procedure—cut off from the view of the people at the sides much that was transpiring on middle and rear territory of the stage. They also hindered the auditor from hearing much that was spoken.

Until I stood at the middle of the back of

the auditorium I did not understand that that jagged edge was one side of a mighty fissure in the walls of Troy. I caught glimpses of hands outflung, echoes of lamentation, but could not see whose hands they were, nor what was said. I had a dim idea that these ruins were the walls of Priam's palace. I did not know that the women stealing out from the shadows were already captive. In fact there were innumerable things that I, and a lot of people around me, did not know, and could not find out, so much was lost on account of the still poor acoustics of the place. Presently from the audience furtive forms began to silently steal away. I thought I recognized some t. h. m. and their wives. But the wives seemed willing to go. I hung on, but I didn't blame them. A play which is compounded of eternal truth and divine compassion, and which is cast in the form of beautiful poetry, is not a play to those who can neither see it nor hear it. It becomes an affliction. So some stole away, but many hopefully remained. I am brushing away glitzy stereotype and telling the sad truth. I think all the people in my neighborhood, judging from comments and confidences, caught about twenty per cent of what was uttered. If they had read the play in advance they could have supplied considerably more, for a prior knowledge would have helped the ear considerably. I—O lost, O fool and blind!—did not read it until the next day. We saw the white figure of mad Cassandra holding her torch; we heard, but could not understand, her invocation to Hymen and her unbelieving prophecies of evil to Agamemnon. We heard the lamentations of Hecuba, but not the noble verses which chant the agony of a queen, now

A woman that hath no home  
Weeping alone for her dead;  
A low and bruised head.  
And the glory struck therefrom.

The player of the rôle of Andromache, however, seemed able to come out of the mists of antiquity and to speak to us with the accents of a common humanity. The scene in which the boy prince is torn from his mother's arms and led to a cruel death, in spite of all the obstacles to perfect comprehension brought down from the ages to this sad time of the bloodiest war in history, the sorrow and mourning of three thousand years ago. The significance of the scene between Helen and Menelaus also reached us, for some reason or other. But these were only fragments.

The next day I, in common with many others no doubt, read for the first time Gilbert Murray's wonderful translation of the play, and all the sorrow of those captured, enslaved, subjugated women rolled in a mighty tide down to our twentieth-century hearts. Fortunate it is that there is one who could so beautifully interpret for us this inspired cry of pity and of revolt against the cruelties of war. Wonderful, compassionate heart of Euripides, who in an age of cruelty could thus

Sing for the Great City  
That falleth, falleth to be  
A shadow, a fire departed.

That night at Festival Hall, before the performance began, the manager of the company made a polished and eloquent address in which he pointed out how little amelioration three thousand years have brought to the sufferings of women and children that are induced by war. Uda Waldrop then played Guillemin's magnificent "Marche Funèbre," which moulded the mood to such effect that one seemed to bear the crash of falling walls and the cries of women and children. If, however, we had been armed in advance with the fuller knowledge of the tragedy that a previous reading would have given us the mood would have stayed by us, and we would have surrendered ourselves with some abandon even to the only partial comprehension possible. So, out of my disappointing experience I would nevertheless say, Go, do not fail to see the play if they give it again. That is, unless you have no taste for tragedy. If you only go for curiosity you will not be repaid. One can not spend a whole evening hankering on curiosity. But read, read the play in advance. And do not be satisfied with some dry, scholarly translation, but only with Gilbert Murray's, that throbs with pain and pity, and glows with beauty, and moves with the rhythmic beat of true, inspired poetry.

#### THE ORPHEUM.

This week's bill is very light. Nothing solid or substantial for a serious taste. Perhaps it is so intentionally, as a palliative to the sad and even tragic thoughts induced the preceding week by "War Brides." There are two dancing and singing couples, "an impromptu revue" by Jack Wilson and his male singing partner, a couple of frivolous playlets—in one of which Kitty Gordon is the star—a juggling act, and the Chinese tenor again. But we must not leave out Britt Wood, the "juvenile jester," a bright boy with a soft, pink, merry, twinkling countenance, a soul and a body full of rhythm, a heart full of instinctive frolicsomeness, and a jew's-harp. Britt plays cleverly with his lip music, winks,

dances like a leaf, and tickles everybody under the ribs.

Ruby Norton and Sammy Lee are quite a fetching pair. Ruby wears many changes of pretty clothes—so, by the way, does Yvette Rugel—and, aided by her good-looking male partner, sings, coquettes, and pleases. Their song, "Down in the Cornfields of Georgia," is full of darky rhythm.

Johnny Dooley seems to be a very popular amuser. In spite of his strongly nasal voice his singing entertains, and his fun is ably reinforced by a pair of deceitful feet which play numerous tricks and are full of unexpectednesses. To Yvette Rugel's exotic brunette coloring is due, no doubt, her equally exotic name. This lady has a cozily plump figure, a pretty face, and a small but very sweet voice. On the principle with which audiences at the circus are treated to three rings simultaneously we were expected to enjoy at one and the same time Miss Rugel's very pleasing execution of "Annie Laurie," and the unquestionably amusing comedy with which her partner embellished her song. It seemed to me, however, not only economic waste, but bad judgment and bad taste. Here was a very sweetly sung and charming Scotch ballad which the majority of the audience was trying to hear and wanted to enjoy. And here were simultaneously obstructive gushes of laughter in very natural response to Johnny Dooley's comedy. Certainly a stage anomaly.

I think we can pass over "The Way to a Man's Heart" with very brief mention. My principal recollection left from it is a sigh of relief when the Swedish cook made her exit and another when the piece was safely over.

Lucy Gillett, "the lady from Delf," in a Dutch costume and against a Delft background, does some very clever juggling with numerous and varied objects.

Prince Lai Mon Kim is back again, still singing popular sentimental ballads of a McCormack flavor, and received with much favor by the audience, in spite of some evidences that his voice is suffering either from fatigue, misuse, or a cold. It is always very noticeable, in vaudeville, the always friendly attitude of audiences toward any representatives of the Chinese race. How different from the Denis Kearney, Chinese-must-go days. Thus does time bring its changes. Lai Mon Kim, however, is a particularly prepossessing young man. His expression is noticeably gentle and refined, and there is apparent a shade of pleasing bashfulness in the demeanor of this Oriental vaudeville star.

The drawing card of the week is Kitty Gordon, who displays her handsome features, her fine shape, and her extensive wardrobe in a piece called "Alma's Return." Miss Gordon makes an effective entrance in an "act de luxe" which represents the luxurious bed-chamber of a retired stage beauty. A capped and aproned lady's maid is the attendant sprite in this coquettish bower, in which Miss Gordon appears clasping effectively in her shapely arms a costly toy dog of inappreciable size. Miss Gordon relieves the audience's mind by turning her celebrated back on us as soon as may be, sings a song, and then the action is on. This begins with the appearance of Harrison Hunter, whose excellent work in the serious drama with Mansfield and others we have re-

peatedly witnessed. Playing this sort of a rôle seems rather a come-down for Mr. Hunter, more especially as, cleverly as he can do whatever he turns his hands to, as the press interviewer of the popular beauty he had no opportunity to show the finer qualities of his work.

Miss Gordon, of course, simply walks in well-grooved lines. She is accustomed to the rôle of a sumptuously clad beauty with a sovereign air, who occasionally vouchsafes a song, who allows her maid to slip her in and out of variously richly fabricated garments, and who is called upon to do a little acting. Whatever Miss Gordon does is well done, and her playlet has a situation or so which has its dramatic side. I only have one criticism. I think, in spite of her beautiful figure, Kitty Gordon—who, by the way, is misnamed, for she is not of the kittenish type—is too tall and physically imposing to appear in what the reporter called her "Turkish delights." It takes a petite and slender girl to carry such a provocative, winningly daring costume, and not a tall being of Kitty Gordon's opulent and rounded beauty. The series of movies which again show her being richly clothed, in street dress this time, by her attentive maid, and obviously conducted to and from her limousine, that is the suitable exhibition to make of the opulent charms of a Kitty Gordon.

The Wilson-Batie "impromptu revue" which followed directly was based on the Kitty Gordon act, and was the means of voicing the overwhelmed condition of Jack Wilson, who, as the leader of the pair, is supposed to be laid low by the radiance of Miss Gordon's charms, but is quite able, thank you, to hand over a good deal of irrelevant persiflage concerning that lady and her "de luxe" accessories. JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

#### Melba May Sing Here in September.

It is quite within the realm of possibility that San Francisco music lovers will have an opportunity of hearing Melba during the Exposition period. The diva will pass through this city during September, and already Impesario Greenbaum has started negotiations with a view to inducing her to stop here long enough to give at least one, and perhaps more concerts. She has been in Australia since the outbreak of the European war, where she has been doing yeoman service in raising funds for the various Red Cross societies of the different belligerents.

On November 18th, before the San Francisco Musical Club, the San Francisco Quintet Club will play the piano quintets of Edgar Stillman Kelley and Hermann Perlet, and both of the composers will be present. The Quintet Club is in active preparation for a big season during 1915-1916, when it will give a series of very attractive programmes of chamber music.

Margaret Anglin will open her next tour of America with an engagement at the Columbia Theatre. She has a new and positive success in the comedy called "Beverly's Balance."

"She sings like a bird." "Yes, incessantly."—Baltimore Sun.

# Yosemite

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

**Mrs. Patrick Campbell at the Columbia.**

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who was last seen in San Francisco about eight years ago, will return to this city the week of July 19th in G. Bernard Shaw's latest comedy, "Pygmalion," in which she has made the most decisive success of a remarkably brilliant career.

Mrs. Campbell essays the rôle of a poor London flower girl, transformed from rags and cockney slang by the slow process of physical and mental culture to be passed off in six months' time as a veritable duchess at a swell garden party.

This was the bet made by a professor of phonetics to a military friend, and with Mrs. Campbell's assistance the idea has met with such emphatic success in London, as well as in New York, that it has brought further grist to the financial mill of the author, and has added to the fame of the star by giving her an opportunity to be seen in a strictly comedy rôle.

Mr. Shaw calls his play a romance, but perhaps this is another of his stage jokes, because the dialogue is distinctly surcharged with satire on social distinctions, and, on this account solely, is likely to be enjoyed by the regular patrons of the Columbia Theatre.

Here is a specimen of the professor's instructions to Eliza, the flower girl:

"Eliza, you are to live here (his own house) for the next six months, learning how to speak beautifully, like a lady in a florist's shop."

During Mrs. Campbell's appearance special-priced matinees will be given on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

**The New Bill at the Orpheum.**

The Orpheum bill next week will be headed by Marion Morgan's Classic Dancers, consisting of six handsome, graceful, and symmetrical girls, who have distinguished themselves in important terpsichorean engagements and until recently danced in support of Lydia Lopokova. They will present a suite of five different dances of four different parts, set to the music of Rubinstein, Schubert, and other noted composers. The dances they appear in are Egyptian, Greek, Arabian, and Roman.

The Misses Campbell are two charming girls who introduce what they are pleased to term a Southern drawing-room specialty, called "At Home," in which they sing delightfully and play, respectively, the piano and banjo with consummate skill. Their act has met with the unanimous approval of the Eastern press, which declares it possesses a fascination which is irresistible and is maintained throughout.

Bert Melrose, the famous international clown, will, with his tables, present a ludicrous act in which he to all appearances manifests a reckless disregard of life and limb. He saunters on the stage in a grotesque get-up and immediately starts the fun. He is a

remarkable acrobat, whose crowning effort is his famous Melrose fall, the like of which has not hitherto been beheld.

The Four Melodious Chaps—Curtis, Armstrong, Rhoades, and Curtis—possess voices that harmonize perfectly. They are good soloists and enliven their act with refined comedy.

Ruby Norton and Sammy Lee will furnish new songs and dances, and Britt Wood, the "juvenile jester," will continue to amuse with his whimsical remarks and mouth-organ solos.

It will also be the last week of Kitty Gordon, supported by Harrison Hunter, in "Alma's Return," and Jack Wilson in his impromptu revue, in which he has the aid of Franklyn Batie.

**Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre.**

"Across the Border," one of Holbrook Blinn's most tragic thrillers during his engagement at the Princess Theatre, New York City, last season, is the big special feature on the new bill which opens at the Pantages on Sunday. The war sketch deals with a plea for peace and was written by Beulah Dix expressly for Blinn and his players. "Across the Border" tells of the desperate struggle of a little band of soldiers, who are sheltered in a hut close to the enemy's lines. For days the men have been without food, and the young lieutenant in command ventures forth and is shot. During his delirium he sees victims of the war, ravished maidens and widowed mothers, who plead with the young soldier to return to earth and stop the terrible conflict. "Across the Border" is in four scenes and carries a cast of fourteen speaking parts. Milton Stallard, one of the best-known stage directors on the Coast, will produce the sketch.

George H. Primrose, "the grand old veteran of minstrelsy," is another headliner with his troupe of burnt cork artists. Everybody knows Primrose and his dancing boys represent the crème of high-class stepping dancers.

Cecelia Rhoda and George Crampton will offer a beautiful singing act, "Between the Reels." Miss Rhoda will be remembered as the prima donna with the old Tivoli company, and also sang leads at the Princess after the fire in 1906.

Other acts on the bill will be Chrates Sisters and Holliday; Arline, the Gipsy violinist; the Four Ice Monarchs, who dance on real ice, and Chaplin movies will round out the bill.

"Omar, the Tentmaker" Coming Back to the Cort.

Guy Bates Post will again appear in the title-rôle of Richard Walton Tully's sumptuous Persian romance, "Omar, the Tentmaker," at the Cort Theatre, beginning Sunday night, July 25th. The film version of "The Melting Pot," in which Walker Whiteside is appearing, will be the attraction until then.

It will be remembered what a success the Tully play was when it was presented at the

Cort last season, and interest in its return is great. There is no doubt but that in "Omar, the Tentmaker," Tully has surpassed his previous successes, "The Bird of Paradise" and "The Rose of the Rancho," both of which are pleasantly recalled by all theatre-goers.

For a number of seasons Mr. Post has been regarded as one of the foremost dramatic artists of the American stage, but it has remained for his splendid impersonation of the beloved Persian poet to entrench him definitely as the most interesting figure in romantic rôles since the passing of Richard Mansfield.

Scenically the equipment for "Omar, the Tentmaker," is so massive and elaborate that only the largest stages in America will accommodate the huge settings which are a conspicuous feature of the production. This lavish stage adornment is the achievement of Mr. Tully himself, in association with Wilfred Buckland, who for ten years served as art director for David Belasco.

The story of the play revolves around the engrossing love-life of Omar Khayyâm, and the action is constantly brisk and compact with interest. There are blood-quickenings, escapes, sudden deaths, valiant sacrifices, daring rescues, while love scene follows enchanting love scene to the very end.

THE MUSIC SEASON.

**Concerts by the Mormon Tabernacle Choir.**

Officially recognized by the first presidency of the Mormon Church as the religious organization's musical representation for the Panama-Pacific Exposition, the Mormon Tabernacle Choir will give four concerts at Festival Hall next week, on the evenings of Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday at half-past eight, and on Saturday afternoon at half-past two.

Over two hundred members of the Mormon Church form the remarkable choir that is under the direction of Professor Joseph Ballantyne, a choral conductor who has won national fame through his development of the organization, and by its presentation of choruses at the Irrigation Congress in Sacramento several years ago, at the Lewis and Clark Exposition in Portland, and in other cities.

To bring the Utah singers to California \$20,000 have been contributed by the people of that state, President Joseph H. Smith and his counselors deciding that the Mormon Church would give \$2500 to the fund. Large amounts were also raised through concerts given recently by the choir at Salt Lake City, Ogden, and Brigham City, while thousands of dollars were contributed by the various wards of the Mormon Church in Ogden, these wards being the same as church parishes.

The choir will have as soloists Miss Lucy Gates, prima donna soprano of the Royal Opera, Berlin and Cassel; Professor John J. McClellan, organist of the great Mormon Tabernacle in Salt Lake City; Leon Hoffmeister, baritone, of New York and Boston, and Samuel F. Whitaker, organist of the Ogden Tabernacle, in addition to the various quartets, double quartets, and other musical subdivisions of the great chorus.

The instrumental portions of the programme will be furnished by the Exposition Orchestra of eighty artists. The prices will be popular and seats may be obtained at 343 Powell Street.

**International Exposition Eisteddfod.**

San Francisco's first Eisteddfod will be a musical event of exceptional value and interest, and the greater part of a week will be devoted to it, which means that many will come from all parts of the state to be delightfully entertained. The musical world is indebted to Wales for this institution, which dates back to very ancient times, and has long since become the annual musical event among Welshmen. Wherever it is held in the home country everything else gives way to it, and thousands upon thousands assemble to honor the great event.

Now San Francisco is to be honored, and the dates set are Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, July 27th, 28th, 29th, and 30th. There will be choral and instrumental contests and organizations from all parts of the country will participate.

One of the great events will be the international band concert. Six bands, composed of boys under eighteen years of age, have entered, and as they are under strict training by men of unusual capabilities, this part of the musical gathering will be particularly pleasing. The conditions are that the organizations must not be less than twenty-five nor more than thirty pieces. Three of the bands are from Oakland, one from San Francisco, and one from Denver, the sixth being unannounced. There will be others. Information from Watsonville is to the effect that friends of the institution are making an effort to send the St. Francis Orphanage Band, trained by Father Florian.

Of particular interest is the announcement that the Denver Boys' Band is to come. This organization has won prizes in many events in which it has participated, and its work here

will be watched with unusual care. It boasts of a drum major—a boy—who is over six and one-half feet in height.

Large cash prizes have been arranged, the first being \$250, second \$150, and third \$100. Suppe's "Poet and Peasant" is the selection by the committee, with the addition, if required, of a selection by the band, not to require more than five minutes.

Already much interest is being manifested in the big week, and enthusiasm is bound to run high. It is safe to predict record-breaking crowds at the Civic Centre Auditorium, where the International Exposition Eisteddfod will be held. The vast chorus alone will be well worth a long journey to hear, for the taste which San Francisco has had of Welsh vocalism is enough to whet the appetite for all that the four days can give. In all \$25,000 will be awarded in prizes, for band music is only one of the features in competition. Admission will be 50 cents, \$1, \$1.50, and \$2. Season tickets will be \$5. Tickets are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

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Sunday, August 8, 3:15 p. m. . . . . Artists' Matinee  
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OTTO GORITZ . . . . . Baritone  
Prices—Season tickets (three concerts), \$5,  
\$3.75; single concerts, \$2, \$1.50, \$1.  
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Jester; Last Week, KITTY GORDON, supported by Harrison Hunter, in "Alma's Return," and JACK WILSON, assisted by Franklyn Batie, in "An Impromptu Revue."  
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## VANITY FAIR.

If you will turn to the New York Sun of June 27, and to the page usually devoted to the many efforts of women to save the world you will find a three-column article by Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd. For the moment we looked at it hopefully, since it is now over a week since the birth of any new movement, and this terrible war has been going on all the time. Of course some of the old movements are still lingering in our midst. Only yesterday our attention was attracted by a fierce exchange of shrapnel between a car conductor and a woman over the validity of a transfer, and we observed that the female combatant was wearing a large plaque about the size of a saucer and with the word "Peace" engraved upon it in formidable letters. We only wish that we could show that hodge to the Emperor William and the Grand Duke Nicholas and see them squirm. But that is the disappointing part of the whole business. We do not believe that these great gladiators have heard about the women's peace movements, nor the plaques, nor the processions, nor even about the surprising discovery that women are sometimes the mothers of men, although they do not always confess, and that they did not raise their boys to be a soldier. But that is the way things go.

But to return to the article in the Sun. A glance shows us that there is one more feminine grievance to be added to a list already overlong. It concerns the new silhouette. Now we do not know who invented the silhouette. We suspect that it was a man, and therefore selfishly and criminally ignorant of the rearrangements of the feminine anatomy that such an innovation demands. Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd says that the situation must now be faced. It can not be dodged or evaded any longer. If the silhouette is to continue "we must make over our figures."

Hitherto and with some notable exceptions the changes of fashion have demanded a modification of the feminine landscape, but it has been of a comparatively insignificant kind. A little pulling in here and letting out there, a change of gait or arm swing, has been enough. But the silhouette demands something more than this. It necessitates, not modification, but reconstruction. The corsetless figure has had a long innings, and felonious nature has taken advantage of it; it has brought about results "not lightly set aside."

Women, says this gifted writer, should have foreseen the return of the corset and provided for it. Muscles should not have been allowed to "slump" merely because the corset had momentarily withdrawn its support. But this is precisely what happened. Young girls who ought not to have been dependent upon the corset at all seemed deliberately to cultivate the drooping shoulders and the hollow chest. Yes, and still worse than this, for they "prorated their abdomens." We hate to make such a disclosure in this chaste column, but *noblesse oblige*, and surely we may safely follow when Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd leads the way. But it is not the women themselves who are wholly to blame. One of the most fashionable of New York corsetières, helping her customers to acquire the pose for her boneless "slipons," used to say encouragingly: "It is easy. Let your shoulders drop forward, relax your knees, and stand as if you were trying to reach something with your stomach."

What curious advice. Of course it is not for us to pry into such matters, and we should lay ourselves open to deserved rebuke if we were to do so. But how does one try to reach something with one's stomach, except, of course, metaphorically and at mealtimes?

And so there you are, and the problem of the silhouette still unsolved. It will take from six months to a year, says this gifted writer, to refashion the average figure to the desired lines. But let there be no faint hearts. It can be done. Women in this new age must be willing to hear anything except hahies. Sacrifice your indolence and love of ease, says Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd. Let the work go on. And then by way of practical advice she says: "Choose a new corset with back high enough to control the flesh around the shoulder blades and high enough in front to give a smooth line twist waist and bust, yet soft and flexible to avoid pressure on diaphragm or bust. Have it boned more thoroughly than has been the rule of late, though the hip space may still be free. Let it indicate slight but evident curves of waist and hip. Keep the back as flat as possible in the new pose and use elastic insets front or back, below the hip curve, to give comfort, yet make the corset cling." But you should just see the illustrations!

Only 356 children were born in the whole of France during the week June 6 to 12. During 1914 there were a thousand births a day.

Of course it is very sad, but it is hard to see what else could be expected. Nor can we suppress a slight thrill of exultation when we remember that the cause of this lamentable demerit may be the absence of some millions of men at the front. The same brilliant idea has occurred to the French government, seeing that it is now proposed to grant leave

of absence to married soldiers as well as to impose a heavy tax upon the bachelors who are not soldiers.

If the International Association of Masters of Dancing are under the impression that they can control the dances of the future it is necessary reverentially to inform them in the language of the multitude that they have another guess coming. They can do nothing of the sort. It is all very well to assert that dances henceforth will be "sane, simple, and logical." They may be or they may not. That will depend on whether we ourselves will be sane, simple, and logical, and so far a change in that direction can hardly be said to be on the offensive, as the war bulletins put it. For a dance is not something that is invented by ingenuity, or designed as one would design the pattern of an embroidery. That is to say we may invent and design dances to our heart's content, but that is a very different thing from hoisting them into popularity. Now a dance, like a piece of music, to be popular, must express a state of feeling. For that is why people dance—in order to express the feelings that they have, and not the feelings that they have not. Now the new dances that were recently displayed at the Exposition seemed to be mighty dull affairs, and they are not at all likely to become popular, in spite of the assurances, and assurance, of the International Association of Masters of Dancing. Imagine how we should laugh if some musical composer should announce that his own particular compositions would be the music of the future. And it is just as absurd to announce the same thing of a dance. If it is found to correspond with the sentiment and emotion of the moment it will live. If not, it will die.

Ragging was popular among people with rag minds, rag sentiments, and rag emotions, and it is well that it should disappear, by police persuasion if in no other way. But why should these pundits condemn the dip? We fail to see that the slow fox-trot is recommended by the fact that "there is little or no dipping" and that "the lady and gentleman walk through the first part with just the suggestion of hended knees. The one and only dip is abbreviated." The dip is a graceful and unobjectionable movement and it is not likely to disappear. And as for the slow fox-trot it can hardly be said to be a fox-trot at all, although it is certainly slow enough to commend itself to an undertaker. If the horrid writhings of the last year or so are actually to disappear it will not be at the bidding of an organization which has about as much influence over dancing as it has over the weather, but because the popular mood has changed. But the style of the new dancing will follow the popular mood, and it will follow nothing else.

Fur seal pups are born about the 1st of August every year, and the government officials take a census of those that first see the light on our Pribilof Islands. Last year there were 92,269 pups there out of an entire herd of 268,305 seals.

All death masks of Napoleon are derived from a single original mold. This was taken from the dead emperor's face by Dr. Francis Burton in the late afternoon of May 6, 1821.

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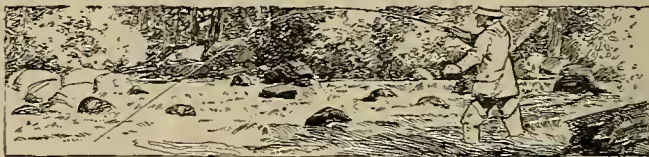
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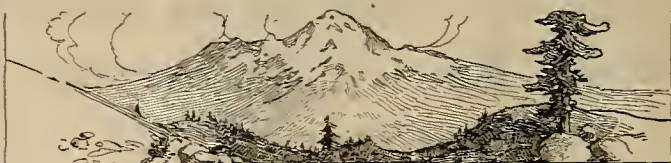
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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An Irish vicar, having advertised for an organist, received the following reply: "Dear Sir—I noticed you have a vacancy for an organist and music teacher, either lady or gentleman. Having been both for several years I beg to offer you my services."

The self-made man stalked into the office of a great financier with whom he had an appointment. "You probably don't remember me," he began, "but twenty years ago, when I was a poor messenger boy, you gave me a message to carry—" "Yes, yes!" cried the financier. "Where's the answer?"

An old Scotswoman who had put herself to considerable inconvenience, and gone a long way to see a sick friend, learned on arriving that the alarming symptoms had subsided. "An' hoo are ye the day, Mrs. Crawford?" she inquired in breathless anxiety. "Oh, I'm quite weel, noo, thank ye, Mrs. McCallum." "Quite weel," exclaimed the visitor, "after me haein' come sae far to see ye!"

The old squire was a great eater. Therefore, when he had to postpone a dinner party, owing to a family bereavement, it didn't worry him. He sat down to the loaded table and heartily attacked a haunch of venison. "This will make a capital stew tomorrow," he remarked to his butler, as he helped himself for the fourth time. "It will, sir," agreed the man, "if you leave off now, sir."

A young man who last June received his diploma has been looking around successively for a position, for employment, and for a job. Entering an office, he asked to see the manager, and while waiting he said to the office boy: "Do you suppose there is any opening here for a college graduate?" "Well, dere will be," was the reply, "if de boss don't raise me salary to t'ree dollars a week hy termorrer night."

Miss Curley kept a private school, and one morning was interviewing a new pupil. "What does your father do to earn his living?" the teacher asked the little girl. "Please, ma'am," was the prompt reply, "he doesn't live with us. My mother supports me." "Well, then," asked the teacher, "how does your mother earn her living?" "Why," replied the little girl, in an artless manner, "she gets paid for staying away from father."

Mrs. Brown was entertaining friends, and somewhere between angel cake and chocolates the fair guests began to pay tribute to their respective husbands. "When we were first married," said Mrs. Brown in her turn, with a reflective sigh, "Billy used to kiss me every time the train went through a tunnel." "How deliciously beautiful!" ecstatically exclaimed one of the young women. "Does he still do it?" "Well, I should say not!" responded Mrs. Brown, sadly. "Every time we hit a tunnel now he takes a drink."

Dr. Gordon of the Old South Church, Boston, probably has as large a circle of admirers as any minister in that city. He always preaches to large congregations, who are attracted not only by his personality, but by his intellectual and sometimes humorous sermons. One Sunday recently he made sanctimonious, psalm-singing, professed Christians who have no real religion in their make-up a target for his wit. A little boy who heard him remarked after he returned home: "Mother, I shouldn't have thought Dr. Gordon would have spoken that way about Christians this morning. There might have been some of them in church."

English men-of-war have no ice-making machines on board, as do our ships, and everybody knows how the English fail to understand us on the subject of the use of ice, especially in our drinks. An English officer was aboard one of our ships of the Asiatic fleet, and, on being served with an iced drink, commented on the delights of having cool water aboard. The American officer responded with an offer of a small cake of ice, which was sent the following morning. Meeting the Englishman ashore a week later, the American asked him if he had enjoyed the ice. "Enjoy it, old top? Why, do you know, that was the first cold hawth I've had since I left England."

The ducky has a sense of humor peculiarly his own, and he by no means objects to a joke with reference to his color—provided he makes it himself. There is a ducky in Missouri who has acquired considerable renown in his locality for his taste in landscape gardening. He was employed in setting out shrubs on the lawn of his employer. The owner of the place was nowhere to be seen, but a number of the gardener's friends were leaning comfortably on the fence at the foot of the lawn, watching the operation with absorbed interest.

Another ducky, who was driver for a physician living near, looked curiously at this row of spectators, and thus addressed the doctor, who was just getting into his huggy: "Doctah"—very solemnly—"dere's somebody daid at Mistah Jones's, shore." "Dead?" said the doctor. "No such thing. Tom. I should have heard of it if there had been any illness in the family." "Well, doctah," said Tom, pointing to the row of sable individuals who were hanging on the pickets, "ef dey aint nobody daid at Mistah Jones's, den what fo' is all dis heah mournin' strung along de fence?"

Ethelinda, an unusually bright child for her years, at last reached the point where the head of the family deemed it his solemn duty to take her to task. He hated to make the tender little heart ache and to see the dear child cry; but he forced himself to speak judiciously and severely. He recounted her misdeeds and explained the why and wherefore of the stern rebuke. Mrs. Wright sat by, looking duly impressed. Finally Mr. Wright paused for breath, and also to hear the small culprit acknowledge her error. The scolding was never continued. Ethelinda turned a face beaming with admiration to her mother, and said innocently: "Isn't papa interesting?"

During the revolutionary period in Paris in 1848 a committee of seven communists called at the Rothschild establishment and demanded to see the famous banker. Rothschild appeared, as suave as you please. "Pray be seated, gentlemen," said he; "and now what can I do for you?" "Rothschild," said the chairman of the committee, "our time has come at last. The people are triumphant—the commune is on top." "Good for the people—vive la commune!" cried Rothschild gleefully. "The time has come," continued the chairman of the committee, "when each must share equally with his fellow-citizen. We have been delegated to call upon you and inform you that you must share your enormous wealth with your countrymen." "If it is decreed," said Rothschild, urbanely, "I shall cheerfully comply. At how much is my fortune estimated?" "At two hundred millions of francs," replied the leader, holdly. "And at what is the population of France estimated?" asked Rothschild. "We figure it at fifty millions," was the answer. "Well, then," said Rothschild, "it would appear that I owe each of my countrymen about four francs. Now here, gentlemen," he continued, putting his hand in his pocket and producing a lot of silver, "here are twenty-eight francs for you. I have paid each of you, have I not? Please give me your receipt therefor; and so, good-day to you."

THE MERRY MUSE.

But They Don't.

Some chaps would conquer in the strife  
Defying all the mocking Fates,  
If they would only pull through life  
The way they pull on college eighties.  
—Philadelphia Ledger.

Bridge.

She lingered at bridge till midnight,  
The clock was striking the hour.  
Her husband stayed home with the children.  
His face was a vision sour.  
He was miffed at his wife's ambition  
To gather the sordid pelf,  
He'd a date at a poker party  
And wanted some dough himself.  
—Milwaukee News.

The Climbers.

When Jack and Jill were wedded they  
Were seemingly content  
With what, in a less gilded day,  
Was called a "tenement."

Jack's modest weekly wage was raised  
From ten to twelve; whereat  
Ambition's tiny spark upblazed—  
They moved into a "flat."

Jack soon was marching with the van;  
No money cares perplexed.  
Ambition blazed still higher. An  
"Apartment" housed them next.

But this, in turn, was voted slow,  
Not quite the proper sort.  
They wanted something better, so  
They shifted to a "Court."

Which for a time did very well,  
But soon it lost its charms.  
They yearned for something extra swell,  
And found it in an "Arms."

Now, one would think that by this time  
They'd be content. Somehow  
They're not, but still are on the climb.  
They live in "Chambers" now.

—Bert Leston Taylor, in Puck.

Senator Depew was leaving the President's office one day when a venerable, white-haired preacher from the West stopped him at the door and shook his hand. "I'm glad to meet you again," exclaimed the senator, cordially. "I trust to meet you in Heaven," exclaimed the preacher, as he reluctantly let go of Depew's hand. "I hope it will be a long time before you go, and still longer before we meet there, sir," replied the senator.



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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The wedding of Miss Mildred Sallee and Mr. Timothy Fitzpatrick will take place Monday, July 19, at St. Mary's Cathedral. It will be a quiet affair, as only the members of the two families will be present. Miss Sallee is a sister of Mrs. Vere Ellinwood, with whom she makes her home.

The wedding of Miss Helen Spalding and Ensign Howard Douglas Bode, U. S. N., took place Tuesday, June 29, at the home in Honolulu of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. I. Spalding. Ensign Bode is the son of Judge August H. Bode and Mrs. Bode of Cincinnati. The young couple will come to California and they will reside at Long Beach.

Judge Elbert H. Gary and Mrs. Gary were the guests of honor Wednesday evening at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young at their home on California Street.

Mrs. George A. Pope was hostess Wednesday at a luncheon at her home in Burlingame in honor of Mrs. Charles B. Alexander of New York.

Miss Cara Coleman entertained a number of friends Monday at a luncheon at her home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Bourn gave a dinner at their home in Burlingame Tuesday evening, when a score of friends enjoyed their hospitality.

Miss Evelyn Waller was hostess Wednesday at a luncheon in honor of her house guest, Miss Marie Poudessan of New York.

Miss Mary Phelan was hostess Saturday evening at a dinner at her home on California Street in honor of Mrs. Jonathan R. Chadwick and the Misses Katherine and Nan Chadwick of New York.

Mrs. George T. Marye gave a luncheon Sunday at her home in Burlingame in honor of Judge Elbert Gary and Mrs. Gary of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Tuhhs entertained a number of friends Saturday evening at a dinner at the Palace Hotel.

The Misses Mabel and Franc Pierce were hostesses Friday at a luncheon at their home on Chestnut Street in honor of Mrs. John Keator and Miss Rachel Keator, who have come out from New York to visit the Exposition.

Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall was hostess Thursday at a luncheon at Monterey, where she is spending the summer.

The Maharajah and Maharanee of Karpathula entertained a number of friends Tuesday evening at a theatre and supper party.

M. Camille Saint-Saëns was the complimented guest at a dinner given by Mr. George Stewart at the Old Faithful Inn.

Mrs. Gordon Blanding was hostess Wednesday at an informal luncheon at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of Mrs. James B. Haggin, who recently arrived from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander W. Wilson entertained a number of friends Friday evening at a theatre and supper party.

Mrs. James Otis was hostess Thursday at an informal luncheon at her home on Broadway.

Miss Corona Williams and her fiancé, Mr. Berrian Anderson, were the complimented guests Friday evening at a dinner given by Miss Sara Coffin at her home in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan gave a garden party Saturday afternoon at their villa in Santa Clara County. The affair was in honor of Governor Henry Carter Stuart of Virginia.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was hostess Tuesday evening at a dinner at her home on Broadway in honor of Mr. and Mrs. William Henry Pool of Virginia.

Mr. Edwin Markham was the guest of honor Friday evening at a reception given by the Oregon Society of San Francisco at the Oregon building.

Miss Lily O'Connor was hostess Thursday at a luncheon at the Francisca Club in honor of Mrs. George Harding of Philadelphia.

Mrs. George T. Marye was the complimented guest Thursday at a luncheon given by Mrs. R. P. Schwerin at her home in San Mateo.

Miss Flora Miller entertained a number of friends Thursday at a luncheon at the Francisca Club in honor of Miss Margaret Scheld of Sacramento.

The members of the Santa Barbara Country Club gave a dance Monday evening, when two hundred friends enjoyed their hospitality. Among those who gave dinners preceding the affair were Mr. and Mrs. Christian de Guigné, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden, and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Douglas.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Montague gave a dinner Tuesday evening at their home on Pacific Avenue. The affair was in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Phelps of New York.

Mrs. Thomas See was hostess Wednesday after-

noon at a bridge party at her home at Mare Island in honor of Miss Marian Brooke, whose engagement to Dr. Ernest Eytinge, U. S. N., has recently been announced.

Colonel Joseph Pendleton, U. S. A., and Mrs. Pendleton were the complimented guests Wednesday evening at a dinner given by Captain Frank Bennett, U. S. N., and Mrs. Bennett at their home at Mare Island. Captain Bennett and Mrs. Bennett entertained a number of friends at a luncheon Wednesday in honor of Senator James D. Phelan.

Major Henry Whitney, U. S. A., and Mrs. Whitney were the complimented guests Friday evening at a reception given by the officers of the Presidio and their wives at the Officers' Club. General John R. Pershing, U. S. A., and Mrs. Pershing entertained a number of friends at a dinner preceding the affair.

Captain Louis Chappelcar, U. S. A., and Mrs. Chappelcar gave a dinner Wednesday evening at their home at Fort Miley in honor of Mrs. W. B. Galbreath of Texas.

Captain Reginald McNally, U. S. A., was host Friday evening at a dinner preceding the dance at the Officers' Club at the Presidio.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Ex-President Theodore Roosevelt will arrive shortly from the East and will visit Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler and Mrs. Wheeler at their home in Berkeley.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller and the Misses Leslie Miller and Noel Haskins are enjoying a motor trip through Southern California.

Mrs. William Post has come out from New York to visit the Exposition and is a guest at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. Maurice Burk-Roche, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker at Burlingame, returned Friday to his home in New York.

Mrs. Francis Davis Pryor has come up from Coronado and is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gaillard Stoney, at their home on Jackson Street.

Mrs. David Present and child arrived last Sunday from New York on a visit to Mrs. Present's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Wertheimer.

Mrs. James Bishop and her two children, who have been spending the past month at Camp Ahwanee in the Yosemite Valley, have returned to their home on Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. William C. Chapin have returned from their wedding trip to Lake Tahoe and are established in their home on California Street.

Mr. Clark Crocker, accompanied by two schoolmates, arrived Friday from the East and has joined his family at their ranch at Cloverdale.

Mrs. Bervin and her niece, Miss Margaret Dunlap, who have spent the past ten days at the Fairmont Hotel, returned Friday to their home in New York.

Miss Dorothy Williams of New York is spending several weeks in San Mateo visiting Mr. and Mrs. George Barr Baker.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Adams and their daughter, Miss Edith Adams, have returned to their home in New York.

Mrs. James B. Haggin, who has been visiting Dr. Harry Tevis at his home at Alma, has come to town and is a guest at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Francis Davis Pryor is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gaillard Stoney, during the absence of her husband, Lieutenant Pryor, U. S. N., who is in command of the *Truston* at Mare Island.

Mr. Buckley Wells and his daughters have returned to Denver after a brief visit to the Exposition.

Professor W. H. Wright and Mrs. Wright of the Lick Observatory have recently been visiting Professor Wright's mother, Mrs. Selden Wright.

Mr. and Mrs. Watson D. Fennimore have returned from Shasta, where they were the guests of Dr. James A. Black and Mrs. Black.

Mrs. George Stoney and her daughter, Miss Katherine Stoney, have arrived from the East and are visiting Mrs. Charles B. Brigham and Miss Kate Brigham at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. William Bourn and her daughter, Miss Ida Bourn, have opened their country home in St. Helena for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton La Montagne have returned from a fishing trip in the Feather River country.

Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker are spending a month in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Herbert Hoover and Miss Daisy Polk have arrived in this city from Europe and will remain here indefinitely. Miss Polk, who is a sister of Mr. Willis Polk, has resided abroad for several years.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Poole have come from their home in the East to visit the Exposition. They are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Sprague.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope, Miss Emily Pope,



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Makes the Fourth "GRAND PRIX" awarded this wine in five years

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**ITALIAN SWISS COLONY**

and Masters George and Kenneth Pope have moved to Burlingame, where they are occupying their country home. Their town house will not be closed this summer on account of the Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Christian Pomeroy and Miss Harriet Pomeroy have recently been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Charles Parmelee Eels in San Rafael.

Miss Alice Hager has moved to Burlingame, where she will reside permanently.

Mrs. Garrett Wilder of Honolulu is visiting relatives in Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Maud sailed last week for Alaska, where they will spend a month.

Mrs. Horace Davis Pillsbury has gone East to spend several weeks with her parents, General and Mrs. Taylor, who have a country home at Buzzard's Bay.

Mr. and Mrs. Colgate Hoyt, who spent several weeks visiting the Exposition, left last week for a motor trip to Seattle, from where they will sail for Alaska. They were accompanied by Mrs. Arthur Sharp and Miss Adrian Sharp.

The Messrs. Joseph Walker and Frederick Stillman of New York are visiting Mr. William W. Crocker at his home in Burlingame.

Miss Natalie Campbell, who has been visiting Miss Marie Louise Black, has gone to Pasadena to spend the summer with relatives.

Miss Margaret Scheld has returned to Inverness, after having spent a week with Miss Flora Miller at her home in Ross.

Mrs. William G. Henshaw is settled for the summer in her home, Mira Vista, at Montecito, where she will be joined by her son-in-law and daughters, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Chickering and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Keeney.

Mr. and Mrs. John McCandless of Honolulu, who have been visiting their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hephurn, in Oakland, left Friday for Seattle to remain several weeks. They contemplate returning to Honolulu the middle of August.

Mr. James P. Langhorne, Jr., has returned from Woodside, where he spent several days visiting Mr. and Mrs. James Athearn Folger at their country home.

Lieutenant Earl Shipp, U. S. N., and Mrs. Shipp, who have been spending the past year at Coronado, will leave shortly for Annapolis, where Lieutenant Shipp will be stationed. Mrs. Shipp's mother, Mrs. Charles Weller, contemplates spending the winter in the East.

Lieutenant Emery T. Smith, U. S. A., has arrived from Fort Sill, Oklahoma, and is spending six weeks at the camp of instruction for field artillery near Monterey. Mrs. Smith, who is visiting her father, General McCain, U. S. A., at his home in Washington, will join her husband here September 1.

One of the remarkable phenomena of the present war, from the medical point of view, is the blindness that often follows the explosion of shells—the result apparently, not of direct injury, but of concussion. According to a writer in the *Lancet*, a soldier, after more or less prolonged fatigue induced by marching and exposure in the trenches, is stunned by the explosion of a shell. When he recovers consciousness, he finds for a time that he is blind. After a few days, however, he finds that he can distinguish light from darkness, and that he can grope about without stumbling against objects in his path. In the end he wholly recovers his sight. An oculist who has studied these cases calls them "examples of injuries or wounds to consciousness." The problem is psychological; as a result of the sudden, severe shock the conscious mind, with its attributes of will and control, is thrown out of action. Then a "block" occurs between the ocular mechanism and that part of the brain that is conscious of sight, somewhat like the block a man sometimes notices while reading an uninteresting book, when although he sees the words clearly, nothing is conveyed to his mind.

A clock made entirely of straw and willow withes has been completed recently in Switzerland. The chimes are made of straw put through a special process to give a ringing sound. Not a hit of metal was used in the unique clock.

Lowbrow—Wot's dat gink's name they calls the god of war? Bilton—Ananias.—Judge.

## Oakland and Antioch New Rates.

With the advent of the heavily increased travel to the Exposition from interior California points announcement is made of a new excursion rate to be in force from all cities on the Oakland, Antioch and Eastern Railway and the Northern Electric Railway. Until the end of September these roads will sell round-trip tickets, permitting a fifteen days' stay, at the rate of one fare and a third, the purchase price to end in multiples of 25 cents. These tickets will be on sale each Friday and Saturday and will enable the roads to devote extra equipment to the comfortable handling of passengers. The new excursion rate will be in addition to the rate already in force, providing for sale of tickets on the same basis at intervals of eight days.

Dan Rawlinson, whose sign still hangs over a London shop, was mentioned in the diary of Samuel Pepys. He was the first in England to sell tea, and got \$15 a pound for it.

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

Horatio Weber Baker, founder of the chair of mining engineering in the University of Nevada, and for the last three years on the staff of the *Mining and Scientific Press*, died at his home, 2903 Clay Street, on Thursday of last week after a short illness. He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Hallie Moulton Baker.

Tax Collector Bryant reports that the second installment of Twin Peaks Tunnel taxes, including six months' interest, amounts to \$430,000. This makes a total of \$1,639,000 collected. He is preparing to sell to the highest bidder certain lots upon which the installment is delinquent. The third installment under signed agreements will be due December 1.

The attendance at the Tabernacle revival meeting, Van Ness Avenue and Bush Street, on Sunday night exceeded 5000. Dr. McNeill spoke last week to more than 30,000 persons.

Governor Henry Carter Stuart of Virginia and the Richmond Blues were entertained last Saturday evening by the Virginia Society of California at the Palace Hotel. Dancing followed an informal reception.

James A. Bacigalupi, attorney for the Italian consul-general here, has been made a Knight of the Crown of Italy for services rendered the Italian government in Exposition matters and for his activities in behalf of Italian immigrants in the West during the last three years. His new title, conferred by King Victor Emmanuel, is "Chevalier of the Order of the Crown of Italy." He is the youngest chevalier appointed and the first native son of the Kingdom of Italian lineage to receive the distinction.

Camille Saint-Saëns left last week for New York. Members of the French commission to the Exposition accompanied him to the train.

Dr. C. A. Mackechnie, for the past two and one-half years ship's surgeon of the Oceanic liner *Sierra*, has resigned to leave for the war zone as a surgeon in the British army. He served with the British army in Egypt and South Africa several years ago.

Champ Clark and Mrs. Clark arrived on Wednesday evening. Today Mr. Clark will deliver the Liberty Bell address, having been chosen from the nation's distinguished men for that honor. At the Ferry Mr. and Mrs. Clark were met by Exposition and city officials and others forming a large committee of welcome. Thursday Mr. Clark was the luncheon guest of the San Francisco Commercial Club. On Friday afternoon the visitors were guests at a reception in their honor given by the Missouri Society of California at the Missouri building at the Exposition.

Frederick W. Sharon, president of the Palace Hotel Company, the Occidental Land Company, and of the Sharon Estate Company, owners of the Fairmont and Palace Hotels, died at 12:30 o'clock Wednesday in his apartments in the Palace Hotel. Death was due to a complication of ailments. He was fifty-six years of age. A widow and a sister are left. Decedent was the son of the late William Sbaron, senator of Nevada and founder of the Palace Hotel Company. Following in the footsteps of his father, Sharon took up the management of the vast business affairs left to him.

Supervisor Andrew J. Gallagher has been indorsed for mayor by the Union Labor county central committee. On the first ballot P. H. McCarthy was eliminated, leaving Gallagher and Eugene Schmitz to be voted on. The defeat of McCarthy in the Labor county committee means his withdrawal from the mayoralty race. Regardless of the action of the labor committee, Schmitz, it is said, will continue his campaign for nomination for mayor at the primary election.

The estate of the late J. Charles Green, for many years the billboard magnate of San Francisco, has been sued for \$58,825. This sum represents a number of claims, including forty-one notes issued to various business corporations. The Panama-Pacific International Exposition is one of the claimants, seeking to collect a \$5000 subscription.

Mrs. Agnes D. Wright-Kahrs, daughter of John Wright, pioneer architect, has won her fight before Superior Judge Shortall for more than \$100,000 worth of property, which she claimed as her portion of her father's estate. The property consisted of 195 shares of stock in the John Wright Investment Company.

Alvah Wilson, who resigned the position of assistant manager of the Hotel St. Francis a few years ago to take the management of the Adolphus Hotel in Dallas, Texas, has returned to the St. Francis, to take an executive position under Manager James Woods.

The annual report of the librarian of the City Library, Robert Rea, shows that in nine years the library has accumulated more than 160,000 volumes, a total equal to the number in the original collection. During the last year more than 1,098,858 volumes were circulated for home use among the 50,000 card-holders. The increase over last year is equal to the combined increase for three previous years, 27,181 new card-holders being registered.

NOTES OF THE EXPOSITION.

Mayor James M. Curley of Boston was the centre of interest for hundreds of former Bostonians who gathered in the assembly hall of the Massachusetts building on Friday of last week. Mayor Curley was accorded a tremendous ovation as he stepped to the rostrum of the auditorium. He was presented with a bronze medal in commemoration of his visit. Meyer Bloomfield of Boston was chairman of the day.

The Greek pavilion which was dedicated a few weeks ago, was formally opened to the public on Wednesday. A classic programme, arranged by Dr. Cleanthe Vassardarkis, commissioner-general of Grecian participation at the Exposition, was rendered. The "Panathenaea," the most elaborate of the Athenian festive dances, and the "Worship of Pan" were given at 3:30 o'clock on the lawn in front of the building, under the shadow of the statue of Pallas Athene and other famous pieces of sculpture. A reception by Dr. and Mrs. Vassardarkis followed.

Yesterday and today will be known as Apricot Days. Apricots are being dispensed at the Santa Clara booth of the Counties Display in the California building. Five tons of the luscious fruit are being given away by a bevy of pretty girls from the Santa Clara Valley.

The Exposition is now half over. The first half ended with the closing of the gates last Tuesday night. During the first twenty weeks visitors have spent in admissions and with the concessionaires \$5,433,893.56. This is exclusive of the pre-Exposition book sales. On the Zone and in the other concessions \$3,108,893.56 has been spent. The actual cash admissions during the first half of the Exposition year will reach approximately \$1,525,000. Miscellaneous receipts amount to \$800,000. The Exposition's percentage from the concessionaires' receipts to date amounts to \$587,113.56. Over 8,000,000 people have passed through the gates so far.

A rare collection of Japanese bronze work is one of the many interesting displays of Oriental craft comprising the Japanese exhibit in the Palace of Manufactures. These attractive works in bronze convey an impression of the weird fantasies of the Orient. The famous Japanese metal worker, Okazaki Sessei, is the most extensive contributor. He is represented in the display by eleven beautiful vases.

Señor Florencio Constantino, the Spanish tenor and late star of the Boston Grand Opera Company and the Metropolitan Grand Opera Company, will be the featured soloist at a "Venetian Night Carnival" to be given at the Panama-Pacific Exposition as one of the big events in the celebration of Newspapermen's Day, Saturday, July 24th. Constantino will be heard in several of the arias that have won him fame throughout the world, notably selections from "Lohengrin" and "Giacinta." The "Venetian Night Carnival" will begin at 8 p. m., and will be followed by a parade from the Fine Arts Palace to the Joy Zone entrance.

"The Landing of Junipero Serra," a historical California mission play, was enacted on the Exposition Fine Arts Lagoon at 2:30 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon. Father

Mestres, a venerable padre of San Carlos Church, Monterey, took the part of Father Serra. The costuming was a feature. Every part of the drama was historically accurate.

New Haven Day was celebrated on Wednesday at the Massachusetts building. Hundreds of Yale graduates were present. Dr. Arthur T. Hadley, president of Yale University, was heard in an address.

The Beethoven Festival of Music.

The biggest symphony orchestra, a great conductor, the biggest choruses, and some of the biggest soloists will give the biggest programme ever heard in San Francisco at the Beethoven Festival of Music at the Civic Centre Auditorium, Friday, August 6th, at 9 p. m., Saturday, August 7th, at 9 p. m., and Sunday, August 8th, at 3:15 p. m.

The symphony orchestra will consist of one hundred musicians that can not be excelled for quality and selected for their ability to play the most complex music. Lovers of orchestral music can expect all the necessary qualities, wide range of timbres, great compass, extensive gradations of force, the greatest flexibility, and a solid sonority, maintained from the finest pianissimo to the heaviest forte.

Alfred Hertz, from the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, who will have charge of the orchestra at all performances of the Beethoven Festival is that *rara avis*, a great conductor. The many qualities necessary for a great conductor are seldom realized in any one person. Hertz is essentially a prima donna conductor; every motion of his baton means something, and his musicians are taught to look for the melody in every bar and then to sing it. It is by his great knowledge of music and his interpretive talent of highest degree that he is enabled to command and keep his musicians under perfect control.

Not all of the 2000 chorus singers will appear at every concert of the Beethoven Festival. There will be 500 in the chorus that will sing the Choral Finale of the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven, Friday night, August 6th, and Josiah Zuro and Alexander Stewart, the well-known conductors, who are drilling the Friday night chorus, declare that it would be a hard matter to duplicate it for quality of singing.

The great festivals of the East advertise several big artists as soloists, but it is seldom that more than one big artist appears on a single programme. At every concert of the Beethoven Festival will appear Marcella Craft, leading soprano of the Royal Opera, Munich; Ernestine Schumann-Heink, the glorious-voiced contralto; Paul Althouse, the young tenor, and Otto Goritz, great favorites of the Metropolitan Opera House.

While the programmes of the Beethoven Festival are already overflowing with vocal offerings, the festival committee is not unmindful of the fact that there must be instrumental offerings, and has prevailed upon Roderick White, the violinist, brother of Stewart White, the author, to cut short his summer at the White home in Santa Barbara and play the numbers that best suit his fancy.

Seats for the epoch-making Beethoven Festival are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's.

Tour Will Be Limited.

Owing to the limited tour of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, this season will not see the famous English actress in Oakland, San Francisco being the only city whereabouts having the opportunity to enjoy Bernard Shaw's "Pyg-



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mation." In order to accommodate out-of-town theatre-goers, the Columbia Theatre management is accepting mail orders and filling them to satisfaction.

The superiority of French kid gloves over all others is due above all to the perfection of the skins, the kids being reared in villages by peasants who own only a few goats, and therefore take great care of them. Another reason is that in France one workman takes the prepared skin and manipulates it himself right up to the finished glove.

Statistics show that in 1914 there were published in this country 10,175 new books of more or less substantial character, and 1853 new editions, a fair deduction being that of all the tens or hundreds of thousands of books published in this country for the past fifty years or so, only 1853 were deserving of new and revised editions.

Milwaukee must pay \$504,776.90 interest and \$998,500 principal on bonded debt this year.

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## NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT.

THE LUTHER BURBANK COMPANY, San Francisco, California.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors of The Luther Burbank Company, a corporation, held on the 29th day of June, 1915, an assessment of one (\$1.00) dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of said corporation, payable immediate to Ross Thompson, Assistant Secretary of the corporation, at the office of the company, Burbank Building, Market and Beale Streets, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 2d day of August, 1915, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on the 21st day of August, 1915, to pay the delinquent assessment together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

ROSS THOMPSON,  
Assistant Secretary and Acting Secretary of The Luther Burbank Company.  
Office of the company, Burbank Building, Market and Beale Streets, San Francisco, California.

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

She—Do you believe in church lotteries? He—Well, I was married in church.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

"There's something in this world beside money." "Yes," said the cynic, "there's the poorhouse."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Mrs. Dents (at the ball game, excitedly)—Isn't our pitcher perfectly grand, Tyrus? He hits the club nearly every throw.—*Joplin Times*.

"So you're convinced that your novel is hopeless?" "Absolutely," replied the young author. "I couldn't even sell it after I changed it into a war story."—*Life*.

"When did your boy Josh pass his examinations?" "I dunno exactly," replied Farmer Cornstossel; "but I reckon it must have been when nobody was lookin'."—*Washington Star*.

"That man doesn't tell the truth half the time." "Well," replied Senator Sorghum, "he must be reforming. A fifty per cent veracity average is pretty high for him."—*Washington Star*.

"Your typewriter girl didn't leave when you cut her salary down?" "No. She said she'd stay and not do so much work; that she had a lot of books she wanted to read, anyway."—*Puck*.

"Briggs must be dreadfully extravagant. He never seems to have a cent." "Tried to borrow from you, did he?" "No, but hang it, I wanted to borrow from him."—*Boston Transcript*.

"I was telling Titewad this morning that shells for a twelve-inch gun cost \$500 each." "Well, what about it?" "He said he wouldn't shoot one of those shells at his worst enemy."—*Houston Post*.

"Every one seems to be here for his health," remarked the new arrival at the summer resort. "Yes, every one but the hotel proprietor," replied the guest who had been there three days.—*Judge*.

"What a beautiful woman!" "I'm glad you think so. That is my wife." "I congratulate you, old man. It must be a pleasure to lose every argument to a woman like that."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Chiggs is always seeking new attachments for his motor-car." "He has one now that will hold him for a while." "What kind is it?" "One furnished by the sheriff."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"What a blessed thing is sleep," said the tired laborer. "Yes," assented the society man who overheard him. "I don't think I could kill eight hours additional per day."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Michael, do you know who it was that said, 'I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread?'" "Must have been Ananias, yer riverence."—*Life*.

"When does the next train go?" asked the woman who was evidently in a hurry. "Where are you going?" asked the man at the window. "Dear me! Am I supposed to tell you all my personal business?"—*Washington Star*.

Friend—Say, Clarence, how does yo' manage to shave a gemmerman what's got de St. Vitus' dance? Barber—Hoh! Dar's easy! I jess holds de razzah on his face an' lets him fiddle his whiskers off to suit hisself.—*Puck*.

First Able-Bodied Male—Woman's place is in the bone. As I was tellin' my wife—Second Able-Bodied Male—By the by, Bill, what's yer wife doin' now? First Able-Bodied Male—Workin' in the cannery.—*Buffalo Courier*.

"Learn to do one thing and learn to do it well," remarked the ready-made philosopher. "Yes," answered the pessimist; "but by the time you have done that somebody not quite so conscientious has gotten the job."—*Washington Star*.

Mrs. Justback—Ferdinand says while I was away he attended a few parties given by the married people of the neighborhood. Her Mother—I know. The married people were married men and the parties were poker parties.—*Dallas News*.

"I dare say you haven't worked in years," remarked the hard-featured housewife. "You do me a great injustice, mum," said the tattered tourist. "I'm recuperatin' right now from a sentence of six months at hard labor."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

Howard—I see the neighbors on your street have petitioned the city to have a light placed in front of your house. What do you think of it? Henry—I'm puzzled. I don't know whether it's kindness on their part, so that I can find the keyhole, or just plain curiosity to see what time I come home nights.—*Judge*.

Mrs. Parvenu—John, that Mrs. Kawler who was just here said she had been having a bad attack of ongewee. What's that? Parvenu—Something catchin', perhaps. Why

don't you look it up in the dictionary? Mrs. Parvenu—I did. I went through all the O's, but can't find no such word.—*Boston Transcript*.

Mrs. Crawford—Why don't you ask your husband's advice? Mrs. Crabshaw—I intend

to, my dear, just as soon as I've made up my mind what I'll do.—*Judge*.

Male Straphanger—Madam, you are standing on my foot. Female Ditto—Beg pardon, sir. I thought it belonged to the man sitting down.—*Boston Transcript*.

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## THIRTY-NINTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### Dr. Scott Nearing.

The dismissal of Dr. Scott Nearing from the faculty of the University of Pennsylvania, presumably because of his ultraradical teachings, will at least have the effect of furnishing the learned professor with a halo of martyrdom, and he may find this much more profitable than his scholastic stipend. Halos of martyrdom for a cause have often been found to be the most remunerative of investments, and for this very reason the action of the board of trustees was an unfortunate one.

But to argue that Dr. Scott Nearing was entitled to teach anything that he pleased from his university chair merely because he was sincere is a piece of rank absurdity. As a matter of fact he was teaching, not the economics that he was paid to teach, but a class warfare that was opposed not only to the interests of the university, but to the interests of civilization. Under the shelter of the university, and almost in its name, he was conducting an impassioned political campaign, and the board of trustees was practically in the position of paying him to do this. Naturally they objected. And now the country is asked to defend the freedom

of speech and to rally to the defense of a man who is employed to do one thing and who persists in doing something quite different. If Dr. Scott Nearing were a Methodist minister and were to demand the right to preach atheism from the pulpit he would be summarily removed. If he were an editorial writer on a Republican newspaper he would not be allowed to advocate Democratic politics. There has been no attack on Dr. Nearing's liberty of speech, seeing that he can speak to his heart's content to any audience willing to listen to him. But he can not draw a salary from the University of Pennsylvania for teaching economics and at the same time teach class warfare and revolution. At the same time it might have been better policy to withhold from him the profitable martyrdom that is now his.

### Hats Off to Josephus!

Verily God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform. He has left it to a habitual, temperamental, and congenital nincompoop—none other than Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy—to show how the best constructive genius of the country may be brought into working coöperation with one of the great departments of government. The idea may or may not have developed in Mr. Daniels's own mind—it doesn't matter. He has turned the trick and is entitled to such consideration as its very great importance merits.

With the idea of bringing the navy up to the point of a real insurance policy against war, Mr. Daniels has invited nine Americans of demonstrated constructive and organizing genius to serve the Naval Department as an advisory council. With the readiness characteristic of men who realize their ability to help in a great work, likewise characteristic of men of patriotic spirit, every man of the nine has accepted the invitation. The list is inspiring:

THOMAS A. EDISON  
ORVILLE WRIGHT  
HUDSON MAXIM  
ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL  
JOHN HAYS HAMMOND, JR.  
SIMON LAKE  
LOUIS NIXON  
HENRY FORD  
R. A. FESSENDEN

It is an amazing group—a group reflective of our practical genius of invention, of discovery, of organization. It is a group made up of men who not only have dreamed dreams, but have worked them out in forms of practical achievement.

Bear in mind these men are invited to lend their aid in respect of matters wherein their capability is a demonstrated quantity. It is in relation to the constructive side of naval affairs that their help has been asked. And herein Mr. Daniels has exhibited a very unusual sort of wisdom. Commonly, when men of special capability have been invited into the service of the government—as has happened rarely—it has been upon the presumption that distinction in one sphere implies wisdom in relation to everything. Mr. Daniels has made no such mistake. He is not inviting Mr. Edison, the electrician, to determine problems of morality and psychology; he is not inviting Mr. Wright, the aviator, to determine questions of organization; he is not inviting Mr. Ford, the organizer, to consider problems in navigation. He has not fallen into the blunder of putting square pegs into round holes. He has selected these men with direct reference to their several known qualifications and with the idea of so combining their gifts and powers as to make them serve in the physical upbuilding of the navy.

If there be one defect in our system more glaring than any other it is its failure to enlist in the service of government the best capacity of the country. Even when we draw into the governmental service a man of

special ability we make him over in the image of politics. The merit of Mr. Daniels's project is that it draws into the government and applies at the points where they may be of service, talents supreme in their way. The men of his selection are not subjected to the destructive processes of politics. They are under no temptation so to trim their opinions and judgments as to please constituencies. They stand each and every one of them for something very much apart from the interests of politics. They may be depended upon to act upon cold judgment, not from motives of political calculation. There is not a man in the group who is not associated with distinctions quite sufficient for any mere personal ambition. No one of them has anything to gain for himself either through the favor of government or through popular favor. Each is a man on his own account under the necessity of responding to no appeals which do not rest upon his sense of manly or patriotic obligation.

It is a trite criticism that we don't bring into the government our best men. Now and again we have in the public service first-class legal talent. But never have we had a Pierpont Morgan or an Edward Harri-man in the Treasury, or a Tecumseh Sherman or Robert E. Lee in the Department of War. If at intervals we have had a Webster, a Choate, a Root in our department of diplomacy, we have also had a William Day, "pride of the Stark County bar," a William J. Bryan, and as now an amiable, subservient, and efficient clerk.

Mr. Daniels in bringing to the Navy Department a group of advisers representative of the highest genius of the country has set an example which merits imitation all down the line. It is inspiring to reflect upon what it would mean for the power and dignity of our country if the several departments of administration and legislation should be able to command in advisory relations the best talent which the country affords with respect to the particular work of each.

### Presidential Speculation.

The Washington bureau of the New York Sun has busied itself these several weeks past with a study of the Republican presidential situation. It sent out to representative men in all parts of the country letters of inquiry as follows:

What is the present tendency among the Republicans of your locality as to the choice of a candidate next year; do they favor an ultraconservative, a progressive, or a compromise?

How do the Republicans of your locality feel with respect to the following candidates for the Republican nomination who are already in the field or are likely to be: Burton, Borah, Mann, Weeks, Cummins, Fairbanks, Knox, Root, Whitman, and William Alden Smith?

Is there any pronounced sentiment either for Roosevelt or Taft for the Republican nomination?

The most significant fact brought out by the responses is in relation to the two ex-Presidents. Practically none of the answers received by the Sun was favorable to either Mr. Taft or Mr. Roosevelt. As to the Progressive party, the answers were all but unanimous in asserting it to be a fading quantity. Everywhere the Progressives are falling back into the Republican party, and many of those most actively associated with the movement of 1912 are tending toward conservative views. In the Western Progressive states like Iowa, Minnesota, Nebraska, and Wisconsin, most of the responses suggest that some man should be nominated who will be acceptable to the Progressives. An Indiana Republican of national reputation adds as a postscript that he is constantly surprised to find growing numbers of Republicans in his state who are open advocates of Senator Root.

Taken by and large Senator Root is the favorite in all that part of the country which lies east of the Alleghany Mountains. And after him come Senator



Weeks and ex-Senator Burton. There is in New York a very positive if not an organized movement for Root, based upon the idea that 1916 is bound to be a Republican year and that any man wearing the party badge is certain of success. Yet there are here and there notes of caution founded in the judgment that though the Progressive party is dead, there remains a large and powerful element of progressive sentiment which may not be brought to the support of any man of ultraconservative reputation. As related to Mr. Root the idea appears to be that he is the preëminently fit man, but that there would be an element of danger in his nomination.

Senator Weeks of Massachusetts appears to have made a serious impression upon the country in his recent tour, which was frankly in the nature of a campaign of inspection and exhibition. His personal good looks, his obvious honesty, his frank avowal of favor for certain progressive ideas—all these taken in connection with a stalwart Republicanism—have given him almost suddenly a place in the public regard commonly attained only after years of conspicuous service. His record as a business man appeals to a public which is frankly weary of experiments both political and academic, with schemes of governmental restriction. But while Senator Weeks appears to be highly regarded the country over, there is no concrete movement for him outside his own state of Massachusetts.

Whether or not Senator Burton is to make a figure in the pre-convention campaign rests primarily with his own state of Ohio. With the support of Ohio he would probably be a formidable candidate, but without it he is practically out of the race. Highly regarded everywhere, he still will have no positive support excepting as it may be induced by and through the leadership of his own state. And it is problematical if Ohio will be for him. With two other Ohio candidates in the field, one of them the present governor with the state organization at his back, it may not be easy for the friends of Mr. Burton to rally in sufficient strength to make his candidacy effective. Burton, while a very able man, splendidly equipped through long congressional service, has little or nothing of the commanding personality of Mr. Root. There is nothing in his history, his character, or his manner to inspire enthusiasm, albeit a thousand motives for respectful consideration.

Senator Borah of Idaho has elements of support more widespread than any other man, although nowhere does he appear in the character of a hot favorite in any important state—or in any state for that matter. New England, while primarily favorable to Weeks or Root, is friendly to Borah. He has likewise very considerable elements of strength in the South; and throughout the Progressive West his name figures in every suggestion looking to the coming year. It is practically an assurance that if the choice should fall upon Root or Weeks or Burton, Borah would be first choice for Vice-President. It is the universal idea that his name on the ticket would be a source of strength throughout the country.

The *Argonaut* finds nothing in this study of the *Sun* to alter its prediction of two years ago, that the most likely nominee is Mr. Borah. True, he lacks the backing of a state having a large representation in the convention, but this is a circumstance which may turn to practical advantage. A man whose immediate support is not large enough to provoke antagonisms, may easily fall in for the nomination under the practice of compromise which has oftentimes been illustrated in national party gatherings. There is no antagonism to Borah, either general or particular, while his record, prior to 1912 and since that time, has commended him to men of all shades of party feeling. He has youth, ability, and charm. And not least among the circumstances which tend to commend him to popular favor is the fact that he is making no effort to organize a positive force favorable to himself in the coming convention.

#### Exit the Thaw Case.

Let us hope that Harry Thaw will now be allowed to make his bow and to retire permanently from the public stage. His has been a nearly continuous performance for nine years, and he has invariably played to full houses. Two commissions and a jury have pronounced him sane. Three justices of the Supreme Court have held him to be insane. Medical experts have sold their testimony with an admirable impartiality to the highest bidder, and some of them have

even changed sides in pursuit of a larger fee. And now there seems to be no excuse for continuing to look at Harry Thaw unless in the exuberance of his liberty he should once more force himself upon the public stage. And this is by no means unlikely.

The crime for which Harry Thaw was punished—for his confinement may as well be called by its right name—is of common occurrence. It sprang from the most prolific source of all crime. He learned that his young wife had been atrociously ill-treated, and by a man who had reduced that sort of villainy to a fine art. In a fit of ungovernable passion he shot him, and while there may be some doubt as to whether Thaw's victim was fit to die, there can be no doubt whatever that he was not fit to live. Now it is a sound theory that no man ought to take the law into his own hands, but it is certain that men always have, and always will, take the law into their own hands in such matters as this. And it may be said frankly that an appeal to the law for redress under such circumstances as were disclosed at Thaw's trial would not have presented a very hopeful outlook.

It is commonly said that Thaw owed his relative immunity to his wealth. Certainly he owed to his wealth the notoriety that followed his crime, seeing that similar crimes are frequently committed by inconspicuous people and they hardly find their way into the newspapers. But whether his wealth served him in any other way may well be doubted. It is not easy to recall a single case where any man in America has been punished for such an act committed under such a provocation. We are a sentimental people, and what is called the unwritten law has often thrown its protecting shadow over worse crimes than this, and crimes with a far less incentive. Indeed it is impossible to imagine a greater incentive. It may be argued quite plausibly that if Thaw had been a poor man he would have been acquitted, as many and many another man has been acquitted. It was his wealth that arrayed the legal talent of the country to the attack and the defense, and it was his wealth that made it more profitable to send him to Matteawan with an endless vista of future proceedings than to discharge him on the spot. As a matter of fact the question of Thaw's sanity has never been a serious one, in spite of the charlatan experts. Thaw was held to be insane or sane according to individual belief that he should or should not be punished. To confine him as insane seemed the only way to make him suffer for his offense, and therefore those who wished him to suffer asserted that he was insane. And now we may hold the comfortable belief that substantial justice has been done in spite of subterfuge and pretense and that the curtain may now be rung down. We may also believe that if Thaw was insane then most of us would be equally insane under the same circumstances.

#### Washington Topics.

Again the Washington gossips are marrying off the President. The lady in the case is Mrs. Norman Galt, a Virginian, about forty years old, of the highest character and cultivation, well-bred, handsome, charming. She was a Miss Bolling, and in her early twenties married Norman Galt, one of the four sons of William M. Galt of Washington, a very rich jeweler. Three of the sons died, following the death of the father, and Norman succeeded to control of the business—the "Shreve" shop of Washington—up to the time of his death some four years ago. The widow then bought out the interests of the other heirs and is now sole owner, her brother conducting it for her. The Galts, albeit "in trade," have always had a prominent place in the best society of Washington. Norman Galt was for many years vestryman of St. Thomas's Church and the widow is prominent in parish affairs. If she and the President marry it will be interesting to know whether a Presbyterian or an Episcopalian presides over the ceremony. The marriage would be approved at Washington. It would bring an element in society, now aloof from the White House, in closer touch and it would help to restore an old-time social condition in Washington. It would, too, bring into the White House a hostess of poise, graciousness, and social experience. Mrs. Galt is an intimate friend of the President's niece, Miss Bones, and went with the latter as her guest to open the summer White House at Cornish. She has been there during the President's recent stay.

The newspapers did not make much of the part played

by Sir Cecil Spring-Rice in the recent incident at the home of J. P. Morgan. Sir Cecil was the man who finally wrested the revolver from Holt. A friend calling at the embassy the other day undertook to congratulate Sir Cecil on his heroism.

"Congratulations are hardly in order," said Sir Cecil, dryly. "It was a most distressing affair."

"Yes," agreed the visitor, perfunctorily.

"I mean particularly to me," went on the ambassador. "To you? How so?"

"I was visiting Mr. Morgan and had on at the time the one suit of dress clothes I had with me, and it got all messed up."

And the ambassador, whose sense of humor is well developed, he being an Irishman, let his eyes twinkle, though his mouth retained its firm ambassadorial lines.

Associate Justice McReynolds of the Supreme Court, formerly Attorney-General, is not happy in his new position. He is realizing that Philander C. Knox knew what he was about when he refused to accept an appointment to the Supreme Bench, remarking in explanation, "I am not yet ready to be a dead one." McReynolds is a bachelor. Society has been engaging him with the little Burleson girl for a long time, but has not been able to make good on the prediction. McReynolds is fond of the society of men and of club life. He has lived in clubs for years. His taste is for serious conversation, particularly on legal topics. Since going on the bench he has had to flock all by himself. If he gets into conversation with any of his old associates, immediately it drifts to subjects connected with the law. As the talk proceeds something develops that ties it to a concrete case. And then the Associate Justice has to pull himself up short, remembering that these are matters before the Supreme Court or likely to be there. Sorrowfully he has to make excuses and get away.

It is announced by the Treasury Department that "with the approval of Secretary McAdoo," Commissioner Osborn has organized a "Flying Squad" of special agents or detectives to operate in the Internal Revenue Districts throughout the country for the purpose of uncovering frauds and of "increasing the efficiency of the service." These officers, it is given out, "will be the personal representatives of the commissioner and, in fact, will be his eyes and ears throughout the country." They are to be "sent into any part of the country where the commissioner has reason to believe that fraud is being committed which it is impossible for the regular revenue officers to uncover." All this has a specious sound, but what it amounts to in fact is a permanent addition to the "gumshoe" squad appointed outside of the civil service and at the whim of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue. Practically it puts at the service of whoever handles politics for the Administration a set of handy men mighty useful for organizing the politics of the country.

Ex-Senator Jonathan Bourne is finding justification for his continued residence at Washington in the digging up of various kinds of information relative to the working operations of the government. In the course of this work he has developed some interesting figures showing to what extent "deserving Democrats" have been eared for by the Administration outside the regular services. For example, in connection with certain "field work" for "the Census of Manufactures" a very considerable number of persons have been employed outside the classified service. During the period from March 13th to November, 1914, 346 persons were thus employed. Since November, 1914, 1264 persons have been employed. This service is maintained largely for the purpose of providing jobs for the needy and the hungry to whom the regular services, under the restrictions of law, are not available.

The impression prevails at Washington that Germany, while holding one tone in her official notes, has slipped the information to the Washington government that she really proposes to be good hereafter. It is believed that this private information is the explanation of why the second *Lusitania* note to Germany was, in the mildness of its manner, in such marked contrast with the first note. A private understanding is regarded at Washington as quite within the lines of the Wilsonian diplomacy, which is very largely under cover. There have been so many Colonel Houses and John Linds, privately commissioned and reporting pri-



vately, that no one may safely guess what is going on, what has been done, or what may be done.

### Editorial Notes.

Mrs. Marion Craig Wentworth, who is described as a "famous feminist," makes tentative proposal of a "sex strike against war." She thinks it will not be necessary in this country, yet is convinced "that there are enough American women sufficiently aroused against war to make such an expedient possible." Mrs. Wentworth's first mistake is that women are more predisposed in opposition to war than men. The truth is that war and everything connected with it holds a perennial and inextinguishable attraction for women. Witness 20,000 war babies in England alone. Also witness the social attraction of the soldier under all conditions and circumstances. Further witness the "rage" among women for military fashions. Woman has always been, and probably always will be, as eager for war as are men. Again Mrs. Wentworth's idea of an organized movement among women as against men runs counter to familiar natural phenomena. The closest affinities of human life run, not between women and women, or between men and men, but between women and men. If Mrs. Wentworth seriously imagines the possibility of an organization of women as against men, she will learn something to her surprise by giving the scheme practical trial.

The submarine has certainly proved its efficiency as a destroyer of commercial shipping, but it becomes insignificant in comparison with Mr. La Follette's seamen's act. Once more we see how much mightier is the pen than the sword, for whereas the German submarine has destroyed only a small portion of British shipping, a single stroke of the presidential pen has been enough to sweep the American merchant marine from the seas. The effect of the seamen's bill upon the Pacific Mail and the Dollar lines is already a matter of nation-wide notoriety. Now we learn from the Lake Michigan Passenger Association that the "American merchant marine will be driven from Lake Michigan next November by the seamen's bill, which raises the cost of operation to a prohibitive figure." Every ship carrying the American flag on the Great Lakes must either haul down that flag and hoist the British flag in its place or go out of business. No wonder there should be a demand for a special session of Congress to repeal the law before it goes into effect, but what a display of ineptitude and incapacity. Perhaps the next time Mr. La Follette shows his periscope above the legislative waters there will be some general foresight of the devastation that it portends.

The Industrial Betterment Commission of the National Association of Manufacturers has issued a report to the effect that minimum-wage laws are unsatisfactory alike to the employer and to the employed, that there is no demand for them from their supposed beneficiaries, and that all previous attempts to regulate wages—and history is full of them—have invariably failed. It need hardly be said that the commission has done no more than express the convictions of every one whose emotions are regulated by intelligence. A minimum-wage law usually implies also a maximum wage. It displaces all those who are not worth the minimum, and it fails to recognize that prices are as much a factor in the problem of decent living as are wages, and if there is any way to control prices we have yet to hear of it. If the state may fix a minimum wage it may fix all wages, and even the emotionalism that is now a department of government will hardly go quite so far as to demand this—at least not yet. So far as the demand for a minimum wage has any intelligent basis at all it springs from needy politicians who are anxious to show that they are "friends of the people."

The average man supposes that it is by no means an easy thing to secure possession of quantities of dynamite, and probably it is not an easy thing—for the average man. But there seem to be no difficulties in the case of a crazy professor like Holt, who can buy all the explosives he needs, carry them around in suitcases, store them in hotels, and deposit them in the White House and upon ocean steamers. But then Holt seems to have enjoyed a curious immunity from the early stage when he murdered his wife to the latest stage when he murdered himself.

### THE THEATRE OF WAR.

The centre of interest and importance is still to be found on the eastern front, and the weight of advantage is strongly with the Germans. Three German armies are converging upon Warsaw, and a fourth German army is attacking Riga with the object of cutting the Russian communications. Although it is farthest from Warsaw, by far the most important of these forces is that moving upon Riga. The Russians can surrender Warsaw and retreat indefinitely without serious damage to themselves, but if their communications are cut to the far north there is nothing left for them but to break their way through or to surrender. This is the real and substantial threat that they have to face, and it is hard to believe that they have not foreseen this move and made some preparations to meet it. The Russian armies are dependent for their main supplies on Petrograd, that is to say on a line that runs north and south. A German advance eastward from Riga will cut this line and the Russian armies will be in the air. To use an already overworked simile they will be in the position of a diver with his air line severed. Now it is perfectly possible that this attack to the far north will be met and repulsed, but if it should succeed the position of the Russian armies will indeed be a desperate one.

So far as Warsaw itself is concerned it is menaced by three armies, two from the north and northwest and one from the south. The southern army sustained a severe check south of Lublin through the impetuosity of the Austrian commander, who should have waited to join hands with the Germans, but who attacked before the German force was on the spot. It would seem that this Teutonic army is still being held, but probably it will not be held for long. The other two attacking armies are moving southward from Mława, which is just south of the northern German frontier, and they are pushing the Russians in front of them. The Russians will probably fall back upon the great fortress of Novo Georgievsk and make a stand there. Without the support of an army the fortress would of course stand no chance whatever against the German heavy artillery, but with the support of the army it may be able to resist. But it is now quite upon the cards that Warsaw will be evacuated, and this in itself would be of small importance if the evacuation were carried out in good time. The Russians have never hesitated to evacuate anything. Indeed it is a part of their traditional policy, and they will certainly abandon Warsaw rather than risk a critical battle. But the German advance eastward from Riga is quite another matter. If this should result in cutting the railroad line that runs north and south it is hard to see how the Russians could extricate themselves. We may therefore in a measure disregard the immediate attack upon Warsaw and await news from the Baltic division. If this should succeed, then indeed the Germans would be in measurable distance of the supreme aim of their eastern campaign, which is so to destroy the Russian resistance as to liberate their troops for an attack in the west. But it is hard to believe that the Russians will allow their communications thus to be cut without a tremendous resistance, or that they have overlooked a threat of such vital import. But of that we shall know more later on.

That nothing short of the destruction of the Russian armies will be of avail to the main German plan is now openly stated by an "officer of the German general staff," recently quoted in German newspapers. He says: "The matter is simple. We must defeat the Russians, not merely drive them back so that they can recover and come on again, but defeat them *à fond*. We must drive them back into the heart of little Russia in the south, free Bessarabia, and offer it to Roumania for immediate occupation, in order to keep peace with the Balkans, and push on, if possible, even as far as Odessa. In the north the Balkan provinces will be easily cleared. The pro-German sympathies of Sweden will save us from danger in that quarter; then we shall be free to turn our attention to the west and to undertake an invasion of England." But if Germany has any hope of doing this she will have to be quick. The autumn rains are not far off, and as soon as they begin the Russian roads will be impassable by artillery. Bad weather is the Russian opportunity.

The reverse to the Teutonic armies south of Lublin seems to have been of a substantial kind, although we may doubt if it can be sustained. A dispatch to the New York Sun says that the Austrians, over-confident after their victories, declined to remain at Krasnik to wait for the Germans with their heavy guns, which have done the work of this campaign, but struck north immediately toward Lublin, believing that the Russian morale was destroyed and that it was only necessary to advance in order to conquer. Thus they lost all touch with the Germans, who were carefully occupying and consolidating positions. The Austrian flank was thus exposed. The Russians saw their opportunity. The Czar's forces were turned and concealed in a dense wood along the side of which the Austrians were advancing. Whether their advance guards were negligent or their flankers asleep is not known, but the Austrian forces passed by this wood, after which, with their flank thus turned, they were in a serious predicament when the Russians assumed the offensive. The Austrian left wing was crumpled up and fell back on the main body; the entire force effected a speedy withdrawal toward Krasnik and so found itself heavily attacked.

General Botha's victory in South Africa, while without much result upon the main war, is none the less a notable achievement. Botha began the invasion of German Southwest Africa late in February. He took Windhoek on May 13th, and thereafter his only task was to reduce a series of forti-

fied posts. The final surrender of the German territory was made by Governor Seitz and accepted by Botha on July 9th, and this leaves only German East Africa unconquered out of the whole of Germany's colonial possessions. These operations were considered of sufficient importance to demand all the strength that British South Africa could place in the field, and therefore there have been no contributions from that part of the world to the armies in Flanders and France. Botha now announces that he will send a force to Europe and so place South Africa in line with Canada and Australia. The conquered German territory in South Africa amounts to 322,450 square miles. There are some elements of drama in the fact that a few years ago General Botha was at the head of the Boer armies fighting against Great Britain. That he is a man of chivalrous instincts is shown by the Berlin bulletin which states that the officers and men of the garrison were allowed to retain their arms.

Lord Kitchener in his London speech of a few days ago admitted that there had been a "satisfactory and constant flow of recruits," but that it had been necessary to hold them back because of the scarcity of munitions. But that difficulty, he said, had been overcome and all recruits could now be equipped. A day or two later come unofficial reports that two million British soldiers are about to move across the Channel and that all of them will be transported by August 1st. It is well to take these unofficial reports with some caution, but there can be no doubt whatever that a very large British army has been in existence for some time and that numbers of fully equipped and trained men have been held idle in British camps for at least three months. There must have been full confidence that Sir John French would be able to hold his own with the men that he had and that it would be futile to fritter away a new army on spasmodic trench fighting. We may suppose that a characteristic British stolidity has refused to allow itself to be hurried and that even the pressing need of Russia for some diversion in the west has been unable to shake a determination to wait for complete readiness before a move was made.

The difficulties of the Dardanelles campaign are not sufficiently evidenced by the ordinary map. Perhaps it may usefully be said that the crux of the whole struggle is a strip of water known as The Narrows, which is easily covered by the defending guns on shore. It was found impossible for ships alone to silence these guns, since whatever damage was done by day could be repaired by night. It was to overcome this difficulty that an Allied army was landed, but the army found itself opposed by the fortifications of the Pasha Dagh, which occupy a plateau stretching nearly all the way across the peninsula and to be reached only over steep sloping ground. So long as these fortifications remained active it was impossible for the ships to pass through The Narrows, and up to the moment of writing the Pasha Dagh remains untaken, although the Allies have made distinct progress in the capture of various parallel trenches. The almost invincible nature of the modern trench has been made evident enough in Flanders. It is this same sort of trench fighting that now finds a place on Gallipoli. The defending Turks are equal in efficiency to any soldiers in the world and they are officered by Germans.

But in this case the issue does not depend wholly upon trench fighting. The Turkish forces at Pasha Dagh must be supplied from Constantinople. These supplies can not reach them by road, for to do this they would have to pass Bulair, at the entrance to the Sea of Marmora, and Bulair is under fire from the ships in the Gulf of Saros. Supplies must therefore be sent by water across the Sea of Marmora and landed at Maidos. But here the submarines of the Allies have a chance to prove their mettle. They can enter the Sea of Marmora and lie in wait for the transports, and already we have been notified that some of these transports have been destroyed. But the Turks have still a countermove. They can send their supplies down the Asiatic side nearly as far as The Narrows, or as close to The Narrows as the warships will allow, and then send them across on ferryboats. The submarines can not easily interfere with this process, since the straits are so narrow that they would be seen at once, and they could easily be hit from the shore. On the other hand the Asiatic route is a difficult one, and the ferrying of heavy ammunition is still more difficult. Also it is probable that the Turks established vast stores on the peninsula before the Allied forces arrived. Therefore the success of the Allies depends first upon their ability to storm Pasha Dagh and so to admit their ships through The Narrows, and secondly upon their power to cut off the Turkish supplies. It may be said with some confidence that Constantinople will practically be taken as soon as the Allied ships have passed The Narrows. They will then have thirty miles of open water before them, and while there are fortifications in the Sea of Marmora they are not of a very serious kind. If we should hear that Pasha Dagh had been taken it will be equivalent to an announcement that the Dardanelles have been forced and that this particular phase of the war is at an end.

Reports from unofficial sources and from special correspondents with a passion for sensationalism should be taken with caution, but it is none the less interesting to note a recent dispatch to the New York Sun from its Constantinople correspondent and which gives a gloomy account of the situation in the Turkish capital. There are said to be 90,000 wounded in the hospitals, while the men at the front are described as having lost confidence. Over a hundred German officers are said to have been murdered, including a German von Leipzig, the German military attaché. The dispatch says further that the scarcity of munitions has been



acute as to be irremediable, and the pro-Allies party is increasing in strength and is openly advocating the making of a separate peace. Enver Pasha's power is waning to such an extent that anti-war agitators are going unprosecuted and emissaries of the Allies are working with success and undisturbed.

A Berlin telegram asserts that Germany, so far from having foreseen the ammunition needs of the war, was actually hard pressed for shells at a quite early stage of the conflict, and that it was only an efficient combination of scientist and workman that succeeded in overcoming the difficulty. And it will be remembered that at one time there were stories of a rigid economy on the German side. Germany, like all other countries, had prepared for what she believed would be the need, and, like all other countries, had found that the contract was far larger than the specifications had shown. A month of hard fighting was expected to finish the war in France, but as a matter of fact both Germany and France had cause to be anxious about their ammunition before the battle of the Marne had been finished. During this battle alone there were army corps each with 120 guns in use and that fired 600 shells per gun. With such an incredible consumption of ammunition it is easy to understand the difficulties to be met in the equipment of new armies. The men themselves become the least of the necessities. Without guns they are useless, just as the guns are useless without an almost limitless supply of ammunition.

Estimates of the present strength of the German navy are largely conjectural, since we do not know how many ships she has been able to add since the war began. One battleship and two battle cruisers were on the stocks a year ago, and they are certainly to be reckoned with by this time. Two other ships, the *Ersatz North* and the *T*, were begun in 1914, both of 28,000 tons and carrying eight 15-inch guns. Their armament is the same as that of the *Queen Elizabeth*, but they are not quite so speedy. There are many great shipbuilding firms in Germany, but we can only guess at their probable product. Certainly they could turn out seven or eight cruisers by the beginning of next year, and this would give Germany about twenty dreadnoughts and fifteen cruisers, a fleet strong enough to put up a memorable fight. And we need have no doubt that they will be heard from before peace is declared.

In spite of the apparently relentless nature of the fighting the New York *Evening Post* of July 15th speaks of a certain conviction in Washington that the time is ripe for mediation and that if America does not take the initiative there are others who will. The Pope is said to have a plan on foot and there are also stories of a powerful church dignitary in one of the Scandinavian countries who has great influence in Germany and who is preparing to move in the matter. It is believed that all the countries involved are anxious for peace, but that they all object to receive direct offers of mediation. A high finance official of the American government is reported as saying that international bankruptcy is inevitable unless the war stops at once, and it is curious to note that on the following day the German censors passed a report of a deputation of German bankers who interviewed the emperor and laid the state of affairs before him. It is now evident that even the most absolute victory upon one side or the other can bring no advantages whatsoever, that measured in terms of calamity a victory would be only a shade less ruinous than a defeat. And yet it is hard to see upon what terms even an armistice could be secured. All the reports show that the French are inflexible in their determination to continue the war until they have forever banished the fear of future wars. And certainly it would be disastrous to patch up a peace that would be no more than an opportunity for further preparations for a renewal of the struggle at some future time.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 21, 1915.

SIDNEY CORYN.

The brick-tea industry had its origin in Foochow in the early 'seventies. The trade prospered rapidly, and three factories equipped with British machinery were in full operation within a few years. In 1875 the customs figures show that 6,200,000 pounds of brick tea were shipped from the port, while in 1879, four years later, the extraordinary figure of 13,700,000 pounds in export shipments was reached. The trade prospered with varying success until 1891, following which there was a gradual decline. This was chiefly due, no doubt, to the transfer, for economical reasons, of the Russian tea market to the Yangtze River tea marts in the neighborhood of Kiu-kiang and Hankow. The trade soon languished and all three foreign factories were obliged to close. In 1910 a Chinese company called the Chee Woo Brick Tea Company was organized with a capital of \$150,000. The company purchased the building and machinery of one of the brick-tea factories closed some years previously. The company has two brick-tea presses in operation during the season, and its output during the last year totaled 1,600,000 pounds, valued at \$215,000. Practically all this product was pressed from the dust, only 2000 pounds of the whole leaf being manufactured into the brick form.

California is said to lead in the production of canned milk. During 1914 Californians bought and used some 900,000 cases of the product, paying approximately \$3,250,000 for it. Especially noteworthy is the fact that it was but a few years ago that canned milk was only used in mining camps and elsewhere, where fresh milk was not available. Today it is in general use everywhere.

## THE ORIGIN OF SUGAR CANE.

Hindu Mythology Gives a Quaint Account of It.

Once upon a time—to borrow the phraseology of the fairy story—there lived in India a celebrated prince, known as the Raja Trishanku. Becoming somewhat dissatisfied with his earthly surroundings, he conceived the idea of paying a visit to heaven during his lifetime, probably with the view of investigating celestial conditions before making arrangements for a permanent residence in that spiritual region. He accordingly applied to Indra, the monarch of the Hindu heaven, for admission to his kingdom. Indra promptly refused the request, notwithstanding his hitherto very pleasant personal relations with the wealthy and distinguished raja, doubtless suggesting that the only route to his realm lay through the portals of death. Hearing of the circumstance, Vishva Mitra, a renowned hermit of much magical skill, volunteered to prepare a nice temporary paradise, a sort of imitation heaven, perhaps not quite so elaborate, but in most respects about as good as the one the prince was to enjoy in the great hereafter, for Raja Trishanku's personal use while still in the flesh. The raja accepted the kind offices of the hermit, and the luxurious paradise was forthwith constructed (writes Edward Ables in the *Pan-American Union*). Some time later the breach between the raja and Indra was healed and friendly relations again established—whether by the death of the former or by what other means the story saith not—and the earthly paradise was incontinently demolished. A few of its luxuries, however, were allowed to remain on earth, just to show something of Vishva Mitra's remarkable achievements. Among these paradisiacal perfections left for the benefit of mankind was the sugar cane. That, according to Hindu mythology, is how sugar was given to the world.

That story may not be quite satisfactory to botanists, but, forsooth, they have not been able to supply a very much better one. Scientists admit they do not know just where the sugar cane originated, for nowhere has it been found in its wild state. It has been a cultivated product for many centuries, and the first mention to be found in written records is in the sacred books of the Hindus. "I have crowned thee with a shooting sugar cane, so that thou shalt not be averse to me," was written in these ancient scriptures many centuries before the Christian era. In the train of Alexander the Great during his Asiatic conquests were some observant persons who made notes of what they saw, and in these written documents, according to later writers who fell heir to them, is told the story of "a reed growing in India which produces honey without bees." Thus sugar cane was evidently well known in that country before 320 B. C.

As to the product of the cane, the first kind of sugar of which mention is made was a concentrated caue juice called "gur" in India ("gud" in Sanskrit), and this seems to have been known as a food from prehistoric times. In A. D. 627 sugar had become quite well known, for when the Byzantines conquered Dastagerd in Persia that year among the spoils taken was a quantity of sugar. That its manufacture was an established industry in India in the seventh century is also attested by the old Chinese encyclopedia, the *Pentsao-kang-mu*, which states that the Emperor T'ai-tung, who reigned from 627 to 650 A. D., sent some of his people to Behar in India to learn the art of sugar-making. Thus all records seem to point to India as the original source of sugar, so it is reasonably safe to conclude that the cane was indigenous to that country.

The Arabs introduced the sugar cane to Sicily in 703 and thence it was taken to Africa about 900. It was carried to Spain by Abd-ur-rahman I, about 755, and was so successfully cultivated in southern Andalusia that by 1150 the country boasted a flourishing sugar industry. Meanwhile the Arabs and Chinese had initiated the growing of the cane along the coast of the Mediterranean as well as on the coast and islands of the Indian Ocean. The Crusaders found extensive sugar-cane plantations in Tripoli, Mesopotamia, Syria, Antioch, and Cyprus, and by the fourteenth century the cane was being cultivated in nearly every part of the known world where soil and climate were suitable.

The Spaniards, in 1496, established its cultivation in the Canary Islands and there the sugar industry thrived and prospered. Then came its introduction into Brazil by the Portuguese, who brought it from Madeira, and thus was the industry started in the Americas. In 1590 there were thirty-six sugar mills in Bahia and sixty-six in Pernambuco, and the industry grew so rapidly that in the year 1600 the export from Brazil amounted to 60,000 chests of sugar, each containing 500 pounds. Sugar cane had also been introduced into the island of Santo Domingo by Columbus on his second voyage, but the industry made very little progress there until the importation of slave labor, when, under the French régime, Haiti became a great factor in the sugar production of the world.

From Santo Domingo the cultivation of sugar cane spread to Mexico by 1520, when Cortez established plantations in Ixcapam. By 1553 Mexico was exporting sugar to Spain and Peru, thereby becoming the first region of continental America to export the product. In the meantime Diego Velasquez had conquered the Island of Cuba in 1511-12, and as soon as the Spaniards obtained a permanent foothold colonists came over from

Haiti (or Santo Domingo) and brought with them the sugar cane.

The sugar industry spread to the other islands in the West Indies as soon as they came under the domination of European nations. The English introduced it in Barbados and Jamaica; the French into Guadeloupe and Martinique; the Dutch into their colonies in St. Eustatious and Curaçao. In South America the industry started, as has been heretofore stated, in Brazil. It soon spread to French, Dutch, and British Guiana; to Venezuela, Colombia, Peru, Ecuador, Argentina, and Chile. From Mexico it spread throughout all the countries of Central America, the growing of the cane and the manufacture of the sugar being an important industry in each of the republics.

According to Dr. George Thomas Surface, of the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University, "sugar cane was not introduced into the American Colonies (the United States) until 1751, during which year the Jesuit Fathers of Santo Domingo sent to the Jesuits of Louisiana sugar cane for planting, and also sent negroes, who were accustomed to the cultivation of the plant in their native islands." Certain English authorities give the date as 1737.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

August Luther, credited with the invention of the deadly gas apparatus now being used by the Germans on their battle fronts, has, it is announced, been made professor of sciences at Munster University. He was given the chair as a reward for his services in originating the newest weapon of the Kaiser's war machine.

Simeon E. Baldwin, former governor of Connecticut, who was a candidate at the Baltimore convention which nominated President Wilson, is now suggested as the successor of Robert Lansing as counselor of the State Department. Governor Baldwin is now seventy-six years old, and has had long experience in legal affairs.

King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, who may not be able to keep out of the war, like the king of the Belgians and King George of England, belongs to the House of Saxe-Coburg. His father was the late Prince Augustus of that successful race, and his mother, Princess Clementine, a daughter of Louis Philippe. His title has been a matter of gradual acquisition. He was elected prince by the National Assembly, which later confirmed the titles of Royal Highness and King or Czar.

Sylvester Long-Lance, who has just been appointed to West Point, is the first full-blooded Cherokee Indian who has been so honored. He is a graduate of the Carlisle Indian School, which he entered when he was twelve years old. Some time ago he determined upon an army career. President Wilson became interested in him, and several weeks ago Long-Lance received notification that he had been selected as one of the six presidential appointees to the Military Academy.

The Rev. Dr. G. Campbell Morgan, who recently announced his intention to resign from Westminster Chapel, London, has been prevailed on by the trustees of the congregation to remain. In addition to the many other demands made on him he has been president of Cheshunt College since 1911. Dr. Morgan is also known as a writer of force and rare ability in his field, and has published many religious volumes and papers. In his moments of recreation he turns to golf and tennis.

Albin Polasek, whose recent effort, "Aspiration," was awarded the Widener medal for the best work in sculpture at the Pennsylvania Academy, was born in Moravia, but came to this country at the age of twenty-two years. Later he began to study at the Academy of the Fine Arts in Philadelphia. In due course he was enabled as a *Prix de Rome* man to study the old masters of Italy, and the influence of these years is apparent in several of his finest pieces, notably the "Fantaisie" at the Metropolitan Museum in New York, and his "Young Roman Girl."

The Earl of Norbury, one of England's well-known citizens, has taken work at fourteen cents an hour as a fitter in an aeroplane factory in Surrey. He takes his meals with the other workmen in the factory, and is in all respects on the same footing in the works as they. Lord Norbury is fifty-one years old, and has been induced to take this step by the feeling that every man should do what he can at the present time to help his country. He has a good knowledge of mechanics and internal combustion engines, and hopes to be of use in accelerating the country's war output.

Frederic Carl Frieseke, winner of the grand prix in the department of fine arts at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, is a native of Michigan, and comparatively young. He studied at the Art Institute of Chicago, the Art Students' League of New York, the Pulien Academy, and the Whistler School in Paris. His pictures have been exhibited in the Gallerie-Modern of Venice, the Luxembourg of Paris, the Modern Gallery of Odessa, Russia, and throughout Germany and the United States. He won a gold medal in Munich in 1904, a silver medal at the St. Louis Exposition, and has had honorable mention at numerous societies and academies.



## THE NUMBER THIRTEEN MYSTERY.

After All It Was Not What Appearances Indicated.

At Maréville all the bathing-machines are actually alike; they are made of boards, painted yellow, with blue horizontal stripes. The swimming-master and his wife rejoice in the name of Pichard, and have two children.

Gaston, being accustomed to close his door without locking it, was not surprised to find it open when, after more than an hour in the surf, he came forth, dripping, and blue with cold, and bounded into what he thought he recognized as his own bathing-machine. He closed the door quickly.

Outside, the sun was blinding; it was half-past four on a warm July afternoon. Gaston's eyes, dazzled by the glare of the sun and the reflection on the water, could not at first distinguish the details of the interior, but at the end of a minute he could see clearly, and perceived that he had made a mistake—he was in some fair bather's dressing-room.

His first idea was to get out again immediately; but the devil, who was watching this little scene out of the corner of his eye, judged that it was time to interfere and to make of this innocent mistake a tragedy which should set the whole beach by the ears. The devil, then, so managed it that Gaston was seized by an irresistible curiosity and stopped to look about him.

With a furtive and rapid glance, then, he passed in review the garments which hung floating from the wall like so many perfumed clouds. He inspected the dress, with its fluted folds and fantastic buttons; he took down the dainty sailor hat, with its fish of iridescent enamel floating in a bouquet of green algae and red actinias; and he gently stroked a little pair of undressed-kid boots. And then he saw on the shelf a great ivory comb and brush—and no false switches! There were still two or three hairs of the color of molten gold which remained interlaced among the teeth of the comb.

This examination had lasted but four or five minutes at the most, and Gaston, ashamed of his indiscretion, now that his curiosity was satisfied, put his thumb on the latch and opened a slit of the door, glancing out to see if he could escape without being seen. But he hastily closed the door again; a fair bather was hurrying from the water in the direction of this bathing-machine, at the same time beckoning to the Pichard woman, who was now running to open the door for her.

At the sound of the key entering the lock Gaston felt his knees giving way beneath him. In a few seconds, with the rapidity of lightning, he ran through all the possible schemes to escape. Should he lower his head, and, dashing out like a bull, scattering the women in his way, spring into the sea and swim to America, never to return? Should he fall on his knees, with protruded chin and the palms of his hands toward the zenith, and sobbingly demand pardon? Should he lie down at full length and pretend to be dead? Should he conceal himself and await events?

The key turned in the lock, and while the fair bather, her eyes half-blinded by the sun, turned toward the door and closed it, Gaston had gone down on all fours, and, like a dog that has done something he knows he should not do, had squeezed himself under the bench which ran across the back of the room.

Happily for him, the mirror was hung above the bench, and the brush and comb were on the shelves at right and left, so that the bather, naturally placing herself before the glass, looked at her own face, and did not see the man at her feet. She began by wiping her face and neck, then she unbuckled a belt of oxydized copper that confined her waist, after which she unfastened her blouse. That done, she disengaged one arm, then the other, and the discreet light of the dressing-room lighted up the most divine torso that ever nature, in her inexhaustible munificence, lovingly molded for the admiration of the artist or the delight of less gifted men.

But let the ladies reassure themselves, and the gentlemen smooth down their affrighted hair; the modesty of the fair bather ran no risk. The unfortunate Gaston, consumed with fear, did now as does the ostrich in distress, he concealed his head. He glued his face against the wall, and of the magnificent spectacle being developed in the room he saw nothing.

Having quitted her bathing costume, the lady pushed it with her foot into the corner at the left of the door, threw a towel on the floor, and, having partially dressed herself, sat down on the bench and commenced putting on her stockings, glancing about meanwhile for her shoes. The left one was at the corner of the door; she picked it up, drew it on, and buttoned it. The other was not to be found. The lady stood up, and with the tip of her booted foot pushed aside her bathing suit to see if it did not cover the missing shoe. She stooped down and reached under the bench; instead of her shoe she caught hold of the bare foot of a man!

A terrible cry would have burst from her lips, but it could not, and she fainted, walling up with her inanimate body the place of concealment where Gaston was suffering agonies.

Then he turned his head, saw this insentient body, these disheveled strands of hair, these beautiful eyes closed as in death, and delicately pushing aside this charming obstacle, he came forth from beneath the bench.

After a few seconds, which seemed centuries to him, Gaston at last saw those beautiful lids open languidly. She sighed deeply, raised her hand to her head, and murmured: "Where am I?"

Then she saw Gaston, and her face took on an expression of terror.

"In heaven's name, madame," said he, "in the name of your honor, do not cry out or you are lost! I am in the depths of despair at what has happened to you through my fault, and I am ready to do anything and everything to save you. I beg of you to listen to me, and we will try if we can not find some way to get out of this situation." And he told her everything. She recovered her senses by degrees; her eyes indicated attention at first, then confidence in the sincerity of the guilty man.

When he had finished she looked at him with an air of despair that would have brought tears from a stone, and passing from tears to sobs, which she restrained with heartrending efforts, she said: "So, sir, because it has pleased you to satisfy your insulting curiosity, here I am lost, dishonored forever. And I, who have done nothing, who do not even know your name, I shall bear through all my life the opprobrium which you have needed but a moment to attach to it!"

At these words Gaston comprehended the enormity of this fault which, by its consequences, assumed minute by minute the proportions of a crime. He fell on his knees and implored pardon. Through the tears that dimmed her eyes she let fall on him one of those glances which can in a moment of danger give to a man the power of a god. The poor child, kneeling, and her hands joined as in prayer, looked at him with the most supplicating air in the world, and the confidence of the weaker being, who awaits her rescue by the stronger, shone in her pretty eyes.

Here Gaston gave the measure of what was to be expected of his coolness and lucidity in moments of peril. "Before everything, madame," said he, "let us begin by seeing how matters are outside. I do not see how I am going to conceal myself in these bare walls, but in desperate straits the first thing to try is that which is most simple, and I want to see if I can not simply open the door and walk away."

But Gaston, applying his eye to the keyhole, saw a spectacle, or rather a scene, which left him no hope from that side. He sat down on the bench with a despairing shake of the head to his companion in captivity.

Outside, or rather around, were groups, seemingly posted by chance, evidently surrounding and guarding No. 13.

There was at that time in Maréville a retired Parisian milliner, who had married herself in some unknown way to an old beau in the last extremity, and who called herself the Baroness de Longuépine. She passed her life sowing evil reports and reaping scandals.

When the Pichard woman returned from opening for the fair bather the door of No. 13, the Baroness de Longuépine had come down to the beach to pick up the gossip of the day. The Pichards' two children, a little boy and a little girl, who aided their parents in the service of the bathers, came up at this moment, and declared that they had seen a gentleman bather go into No. 13 a few minutes before the lady came out of the water and that he had not come out again. Severe cross-questioning failed to shake them in their belief, and their story, deftly aided by the baroness's sharp tongue, soon worked the Pichard woman up to a fine pitch of anger.

"I'll show them," she cried in a loud and angry tone, "I'll teach these turtle-doves to build their nests in my bathing-machines! Come," she said, turning to the children, "let us find the mayor and the constable."

At these words the baroness was off like a shot to spread the precious news, and to such good purpose that soon a great crowd of the curious gathered about No. 13, and she was beside herself with joy.

"Poor things," said she, "do you think they will be sent to the galleys? After this—more's the pity—Maréville is lost," she ran on, to the proprietor of the three prettiest cottages on the beach, "if such scandalous affairs are allowed to pass unpunished."

A general movement of arms and heads directed toward the great stairs of the promenade announced the arrival of the mayor. Soon he was seen to appear on the left of the line, along which he passed rapidly and stopped a few paces in front of No. 13. Never had Maréville witnessed such a scene! The curious crowd, breaking from all restraint, formed a semicircle, and concentrated their hungry looks on the door where in a few moments the victim would appear in all her shame and dishonor. It was one of those little pictures in which humanity shows itself in all its cowardliness and cruelty.

The mayor now gave a signal to the constable, and the latter, respectfully unfolding a package wrapped in gray paper, drew from it a tri-colored scarf with silver fringe, with which the mayor begirt himself. He was drawing the two ends to cross them, when a sharp little noise came from the interior of No. 13. It was the bolt, which had just been drawn. The mayor, an excellent man at heart, let fall the two ends of his scarf, his heart failed him as he thought of the poor penitent whose punishment was about to begin.

A minute at least passed. The crowd no longer heard the waves, which seemed to rumble curses mingled with the cries of a soul in anguish.

Another noise was heard; the latch was being lifted.

The poor mayor almost fainted and turned his head aside, but the others, craning their necks, took a step forward.

The door opened slowly, slowly, and the fair bather, beautiful as the day, brilliant as a fairy, appeared on the sill, where she stopped a moment to consider the remarkable picture that presented itself to her gaze. It was horrible. The evil sentiments that possessed them had entirely changed all the faces; the sight of this troop hungering for scandal reminded one of a pack of wolves ready to throw themselves on a lamb.

The bather swept the groups with a look of unutterable scorn, and she stepped down to the sand.

"What boldness!" cried the baroness, eyeing her victim from head to foot. And she flew into the bathing-machine to see THE MAN.

She recoiled with surprise and horror. THE MAN was not there!

Her cheeks became green, her lips gray, and she stood for a moment suffocated with spite and anger.

The beautiful bather, seeing every one hurry to her bathing-machine, seemed greatly astonished and demanded what it meant. But no one dared reply, and she turned to the mayor to demand an explanation of him, when the two children, led by the Pichard woman, were brought forward, and, parrot-like, repeated their declaration to the mayor.

But just then the father came up, and not seeming to know what was going on, said to his wife, with an uneasy air: "Say, Marie, you haven't seen the gentleman of No. 3, have you? Everybody came out of the water long ago, he has been in the water at least two hours, and his clothes are still in the machine. I have been looking for him for half an hour; I have gone out in the water more than a mile, and there's no one to be seen. I hope nothing has happened to him!"

"Heaven help us, what a day!" cried the woman; "how was he dressed?"

"Red suit, with black edges, and a red-and-black cap."

"The man we saw go into No. 13 was dressed like that," cried the two children.

At these words the face of the Pichard woman turned pale; she made the sign of the cross, and said, looking at her husband: "Holy Virgin! it was his ghost the children saw!"

At this new turn of affairs there was a change like a transformation in a theatre. Every one rushed to the drowned man's machine, while our heroine, after a covert glance at hers, walked away with the last of the crowd to where the boat was being put out.

After more than two hours the searchers came back. They had found nothing, and No. 3 was still empty. They gathered together his effects, finding a card bearing the name "Gaston de Rochekeern," but no address, and the mayor proceeded to draw up his *procès-verbal*.

All the evening the events of that memorable day were discussed, and at the moment when Dr. Destombes was explaining to an attentive audience that it was not difficult to cite hallucinations such as had deceived the imaginations of the two children—at the moment when, pursuing his demonstration, the learned doctor added finely that many popular beliefs have no better origin, Gaston de Rochekeern, who was not dead, but only buried, slipped as stealthily as a cat up the last step of the promenade and managed, unperceived, to re-enter the cottage which he occupied alone.

He meditated the greater part of the night, and at dawn, before any one was astir, he put on his bathing-suit again, went and lay down on the edge of the beach, and waited.

About an hour later, found by an early fisherman, the inanimate body of the drowned man was carried on a litter to the Casino, where Dr. Destombes, after energetic treatment, had the happiness to restore him to life. Gaston then recounted how, on the evening before, just as he was regaining the raft, he had been seized by a cramp; that he had made the raft; that the cramp had lasted a long time, getting worse; that the sea had carried him off again; that he had not been able to reach the shore; that, happily, he had managed to catch a piece of driftwood, which had sustained him until the incoming tide had carried him to the beach—in fact, a tale long enough to put one to sleep, but to which no objection could be made.

Now, do you wish to know how he got out of the bathing-machine? It is very simple. With a strip of iron from the latch he had taken up two boards from the floor. With the aid of his companion he had scooped a hole beneath the floor, throwing the sand in the space between the floor and the beach; he had concealed himself in the hole, and the lady, replacing the planks, had only to rest the heel of her foot on them to drive the nails back in their holes, which Gaston had taken care to enlarge by working the nails in them like a drill.

From his place of concealment he had heard all that passed. He had remained hidden until night, and then, having carefully poked out his head to see that the beach was clear, he had made his escape.

The lady left Maréville in a few days, and her name was never registered in its hotels again; but Madame the Vicomtesse Gaston de Rochekeern, who came there on the following year on her wedding tour, was remarked by the wise bathing-master to bear a striking resemblance to the fair bather of No. 13.—*Translated from the French of Eugène Mouton.*



## AT THE FRONT.

Granville Fortescue Describes His War Adventures in Belgium, France, and Germany.

A bit of a braggart is Granville Fortescue, but there is a great deal of interest in his volume of war-time adventures. "At the Front with Three Armies." After all, no man arrives very far unless he has some moiety of faith in his own powers of accomplishment. Mr. Fortescue is the special correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph* and the New York *American*. He sketches the field of his war experiences in his preface:

Without boasting I can say that during the first four months of the Great War I covered more mileage than any other correspondent in the different theatres of operation. When diplomatic relations were broken off between the nations which are now striving for supremacy in Europe, it was my fortune to be in Belgium. Thus I witnessed the opening of the greatest world drama the world has seen. One by one I have seen the acts of that drama pass in all their hideousness and heroism. In these pages I give a record of much that I have seen. My adventures have taken me through Belgium, France, and Germany. My base was England. The tragedy of the conflict is the annihilation of Belgium. In this book I have tried to be scrupulously just in all I say of Germany. But when the desolation of Flanders comes to my mind no phrase of condemnation seems too strong for the ruthless Teuton. There is no atonement that can blot out the Crime of Germany.

Mr. Fortescue's narrative commences with the 6th of August of last year, just after half-past six, when the first German shell had exploded in the city of Liège. He was among the refugees who took the last train out, and a colorful account is given of his companions: the Sister of Mercy and her companion of eighty-seven years, whose château at Fléron has already been burned, the youth with his pocketful of puppies which must not be left behind lest they become food for hungry Germans, the priest, the four little boys dressed all alike in brown with their father, the French and Belgian wounded soldiers, and the German prisoners. A peasant woman excites his interest:

Across the narrow aisle is a Walloon peasant woman. She has the hard-bitten, cross-grained aspect of those who work fourteen hours each day in the fields, every day in the year save Sundays. She keeps talking to herself in rough guttural Walloon patois. I ask my neighbor what she is saying.

"Eight sons. Five with line regiments, two with the cannon, and one who rides a horse. They are all fighting the Germans."

"Where she is going?"

"To Brussels."

"She has friends there who will look after her?"

"No. She has no friends. But there is the king. She will tell him she has given eight sons for the country. He will take care of her."

Mr. Fortescue found Brussels courageously aflame with patriotism and excitement. Flags flew from every window, the streets thronged with crowds of news-seekers who greeted the invading fugitives with cheers. The pursuit of spies gave vent for enthusiasm, and there were some unpleasant blunders made by Belgians who were unable to distinguish between the various nationalities of their foreign visitors. There were popular outbreaks of attack on German property, the many German beer shops particularly suffering damage in spite of the efforts of the police. However, this anti-German hostility had its reverse aspect:

There is one feature of these troubled weeks that stands high in the credit of Belgium: that is the manner in which the expelled Germans were sent out of the country. As I have indicated, the hatred and indignation of the populace in the capital sought expression by attacking everything German. Knowing this, the authorities had to contrive to arrange the departure of the 4000 odd citizens with the utmost care. The American legation had taken over the affairs of the German legation, so the responsibility of the welfare of these aliens was placed upon Mr. Brand Whitlock, the American minister, in cooperation with the Belgian authorities. The 4000 German men, women, and children were got out of the country without suffering any hostile act. In fact, the Belgian troops guarding them acted more in the way of protectors and friends than enemies. With their own money they bought milk for the children, and bread and wine for the men and women.

Mr. Fortescue dwells on the amazing confidence of the Belgian people that Germany would not attempt to invade their land and would not be permitted to succeed should she make the attempt. When the violation became fact it was a vastly surprised but united people that stood to defend their honor:

It must be remembered that the Belgian Chamber of Deputies has as many divisions and as many animosities as any other legislative organization. In the first place Belgium is divided into two bitterly antagonistic races, the Flemish and the Walloons, which mix as readily as milk and lemon juice. Ever since the nation existed as such, these two races have been rivals for honor and place. Then this radical division of the people is complicated by the existence of three political parties—Socialist, Catholic, and Hebrew. The disputes of these parties have kept the whole nation in a ferment for years. But with the first note of war sounding, these rivalries disappeared as mist before the summer sun. It was a nation firmly knit together that met the Germans.

Among the German outrages in Brussels was their treatment of the Civil Guard, a volunteer police supplement which was not actually of the army, but which had taken part in military action under stress of circumstance. German standards pronounced them not soldiers, but civilians, and accordingly treated them with the utmost severity, summarily shooting them when captured with arms:

This was a most outrageous proceeding on the part of the Germans. The Civil Guard was an organization with uniform and officers. The uniform, I will admit, was grotesque, but it was distinctive. It labeled the wearer as a member of a quasi-military force. The Civil Guard of Belgium was more of a military organization than the militia regiments

that form part of the armed forces of the United States. Suppose that during the war with Spain members of the Seventy-First Regiment, New York, had been captured and executed without ceremony. The case would have been similar to what has happened in Belgium. Germany has no right to deny to members of the Civil Guard the status of prisoners of war.

The truth is these civilian soldiers were a thorn in the side of the invading force. They did not understand how to cope with them. I understand the difficulty of dealing with irregular troops. It was one of the serious problems which confronted American officers in the Philippines. Yet no matter how flagrant was the violation of the laws of war, no Filipino was denied the consolation of a court-martial. Under the theory by which Germany makes war, if she should come into conflict with the United States, only members of the regular army would be entitled to the rights of soldiers. Every other citizen bearing arms would be shot if captured. As a part of the scheme to intimidate the people of Belgium as a whole by a military order, they legalized murder.

While his automobile was seldom allowed to go on, our author found that he had little difficulty in getting from place to place by train. In this way he went to Namur and to Dinant, where he witnessed the French repulse of the first German attack. Commending the French method of artillery firing, he remarks for emphasis, "There is no more comforting sound than the whistle of the French shell passing over your head in the direction of the enemy. That I can testify to, personally."

There follows an interesting observation on one of the great directing centres of the conflict:

It is said that General Joffre plays the game of war as if it were chess. A contoured map of the whole war zone, some five metres square, has been modeled in papier mâché, and on this map the corps and divisions of friend and foe are represented by wooden blocks. Every feature of the terrain, hills, valleys, railroads, rivers, wagon roads, forest and plain is marked to scale on the model. Thus the master sees at a glance the disposition of his own and his enemies' forces. In an adjoining room sits an adjutant who receives an average of five hundred telegrams a day. These all bear on the movements of the troops. Each new bit of information as it is received is at once communicated to the generalissimo. He reflects alone in the map-room. He moves the blocks. The order is given, and the change is immediately effected in the theatre of operations.

Mild-looking, fat, and tennis-playing Lieutenant Werner, also of the Imperial Flying Corps, with whom flying had grown from a sport to a military profession, Mr. Fortescue found to be one of the most interesting men in Germany. The story of his flight over Paris is quoted at some length:

In flights of this character safety requires that the aviator maintains a height of from five to six thousand feet. Werner says that at that height it is impossible to distinguish buildings. Also the smoke which always accumulates in a haze above cities adds to the difficulty of locating fixed points. But there is no trouble in distinguishing the crowds that always gather in the streets when an aviator makes his appearance over a hostile city.

"To these people I dropped many papers saying that the report that the Russian army was at the gates of Berlin was a lie. This story many French papers had suddenly published at that time. Then when I found my little machine going over the Eiffel Tower, I drop two bombs."

"Did the bombs fall near the tower?"

"No. I think not. I could not stay to see. Two other flying machines were approaching, one a Blériot and one a double-decker Bristol. I go up at once. I know I can heat the Bristol, but the Blériot can catch me. He is coming at an angle across the course to my lines. When I am on a higher plane I make straight for home. I must pass that Frenchman; it is a blood-hot race, but I win. We are so close, though that we fire at one another with our Brownings; but neither hits. It is difficult to shoot when you are flying. Soon I am well back in my own lines. The Frenchman turns. The next day I go back to Paris and drop more bombs."

On which Mr. Fortescue observes:

To me it was an extraordinary revelation of what discipline would do. Here was a mild-mannered, blue-eyed, fat Teuton, the type you expect to see drinking beer and rearing a large family, doing the most bloodthirsty deeds, and all at the call of the Kaiser. There was nothing in the outward aspect of Lieutenant Werner to make you suspect that he was the murderer of women and children, yet reduced to plain words, that is what he was. Germany is trying to hide too many crimes under the name of war; she can not succeed in this case. How she can get her sons to do such things I can not explain.

A plan of campaign, purporting to be that of the Kaiser and qualified by the quoted adjective "magnificent," was revealed to the American newspaper man by an official who sought to create an impression of importance:

Germany was preparing to invade England with a Zeppelin armada. As many as sixteen of the monsters of the air were at that moment ready tugging at their moorings like hounds in leash. When the French army was disposed of, which was only a matter of a week or so (this conversation took place in September, 1914), a strong German force would be sent to take Calais. This accomplished a new "Krupp surprise" surpassing the 17-inch howitzer would appear. This is a gun of longer range than any in existence. It is also 17-inch calibre; but while the howitzer can throw a shell only five miles, it is solemnly affirmed that the new "surprise" can hurl a ton of explosive from Calais to Dover. Six of them mounted at the French port would play havoc with the English fleet in those waters, and permit the aerial armada to approach the English coast undisturbed. In the consternation that would ensue the German fleet would emerge. Here another surprise was in store for the foe. All the ships of the Hamburg American Line and the North German-Lloyd Line carried guns and were protected with armor plate. This was to be expected; but they had been altered in outline so that at a distance it was impossible to distinguish them from super-dreadnaughts of the German type. Thus when this enormous fleet appeared the English would not know on what ships to concentrate their fire. In the confusion the Germans would have the British warships completely at their mercy. The fleet destroyed, the German army would then invade England at its leisure. If I may be permitted the phrase, it was "some plan."

The prison camp at Alten Grabow was visited. Efficient and methodical treatment was here noticeable, as in every other department. The wounded were cared

for, the sanitary arrangements were safe, and an adequate ration was supplied, but the lot of the prisoners could hardly be called a contented one:

Despondency—that was the dominant note of these prisoners of war. They sat about in listless groups hardly talking, each one busy with his own thoughts. A few played cards, but the game went on perfunctorily. Time and again they would turn their eyes to the high fence of barbed-wire and the helmeted Prussian with his gun pacing behind it. Then, hopelessly, their glances would come back. Escape was not to be dreamed of, and they had no news; only story after story of French defeats with which their captors feed them. This was the true refinement of cruelty.

It seems curious that with all the improvement in the general conditions of warfare, the prisoner is still as badly off as he was during the Civil War. Once captured, he becomes something of an outcast. His own people take almost no further interest in him. It is simpler to enlist new men than to exchange captives. Then there is always a stigma attached to a surrender. So the position of the prisoners of war does not excite the sympathy it should. This is not fair. From what I have seen of them they are entitled to at least a square deal. Their existence should not be forgotten. The machinery of an exchange is, I know, complicated and slow, but that is an evil which could be cured. The intervention of neutrals is always possible. In justice to the men that fill the war prisons on all sides, a simpler and quicker method should be devised.

Mr. Fortescue was not encouraged to witness the operations of the German army as "the military who were in the saddle in German affairs could not be bothered with correspondents at the moment"—we may judge that they were somewhat otherwise occupied. He returned to London, going from there to Paris, and then making his way out to the front on the Aisne, where the battle had then been raging for twelve days. He found the action rather too vast to be taken in at a glance. Not only the correspondent, but the modern warrior as well, is at pause to comprehend what is happening in the present wholesale method of warfare, and in the ranks the result is demoralizing, according to our author:

Under the present conditions of modern warfare military movements are carried on at a snail's pace. The cavalry soon loses its snap. Luckily, as the lines close it is no longer needed to develop infantry positions. The work of scouting is somewhat relaxed as the general position of the army is known. Then soldiers become veterans after a month's fighting of this nature. Everything becomes a matter of dull routine. The man becomes accustomed to warfare. The artillery loses the feverish haste which marked its operations during the earlier days of campaigning. Batteries take their stands to cover infantry advances with deliberation. Pieces are loaded, sighted, fired, and loaded again slowly and mechanically. With the artillery the matter of range-finding has been greatly simplified since the era of the aeroplane. Whenever a battery commander takes position, he turns his glasses skyward to see if he can discover any of his air scouts to spot for him. It is the duty of aviators to hover over the gun position of the enemy, and so disclose the point of fire to their own artillery. When an artilleryman sees one of his own flyers cutting figure eights off on the horizon, he trains his guns below him. Then in a manner most leisurely he opens fire. As with the old system, while the friendly artillery attempts to silence the guns of the enemy, the infantry forms its line of battle. The men go to their positions with just as much hurry as laborers going to work. Once under the protecting salvos of the artillery, they go forward, but not as the charging mass pictured in the illustrated papers. Rather do they give one the impression of weary men who have a difficult and disagreeable task before them and who are determined to carry it through. These are the impressions of war as one sees it waged today.

Mr. Fortescue reached Rheims just at the finish of the bombardment. He says that the accounts of the damage to the great cathedral have been somewhat exaggerated, but one gets from his observations that while it still stands it is merely as a beautiful ruin of its exquisite and marvelously elaborate original self. The small tug-boat on which Mr. Fortescue set out from Flushing for Antwerp turned back in sight of that city when a Belgian river patrol captain gave word that the city was in flames. The author then turned to Ostend and from there went to Furnes, the headquarters of the Belgian army, where he obtained an interview with King Albert. When asked if he had a message for the American people, the king responded after a moment's thought:

"I hope that the American people will remember that Belgium has been scrupulously exact in carrying out its obligations as a neutral country. It has never been our policy to interfere in international politics. Like the United States, we have been concerned only with our own problems. Belgium is fighting to defend her neutrality, and she will fight as long as that neutrality is invaded."

"No nation has more hospitably entertained foreigners than Belgium. Year after year we have received them, always treating them as the best of friends. Our greatest boast in Belgium is our liberty, and this liberty extends to all who live within our borders. The Germans who have lived with us in Antwerp, Brussels, Ostend, have enjoyed this liberty to the fullest."

Once his majesty hesitated, as if weighing his words. "Even after the war began, the German citizens found within our borders were treated with kindness and care. The American minister, Mr. Brand Whitlock, and the secretary of the legation, Mr. Gibson, can testify how, when the four thousand German men, women, and children were waiting at the Gare du Nord on their way to Germany, it was my Belgian soldiers who went and bought milk for the children and bread for the men and women."

"I hope that the American nation as a neutral will not forget how the neutrality of Belgium has been violated. When the war is ended this fact should bear heavily on the terms of peace."

The book closes with a chapter on the author's conclusions and criticism. It is illustrated from photographs.

AT THE FRONT WITH THREE ARMIES. By Granville Fortescue. New York: Brentano's; \$2.

Since 1867 Alaska has given to the world \$250,000,000 in gold and \$254,000,000 in fishery products.



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## Nature in Music.

The volume takes its name from the first and most important of its essays, a study of the influence of the natural world upon composers. There are two types of musical idea, says Mr. Gilman. The first is the tone-painting which attempts to excite a mental image by means of an auditory impression. The other is the effort to embody an idea of beautiful utterance in the mind of the composer. But perhaps there is no difference between them. All music must be an attempt to translate into sound the state of consciousness of the composer, no matter what the origin of that state of consciousness may be. For the composer there can be no such thing as immediate objectivity. But this in no way affects the author's study. He reviews the great composers of the world and shows us the extent of their debt to nature and the extent of its acknowledgment. And he does it in a way that will be a delight to the music lover.

Other essays equally thorough and well written are on "Death and the Musicians," "Strauss and the Greeks," "The Question of Opera in English," "A Note on Montemuzzi," "The Place of Grieg," and "A Musical Cosmopolite." Of the future of opera in English Mr. Gilman is hopeful, although not emphatically so. He says: "When an opera in the vernacular can be entrusted to singers who will enunciate the English text with the lucidity and intelligence exercised upon French by, for example, the unforgettable Maurice Renaud, English opera will seem a less elusive dream than it does at present."

NATURE IN MUSIC. By Lawrence Gilman. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25 net.

## A Balkan Story.

This story is so full of scheming, violence, and murder as to read like melodrama, and yet it reads like reality, too. It is an account of the efforts of a group of Bulgarians in Macedonia to start an uprising against the hated Turk, and incidentally the reader gets some kind of conception of what life is for the Christian under Moslem domination. The two authors have lived there, and know that mountainous country and those subdued but unsubmitive people well. In a prefatory note the two authors claim to have founded their characters, both Turks and Bulgars, on actual personages; their claim, they say, being easily substantiated by reference to memoirs and chronicles of Bulgarian revolutionists and prisoners in Turkish jails.

Their story is a moving one, and while not of striking merit, is sufficiently well told to impress the reader and to constitute an additional argument for the remapping of the Balkans according to racial preponderance.

PAWNS OF LIBERTY. By Caroline S. and R. A. Tsanoff. New York: Outing Publishing Company; \$1.35 net.

## The Miracle of Love.

In this story we positively wallow in dukes and duchesses and things of that sort. Clive and Helena, duke and duchess, are natural affinities, but they are debarred from the formality of marriage because Helena is already wedded to another duke, who is not exactly entitled to wear the white flower of a blameless life. Moreover, it is necessary that Clive marry money, so he goes in pursuit of an American heiress whose father is quite willing to sanction the exchange of money for a title. But the arrangement falls through just when Helena's duke is summoned by death and his widow left free to make other arrangements. But still there are difficulties. Helena has been disinherited and Clive remains under the sacred obligation to marry money. Of course it all comes out right in the end. The guardian angel of the peerage supplies the necessary funds, and we are told that Clive caught Helena in his arms and "kissed her soul." It may be a misprint, but that is what it says.

THE MIRACLE OF LOVE. By Cosmo Hamilton. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.

## John Quincy Adams.

The fifth volume of the writings of John Quincy Adams covers the years 1814-16 and includes the correspondence dealing with the treaty of Ghent. Adams was an eye-witness of Paris life during the Hundred Days, and he then went to London as first minister plenipotentiary. The correspondence contains copious references to the feeling between America and England after the treaty and before the heat of sentiment had subsided. These letters contain many vital pages of history and their importance can hardly be overestimated.

WRITINGS OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS. Edited by Worthington Chauncey Ford. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$3.50.

## Income.

The eviction of Professor Scott Nearing from the University of Pennsylvania will give added interest to the economic opinions which were found too heretical for toleration. We find these opinions, at least a

sample of them, in this work on income. It is sub-titled "An examination of the returns for services rendered and from property owned in the United States." In other words, it is a comparison between wages and income from property and the difference between them is certainly striking. We are told that the income from property implying no labor on the part of its recipients is enough to raise the standard of living of every family in the United States to a civilized level. The figures with which the author deals are rather beyond the grasp of the normal mind, but the reader will find them fully tabulated and the argument both concise and precise.

INCOME. By Scott Nearing, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25.

## Tennis.

No man living is better qualified to talk about tennis than M. E. McLoughlin, and perhaps the best comment on his book is to say that he writes about the game as well as he plays it. It is indeed a singularly pleasing work, an accurate reflection of the genial and courteous personality of its author.

Mr. McLoughlin has divided his book into fifteen chapters, and he seems to have included in them everything about tennis that is worth knowing. His plan is to describe his own play rather than to attempt a set of hard and fast rules or to indicate a right and wrong way of doing everything. But he does not suggest that his own way should be imitated. Indeed he lays stress on the importance of developing one's own game in one's own way, but it is certain that no player can be the loser by an intimate acquaintance with McLoughlin's methods and their careful adoption so far as common sense permits.

The book is so charmingly written that one hesitates to place the illustrations in any way into a competition of interest with the letterpress. But certainly the illustrations are of unusual merit. Most of them are from instantaneous photographs and intended to illustrate particular strokes, and they do this to perfection. They are tennis studies in themselves and they are numerous enough to be of the highest practical value. We may also express gratification that this fine book should be dedicated to Mr. Sidney R. Marvin, whose services to young tennis players it would be hard to overestimate. Mr. Marvin not only teaches his boys how to win. He teaches them also how to lose, and to lose like gentlemen, which is so much more important.

TENNIS AS I PLAY IT. By Maurice E. McLoughlin. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$2 net.

## Parsival.

The legends of that "cup of mystery men called the Grail" and of those whose lives were spent in quest of it are many and old. In "Parsival," recently translated by Oakley Williams, Gerhard Hauptmann has given a new version, beautiful in conception and rich in thought. He has made more than a fanciful tale of it; he has simplified and unified the action and woven an imaginative allegory.

Parsival is the son of Heartache, and is reared by her in the forest, isolated from other men and obliged to wrest their living by brute force from the creatures of the forest. He is the type of primitive man. It is to avenge the wrongs of his mother that he goes out into the world and with the sword of Love kills the unknown Proud Knight. This sin loses his mother to him; seeking for her, he finds at the castle Salvalor the Grail. He knows it not and is sent out to perfect his knowledge. On this errand, the quest of his soul, he meets, not Kundry the temptress, but Blanchefleur, who aids him. In the final solution of the allegory there is a noble, mystical exposition of the theory of the trinity. The last instruction to Parsival reads:

My son, Parsival, the Grail is in the world an alien miracle. Many say Salvalor is a realm founded in the air, because, so they say, peace dwells above the clouds, but war upon earth. Now, Parsival, in the air lightnings, the fruitful rain, the radiance of the light, the stars, of the moon, of the dawn, of the sunset. What man could live and not drink air? Who without air could see and hear? Who could think, believe, know aught of God and of the world, were his playground not the free realm of the spirit? So deem, and thou wilt, the world, the Grail, peace and Salvalor, to be no more than a realm of the air, if but we believe that with its secret churches, its peace, its bliss, and its shining paladins, it is. The world is Heartache's. Salvalor belongs to bliss. But even as bliss hath come into the world in the guise of heavenly faith, so Heartache, too, has ever been a guest of Salvalor.

PARSIVAL. By Gerhard Hauptmann. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

## The Monroe Doctrine.

During the last few years the Monroe Doctrine, which seemed at first to be the enunciation of a simple and basic principle of American policies, has assumed new and formidable dimensions. The growth of the Latin-American commonwealths, the opening of the Panama Canal, and the suspicion and ill-will of European nations have combined to give it portentous dimensions, and there will now be few to disagree with the author when

he says that "its consequences, present and future, are truly appalling." That America can not retrace her steps is plain enough. But can she continue to go forward? And, if so, in what direction and by what methods?

These are the questions that Dr. Hull considers and answers. If the Monroe Doctrine bestows rights, it also entails responsibilities, and those responsibilities are formidable. America, he believes, can not meet them alone, but he believes that they can and must be placed under the aegis of the entire family of nations and of a truly international court of justice—in other words, that both rights and obligations be guaranteed by The Hague Tribunal. It need not be said that Dr. Hull writes tersely and cogently and that his mental equipment for his task is abundant and evident.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE: NATIONAL OR INTERNATIONAL? By William I. Hull, Ph. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; 75 cents.

## Gossip of Books and Authors.

Leona Dalrymple's newest hook, "The Lovable Meddler," will be issued August 3d by Reilly & Britton. It is clean, not only on the surface, but all the way down; in tone, in inspiration, in optimism, in humor. It is all story—a most delightful romance, with love interest and sentiment unashamed.

The name of Bertha Runkle, author of "The Helmet of Navarre," is associated chiefly with fiction dealing with people of lands and times far off, but early in the autumn the Century Company will publish a novel by her, entitled "Straight Down the Crooked Lane," dealing with people of today in high society life in Newport and army life in the Philippines.

When Pasteur and Lister first showed the tremendous importance of the microbe in disease they were ridiculed. The world has now accepted their facts. Dr. Robert F. Morris in "Microbes and Men" goes a step farther and shows how the microbe has influenced history, literature, art, and plays a part in our everyday lives to an extraordinary degree. "Microbes and Men" is the work of a scientist, but told in a brilliant, entertaining style that makes fascinating reading. It is published by Doubleday, Page & Co.

Speaking before the Constitutional Convention on the 700th anniversary of the signing of the Magna Charta, ex-Senator Elihu Root made the very interesting point that the destruction of the *Lusitania* and the invasion of Belgium were a reversion to the theory of Greece, Rome, and the Italian republics that "the state is all in all and the individual derives his right solely as a member thereof." "Its logical and inevitable result," declared Mr. Root, "is that the state is free from those rules of morality by which individual men are bound." This theory, which illuminates much in Germany's conduct that has hitherto been so difficult for neutral minds to understand, has also been advanced by Professor Ellery C. Stowell in his recently published "Diplomacy of the War of 1914."

Henry Holt & Co. are just having to send to press Dorothy Canfield's novel of Middle Western life, "The Squirrel Cage," for the fifth time. They have announced for early autumn publication her new novel, "The Bent Twig," which will take a wider view of life, having episodes both in America and in Europe.

Gene Stratton Porter's new novel, "Michael O'Halloran," takes its place in the book shelves of the world on August 17th, as an appropriate companion-piece to her "Freckles," "Laddie," "The Harvester," and "The Girl of the Lumberlost." In bringing it out Doubleday, Page & Co. completed a little more than eight months' active work upon the actual planning, designing, and manufacturing of the book. All of this work was done in co-operation with the author, and no step in the matter of decoration, illustration, or design was taken without her approval.

Maxim Gorky's "My Childhood," which is the story of the great Russian author's life from his earliest memory to his seventeenth year, when he was pushed out of his grandfather's house to shift for himself, is scheduled for publication shortly by the Century Company. The book is said to be an astounding narrative of brutalities and beauties, following one another in unforgettable contrast.

"Germany's Point of View," by Professor Edmund von Mach of Harvard, is to be published almost immediately by A. C. McClurg & Co. of Chicago. It is said to be a temperate, unimpassioned discussion of the controversial points engendered by the war, and gives the reasons why American citizens of German extraction have not lost faith in the Fatherland.

On July 17th the George H. Doran Company published six books of interest and novelty. There appeared "Boon: The Mind of the Race," with an introduction by H. G. Wells; "Millstone," by Harold Begbie; "Punch Cartoons of the Great War"; "The

The White House  
SIX BOOKS TO READ

|                                      |        |
|--------------------------------------|--------|
| TENNIS AS I PLAY IT.....             | \$2.00 |
| By Maurice McLoughlin                |        |
| THE LAKE OF THE SKY (Lake Tahoe).... | 2.00   |
| By George Wharton James              |        |
| WHEN BLOOD IS THEIR ARGUMENT....     | 1.00   |
| By Ford Maddox Hueffer               |        |
| A BIT O' LOVE.....                   | .50    |
| By John Galsworthy                   |        |
| AT THE FRONT WITH THREE ARMIES..     | 2.00   |
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| THE MIRACLE OF LOVE.....             | 1.25   |
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Soul of Germany," a first-hand study of the home, school, and mental life of the country from 1902-1914, by Dr. T. F. A. Smith; "India and the War," a study of the present attitude of native Indians toward the empire, by Lord Sydenham and others; "Collected Diplomatic Documents Relating to the Outbreak of the Great War," which includes the correspondence of Great Britain, France, Russia, Germany, Austro-Hungary, Servia, Belgium, etc.

Considering his wide popularity, there seem to be very few hooks on Bernard Shaw. Henry Holt & Co. have just signed a contract with Dr. Richard Burton, ex-president of the Drama League of America, for a book tentatively known as "Bernard Shaw: The Man and the Mask," which they hope to issue next March.

"Every American," writes Myron T. Herrick, former ambassador to France, "should read the history of his life." The book he referred to was the biography of S. F. B. Morse, inventor of the electric telegraph. And similar letters have come lately from other prominent men. Another recent American biography that has already taken its place as a permanent contribution to literature is the "Life of Rutherford Birchard Hayes."

The stories for young readers which Jeanette Marks has collected and retold in her book, "Early English Hero Tales," recently published by the Harpers, are not only imaginative and stirring, but extremely wholesome in their reaction as well. The heroism of these old tales is genuine, forceful, and objective; the moral element is presented with a certain elemental simplicity and power.

A Swedish translation of "The Story of the Other Wise Man," by Henry Van Dyke, has just been published in Stockholm. The translator in the foreword notes that "The Story of the Other Wise Man" has now been translated in numerous languages.

Gifford Pinchot, whose "Training of a Forester" was published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, is not Pennsylvania Dutch, but Pennsylvania French by extraction. This novel combination is due to his paternal grandfather, who settled in Milford, Pike County, upon coming to this country from France. The family home has been in Milford ever since.

The Children of France were the sons, daughters, grandchildren, nephews, and nieces of the king and had the right to sign themselves by their first name, followed by the words "de France." E. Maxtone Graham's "Children of France," published by E. P. Dutton & Co., gives an interesting and accurate survey of the centuries through which many troops of these little children have gathered and gone past, some leaving no mark save a bare name.

There recently died at New Canaan, Connecticut, William H. Rand, head of the Chicago publishing firm of Rand, McNally & Co. He was eighty-six years old. He was born in Quincy, and at the age of twenty-one he came to California, by way of Cape Horn—one of the '49ers. Failing to find a fortune, he turned to his trade of printer and founded, with John A. Lewis of Boston, the Los Angeles *Star*, the first newspaper in Southern California. In 1856 he took up his residence in Chicago, buying an interest in the *Tribune*. This interest he sold at the end of the Civil War, founding the firm of Rand, McNally & Co., with Andrew McNally, who has since been foreman in his employ.



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## Alfred.

Beatrice Adelaide Lees has found in the course of her historical researches sufficient material to justify a life of Alfred the Great. But she has done something more than place the events of that life in their proper sequence. It is no small matter to discriminate between history and myth, and especially of a period when the recorder had but a dubious idea of the difference between them. But the author has done this quite successfully and she has also assigned to Alfred a definite place among the makers of the British race. Other ingredients were to be added after the death of Alfred, but his own contribution is a distinct one. Alfred appealed to his various historians according to their own predilections and those of their day. To one he was a warrior, to another a statesman, to another a scholar, and to still another a saint. To produce a composite portrait was no easy matter, but the author has done it satisfactorily. She reviews the many existing stories, summarizes their value, and finally produces something that is worthy of the name of history and that is likely to hold the field. Alfred appears as a sort of lighthouse in a dark sea, as the one man who was able to supply all that his country needed, who could alike defend it against its enemies, sustain the spark of scholarship and blow it into a flame, and furnish an example of saintship unaffected by tests and time. The author may rest assured of the substantial value of her work and of its assured place in the historical library that has long contained a vacant niche in readiness for it.

ALFRED THE GREAT, THE TRUTH TELLER, MAKER OF ENGLAND. By Beatrice A. Lees. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.50 net.

## The Man Who Forgot.

In the old muck-raking novel the magnificent and godlike young reformer invariably fell in love with the beautiful daughter of the corrupting and dominating capitalist. He married her, too, and in some exuberant instances he even brought the magnate himself to the penitent's bench.

The author of this novel of prohibition follows the well-beaten track. The prohibitionist hero was a mission derelict who has forgotten his identity, and that, by the way, is an original touch. Later on we find him in the forefront of the prohibition battle and in love with the daughter of the opposing senator. Of course he can not declare himself, as he does not know who he is, a scruple, we venture to think, not to be found outside of fiction. But an author must be startlingly inefficient if he can not arrange a little matter of that sort, and so we find the hero winning his prohibition fight, regaining his memory, and marrying the girl in one final blaze of pyrotechnic glory. It is quite interesting.

THE MAN WHO FORGOT. By James Hay, Jr. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.25 net.

## America to Japan.

This is described as a symposium of papers by representative citizens of the United States on the relations between Japan and the United States and on the interests that the two countries have in common. The contributors are fifty-three in number, and as the volume contains only about three hundred pages it will be seen that brevity is the keynote of the many views expressed. Among the contributors are Nicholas Murray Butler, Charles W. Eliot, Theodore Roosevelt, Hamilton Holt, David Starr Jordan, Albert Shaw, Elihu Root, and Hamilton W. Mabie. A symposium of this kind is usually freighted heavily with conventional platitudes, and there are some of them here, but for the most part the pages are liberally sprinkled with facts and ideas that are relevant, cogent, and sincere.

AMERICA TO JAPAN. Edited by Lindsay Russell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25 net.

## Economics of Efficiency.

Economic efficiency determines the extent of a business profit. The margin of possible profit is now so small that a lack of efficiency will turn the scale from profit to loss. Efficiency therefore becomes a precise science and it penetrates every economic problem.

The distinctive feature of Dr. Brisco's work is the consideration that it gives to the human element represented by organized labor, which is apt to resist any process making undue demands upon the worker. Dr. Brisco tries to show that efficiency and labor organization are not necessarily inimical and what may be called the benevolent aspects of the labor-union movement are in every way compatible with the highest efficiency.

ECONOMICS OF EFFICIENCY. By Norris A. Brisco. A. M., Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

## Briefer Reviews.

"Flower Songs and Others," by Alice L. Herrington (Sherman, French & Co.; 75 cents), is a volume of verse intended for children.

Corbes & Co., Chicago, have published a

new and complete edition of "Thoughts on Business," by Waldon P. Warren (\$1 net). The first edition was deservedly a success, and this new issue will doubtless find its audience.

"Marching Men," by Leonidas Robinson, M. A., Ph. D. (Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.25 net), is intended to show the practical application of psychology to religious work and moral training. It contains sections on "Psychology," "Problems of Pedagogy," and "The Book."

"A New Book of Patience Games," by Ernest Bergholt (E. P. Dutton & Co.; 50 cents net), contains twenty-nine games, many of them wholly original and now published for the first time in book form. Of the older games only the best known and most widely popular have been included.

A Hyatt Verrill is the author of a book on "Pets," just published by Charles Scribner's Sons (\$1.50 net). The author deals with well-nigh every animal, bird, and fish capable of domestication, and he does it thoroughly and in such a way as to be a reliable guide. The illustrations are numerous and good.

A good football book for boys has been written by Walter Kellogg Towers and published by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company (50 cents net). It is entitled "Letters from Brother Bill," Varsity Sub, to Tad, Captain of the Beechville High School Eleven." It is full of racy advice and good illustrations.

Harper & Brothers have published an "A B C of Good Form," by Anne Seymour (50 cents net). It contains the usual advice for the dreadful exactions of social life, but we are at least thankful for the admonition to the hostess to let her guests alone and to avoid the vulgar abomination of the programme of amusements.

A new dog story comes from Sturgis & Walton. It is entitled "Wolfine," and its author is anonymous. It is a story with a plot laid in New England and its hero is an Irish wolf-hound of extraordinary power and intelligence. We are usually somewhat skeptical of these superhuman dogs, but this story is told so elaborately that we are almost persuaded. The price is \$1.25 net.

Under the title of "Women and Morality" we have three essays on the eternal sex problem. The first, which gives its title to the book, is by A. Mother; the second, on "Men and Morals," is by A. Father, and the third, entitled "The Sexes Again," is by G. Gasquoine Hartley (Mrs. Walter M. Galliehan). There is also an introduction by Wallace Rice. The topics are handled plainly, but unobjectionably. The book is published by the Laurentian Publishers, Steinway Hall, Chicago. Price, \$1 net.

## New Books Received.

READINGS FROM LITERATURE. Edited by Reuben Post Halleck, M. A., LL. D., and Elizabeth Graeme Barbour, B. A. New York: American Book Company.

A selection from English and American prose writers and poets such as will interest pupils.

LE PREMIER LIVRE. By Albert A. Méras, Ph. D., and B. Méras, A. M. New York: American Book Company; 64 cents.

An elementary book intended to cover all the work of the first half-year. A grammar and reader combined.

HEALING CURRENTS FROM THE BATTERY OF LIFE. By Walter De Voë. Cleveland, Ohio: Vita Publishing Company; \$1.50 net.

A book on mental healing.

BOON: THE MIND OF THE RACE, THE WILD ASSES OF THE DEVIL, AND THE LAST TRUMP. By Reginald Bliss. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.35 net.

Some modern literary fables. With an introduction by H. G. Wells.

THE ART AND ETHICS OF DRESS. By Eva Olney Farnsworth. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.

As related to efficiency and economy. With illustrations by Audley B. Wells.

HOLLAND. By H. A. Van Coenen Torcbiana. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.; \$1 net.

An historical essay.

PRAYER FOR PEACE. By William Samuel Johnson. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$1.25 net.

A volume of verse.

MILLSTONE. By Harold Begbie. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

The Century Company announces the approaching publication of "Me: A Book of Remembrance," the anonymous "piece of life" of a well-known woman novelist which has been running serially in the *Century Magazine*. It covers a critical year of her life. The manuscript came to the Century office through Jean Webster, author of "Daddy Long-Legs," who vouches for the truth of the narrative. Herself an old friend of the author (who is almost as well known as Miss Webster, and of a psychology worlds apart from her), Miss Webster says that the whole book, one hundred thousand words in length, was written in two weeks and revised in two more, while the writer, pencil in hand, lay in the hospital recovering from a serious operation and reviewed in her own mind, for the first time in many busy years, the events of her girlhood.

## CURRENT VERSE.

## The Last Night in the House.

Nay, dearest, in their quiet place  
The violets leave, and near his face  
Set roses in the gloom;  
That, should be breathe once in the chill  
(Such thing, by God's releasing will  
Might hap perchance when hearths are still)  
His lips may breathe perfume.

And let one taper o'er his sleep  
Its trembling, tender vigil keep,  
Watchful and pale and clear;  
That, if by strange, august decree  
Those lids but once should lifted be,  
The panes, the ceiling, he may see,  
And know that he is here.

Nor leave unpressed the good-night kiss—  
Good-night to all "Good-nights" is this—  
(The lips are cold—touch but the hair)  
In hope some thought's faint, hovering flake  
The brain's deep apathy should break,  
And he glad should be awake  
To feel our kisses there.

He will not speak when we are near:  
He will not wake when we are here:  
Of us who live the dead have fear—  
Dear heart, come—come away!  
Tread low! If soundless are our feet  
His heart may rouse to visions sweet,  
And love us in one long, last beat,  
Ere it be hushed for aye.

—O. W. Firkins, in *Atlantic Monthly*.

## The Feast of the Dead.

Far away in the Land of Morning,  
Where the Five Great Rivers flow,  
And the peaks of the great world-mountains  
Fling forward the sunrise glow,  
I've read that the mighty Hydaspes  
Runs, singing, o'er pebbles of gold:  
But not of the marvelous river  
My marvelous tale is told.

There are times when the dark-skinned people—  
In many a home, it is said,  
Where some one has died—lay a banquet;  
The guests are their silent dead.  
Comes father, or mother, or brother,  
Or sister, or child, or wife;  
They all come back with the twilight  
To the oldtime happy life.

Forgotten the long separation,  
Unheeded the cold night-rain;  
The rice is made ready; together  
They sit in one circle again:  
Till suddenly falls a silence:  
The ember has died on the stone;  
Vague shadows glide through the doorway;  
The living once more are alone.

Oh, 't is not a meaningless story.  
Though wonderful: it is part  
Of the wild and infinite yearning,  
The unutterable cry in the heart,  
For the light of a face that has vanished,  
For a solace that never may be;  
And it shows how that far-away people  
Are kindred to you and to me.

The calm and solemn Himalayas  
Rise heavenward, crowned with snow;  
Over all the land forever  
The Five Great Rivers go;  
And forever in homes of the people,  
Whatever their race or name,  
They keep their love and their sorrow  
Like us: it is just the same.  
—From "The Great Grey King," by Samuel Valentine Cole.

## A Byway.

The highway marches sturdily to market-town and mill,  
But I would find a little road that loiters up a bill,—  
A little vagrant, woodland road, gray-ribboned  
through the green,

Where berry brambles bar the way and orchard  
elders lean.

The highway is the world's way, but I would drop  
behind  
To follow little luring paths that only laggards  
find;  
The challenge of the bandit weeds, the tilt with  
startled bees,—  
What can the dusty highway give for journeyings  
like these?

The highway is the sun's way, and follows east  
to west,  
But there are yellow, vagrant beams that love my  
road the best.—  
That linger down the weedy ways where lady's-  
lace is spread,  
Or slant through shady orchard paths and tint the  
tree trunks red.

The highway, the highway!—you follow where it  
calls;  
I watch you through a leafy screen from crum-  
bling orchard walls;—  
I wait and smile among the green and know that  
by and by  
We'll lure you back through dust and dew—my  
little road and I!  
—Margaret Lee Ashley, in *Harper's Magazine*.

"K," Mary Roberts Rinehart's new novel, which will be published by the Houghton Mifflin Company next month, is already in its second printing, owing to the unusually large number of advance orders. Mrs. Rinehart has emphasized in this novel the strongest elements of her success as a story-teller—her keen and sympathetic appreciation of the joys and troubles of young love. "K" is warmer, richer, truer, than anything she has done before.

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BUILDING OF THE REPUBLIC OF GUATEMALA AT THE PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION.

Under the wise, broad-minded, patriotic rule of President Don Manuel Estrada Cabrera, the Republic of Guatemala has made proud strides forward in the world of accomplishments, and today offers exceptional advantages to capital and to the homeseeker with some means who will put his shoulder to the wheel, assured of success in no measured terms in the end.

Guatemala offers the American business man opportunities for investment which are unexcelled in the Central American republics, noted for their richness and fertility of soil and great mineral wealth. Its doors are open to capital and it holds out the offer of legitimate enterprises, stability of government, protective laws and rights, which, if investigated, are sure to bring within the Guatemalan republic men of affairs whose work will assist that of the government in the development of the country and the creation of a greater Guatemala.

#### GUATEMALA'S MAGNIFICENT EXHIBIT.

A very excellent idea of Guatemala and her products and her inducements to capital may be obtained by a visit to her beautiful pavilion at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. There is housed a magnificent array of exhibits, especial attention being given to the agricultural products of the country. To the agriculturist the corn shown has special interest, many kinds being on display. It is particularly interesting to learn of the claim that Guatemala is the home of corn, which, it is said, was first cultivated there by the Indians, and principally of coffee, its staple article, which by its excellence has obtained the grand prize at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition.

Coming to the bibliographical exhibition visitors will be surprised at the wealth of material for public instruction, and which gives a marked preference to the countries of the new world. The visitor will also notice the display of fine arts, sculpture and painting and instruments of music, as well as photographs, giving beautiful panoramas of the country, its plantations, and its beautiful ruins. Rich minerals are shown profusely, as are the splendid woods, the combustibles, and samples of every product of this surprising country. A splendid map shows about 2500 miles of railroads.

#### GUATEMALA REPUBLIC IN BRIEF.

Guatemala is the most northern of the

five Central American republics. Its area embraces 50,000 square miles, and it has more than 2,000,000 inhabitants. Traversed by the Andes, this chain of mountains branches off in different directions and offers a varied and salubrious climate and altitudes adapted to the cultivation of every plant and vegetable beneficial to man, producing in greatest abundance those products of the frigid zone, the temperate, and the tropical. The coffee and the cocoa of Guatemala are noted the world over and bring the best prices in the finest and most discriminating markets of the world. There are produced also in great quantities in Guatemala sugar, wheat, barley, corn, beans, rice, chickpea, vegetables, and all kinds of fruits. The forests of the republic are rich in medicinal herbs and plants especially adaptable for use in textile manufacture.

The forests of Guatemala, many of which have never known the woodman's ax, are, perhaps, the richest on the North American Continent, and have been largely unexplored by practical and scientific lumbermen. Mahogany, rosewood, ebony, and all the hardwoods known, besides spruce, yellow pine, and oak, abound.

In portions of the republic adapted to agriculture the subsoil is of proven richness and can be found suitable to the profitable cultivation of agricultural products. In other parts of the republic great mineral wealth has been found, and the mineral zone is known to be rich in gold, silver, copper, lead, antimony, isinglass, marble, and many other products.

Travelers in Guatemala have always found Guatemalans to be honorable and industrious, sober and hospitable to foreigners and all visitors.

#### UNDER PRESIDENT CABRERA.

When in 1898 Licenciado Manuel Estrada Cabrera was elected President of Guatemala, the first work that he took up

was the consideration of the schools of the country and the means of transportation. Schools were established in the military garrisons and in the rural districts, where soldiers of the Federal army might receive education in the first, and the children of the farmers and laborers, the village merchant and others might be taught in the latter. The schools have the name of "Practical Training Schools," were equipped modernly with a view to their practicability in educating students

along lines which would give them the best results.

At the present time Guatemala has 1878 primary schools, more than twenty secondary schools, several kindergartens, and six institutes. Attending these schools are more than 60,000 children. The study of English is obligatory and good progress has been made in its study by pupils of those public schools.

The curriculum of the schools corresponds in many ways to that of the public schools of the United States, and in the universities of medicine, pharmacy, law, and engineering there are in regular attendance more than 500 students.

Another and still more notable achievement in the way of higher education was achieved by President Estrada Cabrera for his people when, on June 30, 1912, there was formally opened

and inaugurated the West Point of Guatemala. The Military Academy of the republic, planned to be the most hygienic and sanitary, south of the United States, is one of the most commanding and beautiful edifices in Latin America, and is, as its name indicates, designed to give to Guatemala trained and educated military officers.

Another splendid work along educational lines was the erection and founding of an Agricultural School, which has as its object the training of the men upon whom the work of developing the fertile acres of the republic will depend.

President Estrada Cabrera has caused

wagon roads to be built throughout the republic, constructing good and substantial bridges over the rivers and streams and making complete a chain of roadways which are the best in Central America. At the same time great attention has been given to the encouragement of foreign and native capital in the construction of railroad lines. Guatemala is traversed by good railroads from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

One of the principal items which has become a part of the farm life of the Guatemalan is now the raising of stock, an industry which has brought most profitable returns, the country being especially adapted to the growing of fine cattle, which thrive and multiply rapidly.

Along with the development of the railroads and the public highways, the schools, and the country life of Guatemala, President Estrada Cabrera has ever had in mind the extension of the postal, the telegraph, and the telephone systems of the country.

Laws passed by the Congress of Guatemala during the administration of President Estrada Cabrera have been the most beneficial which the history of the country can point to in the past. Among these enactments of especial interest to Americans are those which provide for the rights of foreigners residing within the republic. They are such laws as provide most fully for rights and liberties of all foreigners, guaranteeing them protection and safety, the unchallengeable right to carry on their business or pursuits without interference, the right to worship as it may please them, and, in a word, affording them every liberty which they would find in any country of which they were not citizens.

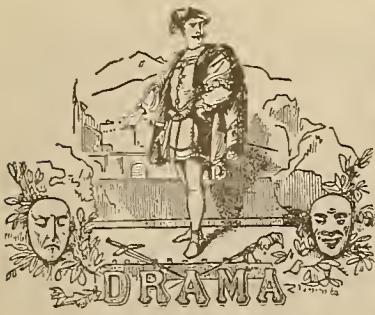
The capital of Guatemala, which takes its name from the republic of which it is the chief and most important city, is situated in one of the most beautiful and picturesque valleys on the continent of North America.

Trade between the United States and Guatemala is steadily increasing, and with the excellent shipping facilities which are already established between New Orleans and Puerto Barrios, the Atlantic port of the republic, immigration has already turned southward across the Caribbean. Of that immigration Guatemala is securing a larger share than any other Central American republic, and with the coming of American farmers and business men, miners and professional men, capital is following and is resulting in Guatemala taking the very first place among Latin American countries.



PRESIDENT LICENCIADO DON MANUEL ESTRADA CABRERA.





"PYGMALION."

"Pygmalion" is rather different from the Shaw plays we are familiar with. It is lighter, in more farcical vein, and with no big, ethical motives underlying it which cause one to forgive the author's incorrigible trick of snapping his fingers in front of his public's nose. He doesn't do that in "Pygmalion." He really doesn't. But of course, with his pictures of the Eynsford-Hills, he, as usual, delightfully makes fun of the average, conventional British type that infests drawing-rooms. It is thoroughly in character for him to label "Pygmalion" romantic comedy and not put a romantic observation or, on the face of it, a romantic situation in it. But that, of course, is one of Shaw's virtues. He always consistently refuses to do the expected, to be traditional, or walk in indicated paths.

The humor of the play is rather more hearty, normal, and enjoyable than is usually the case in his pieces. Not that it is quite normal. That would be to spoil everything. But when the transformed flower girl is subjected to her first working trial in actual society, the demonstration is a brilliant success, from the comedy point of view. Shaw had his remodeled heroine up to the standard in dress, appearance, manner, accent. Where she fell down was in the matter of her discourse. That, of course, is the richest scene in the play, for we are not regaled with the final test in which Eliza appears as a duchess at a garden party and takes in the fashionable world, bridging the gulf, as her creator satirically wishes us to understand, by the mere conformity of outward seeming. This success we are told of in a later act, where it is instrumental in bringing things to a crisis. But in the third act the rich and meaty delight is to see Eliza, fully panoplied as to dress, manner, and accent, although rather uncertain as to grammar, giving full vent to the natural loquacity which had stamped her in the first act. To her absorbed auditors, hanging upon her discourse in stillly though puzzled fascination, she relates the minutest particulars attending the demise of one of her aunts, who, with her final pangs alleviated by plentiful applications of gin, was translated to the hereafter from her bower in the London slums. The weather and people's health being the two topics to which the ex-slum girl was restricted by her astute mentor, this conversation, Eliza felt, was strictly conventional, and the society manner in which she conveys the startling details is quite beyond criticism.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell has always shone particularly in drawing-room rôles, her instinctive elegance, striking beauty, and fashionable manner giving her the appearance of being a queen, there, in her own throne-room. This is a decided plunge, in "Pygmalion," for a woman of her experience and line of rôles to impersonate a murky flower-girl, with the vile cockney accent on her tongue, and the grime of the slums on her face and her garments. But she did it well—very, very well. It is no easy task for a mature woman to play the girl, unless she is one of these women who is the eternal girl, even almost to old age. Mrs. Campbell is not that, wasn't that even when she was still young and richly beautiful. She was always the rose in bloom, or perhaps a rich magnolia blossom. There was something exotic about her; a woman, in appearance, who looked as if her life was stored with rich and varied experience. But she is an artist and possesses the gift of histrionically affecting the imagination. Her rare, slender, lily-white loveliness has passed away. She is now an extremely handsome woman, but she could no longer figure as the mysterious Mactertlinckian maiden, leaning down from her tower and delivering to the eager kisses of her lover her waves of dusky hair. The beautiful line of feature, the beautiful eyes, the beautiful ivory tint, the beautiful black hair, she possesses them all still, but face and figure have lost their rare distinction with the passing of her exquisite slenderness. She is now just like any other exceptionally handsome but mature beauty.

And yet the mature actress who knows her art still can persuade her auditors that she is a girl for the time being. The wonderfully adaptable imagination, ever adaptable, adjusts itself. If she has lost the appearance of slender girlhood we instinctively place her in a

new category and accept her as one of the plump, solid girls whose superabundant curves in youth have their own attraction, youthful flesh being much more delectable than middle-aged billowness. The mental side of the impersonation Mrs. Campbell is fully competent to deal with, and her Eliza Doolittle is a very living figure.

A character of equal importance to Eliza's is that of Professor Higgins, a thoroughly Shavian crank who makes dialects his special study and classifies people according to their speech. Professor Higgins, language scientist though he is, is, in some respects, a very primitive personage. He generally does and says exactly what he wants to. Society irks him. He finds it difficult, or, rather, impossible, to dress his speech and manner in the prescribed conventions. One can well imagine with what rich relish Shaw set himself to paint this single-ideaed specialist, calmly taking possession of Eliza exactly as if she were a mechanical toy, delivering himself of comments, strictures, and uttered disdain to her, or before her, indifferently, while he worked out his great experiments and placidly overlooked the crucial fact that the subject of it had the usual fount of feminine emotionalism to get in the way and hamper and obstruct things generally.

There is never any poetry in Shaw's pieces and rarely any sentiment. What there is of the latter is more inferred than declared. Now Eliza develops some sentiment. Not love sentiment; the professor's character is just about as encouraging to such an idea as a barbed-wire fence. But a cat-like attachment to her new home, with its comforts and refinements, and even to her absorbed and rigorous taskmasters, grows up in the breast of the quickly transforming gutter-snipe. By degrees she feels a consciousness of herself, of her fellow humanity with her fiercely detached trainer. Shaw, of course, treats the attachment she feels toward Professor Higgins with his usual ruthlessness. The two, once Eliza develops a sense of injured pride, wrangle fiercely to the very end. Not a word of amity, of kindness. But Mrs. Campbell makes it very patent that Eliza is quite like the rest of her sex. Which reminds me that this is the second time in a few weeks that we have seen a play in which a forlorn waif of the London gutter is taken into an Englishman's home, warmed, fed, sheltered, and refined into the possibilities of a devoted return. What a difference in the treatment of the two subjects! Shaw was too clever to be caught romantically exaggerating, and shows us Eliza still in the process of transformation, while Hubert Davies's heroine was too speedy in her metamorphosis. Both of them were all women in the unconscious but instinctive sense of possession that grew up in their breasts, in spite of the uncertainty of their tenure.

J. W. Austin gives such an excellent portrait of Henry Higgins that he almost makes that thoroughly imaginary being seem real. He paints the character absolutely as Shaw conceived it, to judge from a reading of the play, and even though Higgins is only a Shaw invention, he makes him a thoroughly pervasive and entertaining one. Shaw's plays run more to talk than action, and it is the talk, Eliza's talk in particular, that is so intensely amusing in the third act. But in that same act Mr. Austin paints the big boy side of Henry Higgins so well, and he is such an irritable, intolerant, intractable barbarian in his mother's drawing-room that the auditor is quite one with Shaw in the huge enjoyment with which he observes the sufferings of a non-conforming victim to social civilization.

Each individual rôle is well done, the general company being really excellent. The most genuine bit of character work in the whole play is that of Mrs. Pearce, Higgins's housekeeper. Shaw made this character realistic, in order to enjoy the joke of throwing it in contrast to Mrs. Pearce's eccentric employer, and Gwladys Morris renders it perfectly, making the housekeeper a real personage in the midst of comedy exaggerations.

George Fredericks, a blonde English giant, gives a very clever depiction of Eliza's elusive sire, the cockney dustman from whom she evidently inherits her limber tongue. Edgar Kent's pleasant presentation of kindly Colonel Pickering is not quite elderly enough for the author's intentions, and Madeleine Meredith is very attractive as the gray-haired and exquisitely mannered Mrs. Higgins. The three highly typical Eynsford-Hills are treated with a slight but eminently correct heightening of the social manners of their kind, Mr. Frederick de Meade, in particular, cleverly touching up his sketch of Freddie Eynsford-Hill with a slight tinge of burlesque.

The dialogue of "Pygmalion" is full of brilliant quotable bits. The author isn't quite so prolix as usual, and one really can not afford to lose a single witticism, whether assertive or inferential. There's a lot of cockney talk, but the players are sufficiently expert at their craft to make even their American auditors understand them, and, although there are points in the play that are only appreciated by English auditors, Shaw is a humorist, even

if he is a comparatively serious one, and one whose humor makes almost a universal appeal.

### THE PANTAGES THEATRE.

The headliner at the Pantages Theatre this week is dignified by some association with the august name of Holbrook Blinn, "Across the Border," a peace play by Beulah Dix, being labeled as "Holbrook Blinn's famous Princess Theatre success." It does not sound like a Holbrook Blinn playlet, Miss Dix having let herself go in the matter of length of dialogue. "Across the Border" shows the post-mortem adventures of a brave officer who died in an intrepid deed of patriotic devotion, and who, across the border which separates life and death, is stupefied to discover that punishment, instead of honor is his portion.

In carrying out this idea the author lands the hero into the midst of a statuesque family in Puritan dress, upon whose hearthstone the young lieutenant, unknowing that he is dead, indulges in much vaunting of the humane military policy of his leaders. Nevertheless there have been reprisals; just ones, he considers. There have been excesses of the soldiery, allowed by indulgent officers who celebrated victory by drinking. All the remorse and pity that the young officer, during the storm of battle, had failed to experience, rushes back upon him now. His purgatory is to rehear, in long-continued wailing chorus, the cries, the shrieks, and the moanings of the women and children who have suffered incidentally through the war.

The play contains several scenes and requires a cast of about a dozen players. Its merit is its timeliness, and its intent to convey some idea of the incidental cruelties of war to the feeble and helpless. Its defect is its talkiness. In the end it turns out that the scenes "across the border" exist only in the delirium of the dying officer.

Like all women advocates of peace, Miss Dix seems to be particularly wrought up over the sufferings of women and children. It seems to me that while these peace propagandists are about it they might throw in an occasional word of pity for the soldiers, too. There are millions of men who leave their families in an agony of solicitude for the helpless ones at home. There are thousands of men, not necessarily cowards at all, who have no stomach for battle that are forced to fight. There are others in the Balkan districts who must fight against their blood brethren. There are physically splendid and flawless young men who emerge from the conflict blind, crippled, mutilated, and who have long, long years before them during which they will learn how swiftly will ebb the tender pity and praise that is being showered upon them now during this epoch of national exaltation. When the grim endurance, the pinching economy, the terrible toil of the surviving millions of Europe who are to pay the debts will begin, they and their suffering comrades will be insignificant units in a great multitude of martyrs. The women and children have suffered, yes, and have been almost crucified, but is there not a sort of sex egotism in directing the great flood of feminine compassion—I speak particularly of women writers—to them only, to the exclusion of the men? With the men writers it is different.

Their compassion embraces in its scope all the agonized victims of dread and cruel war.

In the acting of the piece fine shadings were of course missing, but still the sentiment and the idea were adequately conveyed. Mr. James Dillon made a good appearance as the tall, soldierly young lieutenant, but I hope I am not captious in finding fault with him for speaking too loud. He has a taxing rôle; the lieutenant is rather loquacious, and his tongue waxes even more limber when he is across the border. The young man's voice fatigued listening ears by a certain loud monotony. More pauses, more variety of intonation, would lend eloquence to his flow of words.

And whom have we here at Pantages this week? Why, no less a person than Cecilia Rhoda, formerly a favorite at the Fillmore Street Princess, a later and loftier star at the Columbia, and is it not true that she made a brief appearance as principal in some Broadway production? However, she utilized her brunette coloring this week in an operatic playlet in which she made a brief appearance costumed becomingly as Carmen and singing Carmen's devil-may-care and provocative arias. It isn't a bad little playlet at all. It has a decided suggestion of reality to it. Two operatic singers, down on their luck, and forced, for just bread and butter, to work in the movies. Quite appropriate to numerous experiences in the theatre world during these war times. Cecilia Rhoda and her partner show their superiority in their present field, and the act has vitality. Mr. Crampton, part author of the playlet, sang that sweet old relic of a melodious past, "In Happy Moments," quite charmingly, with much sweetness and sentiment, and although Miss Rhoda's voice is hollower than of yore, it is still showy and effective, and she looked very Carmenesque in her red and gold bravery.

And there was still another old acquaintance to greet us, George H. Primrose, bones in hand, heading a very good minstrel act, in which singing, joking, and dancing figured as of yore. Mr. Primrose himself contributing some of each, and in the person of his interlocutor supplying a tall, handsome man with a smooth, melodious and very agreeable singing voice.

Smith's Oakland Boys' Band, while it can not be taken very seriously as a musical organization, inspires the listener with a sense of warm approval. It gives a very healthy vent to the ambitions of musically inclined boys, and one feels that it may possibly serve as a beginning for some players who may eventually figure in such bands as we have heard at the Exposition. To be sure, the boys give their forte passages with the lustiness and abandon of a newsboy's climactic yell, but they do, by superhuman self-control, play piano passages, too. They gave a lively programme, and some of their smaller urchins rendered vocal and instrumental solos.

Arline, the dancing violinist, and a couple of acts of less merit rounded out a programme, much above the average in general merit.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

"Did you tell that young man of yours that I am going to have the light switched off at 10?" "Yes, dad." "Well?" "He's coming at 10 in future."—London Mail.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"Omar, the Tentmaker," at the Cort.

Again is joyous Omar Khayyam to pitch his tent in our midst. Guy Bates Post will appear at the Cort Theatre tomorrow—Sunday—evening in Richard Walton Tully's magnificent spectacle, "Omar, the Tentmaker." During its three weeks' visit here last year this production aroused probably the greatest interest of any dramatic offering of the season.

As every theatre-goer in San Francisco already knows, "Omar, the Tentmaker," is based upon the life, times, and Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, the beloved Persian poet of the eleventh century, especial emphasis being laid upon his engaging love-life. At the same time the play is compact with brisk, thrilling action, the swift succession of exciting escapades being calculated to quicken the pulse of even the most blasé theatre-goer.

Many discerning critics have proclaimed "Omar, the Tentmaker," to be the logical successor to "Kismet." This is probably because not only both plays have an elaborate Oriental background, but because they are the only massive and important spectacular productions made in America since "Ben Hur" and the late Richard Mansfield's "Cyrano de Bergerac." Pictorially the luxurious adornment of "Omar, the Tentmaker," has probably never been surpassed in beauty upon the American stage. From beginning to end there is an unceasing procession of brilliant, colorful settings all suffused with the almost intangible and mysterious spirit of the Orient.

The action of the play opens in a rose-bowered, bird-filled garden at sunset in old Persia; thence it proceeds to the narrow, crowded streets of ancient Naishapur, with their silk-laden bazaars and revellous throngs; next to majestic halls in stately palaces, and so on till finally we return in the end to the flower-decked garden whence we started. The action of the piece covers a period of nearly sixty years. Consequently the poet Omar is pictured at several quite widely separated periods of his career, a circumstance which permits Mr. Post to display a wonderful series of artistic and realistic make-ups.

Mrs. Campbell Scores at the Columbia.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell has evidently scored heavily at the Columbia Theatre in G. Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion." She seems not to have lost that peculiarly exotic charm that marks her acting. Mrs. Campbell plays the odd character with remarkable skill and understanding. Especially is this appreciable in the transformation from one phase of the cockney girl's career to another. A rugged, densely ignorant creature in the first scene, Mrs. Campbell brings the developing body, voice, speech, and soul of the girl to a natural fulfillment.

The story of the play deals with a flower girl of London streets, who is accidentally met by Henry Higgins, a professor and fad-

dist upon phonetics. Higgins lays a wager with a new-found friend, Colonel Pickering, a writer upon Indian dialects, that he can educate her within six months so as to pass her off as a duchess. Eliza is accordingly installed in the bachelor apartments of Higgins and his associate and her instruction is taken up.

Higgins, fortunately for the success of the story, succeeds in his strangely undertaken task, but upon its conclusion discovers that Eliza is possessed of a soul; and that this, to him surprising possession, has also been lifted above the gutter and is never again to be unceremoniously "passed over." And despite the almost brutal treatment of this self-absorbed professor, Eliza has come to love him; and here is the romance as Shaw wills it. Matinees are given on Wednesday and Saturday at special prices.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

Gus Edwards (himself) and his Song Revue of 1915 will be the headline attraction at the Orpheum next week. Mr. Edwards's Song Revue has become an institution. For many years this popular composer has successfully toured the chief cities of this country with a company of boys and girls (mostly girls) offering a delightful entertainment composed of song, dance, mimicry, and refined comedy, the effect of which is enhanced by beautiful costumes and scenery. Mr. Edwards has long been famous both as composer and comedian, and has probably written more songs than half a dozen composers combined. In his company are still "Little Georgie" and "Cute Cuddles." These youngsters are the "biggest little stars" of the theatre, and as mimics compare favorably with the majority of adult impersonators.

A special feature, and one of unusual excellence, will be Miss Katherine Ruth Heyman, recognized as one of the most brilliant pianists of the day. Miss Heyman recently was the soloist of the three concerts given by the illustrious French composer, Camille Saint-Saëns, at Festival Hall, Panama-Pacific International Exposition grounds, and at the express desire of the composer she played with great success several of his most famous compositions.

Nan Halperin is a singing comedienne who entirely differs from others of her ilk. It may be said of her, through the aid of a magnetic personality and a talent that is akin to genius, she manages to insinuate herself into the good graces of her audiences.

Allan Dinehart will present a sketch written for him by Everett S. Ruskay, called "The Meanest Man in the World." He will have in his support Marie Louise Dyer, who won praise for her work in the legitimate drama in some of the best pieces in the past few years.

The Volunteers is modestly announced as "A Singing Novelty," and it is the particular desire of Billy Cripps, Al Rauph, Jerome

Daley, and Fred Lyon, who introduce it, that no eulogy or description should precede it. It is safe to say, however, that it will prove an agreeable surprise and a decided hit.

With this bill the Misses Campbell, Bert Melrose, and Marion Morgan's Classic Dancers will conclude their engagements.

Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre.

Tom Linton and his jungle maids are the top liners on the new eight-act show which opens Sunday at the Pantages. Linton calls his offering a "Zulu festival of tropical oddity," in which the jungle girls troop in and out with frivolous abandon. Linton is a funster with decided methods and has surrounded himself with a bevy of bewitching dancing and singing girls. There is little or no plot to the production, the idea being to crowd in thirty minutes of jollification and new song bits.

The name of Eddie Ross is not known as yet in this vicinity, but if advance reports count for much, Eddie will be well known here after his opening performance. Unannounced and without any preliminary heralding, the comedian has scored the biggest hit that any single entertainer has yet made on the Pantages Circuit. Alexander Pantages has signed Ross for an immediate return over the circuit, so great has been his success.

Herbert Bashford, the well-known literary editor and playwright, wrote "The Stranger," in which Charles King, Virginia Thornton, and Ernest Seay will play the leading rôles. It is a Western sketch, brimful of comedy situations.

Herbert Dane and his Six Adorables will offer a classical dance revue, presenting the latest steps in the new art.

Stella May and Margie Addis style their act "Daughters of the Regiment of Fun."

Arthur Don and George Stanley, locally popular comedy makers, and Phil La Toska, the talkative juggler, will complete the rest of the strong bill.

The Last Fuller Performances for July.

La Loie Fuller, the "Mistress of Light," and her girl dancers, will give their final performances for the month at Festival Hall next Wednesday evening at half-past eight, and Saturday afternoon, July 31st, at half-past two.

Those who have been fortunate enough to witness the productions given by Miss Fuller at the Exposition have gone into ecstasies at the many and varied beauties revealed in the symbolic dances, and the light effects employed are only rivaled by those of the Exposition itself. No small part of the excellence of the performances is due to the delightful music played by the Exposition Orchestra of eighty artists, under the leadership of Georges George, and the selections given between the dancing numbers would do credit to any symphony programme.

The coming programme will include the best features of Miss Fuller's earlier performances, and among the offerings will be the mystic "Sirenes," the dazzling "Thousand and One Nights," the weird "Night on Mont Chauve," and the brilliant and bewildering "Birth of the Great Black Opal." The prices for these performances will be popular and seats may be obtained at the Exposition box-office, 343 Powell Street.

A notable event at Festival Hall will be American Composers' Day, Sunday afternoon, August 1st, when the Exposition Orchestra will give a programme devoted to native works, many of which will be conducted by the composers themselves.

Miss Anglin Rehearsing for Greek Theatre.

Margaret Anglin has arrived in Berkeley and has already begun rehearsals for her three productions of Greek plays in English, scheduled for the month of August, at the Greek Theatre of the University of California. The plays and the order of their presentation will be as follows: On Saturday evening, August 14th, Euripides's "Iphigenia in Aulis"; Saturday evening, August 21st, Euripides's "Medea," and on Saturday evening, August 28th, Sophocles's "Electra," which Miss Anglin presented at the Greek Theatre two years ago.

Accompanying the actress are Livingston Pratt, the artist and technical director, who will have charge of the costuming, stage decorations, and lighting, and Gustave von Seifertitz, general stage director, who will immediately begin the selection of the upwards of two hundred supernumeraries to be employed in one of the productions.

A special feature of Miss Anglin's Greek festival will be the musical settings, composed and arranged for an orchestra of sixty instruments by Walter Damrosch, who will arrive in San Francisco on July 30th to engage the chorus. Mr. Damrosch will personally conduct the orchestra at each of the performances.

The east of principals will include Fuller Mellish, Ruth Holt Bouicault, Lawson Butt, and Pedro de Cordoba.

The latest London success, "Searchlights,"

has been secured for this country and an announcement of its presentation over here will be made in a few days.

Following Miss Anglin's performances at the Greek Theatre she will come to the Columbia Theatre in her latest comedy success, "Beverly's Balance."

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OTTO GORITZ . . . . . Baritone

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of the country.



## VANITY FAIR.

A recent traveler in Germany says that the reason why we have lately heard so little of the crown prince is not a military, but a social one. The crown prince is supposed to be on bad terms with his wife Cecilie, although how one could be on bad terms with so winsome looking a lady it is hard to understand. Now to be on bad terms with one's wife, and to allow it to be known, which of course is the real offense, means social ostracism in Germany, where they maintain the good old tradition that it is always the fault of the man, as of course it is. Every one knows that. If a man is on bad terms with his wife it is proof positive that he has done something to displease her. Otherwise he would not be on bad terms with her. The proposition is too simple for dispute. But if no one could get his picture in the newspapers over here who was not friendly with his wife it is to be feared that we should not have much to read over the morning coffee.

One would think that there must be strained relations in a good many of the royal courts just at present, and in view of those international marriages that we once so fondly believed would be a guaranty of peace. It does seem strange, come to think of it, and in view of our own domestic experiences, that marriages should be supposed to be pledges of peace. We usually manage to restrain our love for our wives' families, to say the least of it. We do not pledge eternal ally to our mothers-in-law and fathers-in-law merely because we happened to marry their daughters. But when two royalties get married we talk about the bonds of union between their respective families and countries. It just shows in what an upside-down way we carry out those cerebral processes that we like to describe as thought.

And so there must be a good many royal families in Europe just now where they find it a bit difficult to sort out their sympathies. For example, the Queen of Belgium is a German and a Bavarian princess. One is inclined to wonder what she thinks of the presence in Belgium of Bavarian armies who would be overjoyed at the chance to shoot her husband. The King of Greece is supposed to be pro-Ally and certainly the people of Greece are pro-Ally, but the Queen of Greece is a sister of the German emperor. It is probably a vile slander, but it is widely believed that the King of Greece has not been suffering from a disease, but from a knife wound inflicted by his wife in her efforts to preserve the neutrality of Greece. Of course that is carrying neutrality a little too far. A wife ought not to stab her husband, no matter how provoking he may be. We do not believe that even the Rev. Anna Howard Shaw would actually stab a man, even though she had a man around to stab. But of course you can not tell.

There is another theory, and one with some plausibility about it, and that is that the kings and queens, although on opposite sides, are just as good friends as ever they were and that they continue to exchange their little domestic notes without reference to the little misunderstanding that for the moment has estranged their peoples.

When Mark Twain took his first Turkish bath he decided that the efforts of the masseur were painfully slow and inadequate. He said it would take hours to reduce him to the desired size. Would he not go and horrow a jackplane?

Now for a long time we have watched with sympathy and concern the efforts of women to adjust the waist line to the demands of fashion. The ancient methods seemed so pitifully slow. No sooner had a woman succeeded in shifting her equator the requisite six inches to the north or the south than she received imperative orders to shift it back again. And when the new arrangement had been accomplished it was quite on the cards that a wireless from Sayville would demand that the waist be abolished altogether. And there you are. There was a lack of reasonableness and of consideration. One would think that the waist line was detachable, that it could be raised or lowered with a derrick, that it could be taken off at night and put on again in the morning in a new place. Of course every married man knows that this is not so, and that a woman can not change her equator without prayer and fasting, and particularly fasting.

But now science and invention have come to the relief of the much-suffering sex. A man out in Kansas City has devised what he calls a "rolling mill" for ladies whose waists have been obliterated. When he speaks directly to his clients he calls his invention a "scientific system of weight reduction" and he is said to be doing a roaring business. His machine consists of a polished wooden roller shaped like a U and it revolves by machinery. The lady who has mislaid her equator and who can not tell precisely where her southern hemisphere ends and her northern hemisphere begins places herself inside the U, which is then clamped closely around her and

the rollers are set in motion. After a time the pressure of the rollers is observed to slacken, which means that the fill-in is being slowly dispersed north and south, although where it actually goes heaven only knows. Then the rollers are tightened up again until the excavation is of the necessary depth. If there should be any subsequent slides like there are in the Gatun Dam the operation can be repeated until the natural subsidences have been overcome.

The inventor, with a modesty inseparable from true greatness, says that his machine is intended for those who wish to avoid the equivalent exercise. For example, there are ladies who have derived much benefit from rolling on the floor, but then one must roll such a long way to get the requisite benefit, and rolling on the floor is quite exhausting. Other ladies were in favor of chasing an orange around the room with the finger tips and without hending the knees, but this also is too slow when you have every reason to fear that the waist fashion may change again tomorrow afternoon at 4:27, like a train. But the new machine is quick, dependable, and it is guaranteed not to exhaust. In half an hour it will do as much as 5000 rolls on the floor. Just think of that. And you can even read a fashion book, or a suffrage manifesto, or an uplift magazine, or a sex hygiene book, while the good work is going on, and thus kill two birds with one stone, so to speak.

A French soldier allowed to visit Paris for a few days in order to see his three motherless children has been hase enough to marry a widow with three children of her own and so to place himself beyond the reach of the military law, which excuses from service all fathers of six or more. And now his comrades at the front have sent him a letter of commiseration, assuring him that should he at any time feel the need of repose he may remember that the trenches are always open to him and that the comparatively peaceful tranquilities of the firing line are always at his service.

A Missouri newspaper, referring in terms of laudation to a lady office-holder, remarks that she is wholly innocent of graft and that she carries no precinct votes in her vest-pocket.

It is evident that we shall have to revise our political terminology if the feminine invasion of the arena is to continue. It is quite certain that the lady in question does not wear a vest. It is equally certain that if she did wear a vest it would contain no pockets, which are said to be fatal to the symmetry of the feminine form. We may doubt if even Dr. Shaw would permit herself such an indulgence as a pocket. Now this matter of terminology can not be settled in a hurry. It would be absurd to say that the lady in question carried no precinct votes in her mesh bag with her absurd pocket handkerchief and the other futile things that constitute the usual cargo of that appendage. And it would hardly be proper to say that she carried no precinct votes in her stocking, which is the place where one would naturally look—so to speak. Moreover, the new silhouette gown will throw even the stocking out of commission, since a single precinct vote would cause an undesirable protrusion. Moreover, the silhouette gown can not be raised if it should be necessary to get the precinct vote in a hurry. It looks as though it must be taken right off in order to gain access to the stocking, and this would certainly create comment in a political convention. In the meantime our newspaper scribes would do well to realize that the old figures of speech are now out of date and that there must be no thoughtless references to precinct votes carried in vest-pockets.

Perhaps in no other country than Germany does a singer spend so many years at one opera house. With consistent frequency cases have been noted of a singer thus devoting a quarter of a century of his or her life. A case in point has just developed at Dresden's opera house, which has now pensioned Irene von Chavanne, who has been a member of the company for a round thirty years. During these three decades Fraulein von Chavanne has sung all the leading rôles that fall within the domain of the mezzo-soprano and contralto. With her retirement the Dresden institution loses one of its last connecting links with the period of its history when it was the pride and boast of Germany's opera world.

The great Russian fortress of Ivangorod, which the German advance seems to threaten, guards a city of considerable importance. It is about sixty miles southeast of Warsaw, situated at the confluence of the Wieprz with the Vistula, and its plan of fortification makes use of the Vistula River, which there has become of sufficient size as to be navigable for larger boats. Nine permanent works are built along the right bank of the Vistula and there are three upon the left bank. The country around this town is rolling, in places sharply uneven, and offers advantageous features for defense.



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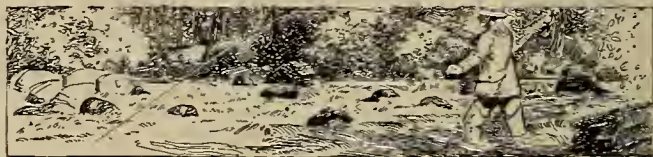
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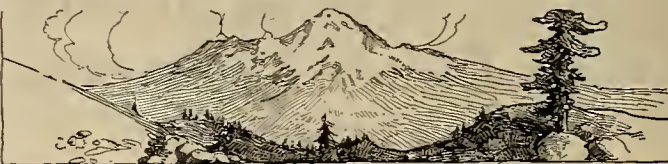
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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

William Barnes, Jr., was talking in Alhany about a phase of his recent libel case. "Our opponents on that track, though," said Mr. Barnes, "got badly fooled. They were like the young man who eloped. 'And when you eloped with the girl,' asked a friend, 'did her daddy follow you?' 'Did he?' said the young man. 'Rather! He's living with us yet!'"

The motor-car shot down the hill at the speed of an express train, and then overturned, pinning the driver beneath it. The village policeman approached pompously. "It's no use your hiding under there," he said sternly to the half-smothered driver. "You were exceeding the speed limit, and I must have your name and address."

A rector in South London was visiting one of his poorer parishioners, an old woman afflicted with deafness. She expressed her great regret at not being able to hear his sermons. Desiring to be sympathetic, and to say something consoling, he replied, with unnecessary self-depreciation, "You don't miss much." "So they tell me," was the disconcerting reply.

Several Ohio lawyers once gathered in Judge Wilson's room after adjournment of court, and were discussing the retirement of a member of the bar. Among them was one whose practice was worth \$25,000 a year. He said, "I have been practicing several years, and am well fixed. I have thought I would like to retire and devote my remaining years to studies I have neglected." "Study law," put in Judge Wilson.

The cabby regarded the broken-down taxi with a gleam of delight, but did not speak. The chauffeur began operations on his machine. He turned and twisted it, and banged it, and screwed it, but to no avail, and still the cabby spoke not. Then the chauffeur wiped his brow, and the cabby, still with the gleam in his eye, crossed over. "Ere," he exclaimed grimly, holding out his whip; "ere yer are, mister, 'it 'im with this!'"

The campaign orator was having a strenuous time, facing a hostile audience at Coblesville. All his efforts to calm the crowd and obtain an uninterrupted hearing were vain, and in desperation he shouted: "You are trying to break up this meeting and suppress free speech by the weapon with which Samson slew the Philistines." Instantly a fine antediluvian specimen shouted, "That's another campaign lie! It wuzn't Samson that licked the Philistines; it wuz Dewey."

There is a beautiful home on Long Island that the owners wished to lease for the summer. Two parvenus with social ambition thought this residence might be the means of launching them into local society, so they went to look it over. Upon entering the boudoir of a young woman member of the family their eyes fell upon a beautiful Madonna on the wall. They also observed a Beatrice Cenci. One of the party said: "Well, if we do take this house, will you please remove the family portraits?"

The package labeled "Tea" lay on a London pavement, apparently unnoticed by the youth who stood near. Just as a stout dame came along he darted forward, seized the package, and, presenting it to her, explained that she had dropped it. A coin passed between them. "I'm afraid you've been done, my boy," observed a passer-by who had witnessed the occurrence. "That person never dropped the package at all." "I know she didn't," grinned the youth, "it's 'er as is done. Y'see, I gets the packet at 'ome, tears a small hole in the paper, empties the tea, fills it with ashes, and drops it in the street. Wonderful 'ow it works. Serves folks right for not hein' honest, I always ses."

He had been crossing the street, when a gust of wind removed his silk hat, which rolled under the wheels of a passing omnibus. As the old gentleman picked up his battered headgear he was greeted with a yell of laughter from a gang of boys at the corner of the street. Turning furiously, with the intention of reading his tormentors a lesson, the old gentleman paused as he found one boy wearing anything but a cheerful expression. "My boy," he said, effusively, "you are the only little gentleman in the party. Here's a quarter for you. Now tell me, why didn't you laugh with your companions?" "Because, sir," replied the youngster, as he pocketed the coin, "I'd my back turned and didn't see the fun."

He was traveling in the South and had to put up over night at a second-rate hotel in Western Georgia. He said to the clerk when he entered, "Where shall I autograph?" "Autograph?" said the clerk. "Yes; sign my

name, you know." "Oh, right here." As he was signing his name in the register in came three roughly clothed, unshorn fellows immediately recognizable as Georgia Crackers. One of them advanced to the desk. "Will you autograph?" asked the clerk, his face aglow with the pleasure that comes from the consciousness of intellectual superiority. "Certainly," said the Georgia Cracker, his face no less radiant than that of the clerk, "mine's rye."

During a sham fight which constituted part of a certain infantry battalion's training for the war a company was told off to follow up the retreating "enemy." For this purpose the pursuers, who had been having a strenuous time, had to cross a fairly wide river, and were marched to the nearest bridge, which was about four miles away. Imagine their disappointment on arriving to find this notice attached to the bridge by the "enemy": "This bridge is blown up." But the officer in command of the pursuers was a man of action, and promptly attached a notice to one of his leading men and proceeded to march his force across the bridge. They had almost crossed it, when an umpire suddenly appeared, frantically waving his hand and exclaiming: "The bridge is blown up; all these men are drowned!" The commanding officer made no reply, but simply pointed to his notice, which read: "This company is swimming across!"

He was a renter, and at least every other season he was occupying a different farm. By a friend's advice he had moved the year before into an entirely new field, a dozen miles from his usual baunts, and had not been seen for several months. When the friend did see him, at last, it was quite by accident, business taking him into the old man's neighborhood. The farmer hailed him from the cornfield and came out to the fence. "Hello," said the friend, "is this your farm?" "Yes, and I jist come over to tell you, sir, that I'll be ready to pay part of that claim of your'n before long." "You must be doing well." "I think I'm doin' fust-rate, and I'm powerful obliged to you, sir, for headin' me this way." "I am always glad to help if I can." "I knowed that, sir, and that's why I come away over here so far from home. It's kinder strange to me, but as long as I am doin' as well as I am I am goin' to stand it." "Are you making any money?" The old man's face brightened perceptibly. "No, I aint, sir," he replied, hopefully, "but I'm losin' it slower'n I ever done in my life before."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Adam and Eve.  
When Adam courting Eve began  
He heard her softly coo:  
"There isn't any better man  
In all the world than you."

And Adam, not to be outdone  
In compliments, replied:  
"Sweet creature, you're the only one  
I'd take to be my bride."  
—Springfield (Mass.) Union.

Sorrow's Crown of Sorrow.  
Greater grows the Great Disaster,  
Horror's gather fast and faster;  
Woe is daily cumulating,  
As the price of brothers' hating.

O for a gift of rhyme Homeric,  
Or for phrases panegyric,  
To depict the woes abhorrent  
In the wake of war's red torrent!

Mortal pen can only stutter,  
When it undertakes to utter,  
This most recent tale of sadness  
Born of war's defiant madness.

Naught but stanzas vast and runic  
Can proclaim the grief of Munich,  
For they're drinking—fatal augur!—  
Lemonade, instead of lager!  
—Kee Maxwell, in Peoria Journal.

Omaha.

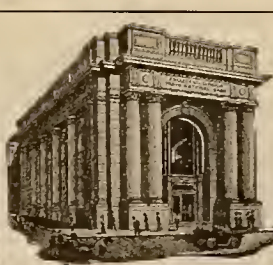
"There was not a soul at the station there to greet Bryan as he passed through on the way to Lincoln."—Omaha News Item.

The tyrant's foot is on your form,  
Omaha, ah Omaha!  
Your conscience cowers 'neath the storm,  
Omaha, ah Omaha!  
You knew that I was on my way,  
You knew that I had lots to say,  
That this time there was naught to pay,  
Omaha, ah Omaha!

Time was when I was here to see  
Omaha, ah Omaha!  
The whole town held a jubilee,  
Omaha, ah Omaha!  
Oh, then when I pulled out the bung  
And started up my silver tongue  
The rafters with your clamor rung,  
Omaha, ah Omaha!

I wonder if I am awake,  
Omaha, ah Omaha!  
Can I have made a great mistake,  
Omaha, ah Omaha?  
Have I displayed a certain lack  
And all disloyal made attack,  
At which the country turns its back?  
Omaha, ah Omaha!

—Maurice Morris, in New York Sun.



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Assets.....\$90,321,243.04  
Deposits..... 57,362,899.35  
Capital actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000.00  
Reserve and Contingent Funds..... 1,938,443.69  
Employees' Pension Fund..... 190,164.12  
Number of Depositors..... 66,965  
For the 6 months ending June 30th, 1915, a dividend to depositors of 4 per cent per annum was declared. Open Saturday Evenings 6 to 8.

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THE STREET BOND HOUSE



## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The wedding of Miss Gertrude O'Brien and Mr. William Mayo Newhall, Jr., will take place Wednesday, August 25th, at the home on Buchanan Street of Miss O'Brien's mother, Mrs. William Smith O'Brien. The chosen bridesmaids are the Misses Ruth Zeile, Beatrice Nickel, Marie Louise Black, Helen Keeney, Ruth Winslow, and Leslie Miller. Among the ushers will be Mr. Alfred Whittell, Mr. William Parrott, Mr. Frederick Van Sicken, and Mr. Frederick Tillmann.

Baroness Jan Carl Van Eck was hostess Thursday at an informal luncheon at her home on Broadway. The affair was in honor of Miss Gertrude O'Brien, whose engagement to Mr. William Mayo Newhall, Jr., has recently been announced.

Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith gave a tea Friday afternoon at her home on Pacific Avenue in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Edward T. Stotesbury and Mr. and Mrs. Walter B. Brooks, Jr., of Philadelphia.

Miss Helen Crocker entertained a number of friends Monday evening at a dinner-dance at the Burlingame Club.

Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton was hostess Wednesday at a luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Hearst gave a dinner-dance at the Fairmont Hotel Friday evening, when fifty friends enjoyed their hospitality.

Miss Marie Pondessan was the complimented guest Thursday at an informal luncheon given by Mrs. Washington Dodge at her home on Laguna Street.

Mr. and Mrs. George Whittell entertained a number of friends Friday evening at a dinner at the Hotel St. Francis in honor of Mrs. George T. Mayne.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sproule gave a dinner at their home on Pacific Avenue Thursday evening, when they entertained a number of young people in honor of Mrs. Sproule's daughter, Miss Marie Louise Baldwin.

Mrs. Eliot Rogers has issued invitations to a reception Thursday afternoon, July 29th, at her home in Montecito in honor of her mother, Mrs. Elinor Doe.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan gave a supper party Monday evening at the Hotel St. Francis in honor of Colonel George Cornwallis West, H. M. A., and Mrs. West (Mrs. Patrick Campbell).

Mrs. Frederick Hope Deaver entertained a score of young people recently at a picnic near her country place at Inverness.

Mrs. Spencer Buckhee was hostess Thursday afternoon at a bridge-tee at her home on Clay Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Grange gave a house party recently at their country home, Stag's Leap, in Napa County.

Mrs. William Hough was hostess Thursday afternoon at a bridge-tee at her home on Clay Street. The affair was in honor of her sister, Mrs. Sidney Partridge.

Judge Elbert H. Gary and Mrs. Gary were the complimented guests Monday evening at a dinner given by Mrs. Eleanor Martin at her home on Broadway.

Mrs. Otto Grau gave a bridge-tee Tuesday afternoon at her home on Green Street in honor of her house guest, Miss Suzanne Miller of New York.

Mrs. Charlemagne Tower has issued invitations to a reception Friday afternoon, July 30, at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander were the guests of honor Monday evening at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor at their home in Piedmont.

Mr. Prescott Scott was host Saturday evening at a theatre and supper party in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Brown, who have come out from New York to visit the Exposition.

Major Henry H. Whitney, U. S. A., and Mrs. Whitney entertained a number of friends at a dinner Friday evening preceding the monthly hop at Fort Scott.

Paymaster Eugene Hale Douglas, U. S. N., and Mrs. Douglas gave a luncheon Sunday at their home at Yerba Buena in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Pulitzer of New York.

Naval Constructor Paul Fretz, U. S. N., and Mrs. Fretz were host and hostess Thursday evening at a dinner at their home at Mare Island.

General Arthur Murray, U. S. A., and Mrs. Murray gave a dinner Wednesday evening at their home at Fort Mason in honor of the birthday of Mrs. Henry C. Pratt, who is visiting her son and daughter-in-law, Lieutenant H. Conger Pratt, U. S. A., and Mrs. Pratt.

Mrs. Jasper V. Howard was hostess Thursday at a luncheon at her home at Mare Island. The affair was in honor of her cousin, Mrs. Robert Coontz, who with her husband, Captain Coontz, U. S. N., recently arrived from Guam. Captain

Coontz has been governor of the island for two years.

Commander Franklin Karns, U. S. N., and Mrs. Karns entertained a number of friends Sunday evening at a supper-dance at their home at Mare Island in honor of Captain W. H. Standley, U. S. N., and Mrs. Standley.

Lieutenant James Jones, U. S. A., and Mrs. Jones were host and hostess at a bridge party at their home at Fort Scott Thursday evening, when they entertained the members of the Fort Scott Bridge Club.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. George Cornwallis West arrived Monday from the East and are occupying an apartment at Stanford Court, where they will remain during their month's visit in this city.

Mrs. John Pigott and her little daughter have come from Sacramento to spend a month with Mrs. George F. Ashton and Miss Helen Ashton.

Mr. Francis Burk Roche left Monday evening for Lake Tahoe to visit Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl.

Mrs. Ernest Peixotto, wife of the artist and writer, arrived recently from New York and is visiting her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. B. William, who are at present in Pacific Grove.

Mrs. Clarence Rice is here from New York to visit the Exposition and is planning to remain about two weeks. Mrs. Rice, who was formerly Miss Jeanne Durant, has many friends in this city.

Mrs. James W. Keeney, Mrs. George Harding, and Miss Helen Keeney are in Santa Barbara for a two weeks' visit. They have joined Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker at the Potter Hotel.

Mrs. George H. Howard has joined her mother, Mrs. Henry Schmiedel, at the Hotel Potter in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Stotesbury and Mr. and Mrs. Walter B. Brooks arrived last week from Santa Barbara to visit the Exposition. They will make an indefinite stay in California, visiting the resorts before returning to their homes in Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest R. Folger and their daughters are spending a few weeks in Monterey.

Mrs. Hubert Vos, who came from New York with Mr. Vos, Mr. and Mrs. Claus August Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Eddy, sailed Wednesday for Honolulu, where she will spend a month with her relatives. Mrs. Vos is the mother of Mrs. Jay Gould of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker and Miss Marian Newhall returned Tuesday from Honolulu, where they have been spending the past three months.

Mrs. Ferdinand Bain of Santa Barbara is visiting Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett at her home in Burlingame.

Miss Margaret Nichols will leave today for Menlo Park to spend the week-end with Miss Christine Donohoe.

Mrs. J. Downey Harvey has been spending the past two weeks with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Cooper, at their ranch in Mendocino County.

Miss Helen Bertheau has returned from Chicago, where she has been visiting Mrs. W. B. Storey, mother of Miss Bertheau's fiancé, Mr. Hall Roe.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Sloat Fassett of New York and their daughter, Miss Jane Fassett, who spent last month in this city, are at present in Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander and their daughters, the Misses Harriet, Janetta, and Mary, motored to Monterey last week for a few days' visit.

Senator George H. Whitney and Mrs. Whitney of New York spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. William T. Sesoon at their country home near Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Emmett L. Woodson of New York is visiting her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Dent H. Rohert, at their home on California Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Felton Elkins are occupying one of the hungalows at El Mirasol in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Charlemagne Tower, her daughters, the Misses Helen and Gertrude, and her youngest son, Master Roderick Tower, are en route here from Philadelphia and will remain in California several weeks. Mrs. Tower was formerly Miss Nellie Smith of Oakland.

Miss Margaret Fechteler, daughter of Rear Admiral A. F. Fechteler (retired), and Mrs. Fechteler of Washington, D. C., is visiting her grandparents, Judge W. W. Morrow and Mrs. Morrow, at their home in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur A. McLean and their daughter, Miss Anita McLean, depart today

for their home in New York after an extended visit at the New York State building. Mr. McLean, who is a commissioner from New York, has recently returned from a trip to Southern California and the Yosemite.

Dr. Henry C. Howitt and his daughter, Miss Beatrice Howitt, have been spending the past week in the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. Frank Peterson and his sister, Miss Caroline Peterson, have gone to Belvedere to remain until September 1.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McCullough arrived last week from New York. With them are Mr. Frederick Bull and Mr. E. A. McCullough.

Mrs. Ashton Porter has gone to Aspen, Colorado, to spend the summer in her cottage, which is near the home of her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. David R. C. Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. Chapin Tuhhs have come from their ranch in Napa County to visit their relatives and to enjoy the Exposition. At present they are the guests of Mrs. Tuhhs's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Merritt Reid, in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Rose left last week for Portland, Oregon, where they will spend several weeks with friends. They will motor through Washington and Oregon before returning to this city and are planning to sail September 4 for Japan. Mrs. Rose, who was formerly Miss Emma Hayward, is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Hayward of San Mateo.

Miss Barbara Parrott and Miss Dulcie Plowden of London have returned from Santa Barbara, where they were the guests of Mrs. Adrian von Behrens and Miss Ida Ross.

Mr. William B. Tuhhs and his nephew, Mr. Austin Tuhhs, have returned from a fishing trip to Wehber Lake.

Major-General Arthur Murray, U. S. A., left Tuesday for his annual inspection trip of posts, which include Vancouver Barracks, Fort George Wright, Washington; Fort William Henry Harrison, Montana; Fort Yellowstone, Wyoming, and Fort Douglas, Utah. General Murray was accompanied by his aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Henry Conger Pratt, U. S. A.

Captain George S. Gibbs, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty in the Hawaiian Department and will sail from Honolulu September 7th for this city en route to Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant-Colonel Henry M. Morrow, U. S. A., formerly judge-advocate for the Eastern Department, will come to this city from the East to sail on the transport leaving September 5th for the Philippines.

Lieutenant J. G. Elliott, U. S. A., arrived last week from El Paso, Texas, and is visiting friends in the Presidio.

Captain Stephen O. Fuqua, U. S. A., has gone to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, where he has been assigned to duty at the School for Musketry.

Lieutenant W. H. Davis, U. S. A., has come to this city from Fort Clark for a brief visit.

Captain W. E. Bennett, U. S. A., who was seriously ill in Manila, is rapidly recovering his health at the Presidio.

Captain Mortimer O. Bigelow, U. S. A., now at the Presidio, Monterey, will go to Fort Douglas as instructor of the state camps and will make the required field inspection of the cavalry troops of the organized militia participating in the encampment.

Major Henry H. Whitney and Lieutenant Maxwell Murray, Coast Artillery Corps, Fort Winfield Scott, have been relieved from further duty as members of the general court-martial appointed to meet at Fort Scott by Western Department orders.

Colonel D. L. Howell, First Infantry, has arrived from Schofield Barracks, Hawaii. Captain Harry E. Knight of the same regiment is here and is visiting friends at the Presidio.

Captain Charles F. Andrews, U. S. A., and Mrs. Andrews will sail from Manila August 5th for this city. They are at present at Corregidor, Philippine Islands, where they have been for the past three years.

Major-General George Barnett, U. S. M. C., and Mrs. Barnett arrived last week in San Diego from Washington, D. C., and will spend several weeks in Southern California before coming to San Francisco. Mrs. Barnett was formerly Mrs. Basil Gordon.

Captain A. T. Smith, U. S. A., and Mrs. Smith are among recent arrivals at the Presidio, where they will remain two months.

Mrs. E. Grahame Parker and her two children have returned from Australia and the South Sea Islands and are settled in a home on Clay Street, where they will be joined later by Dr. E. G. Parker, U. S. N., who is at present on duty at Tutuila, Samoa.

## The Rose in History.

Some of the old Greek writers extol the rose above all other flowers. The Romans appreciated this flower equally as much as the Greeks, and according to Athenæus, Cleopatra had the floor covered with roses a foot and a half thick; and Nero is recorded as having spent \$150,000 in roses at one feast alone. Anacreon relates how the breath of roses used to perfume the hower of Olympus. The Graces loved to twine themselves together by a band of these queenly flowers, while about the abode of muses the rose was planted and reared.

As to the origin of the rose there is a legend that a Jewish maid of Bethlehem (whom Southey names Zillah) was beloved by one Ham'ull, a brutish sot. Zillah rejected his suit, and Ham'ull vowed vengeance. He gave out that Zillah was a demoniac, and she was condemned to be burnt; but God averted the flames, the stake huddled, and the maid stood unharmed under a rose tree full of red and white roses, "then first seen on earth since Paradise was lost." From other sources it would appear that the rose was first white, and the Turks say that it was colored with the blood of Mahomet, and will never suffer the flower to lie on the ground; while, contrary to

this, the Greeks hold that it derived its color from the blood of Venus when she trod on a thorn of the white rose when going to the assistance of the dying Adonis. The Syrians hold the rose in esteem, and regard it as emblematic of immortality.

It has also been recognized as the emblem of silence. Cupid presented Harpocrates (the God of Silence) with a rose to bribe him not to betray the amours of Venus. This led to the rose being sculptured on the ceiling of banqueting rooms to remind the guests that what was spoken *sub vino* was not to be uttered *sub dicto*.

During England's War of the Roses, it is related, a rosebush in a certain monastery in Wiltshire, which, during the trouble in the land, had, to the consternation of all holders, borne at once roses red and roses white, now bloomed forth with petals of mingled red and white, and it is further recorded that people came from far and wide to see the wonder and herald it as a joyful omen of peace and prosperity. To this day it is said that the parti-colored flower produced by artificial cross-breeding is called the York and Lancaster rose.

A writer in the London *Morning Post* asserts that Ernst Lissauer's now famous composition is not new at all, for the correspondent claims that the Prussians are merely singing an old song, and worse yet, one which once indicted themselves. "The famous 'Hymn of Hate,'" says the *Post's* correspondent, "is nothing but hold plagiarism. Georg Herwegh, the stuhhorn German revolutionary of seventy years ago, was the author of this 'Hymn of Hate,' and addressed it to Prussia (whence he was expelled) and the Russian tyranny of 1841. In its original form it read: 'We all have only one common foe—Prussia.' Ernst Lissauer, who several months ago published in *Jugend* the 'Hymn of Hate' which has at present such a vogue in Germany, simply substituted England for Prussia in Herwegh's earlier lucubration."

It has been computed that at the time of the arrival of Columbus there were 25,000,000 Indians in North and South America.

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## THE CITY IN GENERAL.

Taxes, licenses, and other sources yielded \$13,195,373 to San Francisco for the fiscal year of 1914. The amount shows in the annual report of Tax Collector Edward F. Bryant. Exclusive of tunnel taxes collected so far this month, the segregated collections follow: Real estate taxes, \$10,671,368.89; secured personal property taxes, \$552,388.89; unsecured personal property taxes, \$120,832.95; corporation state tax, \$35,303.86; penalties, etc., \$27,091.70; licenses, \$1,260,873.50; Twin Peaks tunnel, \$206,623.72; Stockton Street tunnel, \$51,890.30.

The funeral of L. Edmund Stover was held Monday at 2 o'clock from the Elks' Club, 540 Powell Street. Decedent was on the editorial staff of the Associated Press in this city. He died in Colfax.

According to the report of the city clerk, the justice courts of San Francisco are somewhat more than self-supporting. The report shows that the total receipts for the year ending June 30 were \$31,053.10 and the disbursements were \$28,800, leaving a balance to turn into the treasury of \$2253.10.

Tuesday evening the Panama-Pacific Historical Congress formally opened at the Fairmont Hotel, after a meeting of the noted historians during the day at the Exposition. Three foreign countries sent official representatives. Señor Don Rafael Altamira, head of the history department in the University of Madrid, is representing Spain. Dr. Naoki Murakami, president of the Tokyo Foreign Language School, is the official representative of the Emperor of Japan. Señor Don Gonzalo Bulnes, a senator of Chile, is the delegate from that republic.

The death of Mrs. S. G. Murphy, wife of the former president of the First National Bank of this city, occurred the first of the week at Asheville, North Carolina. A telegram was received here on Tuesday containing the sad announcement. Her daughter, Mrs. Adelaide Breckenridge, was at her bedside when the end came. Another daughter, Mrs. John Biddle, lives in Washington.

The will of George T. Pearce was admitted to probate last Tuesday by Judge Troutt. It disposes of a \$750,000 estate. The Savings Union Bank and Trust Company, guardians of the estate of Mrs. Mary Pearce, the widow, were named executors. Pearce bequeathed almost his entire estate to his widow.

On Tuesday Judge Troutt issued an indefinite stay of Judge Sturtevant's injunction against the Municipal Railways. One day was finally given Attorney Cannon of the United Railroads to prepare his supreme court appeal.

Alfred Hertz has been engaged as conductor of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra and will direct the concerts of the coming season. Decision was reached on Tuesday. The initial agreement with Mr. Hertz is for a year; he accepts the \$10,000 paid his predecessor. In place of the ten concerts of last season, there will be ten pairs of concerts, to be given on Fridays and Sundays, the latter in the afternoon or evening. More rehearsals will be held.

The ferry steamers *Oakland*, *Berkeley*, and *Piedmont* were taken off the run between the Oakland mole and San Francisco on Wednesday. The new sister steamers *Alameda* and *Santa Clara* have their places. These two steamers are faster than the older craft. It is expected that they can make the three trips across the bay in an hour, now requiring three steamers.

## NOTES OF THE EXPOSITION.

Epworth League Day was celebrated on Monday. Three special trains brought the delegates from Sacramento, San Jose, and Asilomar, where the seventh annual conference has been in session since July 19. Three thousand members of the league from the Bay cities joined the visitors. Headquarters

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were established in the Y. W. C. A. building at the Exposition.

The Liberty Bell, reposing upon a rare Persian rug, was viewed on Sunday by approximately 50,000 persons in the loggia of the Pennsylvania building. It was an impressive sight, the Liberty Bell reposing upon the rug that was sent to the Exposition by the Shah of Persia. The rug is 200 years old, and valued at \$100,000.

In competition the United States government exhibits have been awarded a total of thirty-five grand prizes by the International Jury of Awards. The government exhibits represent an outlay of \$500,000 and comprise the most extensive general display ever brought together by any nation. They are housed in the Palaces of Food Products, Mines, Liberal Arts, Agriculture, and Machinery at the Exposition.

The building of the Argentine Republic with its equipment cost \$1,700,000 and is one of the finest on the grounds. The display is of unusual interest.

The Exposition yacht race cup donated by King George V of Great Britain has been placed on display in the British section in the Palace of Manufactures. The trophy is one of the most artistic awards ever put up for sea-racing competition and cost \$7500.

Members of the Australian Boys' Band opened an engagement at the Australian pavilion on Thursday afternoon. Several concerts are being given daily. The band has thirty-two pieces. Each of the musicians is between the ages of eleven and eighteen. Professor Harold Betteridge, conductor of the Perth Symphony in Australia, directs the programmes.

Thursday was Placer County Day. A carload of peaches from Placer County was distributed to visitors at the ceremonies in the California building in the morning.

Texas Day was observed at the Texas building with an extensive programme at 3 o'clock on Tuesday. Hundreds of Texans took part in the exercises. Mrs. Eli Hertzberg was chairman of the day. After the programme there were a concert and reception in the Texas building.

Monday was Mystic Shriners' Day. The thousands of nobles were accompanied by their families. At 4 o'clock the various patrols and bands which participated in the parade were presented with silver cups, the ceremony accompanying this feature taking place at Masonic Temple, in Van Ness Avenue. Islam Temple of San Francisco was host to the various patrols and temples. The parade was marshaled by Noble Casimir J. Wood of San Francisco.

Hundreds of sons and daughters of Kansas gathered in front of the Kansas building on Monday to listen to an address by Governor Arthur Capper, the guest of honor, and to participate in the exercises. Albert T. Reid, president of the Kansas commission, was chairman of the day. During the ceremonies a walnut tree was planted.

At the Massachusetts Day celebration last Monday Governor David I. Walsh was the dominating figure. His address, a masterly statement of the ideals of New England and a review of the glorious history of his state, was heard by thousands who came to pay homage to the old Bay State or tribute to the governor personally. Governor Walsh planted an elm tree on the lawn to the left of the old Bullfinch State house. Supervisor Charles A. Murdock was chairman of the day.

The Elks celebrated last Tuesday. After the ceremonies the visiting Elks spent the day in viewing the Exposition. The parade which preceded the exercises marched from the Scott Street entrance to the California building.

On behalf of Virginia a tree was planted on Wednesday by Vernon E. Johnson, speaker of the Virginia legislature. L. E. McWhorter of Charleston was chairman of the day.

On August 3d will appear "Of Human Bondage," the novel in which W. Somerset Maugham first appears as a great realist. Though Mr. Maugham has won an international reputation by the suavity and cleverness of his stage comedies, never till now has he shown his real bigness—the chief characteristic of "Of Human Bondage," a detailed picture of the life of a real man of today. It will be published by the George H. Doran Company.

Montague Glass's creations, "Potash & Perlmutter," will be seen here again in the near future.

## THE MUSIC SEASON.

## The Approaching Eisteddfod.

Twenty-three big musical organizations have made hotel reservations for their members in San Francisco during next week, when the great Welsh musical festival, Eisteddfod, takes place at the Civic Auditorium. Some of these organizations are now on the way across the continent on special trains and those from the far Eastern cities will spend several days on the Pacific Coast. Prominent among the Eastern musical organizations that will take part in the festival are the Haydn Choral Society and the Ladies' Chorus, both of Chicago. About a dozen bands are entered for the various band contests, and beside the choral organizations and the bands there are about a hundred soloists, with all ranges of voices, who will be heard during the four days that the Eisteddfod lasts. In addition to the musicians and the singers there are about a score of elocutionists, song-writers, and bards who will take part in the exercises.

Among the Pacific Coast organizations that will take part in the festival are the Orpheus Male Chorus of Los Angeles, the Male Chorus of Sacramento, the Ladies' Chorus of Tacoma, the Ebell Chorus of Oakland, the San Francisco Chorus, the Columbia Park Boys' Chorus of San Francisco, the Oakland Children's Chorus, the Intermediate Choral Club of Oakland, and the Exposition Children's Chorus of San Francisco.

Several bands have entered for the band competitions, among them are the Fifth Regiment Band of the California National Guard, the Filarmonica Italian, and the Columbia Park Band. Six bands composed of boys under eighteen years of age have expressed an intention of taking part in the festival and of competing for the prizes. These bands include the St. Aloysius Boys' Band of Santa Barbara, a boys' band of Denver, the Columbia Park Boys' Band, and three boys' bands of Oakland.

In all, \$25,000 will be awarded in cash prizes. The winner in the chief choral competition for mixed voices will be awarded \$10,000 alone. It is stipulated that not less than 125 voices compose a contesting choir.

There will be a choral competition for mixed choirs numbering not less than sixty voices, with a first prize of \$1000.

To the winner in the male choral competition for choirs numbering not less than fifty voices \$3000 will be awarded.

There will also be children's choral competitions, ladies' choral competitions, contests for male quartets, ladies' double quartets, duets, and solos by both sexes.

A unique feature, and a pleasing one, is that all vocal contestants must be accompanied by piano alone, where accompaniment is permitted at all. All choral competitions will be unaccompanied, that the true quality of the voices may be duly observed by the judges.

## The Beethoven Music Festival.

Alfred Hertz, from the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, will have charge of the orchestra at all performances of the Beethoven Festival, at the Civic Centre Auditorium, Friday, August 6th, at 9 p. m., Saturday, August 7th, at 9 p. m., and Sunday, August 8th, at 3:15 p. m. The symphony orchestra will consist of one hundred musicians of unusual ability, selected especially for this, the biggest event of the kind ever arranged for San Francisco music lovers.

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of Beethoven, for Friday night, August 6th, 500 voices will be heard in the chorus, drilled by Josiah Zuro and Alexander White.

Names to conjure with are Marcella Craft, Ernestine Schumann-Heink, Paul Althouse, and Otto Goritz. These singers will all appear at every concert. In addition, Roderick White, the violinist, will come up from Santa Barbara to play some of his favorite selections.

Seats for the epoch-making Beethoven Festival are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's.

Although Josef Lhévinne, the Russian pianist, is held in Germany a virtual prisoner, he nevertheless has ample opportunities to keep up his practice and even to fill a few concert engagements. His treatment by the Germans, he writes, has been extremely considerate, and he has added materially to his repertory in anticipation of coming to America whenever he is permitted to do so.

Eighty-two per cent of the brass industry of this country is in the territory in and around Waterbury, Connecticut. The United States brass industry comprises nearly sixty per cent of the world.

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## NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT.

THE LUTHER BURBANK COMPANY, San Francisco, California.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors of The Luther Burbank Company, a corporation, held on the 29th day of June, 1915, an assessment of one (\$1.00) dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of said corporation, payable immediately to Ross Thompson, Assistant Secretary of the corporation, at the office of the company, Burbank Building, Market and Beale Streets, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 2d day of August, 1915, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on the 21st day of August, 1915, to pay the delinquent assessment together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

He—Do you know Poe's "Raven"? She—Why, no, what's the matter with him?—*The Club-Fellow*.

"Did I understand you to say the woman Dubbins married is well off?" "No; she was."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"Having a bum time?" "Bored to death." "So am I. Let's sneak away somewhere." "Can't. I'm the host."—*Illinois Siren*.

Hampton—That cigar you're smoking is strong enough to kill a mule. Rhodes—G'wan! I've been smoking these for years. —*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

Patience—Why did Wagner write such terribly loud music, do you suppose? Patrice—Oh, I guess his wife was deaf and he did it to annoy her. —*Yonkers Statesman*.

"Aren't you going to listen to the vox populi, Senator Headstrong?" "Fox populi, nothin'! What have these here secret orders ever done for me?"—*Buffalo Express*.

Mrs. Kelly—This neighborhood seems a bit noisy, Mrs. Flynn. Mrs. Flynn—Yis, th' only toime it's quiet here is when the elevated train goes by and drowns th' noise. —*Judge*.

"Some day we'll be telephoning through the air without wires." "Maybe. But won't it seem queer to have an operator call back to you and say: 'The air is busy now?'" —*Washington Star*.

"So you honestly think you have the smartest boy on earth?" "Maybe he isn't yet; but he will be if he keeps on making me answer all the questions he can think up."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

"What is in the mail from daughter?" asked mother, eagerly. "A thousand kisses," answered father, grimly, "and sixteen handkerchiefs, two waists, and four batches of ribbons for you to wash and mend."—*Kansas City Journal*.

"And you call this your music room?" "Yes." "But there are no musical instruments in it?" "No. It's so constructed that I can't hear any of the surrounding music that may be turned on from time to time." —*Violin World*.

Lady—You quite understand, Nora, I shall only be "at home" every Wednesday from 3 to 5? Nora—Yes, mum. (To herself) Nora, you've got a heavenly situation. The mistress only at home for two hours a week. —*Albany Journal*.

"Come right on in, Sam," the farmer called out. "He won't hurt you. You know a barking dog never bites." "Sure, boss, Ah knows dat," replied the cautious colored man, "but Ah don't know jes' how soon he's goin' stop barkin'." —*Marine Journal*.

Coasting Skipper (to interviewer)—Yus. From your papers you'd think the sea round the coast was full of German submarines. But it aint so reely. W'y, sometimes we goes for as much as an 'our without seein' p'raps more than one of 'em. —*Cartoon*.

"It were an accident, your wusship." "An accident, you bullying cur? Do you dare to stand there and tell me that you can strike your wife with such force as to break a chair over her by accident?" "Yus. I never meant to break the chair." —*Tit-Bits*.

"There goes Professor Dobbins, the famous ethnologist." "An interesting character, no doubt." "Yes, indeed. Why, he knows more about the races than any other man in this country." "Fancy that. And he doesn't look as if he had ever been on a track in his life." —*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"Ma, your bank account is overdrawn." "What does that mean, pa?" "Simply this: You've written checks for \$13 more money than was in the bank." "The idea! If \$13 would break the bank I'd find another one to do business with. I supposed they had thousands of dollars on hand all the time." —*Detroit Free Press*.

Theatrical Manager—Hi, there! What are you doing with that pistol? Discouraged Lover—Going to kill myself. Theatrical Manager—Hold on a minute. If you're bound to do it, won't you be good enough to leave a note saying you did it for love of Miss Starr, our leading lady? It's a dull season, and every little helps. —*New York Sun*.

"Mandy," said the old woman to her daughter just back from a day's washing. "Mandy, what-all did Mis' Sally done say t' yo'?" "She done say," repeated Mandy solemnly and impressively. "Mandy, does yo' know that yo' peresseses a im-mor-tal soul?" "Lan' sakes, Mandy! An' what did yo' respon'?" "Ah sayed," answered Mandy flippantly, "Ah don' care!" —*Times of Cuba*.

"Here, my dear," said the husband, producing his purse, "here is \$50 I won playing cards in the smoking-room last night. You may have it to buy that dress you wanted." Reluctantly the conscientious wife took the

money; then said, with an expression of rigid rectitude: "I simply shudder at the thought of using money gained in such a way. Henry, promise me that after you have won enough for me to buy the hat to go with the dress that you will never again touch those awful cards. I don't want my husband to become a gambler." —*Topeka Journal*.

He—I love you. She—But I haven't a cent in the world. He—Excuse me, you didn't allow me to finish. I love you not— She—So! I only wanted to try you. I have a fortune of \$50,000. He—Yes; but you inter-

rupted me again. I love you not for your money's sake. She—Well, I'm so glad, for that was only a joke about the \$50,000. —*Boston Transcript*.

"Cheer up, old boy," advised the married man. "You know 'tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all." "Yes," agreed the rejected suitor, jingling a bunch of keys in his pocket, "better for the florist, the confectioner, the messenger boy, the restaurant waiter, the taxicab man, the theatrical magnate, and the jeweler." —*New York American*.

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## THIRTY-NINTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### The "Eastland" Tragedy.

The *Eastland* tragedy is an unpleasant reminder that however much we may perfect the mechanism of civilization, however carefully we may elaborate the details of precaution and foresight, we can never eliminate the personal equation or guarantee that the individual will unfailingly do what he is expected to do. That familiarity breeds contempt is no mere phrase. It is a fact in human nature, and it will continue indefinitely to be the explanation of calamity after calamity. We can fight against it, and perhaps with increasing success, but we shall never destroy it.

To attempt to impute the blame at this stage of the proceedings would be unjust, nor is there any particular solace in identifying the individual whose conscience must continue forever to be his Nemesis. But it is already clear that there was something worse than a blunder. There seems to have been gross overloading, and we have also the almost incredible evidence that the ship was known to be unseaworthy and that she was actually listing heavily to port even while she was at the wharf. The actual facts will become evident

in due course—at least we may hope so. And we may hope also that when they do become evident there will be no effort to find a scapegoat in some underlying in order that the real guilt may be hidden. A blunder is understandable and pardonable. A reckless greed is neither the one nor the other. For a human proneness to blunder there is no remedy, but there is a remedy, and it should be sharp and stern, for the cupidity that endangers human lives. And this is the point upon which the public will wish to be informed and upon which the public ought to be informed.

### In the Cause of Purity.

San Franciscans have no cause to congratulate themselves on the placid toleration extended to the visiting officials of the so-called Purity Congress which met last week in the Civic Auditorium, and who were prepared to devote themselves with concentrated gusto to the defamation of a city that had cordially welcomed them. With the cause of social purity there is everywhere a hearty sympathy, but when the advocacy of purity becomes a mere cloak for the reckless slander of San Francisco it is time to say something audible. The fact that these people were in a sense the guests of the city may rightly have saved them from the tar and feathers that would have been their lot in more primitive days, but that some less forcible form of resentment was withheld is a mark rather of a lack of dignity than of self-restraint.

Indeed it is hard to exaggerate the offense of which these unsavory persons were guilty. Enjoying the hospitality of the city and the courtesies of the auditorium, they openly exulted in the revelations of vice that were expected to follow a preliminary search that had already extended for a week. It need not be said that there were no revelations, seeing that there was nothing particular to reveal except the mental nastinesses of the promoters. And it may be added that had there been any carrion to find these offensive people would naturally have found it. Their own affinities would have been a guaranty of that. But so meagre a result was evidently disappointing to the members of a congress greedily for indecencies—indeed the report says this very thing—and so we find the president, a fellow named Steadwell, urging his wretched detective to be "fearless and courageous" in making the horrid disclosures with which he was so confidently expected to be primed. And when it was evident that pruriency for once must go unsatisfied the unspeakable Steadwell, so we are told, "insisted on voicing an apprehension that this city is a menace to young girls coming out from the East to visit the Exposition," and an audience of San Franciscans listened to this without protest. We will not argue the matter with Steadwell. We do not like the smell of him. We will remark merely that he is an impudent liar.

The investigator, or detective, a man named Bro-laski, admitted that he had been a professional gambler for twenty-two years and that he abandoned that life six years ago in consequence of a quarrel with some track men because they had worsted him in connection with a horse race in Mexico. Since then he has been "investigating vice and purifying police departments all over the United States." Evidently Bro-laski's reputation is not a very enviable one, but at the same time we wonder that he should be willing to associate with Steadwell. Surely he draws the line somewhere.

Now there is a certain grim humor about this nasty business, but it is not all humor by any means. It is not humorous that the city should extend its hospitality and grant the free use of its auditorium to a lot of pestilential people who come here with the intention to traduce it, who employ an ex-gambler to collect the necessary evidence, and who traduce it just the same when the ex-gambler proves inconveniently

truthful. It is not humorous that some five hundred San Franciscans should sit silent and apparently acquiescent while they are told to their faces that their city is unsafe for young girls. It is not humorous that we should allow these dancing dervishes of "purity" to raid the city whenever they please and to spread their poison over the country. It has been done before, several times before, and we are tired of it. Presently we may find that judgment has gone by default. Perhaps some forcible sign of an honest indignation, something in the way of a ducking, might be of service in helping forward the sacred cause of purity. At least it would be a warning to others of the Steadwell crew who are doubtless on their way from the immaculate East.

### The Note to Germany.

We shall know better how to appraise the third and latest note from Washington to Berlin when we shall have seen just how much or how little "pep" there is behind it. The principles enunciated are irrefutable; and if—note the if—the Washington government intends to hold the German government to "strict accountability," then what has been said has been wisely said. It all depends upon whether President Wilson means business, or whether he will be content indefinitely to interchange talky-talk.

In many years we do not recall a state paper so admirably phrased. It has all the suavity of President Wilson's literary style, minus the apologetic note which somehow gets into pretty much everything he writes. It is brief without being scant. It is direct without being brusque. It is positive without rudeness. Anybody may understand it; nobody can misinterpret it. It demands nothing more than our rights, and it does this in terms which imply fixed determination. So far, good.

It was obvious, not more since this note was written than before, that the imperial government would not accept the American theory or modify its practice in respect of it. The note, therefore, was practically an ultimatum. It will be so regarded by the German government, and, unless we are to fall into humiliations, it must be followed up logically by the United States. That is to say, when Germany shall, either by a direct reply or by the action of her commanders, exhibit her intention to disregard the demands of this note, we must act as the logic of our ultimatum suggests. The worst that we can do would be to declare war; the least and best will be to sever diplomatic relations. This, as the *Argonaut* looks at it, is the next and inevitable step.

What we fear is that President Wilson will fail to see the necessary connection between words and acts. This is the first vice of the academician and one into which Mr. Wilson has fallen on previous occasions. Aforetime he has seemed unable to comprehend that words, to have any meaning, must be backed up. When he has said a thing handsomely his propensity is to regard the incident as closed, failing to understand that phrases are empty unless followed by deeds.

It is a curious fact that while we have now for a year and more been dispatching to countries at war notes entirely admirable in their tone and manner, we have failed utterly to enforce conviction that we mean what we say. We have rebuked and warned Mexico in numberless formal communications admirable in their tone and manner, and Mexico has not paid the least attention to it all. We have in notes likewise unexceptionable protested to England against her course in holding up American ships destined to neutral countries, and England has not paid the least attention to them. Similarly we have sent admirably prepared notes to Germany with respect to her violation of neutral rights, and Germany



has blandly ignored alike our expostulations and our demands. Somehow Mr. Wilson doesn't manage to get just the right punch into his diplomacy. Its record, regarded literarily, is a model. But somehow the nations at war are not convinced. They decline to take us seriously—this for the first time in our national existence.

Diplomacy is not altogether a matter of words and phrases. Its value depends upon how it works out. Thus far in the course of the Wilson administration it has not worked out successfully. We find ourselves involved in conflicting obligations in the affairs of Mexico. Beyond the ocean we are in at least two bad mix-ups. Somehow we contrive to talk well without doing well. Just now—in view of this third *Lusitania* letter with its open ultimatum—we are in danger of involving ourselves in war with Germany or of making ourselves ridiculous.

#### Our Weak Diplomacy.

The weakness of our diplomacy is explainable by half a dozen statements of fact. First of all, our bold talk is ineffectual because in fact we are weak. We are not prepared for war. We know it and all the world knows it. Our army is a skeleton. Our navy, for all the vast expense of the past twenty years, is a joke. We are a great, fat country, practically helpless as China. Our diplomatic talk sounds hollow because it is hollow. National spirit there may be behind it, but it is a spirit compounded chiefly of pride, a spirit which lacks vitality because it is without the element of force.

Then there was Bryan. It is an open secret that immediately following the first *Lusitania* note Dumba, the Austrian ambassador, was sent by the German ambassador, Bernstorff, to sound out the Secretary of State—to find out how much was really meant and how much was mere buncombe. Mr. Bryan in his unctuous Nebraskan manner told Dumba that our note was designed for popular consumption at home, and that all we really wanted from Germany was some polite language. Berlin was relieved and proceeded gently to guy Ambassador Gerard for trying to make it appear that we were in earnest.

Then there is Mr. Wilson. He can not escape his share of the blame when the history of this particular phase of our diplomacy shall be written. Petty political purposes moved him to jeopardize the safety of the nation by maintaining in his foreign ministry a Secretary so inept, so stupid, so dangerous. And there was the President's own conduct in relation to the European war. It has contributed almost as much as Bryan's blundering to complete the misunderstanding abroad of the temper and spirit of the United States. "Peace at any price" has been his attitude, if not his expressed words. His unfortunate phrase, "too proud to fight," weakened the effect of whatever stern words he may have uttered before or after that unfortunate expression.

Our diplomatic letters have not been convincing because every incidental circumstance connected with them has seemed lacking in the elements of determination and force. Europe is not convinced for the same reason that Americans are not convinced. Europe sees as we see that for all our flood of admirably written diplomatic notes, our real policy has been vacillating, temporizing, more marked by noise than by essential force. We have not won respect because we have not deserved it. We are what mollicoddle policies have made us, and we shall continue as we are until we shall contrive to infuse a modicum of red blood, not only into our sayings, but into our doings.

#### "More Suo."

On Tuesday at San Diego a committee representative of a local association called upon Mr. Roosevelt and tendered him an invitation to luncheon. Somewhere in the talk it came out that Mr. Bryan had luncheon with the same association the previous week. "Well," remarked Mr. Roosevelt, "if you had Bryan you can't have me. Better now get a two-headed calf." Spoken by a nigger-minstrel on the Orpheum stage, or shouted by a street gamin, this remark might be held to have in it an element of coarse humor. But from an ex-President of the United States, and in response to a courteous invitation, it comes pretty near the limit of cheap vulgarity. It is ten thousand pities that this man, so qualified by history, so compe-

tent by his energies of mind and character to be a shining and inspiring figure in the world, should thrust aside his very great opportunities as an exemplar in the proprieties and decencies of life, that his example should go, not to elevate, but to degrade the popular thought and the common habit. It is said by those who know Mr. Roosevelt well that his deepest ambition now is to stand high in history. It is a worthy ambition and it ought not to be a hopeless one. Yet it is hopeless because of that element in Mr. Roosevelt's make-up which not infrequently breaks out in just such expressions as that reported from San Diego. History has its own imperative standards. Convention is first and foremost among them. Convention prescribes for a man of Mr. Roosevelt's history and position an attitude consistent with the higher dignities of character. One may in colloquial life, upon the basis of temperament and in respect of popular humor, "get by," as the baseball enthusiasts would put it, with horseplay and stable-talk. But inevitably he does it at the cost of ultimate historical repute. History will take stock of Mr. Roosevelt; it will no doubt have a good deal to say about him. But the impression of his name upon future generations will be that of a harlequin misplaced. His virtues—and they are many—will be lost in historic contempt for the cheaply spectacular side of his character.

#### A Robust Utterance.

Mr. Roosevelt's Exposition speech—if we except its lugged-in self-defensive plea anent the rape of Panama—was in refreshing contrast with what we have recently heard from certain other speakers and publicists in whom enthusiasm for peace has destroyed the capacity for clear seeing and straight thinking. Mr. Roosevelt made no pretense of originality of thought or expression. The merit of his address was not in its novelty, but in its robust reassertion of familiar facts and of long-accepted principles. He put the facts straight. Valuing ourselves upon our wealth and our power, we nevertheless present to the world the spectacle of a people pitifully unfit for our responsibilities. Unmindful of the lessons of the last twelve months, we continue "with a soft complacency to stand helpless and naked before the world," and if disaster shall overwhelm us it "will excite only the contempt and derision of the world." Mr. Roosevelt went on to illustrate the folly of a national policy which makes no provision for defense and which leaves the country at the mercy of any military nation which may choose to assail us. He pointed to China as an example of ultrapacifist policy. Mr. Roosevelt made it plain that in his view we have but to go on in our present course—a course characterized by President Wilson's phrase, "too proud to fight"—to come finally to a condition comparable to that of China, subject as she is now to being kicked and cuffed about by whatever country may find it suitable to its interest or its whim. The United States, he proceeded, can accomplish nothing for international peace until we understand that it is disgraceful not to make our deeds square with our words. Referring to the Bryan peace treaties, Mr. Roosevelt said:

During the past year or so this nation has negotiated some thirty all-inclusive peace treaties by which it is agreed that if any issue arises, no matter of what kind, between itself and any other nation, it would take no final steps about it until a commission of investigation had discussed the matter for a year. This was an explicit promise in each case that if American women were raped and American men murdered, as has actually occurred in Mexico, or American men, women, and children drowned on the high seas, as in the case of the *Gulflight* and *Lusitania*, or if a foreign power secured and fortified Magdalena Bay or the Island of St. Thomas, we would appoint a commission and listen to a year's conversation on the subject before taking any action.

These conventions, said Mr. Roosevelt, amount to a practical tying of our hands behind us. They make it obligatory upon us to witness outrages, as in Mexico and China, even to accept the rebuffs and injuries, without raising a hand in natural resentment. In these treaties we accept a principle whose operation will render us impotent in any serious situation. "It was," he said, "a shameful thing to have put us in such a position that we had to repudiate and decline to follow the principle in the case of the *Lusitania*."

Turning to the constructive side of his theme, Mr. Roosevelt argued for preparedness against war as the best type of peace insurance. Furthermore he declared preparedness for war to be not only the best, but the only corrective for the spirit of militarism. "Switzer-

land," he said, "is the most democratic of republics and the least militaristic. And yet, relatively to its size, it is the one best prepared for war." Mr. Roosevelt pointed to Argentina as a country whose example in the way of military organization the United States might well imitate. "The Argentine army," he said, "is a great deal more fit to uphold the Monroe Doctrine than our army." Mr. Roosevelt suggested that our army should be greatly increased in size and rendered more efficient by yearly manœuvring in mass and by practice in other ways. "Conditions in Mexico are such that unless the Mexicans themselves come to their senses and unless we are content to see foreign powers undertake the regulation of Mexico we may ultimately have to intervene. Such intervention would represent, not real war, but a work of pacification and police. It should be done exclusively by the regular army." In view of the immediate situation Mr. Roosevelt thinks that our regular army should be augmented to a strength of "about two hundred thousand." Then:

In addition, I firmly believe that there should be universal military service for our young men on the Swiss model. In Switzerland the boys are trained for their last few years in the public schools, and after they graduate from the public schools they serve with the army for four or six months and then for eight or ten days every year for the next ten years. This training and service, so far from hampering the Swiss or Switzerland industrially, have added enormously to the industrial efficiency both of the individuals and of the nation, and to their social efficiency also.

Mr. Roosevelt's conclusion was impressive. There can, he said, be no efficient preparedness against war unless we "prepare our own souls. If we become soft and flabby, physically and morally, we shall fail." These, to be sure, are old truths. But they are truths which need to be told again and again that they may not be lost. They particularly need reassertion at a time when the country is filled with the acclaim of doctrinaires and theorists, of faddists and political soothsayers, who would have the country believe that there is no principle worth fighting for, no responsibility worth sustaining at the cost of blood. It well becomes a man who has been President of the United States, especially at a time when the fortunes and the fate of the world, including our own country, are in hazard, to set himself in opposition to influences tending to flabbiness of mind and to decay of national spirit.

#### Washington Notes.

These dog days are not altogether pleasant for cabinet officers at Washington. No one of them dares go very far away from base. The President may go from time to time to Cornish; the bureau chiefs and their subordinates may go investigating and inspecting and examining at the San Francisco Exposition. But the Secretaries have to stay near at hand, since the President may call for them at any time. For example, Secretary Lane's proposed trip to Alaska has gone aglimmering.

Once upon a time, in Civil War days, Washington was ringed about with a circle of forts. Now it is ringed about with country clubs. The cabinet members, forced to remain near at hand, are finding at these clubs such solace as they may in golf and other sports. But this is not all. The Secretaries and assistant secretaries are discovering forgotten America. The Maryland peninsula down to decayed, desolated old Port Tobacco, once a great shipping point, and St. Mary's, once a centre of wealth and fashion in the Colonies, and at one time a capital of Maryland—these and the blood-soaked region between the Rappahannock and the Potomac rivers in Virginia, once the most prosperous part of the continent, but now almost a wilderness, are attracting them. Stratford, the ancestral home of the Lees, ninety miles down the Potomac; Hampton, a baronial place in southern Maryland, the manor house of which makes the White House look insignificant, and many others spots are being visited. The ancient fields are jungles; the stately old houses are falling to pieces. Nothing has arisen to take the place of the old social system which centered about these great estates and which left the towns near shipping ports. The few present inhabitants are a poor and unambitious folk. They say that their great need is transportation, but they do nothing to secure it. Some day there will come to these old places a set of vigorous Western hustlers who will repopulate and rehabilitate the whole region. Dead and all-but-buried



old Yorktown, where Cornwallis's army gave up the ghost, may yet be a boom town.

Washington has not yet recovered from the scare created by Holt's attempt to blow up the Capitol and his subsequent assault upon Pierpont Morgan. One of the results of this scare is the strict policing of all places deemed subject to assault. The Washington police force has been augmented and still finds itself more than busy in guarding the houses of ambassadors and conspicuous officials. One of the effects of the scare has been the closing of the State, War, and Navy building to visitors except during certain limited hours.

Washington does not take seriously Austria's note of protest with respect to our trade in munitions. In writing it Vienna was so obviously the tool of Berlin, and the position it takes is so glaringly inconsistent with the historic stand of the German government on the subject, as to destroy its weight. Germany has not up to now put herself officially on record in opposition to our selling munitions to the Allies. As Herr Zimmermann pointed out in his now famous editorial of June 14th in the *Berliner Lokalanzeiger*, "It was Germany herself who in The Hague discussion defeated the proposal to forbid the shipment of war material to belligerents, and Germany particularly can not now very well repudiate her own doctrine." Nor is it a mere doctrine. In the recent Turko-Italian war the Turks were supplied with munitions from Germany; and in the South African war Germany sold munitions in enormous quantities to England. It is a matter of familiar history that the great Krupp works at Essen were largely built up and have been sustained by foreign trade in war materials.

#### Editorial Notes.

One Reverend J. J. Haley, addressing an Exposition convention on Tuesday, remarked that "the old idea that we must have creeds and denominations to conform with the different religious ideas of men is an error. We want unity. We must have one creed flexible enough to include all churches." Rather we should say the church universal should have no creed at all. At best a creed is representative of an individual, a timely or an otherwise narrow view of things. No creed ever was formulated or ever will be that will abide through time and change. Principles endure, but creeds never. Religion, contrary to a common churchly misconception, is not a matter of belief. It is rather a matter of spirit. Men whose religious conceptions are fundamentally variant may none the less unite in sympathies founded in spirit. The churches would do well to let it go at that. And not until they do will any church be broad enough to include in its affiliations those whom we now designate as Christian, Buddhist, Jew, Mohammedan.

It appears that Mr. Bryan's foolish assurance given to Count Bernstorff to the effect that the United States meant nothing serious by her first *Lusitania* note is not the only piece of backstairs diplomacy in recent weeks. Count Bernstorff some little time ago told Secretary Lansing that while Germany was putting up a strong talk in reply to our *Lusitania* note, she was going to be good hereafter and that we should have no repetition of the *Lusitania* incident. Mr. Lansing slipped the information along to the President and wherever else he thought it might be good. This unofficial statement had much to do in softening the second *Lusitania* note, likewise a positive effect upon the original draft of the third and latest note. Then came the *Orduna* incident, in which a submarine chased a passenger ship sailing from, not to, England, and took a shot at her with a torpedo. The fact that the torpedo missed is not of large importance. The significant thing was that the incident shattered the credit which had been given to Bernstorff's assurances to Lansing. The note had to be rewritten, which explains the positiveness of tone of the official draft.

Production of wine in Argentina is one of the most important industries of the country. In 1913 the record production of 110,000,000 gallons was reached. Practically all of the wine produced in Argentina is of a common variety, and for table use only. The exportation of Argentine wines is very limited.

The Southern Pacific Company now has on its veteran corps' roll between six and seven hundred, and has paid out in pensions over two million dollars.

## THE THEATRE OF WAR.

The fate of Warsaw is still in doubt, and we have nothing to guide us in forming a judgment of what that fate will be except dubious official bulletins and the views of correspondents, who usually do no more than reflect the atmosphere of their own environment. On Monday we are told that Warsaw will fall in a few hours. On Tuesday we read that it will not fall at all, and on Wednesday we learn that the struggle for its possession will probably continue for another two weeks. At the moment of writing there are some indications that the tide has turned, at least momentarily, in favor of Russia. Von Mackensen is still held tightly at arm's length from the Lublin-Cholm Railroad. The Germans are said to have been thrown back across the Narew River, and if Von Hindenburg is advancing at all it is only by yards. There are even suggestions that the "wily Slavs"—one wonders why Russians are always supposed to be wily—have set a trap for their enemies, but that, of course, is nonsense.

The battle line from the far north to the far south may be divided into five parts. In the north we have General von Buelow, who is pushing eastward toward Riga in the hope of cutting the main line of Russian communications that feeds Warsaw and its defending armies. Immediately north of Warsaw in the vicinity of Przasnysz is General von Gallwitz. West of Warsaw and within range of the city is General von Hindenburg. South of Warsaw is the Austrian General von Woyrich, and to the southeast of the Austrians is General von Mackensen, who is fighting to get possession of the Lublin-Cholm railroad. The Teuton line is therefore somewhat in the shape of a gigantic U, with its curve fitted snugly around Warsaw. The importance of Lublin and Cholm lies in the fact that these points are railroad junctions that help to supply Ivangorod and Warsaw. Moreover, it is evident that as the arms of the U move closer together they are likely to confine and pinch whatever Russian forces there may be in the extremity of the curve, that is to say around Warsaw. During the last week the Germans were winning slow successes in the north, but in the south toward Lublin-Cholm, they seem to have been checked and to have needed reinforcements. Now if the Teutons should presently succeed in closing, or in nearly closing, the arms of the U we may expect to see the Russian armies slip through to the east before the area of exit gets too small for their passage. If they should actually allow themselves to be caught in such a bag net as this, one will be inclined to think that it serves them right.

But the loss of Warsaw would be a serious blow, and for this reason: The River Vistula runs north and south in front of Warsaw. Perhaps it is the most important military boundary in the whole of Europe. It is almost impassable except over bridges, and the only competent bridges are at Warsaw. At the present time the Vistula constitutes a formidable barrier to the German advance, but if the Germans should take Warsaw the Vistula will then be their friend and would become a barrier to a Russian return westward. The Germans expect that they would then be able to hold it with a comparatively small force, and so liberate large bodies of men for the western field. The present battle is therefore a fight for bridges and railways and lines of communication. Germany has probably about a million and a half men now in the eastern theatre. She may have two million. But even supposing that she were able presently to liberate a million men and to swell that number by another half-million men from Germany, she would still find that she had an extraordinarily hard nut to crack in Flanders. Sir Gilbert Parker in the course of a letter printed elsewhere in this issue of the *Argonaut* points out that England has now an equipped army of three and a quarter million men as against the half-million with which she has hitherto barred the road to Calais. We do not know where this greater army has been placed, but if it is not already in Flanders it can quickly be sent there. No one can foresee the fortunes and accidents of war, but speaking in the light of military probabilities, it is in the highest degree unlikely that the road to Calais can be forced or that a path to Paris could be broken open through the French lines. The French military expert, Commandant Civriex, writing in the *Paris Matin*, believes that Germany intends to make a final and culminating assault upon the Calais road with the object of capturing the city, bombarding Dover with long-range guns, and invading England in thousands of small boats. It is quite likely that there is such an intention, and in that case there would be a simultaneous and combined attack by the German warships, aircraft, and submarines. But the possession of Calais seems essential to such a plan and its preliminary must be the crushing of the Russian armies. And certainly this has not been done yet.

Some correspondents have criticized the statement made in this column two or three weeks ago to the effect that anything short of the destruction of the Russian armies would mark the failure of the German campaign in the east, and this irrespective of the capture of Warsaw. The military expert of the New York *Evening Post* now says: "The enveloping movement which Hindenburg and Mackensen are now apparently pressing has the military design of catching the Russian army between the German wings, and of breaking them up by a series of heavy defeats and the taking of vast numbers of prisoners, so that their offensive power will be broken up for a long time to come. That is the true military objective. Short of it an impressive advance may, it is true, be scored and moral victories won; the fall of Warsaw, for example, would be a great blow to the hopes

of Russia and the Allies. But if the Russian troops got away as clean as they did from Przemyśl and Lemberg, and were able to maintain their morale, the great purpose of the campaign would have been frustrated." To estimate the fortunes of a war by its victories and defeats without measuring their effect upon the main strategic aim is merely to invite false conclusions. The fall of Warsaw would indeed be a blow, but a war is made up of many blows, both given and taken.

Reports from Vladivostok seem hardly to indicate that Russia is likely to sue for peace, or that she feels herself to be at the end of her resources. Within the next month Vladivostok expects to receive twenty thousand American freight cars and four hundred American locomotives, and these will be used at once to transport to the front the war stores that are now piled up in veritable mountains. Guns, rifles, and ammunition have been received by the shipload from Japan and America, and incredible masses of cotton have come from New York by way of Panama. And as for the barbed wire, there is enough of it to put a fence around the country. Vladivostok never expected such a strain as this upon her railroad resources, and while large quantities of material are steadily being sent out, it is nothing to what will be set moving as soon as the new cars and engines are in commission. Another indication of Russia's recuperative power is supplied by the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, which deprecates rash talk about the paralysis of Russia as a result of her repeated misfortunes. Says the *Zeitung*: "We would not appraise these indications too highly. The Russian is a formidable enemy. Even his moral power of resistance is surely not broken as yet. The war has stirred deep-rooted repugnances in the Russian people, so that the government has been able to conduct a war of unheard-of sacrifices with a degree of publicity never before known in Russia. Even the heaviest defeats can change this attitude but slightly. The peasants and workmen, who could strengthen their demands by deeds, are entering the army by the million."

We may now make a reasonable accurate guess at the strategy of the Italian campaign. Already there are stories that Gorizia has fallen, but they are probably premature. If Gorizia should presently be taken the Italians will advance on Fiume, a distance of about fifty miles, and so cut off all railroad communication with the Istrian peninsula. The general naval campaign in the Adriatic will not begin until the Dardanelles have been forced, if that time should ever come. A powerful fleet could then take Pola in three days. Allied forces released from the Dardanelles would probably be taken to Salonika in order to cooperate with the Servians in the invasion of Bosnia and Hungary. Simultaneously with this move the Italian forces now advancing slowly from the Dolomites and the Carnic Alps would push on toward Hungary and they might be able to cut the railroad communications between Tyrol and Austria. We have lately heard very little of this particular Italian force, and it is probably being held back in the hope that the forcing of the Dardanelles will presently liberate the Allied warships for the attack upon Pola, already menaced by the Montenegrins, and also of the Allied troops for service with the Servians against Bosnia and Hungary. And when we read of the fluctuating negotiations with Roumania, Greece, and Bulgaria we may usefully remember that these powers are not likely to do anything except temporize until they know the fate of the Dardanelles. The war is now so intricate that every part is interdependent.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc's estimates of the number of men now in the German armies and the extent to which the losses can be made good has attracted much attention. Mr. Belloc has been charged with exaggeration, and this would of course be his natural tendency, but the New York *Journal of Commerce*, after a minute analysis of the figures, believes that he has underestimated rather than overestimated. The German casualty lists show an average loss of 300,000 men a month since the beginning of the war, and it may therefore be assumed that the effective strength of the German armies at the beginning of June could not have exceeded 4,500,000. Of these there are, as nearly as can be ascertained, 3,000,000 on the two battle fronts. The present reserve is therefore about a million and a half, and of these a certain number must be employed at home upon work that can not be done by non-combatants. During the last few weeks Germany has probably lost more than ten thousand men a day in view of the tremendous battles of the east and the steady loss of men which marks even the quietest day in the western trenches. Thus we find that during the last fourteen weeks the British alone have lost 182,542 men or an average of 13,000 a week, and we may reasonably suppose that the Germans have lost an equal number upon this one narrow front of forty miles. What, then, must be their losses on the whole 400 miles of western front and the 900-mile battle line in the east. Ten thousand men a day seems a very slim estimate. The French are not losing anything like that number, seeing that they are fighting only on one front, while the resources of Russia and Great Britain may be said to be almost untouched. That a war should be decided by mere killing is something that is unprecedented in history, but if this war is to be decided in such a way then a pencil and a piece of paper help us very materially, and the calculation is one that the youngest schoolboy can make. In this connection we may note the statistics compiled by Dr. Michaelis of Berlin, although his figures relate to the beginning of the war, and not to the subsequent losses. Dr. Michaelis gives the total number of men placed in the field by the Teutonic allies, including Turkey, as 15,000,000 and by their enemies as 12,820,000. The daily casualties



German Empire is \$8,250,000; to Great Britain \$8,250,000; and to France \$8,500,000. The total cost of the war up to April 1 is placed at \$10,000,000,000. It may be of further interest to note that the publication of the total losses of Germany has now been forbidden in Berlin and the province of Brandenburg. Casualty lists apparently may be issued as before, but there must be no mention of total losses, because these would "give occasion for groundless uneasiness among the people." The order is signed by General-Colonel von Kessel.

The suggestion of H. G. Wells for the building of ten thousand aeroplanes for the continuous bombardment of the Rhine fortifications and bridges is receiving much attention both in England and France. Mr. Wells wants to see the aeroplanes coming and going like ants in an anthill, each one carrying two or three hundred pounds of high explosive and descending only for the purpose of replenishing its stock. An aeroplane, says Mr. Wells, costs about as much as one shot from a big gun. If it is lost it means only one or two lives. It would be cheaper to launch 2000 aeroplanes than one battleship, and aeroplanes could easily be made at the rate of 400 a week. The supply of pilots would, of course, be a difficulty, but the secretary of the Aerial League says that it could be overcome. A pilot can be trained in about a month, and the pilots would therefore be ready as soon as the machines. Blériot, the first man to fly across the Channel, is very enthusiastic about the scheme. He says that if the French government will give him the necessary workmen he will undertake to build fifty machines a day, and with other manufacturers at work the ten thousand aeroplanes could be produced in a very short time.

Germany is beginning to believe that poisonous gases may become more effective than guns. A German chemist says that "a few tanks of gas will do the work of a thousand shells. The question is not so much the use of the gas itself, but that of finding a suitable distributor." But the use of gas obviously depends to a great extent upon the wind, and the wind is proverbially fickle. The first time that gas was used in Russia it was effective upon the front Russian trench, but then came a shift of wind which carried the gas back upon the Germans, and they suffered even more severely than the Russians. There is also a story to the effect that the Russians burn petroleum when they see the gas coming, and that the heated air carries the gas innocuously upward. Shells have at least the advantage that they are not dependent upon the wind and that they can not be deflected from their course.

SIDNEY CORYN,

SAN FRANCISCO, July 28, 1915.

#### A Letter from Sir Gilbert Parker.

The following is extracted from a letter written by Sir Gilbert Parker from London under date of July 7th to a well-known San Franciscan:

Believe me, the indifference of the English people has been grossly exaggerated and cruelly misrepresented. Of course great numbers of people do not realize, as the people of France, who have the enemy on their own soil, realize, the exact meaning and extent of the war, and the tremendous issues involved. So the papers like the *London Times* and the *Daily Mail* exaggerated the situation in order to arouse all classes, and make the most apathetic in the most distant corner of these islands wake up. England is working now as she never worked before in all her history; but we have been up against a proposition as colossal as ever faced any nation. We were unprepared for it, and nothing ought to tell more in our favor than the fact that we did not foresee and did not prepare for so ghastly a crime against humanity.

I only say this to you to give my feelings vent, because I have received a great many letters which have stirred me greatly. I replied to one yesterday which was written to me in which you herewith an extract from my reply:

I must make a firm protest against the wicked charge made against the working classes of this country. Believe me, they are not more unpatriotic than any other people in the world. They are not commanded and controlled, dragoned and conscripted as the working classes are in other European countries, and perhaps they have not the same national ambitions, since they have been brought up with the idea of fulfilling themselves rather than upbuilding a state; but since this war began, they have contributed enormously in numbers to the three millions and a quarter of soldiers who have voluntarily enlisted to serve king and country. If they have not made the same vocal demonstration as have people in other countries at war, it is only because they have not been incited so to do, and because it is not on the whole their nature so to do. Also it is in some degree caused by the fact that the true and deep significance of the whole business does not sink swiftly into the minds of people who are insular, separate, and have always been considered safe behind their moats of sea. That they are degenerate, the battlefield of France and Belgium have disproved. They are recruiting now in enormous numbers and will recruit more and more as the staggering necessity gets into their minds. But please remember that in a country like England, where the individual is supreme, where all action is of his own volition, and not the will of the state, that he must first understand and be convinced before he consecrates his endeavor and his life. Believe me, in the overwhelming majority of the homes of England conviction is now encamped. There is no more degeneracy in Glasgow or London than there is in Pittsburgh or New York. I have read the grossest libels in American newspapers on so-called British apathy and lack of patriotism. There is a percentage of slackers and of non-patriots; so there was in the Civil War of the United States among the peace-loving people, and it was only conscription that produced the army which finally ended with the surrender at Appomattox.

I have not seen the article in the *Century* for June, but I will get it at once. It is wonderful how France impresses everybody who goes there, but it must be remembered that all the men of France are in the field, and all the men of England can not be in the field until we have sufficient equipment, and how could we have sufficient equipment when our army was organized upon a basis of 250,000 men? To have got an army of three million men and organized for three million men in a year is a stupendous piece of work, and if the equipment is not complete, well, no nation on earth could have produced adequate equipment for so many men in that time. Also the war is carried on within French territory, and the terrible significance of it is brought home to a most impressionable people, but the records of this war will show before we have finished, that the people of this island are what their fathers were, who broke Napoleon's power.

According to the census of 1910 there are 1,278,667 German-born men over twenty-one in the United States. Of these 889,007 had been naturalized and were American citizens.

## THE DEATH'S-HEAD MASKER.

Tragedy Stalks Amid the Dancers at the Bal Beaudoin.

My father is a rich silk dealer in Paris. My sister Lucy and I are his only children. We lost our mother in the first years of our childhood. Our father never married again. I was at my father's house, my sister in a convent school. How it happened I do not know, yet a medical student, Robert Lesailles, had fallen in love with her, and she with him, when my father took her from the convent and betrothed her to a rich old business associate. All her prayers not to be forced into this union, all her entreaties to be allowed more time, did not move his heart.

"Your mother," was the sole answer, "had the same whims about her marriage with me, and yet we have been happy with each other."

The wedding was to be after Lent, and it was carnival time. I had promised my sister to secretly take her to the *bal Beaudoin*. It was Ash Wednesday, and hundreds of porters paraded about the boulevards toward night with transparencies advertising the ball. Toward eleven o'clock father kissed Lucy's brow, bade us both good-night, and went to bed. We both went to our rooms, but only to rise again, throw on the masquerade costumes which we had in readiness, and hurry from home to the ball. When we arrived, arm-in-arm, we found the doors besieged by countless maskers, for they were to open only at midnight. All was quiet, even the murmur of the crowd like the uneasy stir of a forest before a storm. Sometimes a sound of the tuning of instruments stole out. Lucy trembled beside me as if full of anxiety. Now we heard from Notre Dame the twelve strokes of the midnight hour—metallic, reverberating—the waiting crowd accompanying each stroke with a half-suppressed cry of joy. At the twelfth stroke the theatre doors swung open, and the mad crowd flowed in like a stream of molten ore. It was a thousand-jointed mass, roaring, springing, dancing pell-mell, in terrible laughter—a republic of folly, formed of Robert Maccaires, Pierrots, and Pierrettes, buffoons, sailors, fisher-maidens, hidalgos, flower-girls, banditti, and shepherdesses. Soon the auditorium was not only filled, but also the boxes, the corridors, and the greenroom. In the background, behind crimson drapery, sat the orchestra, so hidden that one only saw the wizard Beaudoin, haton in hand, standing on an elevation. Lucy had drawn me into the box which had been ours for the opera. There we met the slender black figure of a young man, who wore on his breast a death's-head of white cloth. He greeted us. It was Lesailles, my sister's lover.

"In one hour," said he, smiling, "I will bring my partner back to you, dear brother," and vanished with her.

At this moment Beaudoin raised his baton; there was a roll of the drum, and the crowd below seemed to tremble convulsively. A fandango begins; it is the Spanish ballet dancer with his grand-opera dancers, striking castanets, pirouetting on tiptoes; now flying from each other, following, now uniting with alluring airs. And now comes the grotesque cancan—this crazy, limb-distorting dance. The mad music seemed to set all turning about in the whirl as if possessed. Now came a cannon-shot, a note of alarm, a cannon-shot again, an utter silence, and now the call, in a stentorian voice: "The Huguenot Quadrille." The gallopade begins. The music is a diabolical tone-painting. One fancies he hears the alarm-bells and the cries: "To arms! to arms!" amid broken snatches of psalms, clicking of gunlocks, volleys of musketry, triumphant cries of the murderers, anxious shrieks of the persecuted, the moans of the dying, and always an anxious sounding horn, as if it called "Coligny! Coligny!" Through all this hurly-burly of sounds one hears Charles IX's iron musket fired among the people from his widow, accompanied by the high, flute-like laughter of his mother, Catharine de Medici. The quadrille is composed of all these elements—it is a civil war. How the lines plunged pell-mell! Even the building, in the oscillation of the wild dance, seemed to turn. In this charmed circle whirled the utmost passion of all Paris; it fluttered the dancers' hair; their eyes had only a fixed stare. The music even is only a raving howl of the populace, a hurricane in a forest; one hears the trees break down; yonder plunges a couple of dancers. The mad line flies partly from them, partly embarrasses and entangles them as they fall. Was that not Robert Lesailles, with the death's-head on his breast, my sister's partner, the crazy leader who first fell? I hasten downstairs. Beaudoin has ended the music and gallopade with a wave of his baton. In the middle of the hall lies a dead man. It is Lesailles, Lucy kneeling by him, her little white fists pressed in the eye-holes of her mask. A buffoon is busied with him; he breaks open his clenched hand. A little phial rolls on the floor. A thousand-voiced cry rises:

"He has poisoned himself!"

It was so. In the midst of the dance he had emptied the phial, which he must have previously hidden about him. I took possession of my sister and brought her home.

Poor girl! She has never recovered her reason.

As for me, my father banished me from Paris for three years.—Translated by Emma Frances Dawson.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Glen L. Martin, who has been made a member of the government aviation board, is planning an aerial "torpedo boat" to destroy the submarine.

Professor Leon Dupriez of the University of Louvain, who has just completed a six months' engagement at Harvard University as visiting lecturer on government, has been requested to remain at the university until September 1, 1916.

Maurice Renaud, the French baritone, who, although fifty-three years of age, enlisted as a private soldier when the war began, and is now a sub-lieutenant, was recently mentioned in official dispatches for "the utmost devotion under all circumstances, in fighting and in camp."

Señor Don Jamier Figueroca, the newly-elected president of Chile, is a man of experience in governmental affairs. He is well known as former minister of the interior of his country, during whose term of office many forward steps were taken. Reforms were introduced and the doors of the country opened wider to colonists.

Professor Robert Andrews Millikan, on whom the University of Pennsylvania has conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Science, also received recently another distinguished honor in his election to membership in the National Academy of Sciences. He is in the department of physics in the University of Chicago. Dr. Millikan is now engaged in the preparation of a volume on "The Isolation and Measurement of the Electron."

Lady Mackworth, daughter of D. A. Thomas, the Welsh coal magnate, who was saved with him from the *Lusitania*, has been left in charge of his business during his absence in this country on British war order business. Lady Mackworth's handling of the gigantic coal operations will be watched with the greatest interest in the Welsh coal trade. Her father is said to employ 1,000,000 men, and these she will have in charge until his return.

Mehmed V, Sultan of Turkey, was imprisoned for practically his entire life by his brother, the former Sultan Abdul Hamid, until the Young Turks overturned Abdul Hamid and brought Mehmed out of his seclusion to be placed on the throne. He was then sixty-five years old. Although credited with being a man of good intentions, the Sultan has been considered a puppet in the hands of Enver Pasha and the inner circle of the Committee of Union and Progress. His seclusion for so many years is said to have ruined his initiative and executive ability.

Mrs. Rebecca Webb Holmes, who recently graduated from Swarthmore College twenty-seven years after her junior year there, is the wife of Dr. Jesse H. Holmes, professor of religion and philosophy at the same institution. Mrs. Holmes entered Swarthmore in the fall of 1885 and attended the college until her junior year, when illness forced her to leave. Later she met and married Dr. Holmes, who has been professor at Swarthmore for fifteen years. Mrs. Holmes, who has two sons, a few years ago decided that she would like to complete her studies at the college. So besides her household duties she found time to spend ten hours each week in classes. She finished her work this spring and graduated.

Stephan Tisza, known as "Hungary's Bismarck," now prime minister of his country, was, three years ago, elected speaker of the lower house of Parliament in Budapest, which caused the Socialist Union to go on strike in protest, Tisza being a determined opponent of the Socialist claims to universal suffrage. A year later all of his opponents in Parliament united against him, the aristocracy led by Andrassy, Apponyi, Caroly, and Zichi, in league with the National Labor party and the Socialists, forming a parliamentary opposition such as no prime minister in the world had to face. Tisza was attacked in public and private, he was threatened with violence when he appeared on the streets, and with his political adversaries he fought so many duels that neither he nor any one else remembered how many there had been.

Antonio Salandra, Italy's premier of war, was not so long ago professor of public law in the University of Rome, and is described as simple, modest, and domestic in his tastes. To him, probably more than to any other one person in Italy, is due that country's participation in the war. A native of Troia, in Foggia, he qualified for the degree of Bachelor of Laws at the University of Naples when he was twenty-two. When he entered the Chamber of Deputies in the Sixteenth Legislature his abilities were quickly recognized. He was rewarded with an under secretaryship of state for finance. This was in the ministry of Premier Di Rudini in 1891. From 1893 to 1896 he was under secretary for the treasury, and subsequently he was in the Department of Agriculture of the Pelloux cabinet. After that the consideration his views received in all financial discussions led to his receiving the treasury portfolio in the cabinet of Baron Sidney Sonnino, who is minister of foreign affairs in the present cabinet. Finally he was asked to form a ministry after Giolitti's retirement, treasury problems at that time being prominent. Salandra was then professor of public law in the University of Rome.



## THE WAILING WOMAN.

Grim Tradition of the City of Mexico.

It was three o'clock in the morning. The bells of the cathedral and the palace, far away, struck the hour, as we traversed a lonely, silent street toward the suburbs of Mexico. We had been keeping vigil with a wounded man, a compatriot of mine, and had overstayed our watch, for he was frantic with delirium, and we feared to transfer him to the care of the inexperienced and rather careless persons who should succeed us.

We walked on briskly, for it was long hours past the time when coaches and tram-cars had ceased plying. We were in San Cosme, and in front of the great, massive structure which the wife of ex-Marshall Bazaine claimed from the government as an imperial gift to her traitorous husband. The façade of this edifice curves in in such a fashion as to form an offset or alcove on the street, and before we reached it I fancied I saw a woman's figure stealing along in its denser shadow, and I felt a thrill of compassion for her, as one of the poor children of the night. She was not to be seen when we came near the spot, but a moment later a piercing cry rang out near us—a long-drawn wail of suffering and horror.

I grasped the arm of my comrade. "Some woman is in distress—we must go to her rescue. We are both armed, thank heaven!"

But he threw his arm about me, and forced me forward at a quick pace that was almost a run; and so unexpected was the move that I had been pushed along some rods ere I could offer resistance.

"Come on! come on!" he whispered hoarsely, as I shook myself free from his clasp, "we must hasten! We must go on quickly!"

"I would not have believed you could desert a fellow-creature in trouble!" I cried with indignation, "and beyond all, a woman. It is not like you, Frederico." For I had seen his courage tried by venomous serpents in *tierra caliente*, and in encounters with highwaymen in the Sierras, and I had heard of his coolness and daring in a combat with Apaches in Northern Chihuahua.

"Hush! hush!" he answered, panting. "You know not of what you speak. We abandon no mortal woman—the voice you hear is the cry of La Llorona. Look yonder at the *sereno*!"

We were near one of the points where a watchman stands all night in the middle of the thoroughfare, and, following my companion's gesture, I saw the officer, fallen upon his knees in the circle of light cast by his lantern; the great capuchin hood of his cape was pulled over his head, and every line of his figure betokened abject fear and horror. There was something uncanny in the sight, for the policemen of Mexico are not impressionable material. And through the silent, empty street those dreadful cries still went ringing wildly, surely sufficient motive for such a display of terror. The sound seemed to float away, and down a by-street toward the equestrian statue of Charles IV, growing fainter and fainter in the distance.

"Let us go," said my companion; "yes, I am *materialista*, and I sneer at spiritualism, and ghosts, and phantoms; but, nevertheless, I think there is not a man or woman in Mexico who would not tremble at the voice of Luisa La Llorona."

In the year of our Lord 1584 Luisa Haro was called the most beautiful girl in Mexico, and the most modest. Her father had brought her from Spain when she was ten years old, and, dying four years later, had left her utterly without kindred, so far as was known to herself or her neighbors. She was a clever needlewoman and a maker of artificial flowers, and her skill found ready employment for churchly uses, notwithstanding the enormous quantity of such work done in the convents. She had her little home-nest in a lonely *callejuela*, or by-street, almost like an alley, in the shadow of the cloister-walls of one of the guilds that chiefly employed her, and here she lived, forlornly enough, indeed, as is the fate of a woman who dwells quite alone; but her ways were virtuous and tranquil. Naught mattered it to her that the gallants came stealing at nightfall into that *rincon apartado*—that out-of-the-way corner, and tenanted the midnight darkness of its dusty, narrow passage. Her shutters were closed and barred ere the darkness gathered, and none of the delicate, scented fingers that tapped on those clumsy defenses ever sounded the "Open, Sesame!" to the girl they sheltered. Luisa was the despair of all the gay, dissolute blades of the vice-regal court of New Spain. Her neighbors in the lonely by-street were wont to point her out with a strange admixture of feelings, uncertain whether to respect and recommend her severe rectitude, or to disparage her, as one who is denied the natural passions and pleasant frailties of humanity.

But a change came about when the girl was something over twenty years old. It began to be whispered by the gossips of the neighborhood that the shutters of Luisa's window now creaked slightly open, and that her voice was heard at the crevice in converse with one who came not tentatively and doubting, but with the confident, assured step of a man who knows the welcome that awaits him. And soon it was told about,

originated in one of the vague, indefinite ways in which such things do transpire, that this complacent wooer was Nuño, Marquis of Montes-Claros. So it was that Luisa assumed a new importance in the eyes of those about her, as will ever happen, under like conditions.

One night—a night when the dashing rain scourged the black walls of the cloister, to the mournful accompaniment of the moaning owls in the belfry—one of the parish goodmen was hastening home belated through the narrow *callejuela* where dwelt Luisa, when he saw in the space before him something that made him pause and tremble, for he was of the timid bourgeois class that carried no staunch Toledo blade nor slender, deadly rapier swung from the belt.

The night was dark, almost to palpability. No ray of light fell into the *callejuela*, save the dim ray from the little lantern, swinging before the rude image of some saint in a niche near the tablet on the wall, at the entrance of the by-street where it opened with a blunt angle into a wider thoroughfare. That ray, falling through the weather-stained pane of the lantern, was dim and fitful, and almost seemed to make the darkness denser and more concrete than the shapes that the honest wayfarer fancied he saw flitting along the wall. Now these might be some of the gallants that were always wrangling herabouts for the sweet sake of Luisa, albeit there had been a notable falling-off in their attendance since it was rumored that she had finally hearkened to the voice of one of their number. Or—and the hair of the honest fellow bristled at the idea, for all the darkness—it might even be Don Nuño himself, and his worship, by all accounts, would not hesitate to spit like a curlew from the marshes one whom he might meet poaching on his preserves. So, fearing to be mistaken for a gallant, the honest citizen shrunk into himself, and flattened his portliness against the convent wall as best might be. And the vague shapes passed him by in silence, unperceiving.

He repeated him of his timidity the next morning, and reviled himself for a fool and a coward, when the neighborhood thrilled to the news of the flight of Luisa Haro. Her door stood ajar, and the poor belongings of her stood undisturbed in order. All the evidence pointed to the fact that her flight was voluntary and deliberate, and the popular voice was unanimous in declaring that her comrade must be Nuño, Marquis of Montes-Claros. It was this pair, no doubt, whom the worthy goodman had seen stealing away through the darkness, and his repentance was keen that he had not followed them, to possess himself of that knowledge of their movements and destination that would have made him important among his fellows.

From that day her old-time neighbors knew naught of Luisa Haro, save that some one whose affairs had taken him to the suburb of San Cosme brought back the story that he had seen her there, blooming and with sumptuous accessories, in the balcony of a splendid mansion that was known to belong to Montes-Claros.

Six years after the flight of Luisa from her homely abode in the narrow *callejuela*, she sat in the luxurious home where Montes-Claros had placed her, brooding mournfully over her situation. The moonlight streamed through the open window, and illuminated her despondent figure. In face and form she was more beautiful than on the day she fled with Montes-Claros, but still was she not beautiful enough to keep the fickle fancy of the Spaniard. His attentions and his interest had gradually diminished, until the unhappy woman now had but too much reason to consider herself altogether deserted by him for whom she had given up all that is most dear to woman. She had lacked no material comfort, it is true, thus far, but this was little consolation to a woman whose thwarted affection was as strong and unaltered as when her passionate heart first poured out its ardent incense before her lover.

She had not seen Montes-Claros for a fortnight, and she was resolved to know the worst without further horror of suspense and anxiety. She rose, and carried the infant in her arms to an alcove, behind whose silken curtains lay two other children sleeping. She laid the little one beside its brothers. She shrouded herself in a long, dark, clinging mantle, left the house, and took her way to the central streets of the city.

She knew the family mansion of Montes-Claros, and shortly found herself before it. The windows of the façade were ablaze with light, and the alarmed watcher saw that the rooms were full of a festive throng. Nuño was there in the midst of his guests with his proud, affected mother, and beside them a young girl, tall and handsome, in bridal raiment.

The heart of Luisa sank like lead within her. She plucked by the sleeve a bystander, gazing like herself through the window. "Do you know, friend, who is the young lady beside the Señor Marqués?"

"Who should it be," laughed the man she questioned, "but his *novia*—the bride he wedded this morning at ten of the clock in the chapel of the Sagrario?"

No word answered Luisa, but neither made she outcry, only presently fell back from the window, and pushed her way to the open street through the eager crowd of onlookers.

Slowly, mechanically she held her way, never hastening, never pausing, till she reached the house in San Cosme, and let herself in at its great arched entrance,

and into her own chamber. An antique coffer stood there, an ancient cedar chest with Mauresque decoration, brought over from Spain by the family of Montes-Claros. In it Nuño had been wont to deposit, while he yet frequented the dwelling, such odds and ends as, fancying, he might buy on the way out thither, or matters in his possession at the moment that he found cumbersome.

Still under the spell of that awful, deadly quiet, Luisa opened the old chest and took from it a dagger, a curious jeweled weapon that Nuño had tossed down long months since and forgotten, though its memory had lived in the fevered brain of the woman.

Still lighted only by the pallid, ghastly moonbeams, she went to the alcove where her little ones lay sleeping and drew aside the curtains.

"Your father has forsaken us, my darling ones, and your mother would fain preserve you from the miseries that await you. To God I recommend your innocent spirits."

Then, one by one, slowly, surely, fatally, she thrust the dagger into the bosom of each tender little body.

Only when the blood welled darkly up, staining the white night raiment, did the wretched mother seem to realize her dreadful doing. She gazed a moment at the heartrending vision, and then ran forth into the streets, uttering those wails that for over three hundred years have continued to echo in the streets of Mexico at varying hours and seasons—when the soul in penance can no longer endure its torture, so the devout say.

As the wailing woman ran that night her cries aroused the city, and she was captured and recognized, when the dagger she still clutched, and her blood-stained raiment, told the tragic story and gave the clue to discovery of her victims. There was no penalty for man's inhumanity to woman in the Mexico of those days, any more than in the present; and the poor, distracted instrument of crime paid all the temporal penalty in this case, while the actual murderer, in fact, rather gained popularity.

During her imprisonment and trial Luisa maintained a helpless, hopeless silence. She failed and faded day by day, and when at last arrived the hour of execution, she was unable to walk up the steps of the scaffold, and not from fright, but sheer weakness, she became senseless in the arms of her bearers. The execution proceeded, but the decree of the law was done on a corpse, for ere the halter touched her Luisa Haro was lifeless.

And, however justice had miscarried in the hands of human authority, the retribution of heaven proved direct and active. For, on that very May day when the woman who had trusted him went to the doom of a felon, Nuño, Marquis of Montes-Claros, was buried, having died ere his honeymoon was over.

And now, centuries after, it is told that whenever appears the Wailing Woman, the following morning sees the flowers on the tomb of Montes-Claros withered, seared, and the earth upon it dank and noisome, as if it were drenched and soaked with blood.

Grass, freshly cut or otherwise, has had nothing to do with the production of the perfume labeled "New-Mown Hay." The source of the essence is really the tonka bean, found in the tropical countries of South America, chiefly in the valleys of the Orinoco, Caura, and Cuchivero rivers in Venezuela and certain sections of Colombia and Brazil. The tonka-bean tree in some cases reaches a height of sixty feet. It has pinnate leaves and large panicles of flowers, which are succeeded by a pod containing a single seed. The odor, which is remarkably strong, resembles that of sweet clover new-mown hay, and is due to the presence of cumarin, a crystallizable, volatile, neutral substance which is soluble in alcohol or ether and somewhat so in boiling water, from which it crystallizes on cooling. The beans are often frosted with crystals of this substance, giving them the appearance of being sugar-coated. In Venezuela the tree is known as serrapia, and the men engaged in the collection of the beans are called sarrapieros. These collectors in Venezuela and Colombia usually set out for the forests in February, when the fruit begins to ripen. They go up the rivers in canoes or skiffs by the hundreds, stopping wherever the trees are plentiful, and when the fruit begins to fall, the pods are gathered and taken to some open space where sunshine is plentiful, and there carefully crushed and the beans extracted and then spread out to dry. When thoroughly dried they are loaded into the boats and transported to Ciudad Bolívar, or some other convenient port, where they are sold to the exporting merchants. Here they go through the process of crystallization by being steeped in strong rum or alcohol for about twenty-four hours, and then again dried. They lend their fragrance to high-grade tobacco, fine toilet soaps, to "brilliantine" and other hair dressings and dyes, to cosmetics, to flavoring extracts used in confections, and to many other things that gratify the sense of smell.

Alizarin, a dyestuff, was first synthetically produced in 1869, in which year the world production of madder was 110,000,000 pounds of roots, representing 1,100,000 to 1,650,000 pounds of alizarin, worth \$11,250,000. In 1870 France had approximately 50,000 acres under madder cultivation, which soon disappeared after the introduction of the artificial product.



## FROM THE TRENCHES.

A Canadian Soldier Describes His Battle Experiences "Somewhere in France."

The following letter, presumably from the neighborhood of Neuve Chapelle, was written by a private of the Canadian contingent to his relatives resident in California:

Before I begin you must excuse this deplorable writing, as my hand is far from steady. I think most of the fellows are in the same state. A few evenings ago there was a heavy bombardment going on. We noticed a faint blue haze blowing across the fields. Our eyes were stinging and a game of football had to be stopped about an hour afterwards.

About an hour afterwards the road was packed with traffic. Gun limbers went by packed with French soldiers, others were walking, some riding bicycles, some horses. They had lost their guns, and intimidated by violent gesticulation and unmistakable profanity that the enemy had driven them out with poisonous gases. Trudging along with the soldiers and the chaos of panic-stricken traffic were the refugees, old men and little children. Some were pushing hand carts, and all, even the little children, were laden with bundles of such goods as they could carry. One little girl carrying a huge bundle had got lost in the crush and clung hold of my coat crying and half dead with fatigue. Two of us put her into a motor transport and the men said they would look after her. The French soldiers were frightfully excited, and it was funny to see our imperturbable Mounted Police chase them about in the attempt to keep the track clear. We had orders to stand to, and everything was packed up. We filled up with biscuits, and a godsend they proved to be, as no rations came near us for four days. At 1:30 a. m. we got the order to fall in and away we marched up the dark roads to the firing line. Presently we halted on the banks of a canal. Away on the right a blood-red pillar of smoke and flame cast a crimson glow on the sky.

Everything was quiet. A dog left in a deserted farmhouse howled dismally. We crossed a pontoon bridge, making the water lap and gurgle round the timbers, and then up a road cut through the clay and paved with broken bricks and bushes. In the near distance a few shreds of smoke could be seen and the east gray sky was breaking into dawn. Suddenly there was a faint whiz! Somebody laughed, and we went on again. Another came, and the man behind me, a big Irishman, said "Ugh," and we bandaged him up at the elbow. We were all very interested and crowded round to see what a bullet wound looked like. The road ended in a cross and we crawled into a muddy ditch. Some horse blankets lay in the fields and we put them down to cover the water. The rifles were cracking fast, but only a few stray bullets reached us. The adjutant went by on a bicycle laughing like a mischievous schoolboy. He was hit in the stomach by five machine-gun bullets a little later. Then we advanced again along an open field and lay in a patch of growing corn still wet with dew. We were very sleepy. Currie, next to me, was smoking. I was dozing. As we lay there some one kicked me and we advanced again. A man called Regan was hit and was helped back to a farmhouse. At last we reached a barn nearly exhausted. We were given a breather and threw off our coats and packs and were away again. We took shelter behind a hedge. Currie and I tumbled down beside a wounded man with a shattered knee. The sun was blazing down and he was whispering for water. A little farther along was a shed made out of turf and boughs, and to this we dragged him. Two others came walking in, one with a wounded shoulder and the other with a hole in his side which pumped blood as he moved. We bandaged them up and laid them down. We stayed there until the afternoon. All the time the wounded came streaming through. A man with half his face shot away died on the stretcher, and was dumped out by the hut.

A little later I was with Gregory and we advanced together across the field. The fire was terrible. Machine, rifle, and shrapnel. An empty ammunition pouch and a New Testament stopped one bullet. By luck we reached the ditch. Behind came the Middlesex (regular). They came across in a solid line at a steady trot. It must have been heartbreaking for the enemy to see those fellows coming across—all hell couldn't have stopped them. Then we fixed bayonets. The men's faces were curious to watch; you could hardly recognize some of them. I know mine was pretty white. Orders came down for our little bunch to dig in and hold the place at all costs. The rest charged, and that was the last I saw of a good many of my pals. For about an hour that piece of ditch was shelled. The shrapnel just missed us every time, cutting up the ground in front of us. Night came on and by the light of two burning buildings what few were left of us helped collect the wounded. One poor devil was hit in the ankle, the hip, and the stomach, and he could neither stand, sit, nor lie down. Another man was using my kit as a pillow and I hadn't the heart to take it from him.

Later in the morning the order came to retire to our billets, but half way down we were met by our only remaining major and taken back to a building just over the canal bank. Next day we were under

shell fire with poisonous gases. We only mustered 185 men and two officers. Others drifted in until the number was made up to 269. In the afternoon we were marched back to the firing line, only more to the right, and in the evening we dug ourselves in (just head cover) and to our disgust it began to rain. At 1:30 a. m., shivering with cold, we advanced to the road. It was nearly morning and the road was packed with transports taking up supplies. They were under orders to be prepared to turn and retire at the gallop. Besides that 5000 troops had to be up before daybreak. As day broke we managed to get through and were soon advancing under fire again. D Company was separated from the other three companies, and after a bit was forced to retire. I and another got lost and joined the Durham Light Infantry. Their officer was armed with a cigarette and a monocle and strolled up and down as though at home. Later in the day we got news of our own men and attempted to reach them. Some D. L. I. gave us some biscuits and we made some kind of a drink by boiling jam in water over a shoeing forge. We saw an ammunition column going up to some guns under shell fire. One of the wagons and six horses were blown sky high. All that was left was a little uniform and bits of tangled-up flesh and harness. One of the D. L. I. got hit by a bit of shrapnel right in the stomach. He was kneeling at the time behind a tree, and his insides trickled out over his knees to the ground. The look of astonishment on his face was curious. He attempted to blow out his brains, but his pals stopped him. Towards evening a guide led us to the remains of the G Brigade in a reserve trench. There they told us that A, B, and C companies had been wiped out and we were the only six left. At 1:30 in the morning we marched away to the canal again, losing five men by their confounded poisonous shells. That night we slept on the canal banks, dead to the world. In the morning we dug ourselves in on the opposite side on a small hill overlooking a little town and a pontoon bridge. Every night they shelled us, and in all we lost about twelve men. One night was particularly bad. I was coming along the top after dark when a piece of shrapnel cut my water bottle clean off. Another landed in the next dugout, but failed to explode. Luckily the occupant was out. Another blew a Highlander walking along the canal all to pieces. Five men were buried alive, but we managed to dig them out. On the second day information came that reinforcements were going up by the thousands, including an Indian division and Heaven knows how many guns and cavalry. About 2 o'clock the bombardment started. They say it was the heaviest that has been on during the whole of the war. The German line in the distance was an awful sight. Great, spouting columns of earth and sheets of flame sprang from the ground, while the sky was filled with bursting shrapnel and clouds of smoke. The roar was deafening. The French 75s flung their small shells in quick succession, making one continuous, head-splitting crash. At the back the big guns coughed and roared till the very earth shook and trembled. I don't think I shall ever forget that sight. The German line must have been hell on earth. And how they ever lived through it I can not understand. Then the wounded came hobbling in. It was a glorious revenge. The enemy was driven back all along the line. The Canadians got an awful cutting up, but they made a name for themselves, and the Fourth Battalion was mentioned in dispatches. Wednesday night we acted as covering party for some trench-diggers, and then marched back to our billets. We are under shell fire here, but it is nothing to what we went through. I will not attempt to describe some of the sights I saw; they were too disgusting. I think all our nerves are more or less shaky. I think we are going away for a rest tomorrow and will there be reorganized. They shell this town every night, and its funny to watch the German aeroplanes attempting to fly over and take observations, only to be driven back by a cloud of bursting shrapnel and British aeroplanes. I'm too tired to write any one else for about a week.

The Indians living near the celebrated Mesa Verde in southwestern Colorado are interested in the outcome of their predictions about the telephone line which the government has just completed into the Mesa Verde National Park. They declare that the poles will not stand and that the wires will not "talk." When asked why, they solemnly reply that the "little people" will permit no such uncanny things to come so near their ancient homes. Nor can they be persuaded to the contrary. The Indians live in great awe of the prehistoric dwellings of the Mancos Valley, which are by far the finest and best preserved of any in the American Southwest. They will not believe that it was Pueblo Indians, or any Indians in fact, who, so long ago that the oldest traditions describe them as they now are, carved these wonderful cities out of the cliffs. They believe that spirits built the cliff dwellings, and that spirits still inhabit them. They reverently call these spirits the "little people." For this reason it is difficult to induce Indians to approach the cliff dwellings.

Thirty thousand American settlers, it is said, have entered Canada since the outbreak of the war.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## The Silent Voices.

When the dumb Hour, clothed in black  
Brings the Dreams about my bed,  
Call me not so often back,  
Silent Voices of the dead,  
Toward the lowland ways behind me,  
And the sunlight that is gone!  
Call me rather, silent voices,  
Forward to the starry track  
Glimmering up the heights beyond me  
On, and always on! —*Alfred Tennyson.*

## A Farewell.

Go fetch me a pint o' wine,  
An' fill it in a silver tassic;  
That I may drink before I go  
A service to my bonnie lassie:  
The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith,  
Fu' loud the wind blows frae the ferry,  
The ship rides by the Berwick-law,  
And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the hanners fly,  
The glittering spears are ranked ready;  
The shouts o' war are heard afar,  
The hattle closes thick and bloody;  
But it's not the roar o' sea or shore  
Wad make me langer wish to tarry;  
Nor shout o' war that's heard afar—  
It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary. —*Robert Burns.*

## An Evening Scene.

The sheep-bell tolleth curfew-time;  
The gnats, a husy rout,  
Fleck the warm air; the dismal owl  
Shouteth a sleepy shout;  
The voiceless hat, more felt than seen,  
Is fitting round about.

The aspen leaflets scarcely stir;  
The river seems to think;  
Athwart the dusk, broad primroses  
Look coldly from the brink,  
Where, listening to the fresher's noise,  
The quiet cattle drink.

The bees hum past; the white moths rise  
Like spirits from the ground;  
The gray flies hum their weary tune,  
A distant, dream-like sound;  
And far, far off, to the slum'rous eve,  
Bayeth an old guardhound. —*Coventry Patmore.*

## Sally in Our Alley.

Of all the girls that are so smart  
There's none like pretty Sally;  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.  
There is no lady in the land  
Is half so sweet as Sally;  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets  
And through the streets does cry 'em;  
Her mother she sells laces long  
To such as please to buy 'em;  
But sure such folks could ne'er heget  
So sweet a girl as Sally!  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work,  
I love her so sincerely;  
My master comes like any Turk,  
And hangs me most severely—  
But let him hang his hellyful,  
I'll hear it all for Sally;  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week  
I dearly love but one day—  
And that's the day that comes betwixt  
A Saturday and Monday;  
For then I'm drest all in my best  
To walk abroad with Sally;  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,  
And often am I blamed  
Because I leave him in the lurch  
As soon as text is named;  
I leave the church in sermon-time  
And slink away to Sally;  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again  
O then I shall have money;  
I'll hoard it up, and hoax it all,  
I'll give it to my honey;  
I would it were ten thousand pound,  
I'd give it all to Sally;  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbors all  
Make game of me and Sally,  
And, but for her, I'd better be  
A slave and row a galley;  
But when my seven long years are out  
O then I'll marry Sally,—  
O then we'll wed, and then we'll hed . . .  
But not in our alley! —*Henry Carey.*

One of the largest works now receiving the attention of the Hellenic government is the construction of a new navy yard and arsenal at Scaramanga, on the Bay of Eleusis, to supersede the present yard, which lies opposite on the island of Salamis. This construction is being carried out under the supervision and after the plans of a corps of British engineers. The estimated cost is in the neighborhood of \$15,000,000. It will be several years before it can be completed. It will give to Greece a landlocked harbor for its fleet, with ample facilities for repair work.



## RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

## A Countryman of the Indian Poet Writes a Book of Personal Impressions.

When a strange blossom is shown to us, "Where did it grow?" we ask, and of a new poem we wish to know immediately something of the life of the poet from which it flowered. Particularly is this true when the poet is a foreign personality such as Rabindranath Tagore, the Indian writer and seer, whom William Butler Yeats discovered to the Western world in 1912, and to whom was awarded the Nobel prize for idealistic literature in 1913. Strangely and suddenly this Eastern poet, who has been famed in his own land for many years as the greatest writer of his generation, has sprung into prominence here. We are eager to know more of him; and now comes a countryman of his, Basanta Koomar Roy, with a biographical volume which is welcome, although it does not contain as detailed an account as we might wish. The author has lectured in this country and has written some magazine articles on Tagore. He has undoubtedly supplied to the best of his ability and knowledge the information which his experience had showed him was badly wanted. Perhaps it is because he is not a Westerner that he can not give us quite all we desire.

Hamilton Wright Mabie in his introduction to the volume says of the poet, "He is the man of the Far East uttering the deepest and most characteristic thought of that ancient world with a sincerity so deep that we can not miss his essential message to us," and of the importance of this message to us of the West he says:

He is a modern man in whose prose and verse the genius of his race is as distinct and unobscured as if they had been written a thousand years ago. For this reason he is a very important figure in the coming together of the East and West which promises to be the most dramatic and perhaps the most important event of the century. The irritation incident to the establishment of closer relations between civilizations as far apart as those of the Orient and Occident will give place to a clear recognition of the value of the achievements of both sections of the world and of the resources, spiritual and artistic, supplied by diversity of temperament.

The gains of this new appraisal of past services will come, not from any sacrifice of the integrity of what appears to be conflicting ideals in the endeavor to secure harmony by compromise, but from a clear definition of those ideals. It will probably appear that those ideals are complementary rather than antagonistic; it is obvious that each section has overemphasized the aspect of truth which has appealed to it; and much of the divergence will disappear when each section understands more clearly the point of view of the other. In any event, nothing will be gained by blurring the differences; much will be gained by giving them the sharpest definition.

Rabindranath Tagore was born on the 6th of May, 1861, in Bengal, a land where poetry is a more common vehicle of expression in the daily life of the people than it is here, and of a family which in that land "has been in the very forefront of the intellectual renaissance that has been going on for more than a hundred years":

In social and religious reform, in the revival of art and music, and in industrial and political nationalism, the Thakur, Anglicized into Tagore, family has rendered conspicuous service; and has thereby gained the high esteem of the people of India, especially of Bengal. Among the Tagores are counted men like Prosonno Koomar Tagore, a landowner, a lawyer of great reputation, an editor, a writer on legal and educational subjects, founder and president of the British Indian Association; Raja Sir Sourinda Mohun Tagore, undoubtedly one of the highest musical authorities in India, the founder of the Bengal Musical School and the Bengal Academy of Music, and author of many volumes on Hindu music and musical instruments; Abanindranath Tagore, a distinguished painter, and an undisputed leader in the Hindu art revival; Maharaja Ramanath Tagore, brother of our poet's grandfather, a political leader and writer; Prince Dwarakanath Tagore, the grandfather of the poet, a landlord, a founder of the Landholders' Society, a philanthropist, and a social reformer, preeminently an agitator against *suttee*.

The most noteworthy of the poet's ancestors is his own father, Debendranath Tagore, who was not a Maharaja (great king). He did not care to be decorated that way. Instead he was decorated by the people with the title of Maharshi (great sage). Though Debendranath was no intellectual peer of his master, Raja Ram Mohun Roy, the father of modern India, yet in his devotion to the cause of social and religious reform, in willingness to sacrifice and to suffer for a principle, he was second to none. Son of a prince, yet moved by a sense of moral duty, for there was no legal or documentary obligation, he refused to tell a single untruthful "no" and handed over his vast estate to his father's creditors, thus reducing himself to the position of a pauper. No wonder that the people decorated him with the title of Maharshi; and no wonder that the kind-hearted creditors, moved by the heroic honesty of Debendranath, made a compromise and left some property with the youthful seer.

It is probably due to the wisdom and sympathy of this man that his poet son was able to develop his unusual talents. Rabindranath Tagore was no exception to the rule that the genius goes reluctantly in his youth to the common school. Perceiving his son's tendencies, the father carried him away to his own place of retreat in the solitudes of the Himalayas, there to dream and to think and to read great books:

His father not only taught him English, Sanskrit, Bengali, botany, and astronomy, but also gave him lessons in responsibility. . . . The Maharshi gave him also his cash box and taught him to keep accounts, and never reproached him for mistakes. What Tagore says about the training he received from his far-sighted father we commend to parents and educators: "Once in a while, with a stick in hand, I would rove from one mountain to another, but father never showed the least anxiety on my account. I noticed that up to his last days he never stood in the way of my freedom. I have had occasion to do many things against his wish and liking. He could have easily punished me by way of correction, but he

never did. He used to wait for the unfolding of the truth within me, for he knew that to accept truth one must learn to love it spontaneously. He knew also that if one traveled far away from truth, still he might, some day, find his way back to it, but if external and artificial punishment compelled one blindly to follow the supposed truth, the way back to the real truth was eternally blocked. He was never afraid that I would make mistakes, he was never perturbed at the prospect of my suffering through mistakes. He used to hold lofty ideals before me, but he never lifted the rod of chastisement.

Finally the boy was sent back to Calcutta again and his elder brothers tried to enforce the completion of his schooling, but he was interested only in artistic pursuits, in writing plays and poems. He was sent to London for study for the bar, with his father's unwilling consent, but "his spirit again revolted against compulsory study, and within a year he returned to his beloved Bengal."

At eighteen years the poet commenced a period of storm and stress, his vibrant young body craving sensuous pleasures, his growing spirit already looking beyond them. His love poems of this time created much disturbance and shocked the Hindu moralists, who were afraid "that he was going to introduce the romanticism of the West, of Byron and Shelley, in India, and to depart from the classic severity of Indian treatment of the human passions." Perhaps that Tagore perceived the spiritual behind the sensuous is the great ennobling quality of these poems. In illustration of this his biographer quotes a poem which we do not remember having seen before—"The Beloved at Night and in the Morning." The translation is Roy's, not the poet's own:

## I.

Last night we were seated in a pleasure garden in enchanting surroundings. The darkness of the night was blanching with moonbeams, and a sweet wind robbed the flowers of their fragrance.

I held before your mouth the brimming cup of the wine of youth. You looked at my eyes and slowly took the cup in your hand, and your kiss-charged lips blossomed into a faint but eloquent smile and sipped the cup of youth's wine; and we both were intoxicated with love.

I took off your veil with my hands, trembling with an ecstatic nervousness, and then placed your dear hands, tender as the lotus leaves, next to my heart. Your eyes were half closed with the languor of love and you spoke not a word. I unbowed your hair and slowly hid your radiant face within my heart.

Beloved! In the moon-kissed night, with smiling consent, you submitted to all the tyrants of our first union of love.

## II.

In this peaceful morning mellowed by pure and fragrant air, I see you dressed in white after your morning bath, as you walk swan-like along the lonely Ganges. A flower-basket is hanging from your left hand as you pluck flowers with the other. I hear the distant morning music of the temple, in this pure and fragrant morning by the lonely river Ganges.

Goddess! a fresh vermilion line illumines the parting of your hair, and a *sanka* bracelet adorns your left wrist. Oh, in what a transfigured form you appear to me this morning! Last night you were the sweetheart of my pleasure garden, and this morning you appear as my goddess divine.

In this pure and fragrant morning by the lonely River Ganges, I look at you from afar with my head bowed in reverent awe.

What passion, what sorrow and disappointment Tagore went through at this period we can read in his poems of "The Gardener"; but we have no word of his that he has any regret for emotions that the ascetic has always fled from. He is so much a lover of life, all of life, that he would not miss any of its gifts, sweet or bitter, and he welcomes the things that have greated his heart. Mr. Roy is reticent about the events of Tagore's life at this time, facts about which we might be curious, but whose details are not important from his standpoint. Of Tagore's awakening he writes, with the imagery and faith of the East:

Tagore did not, however, have to struggle very long to attain the highest truth. When the time was ripe the illumination came of itself one morning, and the Divine Beloved revealed himself quite unexpectedly and in a singular way. The illumination came as it did to his father or to St. Francis of Assisi, and the story may be told in the poet's own beautiful English: "It was morning, I was watching the sunrise in Free School Street. A veil was suddenly drawn and everything I saw became luminous. The whole scene was one perfect music, one marvelous rhythm. The houses in the street, the children playing, all seemed part of one luminous whole—inexpressibly glorious. The vision went on for seven or eight days. Every one, even those who bored me, seemed to lose their outer barrier of personality; and I was full of gladness, full of love, for every person and every tiniest thing. . . . That morning in the Free School Street was one of the first things that gave me the inner vision, and I have tried to explain it in my poems. I have felt ever since that this is my goal in life; to explain the fulness of life, in its beauty, as perfection."

Prince Gautama left the world when he heard the call; but Rabindranath Tagore heard the call and "clung to the world more closely than ever, and his attachment for the world ripened into selfless love for the oppressed and suffering millions of famine-stricken India." He holds that "the greater can not be great without the small, the infinite is only the fullest expression of the finite, and there is no liberation without love. Wherever love is there dwells the infinite within the finite":

His father, the Maharshi Debendranath Tagore, was busy solving the problems of the next world, but the poet Tagore, all through his life of varied experience, has striven to help evolve this world to the status of heaven—to unite heaven and earth. He loves the world as passionately as a miser loves his money. He even doubts the ability of heaven to supply the blessings of life which this dear earth provides her children with. He thus expresses his love for the world: "Oh, how I love this world that is lying so quietly! I feel like hugging it with all its trees and flowers, rivers and

plains, noise and quiet, mornings and evenings. I often wonder if heaven itself could give us all the blessings we are enjoying in this world. How could heaven give us anything like this, the treasure of such human beings in the making, so full of tenderness, weakness, and love?"

The father of Tagore put him in charge of the family country estate, and for some years he lived in a houseboat on the Padma and its branches in close touch with nature. Here was solitude again for him to grow in, and here the thought of the world's beauty grew in him as well as a deepened love of his mother country:

In one of his letters he thus speaks of his love for Bengal: "Every day after taking my evening bath I take a long walk along the river. Then I make a bed on my jolly boat, and lie down flat on my back in the silent darkness of the evening, and ask myself: 'Shall I again be able to be born under such starry skies? Shall I ever again, in another life, be able to lie down this way on a jolly boat on the River Gora in our "golden Bengal"? I am always afraid that I may never have a chance to enjoy such an evening again. I may be born in different environments and with a different turn of mind altogether. I may get such an evening, but the evening may not lie so affectionately on my breast, covering me with her dark, disheveled hair. But I am afraid most of all that I may be born in Europe. For there I shall not be able to lie down this way with my whole body and soul looking upward. There I may have to drudge in a factory, in a bank, or in a parliament. As the streets in the European cities are made of hard stone, brick, and mortar to be made fit for commerce and transportation, so the human heart becomes hardened and best suited for business. In the hard pavement of their heart there is not the slightest opening for a tender tendril, or a single blade of useless grass to grow. Everything is made bare and strong. I think that in comparison to that, this kind of fanciful, lazy, sky-filled, and self-searching mind is not a jot the less glorious or praiseworthy."

Here it was that the poet learned of the sorrows and needs of the poor of India as he worked among the peasants on his father's land. He studied medicine and helped in other ways, reorganizing and bettering the condition of the estate.

So great an influence has the work of Tagore already made upon the people of his own land that were the large bulk of it to be destroyed he would still be a power in the new nationalism that is growing there. They have received his message.

While Tagore is a feminist, he does not altogether believe in woman suffrage—he thinks that if men did their duty in politics women need not vote. He has concerned himself with the education of the women of India, but he feels that the Occidental woman could gain much from her Eastern sister. He says:

Our women make our homes smile with sweetness, tenderness, and love. . . . We are quite happy with our household goddesses, and they themselves have never told us of their "miserable condition." Why, then, should the meddlers from beyond the seas feel so bad about the imagined sorrows of our women? People make mistakes in imagining too much as to what would make others happy or unhappy. If, perchance, the fishes were to become philanthropists, their tender hearts would find satisfaction only in drowning the entire human race in the depths of water.

No doubt when an English lady sees the small rooms with crude furniture and old-fashioned pictures in the zenana, she at once concludes that men have made slaves of the Hindu women. But she forgets that we all live together the same way. We read Spencer, Ruskin, and Mill; we edit magazines and write books, but we squat on a mattress on the floor, and we use an earthen oil lamp for study. We buy jewels for our wives when we have the money, and we sleep inside a string-tied mosquito net, and on warm nights fan ourselves with a palm-leaf fan.

We have no sofas or highly upholstered chairs, yet we do not feel miserable for not having them. But at the same time we are quite capable of loving and being loved. The Western people love furniture, entertainments, and luxuries of life so much that many amongst them do not care to have wives or husbands, and if married, positively no children. With them, comfort takes precedence of love, whereas love and home are the supreme things in our life. It is for this that quite often we have to sacrifice comforts, so that we may enjoy home life and love.

When Tagore finally came to the realization that education of the youth of India was the most crying need of his country and the most helpful work that he could do for her, he started his now famous school at Bolpur, with his own son amongst the first students. Environment, curriculum, and sympathetic personal supervision and example provide the perfect opportunity for growth for his boys. Mr. Roy gives an interesting account of the school and of its methods. Of the life here of its illustrious founder and leader he writes:

Tagore himself lives alone in a house. He gets up with the morning bell, sometimes before, and takes his morning bath, goes on the roof and loses himself in meditation for hours at a time. In this house he quite often cooks his own meals in an "economic cooker." He does not eat much. Boiled rice, boiled potatoes, cauliflower or beans, enough of butter are all that he cares to eat. He is not fond of milk or sweets. He takes long walks for exercise and is fond of gardening. Plain living and high thinking is the keynote of his life at Bolpur. He preaches to the boys and to the teachers twice a week in the temple. His love for the children is of an idealistic nature. At times one of them will steal into his room and watch him smile and move his head to and fro as he writes or thinks over a poem. One such boy startled him by exclaiming, "That's how the mad men do." "Yes, my child, poets are worse than mad men. When did you come into the room?"

To read in this volume of Tagore's life is to get something of the same inspiration that is found in his poems, for he is following his own light as well as illuminating the way for others.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE. By Basanta Koomar Roy. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.25.

Germany's population has grown 180 per cent. in a century.



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## A Reluctant Adam.

We are not at all sure that a commonplace character is worth so large a place in a novel as is given here to Waldo Strong. His like is to be found anywhere, self-centered young men who drift into the paths of a moderate success, accepting all experiences with a sort of languid apathy that irritates and disgusts, and wholly free from any guidance except that of a naturally well-intentioned conventionality. It is true that Strong's love adventures are interesting, and there are certainly enough of them. But he is utterly devoid of a sense of responsibility, and when eventually he marries he neglects his wife just as he would neglect anything the moment he ceased to be amused and interested. We finally take leave of Strong with a sense of the utter futility and uselessness of his character and with a certain gratification that at last he is denied the possession of something that he wants. The author tells his story with much skill, and the reader will not leave it until the last page. But we are inclined to wonder if Strong is worth so much attention.

A RELUCTANT ADAM. By Sidney Williams. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.35 net.

## Benjamin Disraeli.

This third volume is the work of Mr. Buckle, who inherits the Disraeli biography from Mr. Monypenny. It covers the years from 1846 to 1855 and it becomes evident, therefore, that we have still a long, and perchance a weary, road to travel. We may even suspect that Disraeli was not worth quite so many large volumes. How fortunate we are that biography had not learned to be so prolix in the days of—let us say—Julius Caesar, or Alexander, or Plato.

This third volume relates to the period when Disraeli was passing from the domain of charlatanism to that of statesmanship, or at least seeming to do so. In 1847 Greville said of him that he was "a character so disreputable that he can not be trusted." Queen Victoria did not like him, and the Tories accepted him only because there was no one else in sight. When he became chancellor of the exchequer he was deeply in debt and quite indifferent to the predicament. He knew himself to be unsuited to the place, but Lord Derby assured him that he could rely upon the permanent officials. On the introduction of his second budget he was driven from office, and the end of the volume leaves him in opposition.

When Disraeli became respectable he became also uninteresting. The weight of responsibility robbed him of much of his audacity, and it is evident that he himself wearied of a rôle that implied so many wearisome and sacking conventions. It goes without saying that the author has done his work well, although he seems to write for eternity rather than for time. And with our minds preoccupied by war it seems also as though he were writing of prehistoric events seen but dimly through a mist of years.

THE LIFE OF BENJAMIN DISRAELI. By William Flavelle Monypenny and George Earle Buckle. Volume III. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$3 net.

## Two Sinners.

No woman can remain wholly indifferent to the man who has loved her, and unless his place is effectively taken by another he is likely to win by waiting. This seems to be the text of Mrs. Ritchie's new novel, Maud Monckton, who is tired of poverty and back streets, accepts the proposal of the wealthy Major Kames and then breaks her engagement when she finds that she can not endure his rather commonplace materialism, which sometimes verges on vulgarity. Then the Kames stock begins slowly to advance as Maud realizes that her rejected lover is a good deal of a man. He takes care of Maud's saintly elder sister, whom she herself rather heartlessly neglects, and when he meets with an accident and is likely to be lamed for life Maud's weakening defenses go down with a rush. Personally we do not fall in love with Maud, but we have no objection to Major Kames doing so. The story is interesting all the way through, in spite of the presence of some obvious supernumeraries and also of a slight tinge of piety with which we could cheerfully dispense.

TWO SINNERS. By Mrs. David G. Ritchie. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.35 net.

## Music and Education.

It will not be the fault of Professor Dickinson if we do not advance at an even accelerated pace toward the day when music and all beautiful things shall be regarded, not as accessories, but as essentials to life and education. And perhaps it may be said that never in the history of the world has beauty been held of so little account as in the America of yesterday and with what results upon national character we may measure for ourselves.

It can hardly be said that the author has written a plea for the better recognition of

art and beauty in education. He seems rather to muse a little discursively on what they have done for the world in the past and what they might do for us today in the way of invigoration for the duties that it pleases us to call practical:

Come, for I have found the clue I sought so long; Let us go forth refreshed amid the day, Cheerfully tallying life, walking the world, the real,

Nourished henceforth by our celestial dream.

It is not only educationists who may read this book with advantage. Music lovers, too, will be pleased by its grace and suggestiveness.

MUSIC AND THE HIGHER EDUCATION. By Edward Dickinson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50 net.

## San Domingo.

There are some parts of the world over which a curse seems to rest, and San Domingo is one of them. In 1789 France owned nothing more beautiful nor more prosperous than San Domingo. It was rich in plantations and its exportations to France were enormous. Its population was 40,000 white people, 400,000 negro slaves, and 27,000 free negroes. Fifteen years later the hurricane of revolution had exterminated the whites and most of the mulattoes. The plantations were laid waste and practically nothing remained either of prosperity or civilization. It is the story of these fifteen years that Mr. Stoddard has written, and it is the story of a calamitous attempt to preach liberty and equality to a people who could understand neither the one nor the other.

The real interest of the story centres around Toussaint Louverture, who is in the way to become almost a mythical figure. He was, says the author, a full-blooded negro whose French was almost unintelligible. He raised a band of negroes, entered the Spanish service, and fought desperately against the French. Then he massacred his Spanish friends, turned his whole strength over to the French, betrayed the French in their turn, and finally drove them from the island. All this is told with a quite admirable precision and brevity by Mr. Stoddard, who may be congratulated on thus writing a page of history that fills a distinct need and that is not likely ever to be better done.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION IN SAN DOMINGO. By T. Lothrop Stoddard, A. M., Ph. D. (Harv.). Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2 net.

## Angel Island.

This curious story relates the adventures that befell five shipwrecked men on a desert island. The castaways are surprisingly visited by five winged maidens, who are sufficiently curious about the new arrivals to return again and again, but too shy to allow themselves to be touched. Eventually they are captured by a ruse, and then begins an idyllic domestic life, and babies make their appearance at suitable intervals.

As a story of adventure it is not particularly well told, but we find presently that we are involved in a sort of feminist allegory and that we are debating the question whether women ought to have wings and whether those wings ought or ought not to be clipped. On these abstruse questions the reader must make up his mind for himself.

ANGEL ISLAND. By Inez Haynes Gillmore. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.35 net.

## Gossip of Books and Authors.

Today—July 31st—Henry Holt & Co. inaugurate their Writers of the Day Series. The first volumes will be "Anatole France," by W. L. George, author of "The Second Blooming," etc.; "H. G. Wells," by J. D. Beresford, author of "The Early History of Jacob Stahl," etc.; and "Arnold Bennett," by F. J. Harvey Darton, author of "The Wonder Book of Old Romance," etc. The publishers hope to follow these with new volumes every month or so. The next issues will be "Rudyard Kipling," by John Palmer, author of "The Future of the Theatre," etc.; "John Galsworthy," by Sheila Kaye-Smith, author of "The Three Furlongers," etc.; and "Joseph Conrad," by Hugh Walpole, author of "The Duchess of Wrexhe," etc.

Henry Francis Dryden, author of "Jimmy's Gentility," published by Sherman, French & Co., lives in Berkeley, California.

The most popular author in Japan at the present is the Indian philosopher, Tagore, whose works have all been translated into the vernacular. Next to Tagore in popularity comes Mr. Tokutomi's recent book, "The Changes in Welt-politik."

"The Near East" is just now attracting the attention of the world. The Balkans, Roumania, Turkey, Italy, and their relations to Austria, Germany, and Russia form a large part of the European war situation, and must be considered as vital elements entering into the mighty problem. A book written out of large familiarity will certainly command respect and popularity. The contents of this new and timely volume consist, we are told, "of the diplomatic reminiscences of a former political agent," who is said to have been in Constantinople during three separate crises,

and who claims to give in "The Near East from Within" the undercurrent facts about Turkish conditions, and about the men responsible for these; about Russian and German entanglements; the failures of Balkan and other subordinate nationalities to achieve their purposes, etc.

"Burkese Amy" is the title of Julie M. Lippmann's new novel, to be published this October by Henry Holt & Co. In this book Miss Lippmann abandons her beloved "Martha" of "Martha By-the-Day," etc., but her new theme and leading characters give the same scope to her humor and sound sense of popular appeal.

J. B. Thornhill in his recent book on "Adventures in Africa," published by E. P. Dutton & Co., has given an interesting account of the South African advance north of the Zambesi and the opening up of the Southern Congo by Englishmen and Belgians, together with the author's experiences in Portuguese Angola.

Charles B. Towns of New York, who has gained an international reputation through his fight against habit-forming drugs, including alcohol, tobacco, and the derivatives of and substitutes for opium, is the author of a book, entitled "Hahits That Handicap," which the Century Company will issue in the next few weeks.

Doubts of authenticity voiced by certain American critics of "The Secret of an Empress" having reached her in London, the author, the Countess Zanardi Landi, calls attention to certain passages in the reviews which do not agree with the quotations to which they refer in the book itself. "Such as, for instance," Countess Landi says, "that I met the Queen of Naples only after my divorce in Vienna, instead of, as it really was, before, in order to weaken the very important fact that I did not shrink from the risk of going to Vienna after this remarkable interview. Just as easily one can find out if the book really is a farrago of ill-digested newspaper gossip. I pride myself in having avoided all gossip. Even the social rank of my first husband the critics wished to lower in making him an officer of infantry. Well, here, too, I have to disappoint them—he was a lieutenant in the Eleventh Dragoon Regiment of Kaiser Franz Josef I for some time."

G. P. Putnam's Sons have in train for early publication a volume entitled "Germany's Violation of the Laws of War." This contains a report prepared under the direction of the French ministry for foreign affairs, and based chiefly upon original German documents. On the one side are set forth the formal pledges given by Germany as a member of the community of "civilized" states; and on the other a clear statement of the acts by which those pledges have been violated.

## New Books Received.

CHALLENGING A GOD. By Henry Rosch Vanderyll. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. An inquiry into the nature of Deity.

WILD BIRD GUESTS. By Ernest Harold Baynes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2 net. How to entertain them.

THE COST OF LIVING. By Walter E. Clark. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; 50 cents net. Issued in the National Social Science Series.

FROM THE SHELF. By Paxton Holgar. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50 net. Humorous and artistic essays.

THE DECORATION AND FURNISHING OF APARTMENTS. By B. Russell Herts. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$3.50 net.

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| RABINDRANATH TAGORE.....       | 1.25   |
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| THE WORLD IN THE CRUCIBLE..... | 1.50   |
| By Sir Gilbert Parker.         |        |

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OF HUMAN BONDAGE. By W. Somerset Maugham. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.50 net.

A novel.

TRUSTS AND COMPETITION. By John F. Crowell. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; 50 cents net. Issued in the National Social Science Series.

JIMMY'S GENTILITY. By Henry Francis Dryden. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.35 net. An autobiographical novel.

THE RECOGNITION OF THE UNITED STATES. By Julius Gobel, Jr., Ph. D. New York: Columbia University.

Issued in Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law.

SCIENTIFIC MANAGEMENT. By Horace Book-Walter Drury, Ph. D. New York: Columbia University.

Issued in Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law.

EVOLUTION AND THE WAR. By P. Chalmers Mitchell. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1 net.

A presentation of some of the insistent problems of biology.

RAILWAY PROBLEMS IN CHINA. By Monghton Chih Hsu, Ph. D. New York: Columbia University.

Issued in Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law.

THE HOUSE OF MANY MIRRORS. By Violet Hunt. New York: Brentano's; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

Eleanor Atkinson, author of "Johnny Appleseed," attended the dedication at Ashland, Ohio, on July 28th, of the memorial to Johnny Appleseed. The monument to "the patron saint of American orchards" has been erected with boulders collected by school children. All this locality is intimately connected with the scenes in "Johnny Appleseed," of pioneer life in the border states, and Johnny was a welcome visitor in the cabins of Uniontown, as Ashland was then called.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

A War Book.

The philosophers, the scientists, and the men of letters have not distinguished themselves during the present war either by their philosophy or by their self-restraint. Intellectual eminence has done nothing to soften the scream of hate, and if we were to look for the concentration of venom and for a certain opacity to logic and to reason we should find them both among those whose minds are supposed to be trained alike to accuracy of vision and to moderation of expression.

And Sir Gilbert Parker is no exception to the rule. He professes to give us "an account of the origins and conduct of the great war," but it is quite certain that neither he nor any one else not in foreign offices nor upon thrones knows very much about origins. The histories that are written twenty years hence will bear slight resemblance to those that are written today, since even the story of Napoleon is still undergoing revision month by month. Sir Gilbert has written down such semblances to history as may be found in carefully edited official documents, but the obvious inadequacy of these should have somewhat tempered the vigor—one might say the fury—of their transcription. Nothing can be a history that is also a tirade, and even the partisan historian should avoid the vices of the scold. Americans, generally speaking, have made up their minds on the broad questions of right and wrong, of justice and injustice, that are involved in the present war, but they are not disposed to believe that the German nation is composed of criminals or that German babies are fed on a diet of warm blood. Those

who wish for a statement of sequential facts so far as those facts are known will find it here, and of a reasonable accuracy, and we can only regret that the author has so hurried them in diatribe, submerged them under invective, as to impair their value.

THE WORLD IN THE CRUCIBLE. By Sir Gilbert Parker. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.50 net.

Briefer Reviews.

"Healing Currents from the Battery of Life," by Walter de Voe (Vita Publishing Company, Cleveland, Ohio; \$1.50 net), is the rather absurd title of one of the latest volumes of a "New Thought" which tells us how we may all make ourselves healthy, wealthy, and wise by sturdily asserting to ourselves the things that are not so.

There seems to be a great deal of sound and wholesome advice in "Mothercraft," by Sarah Comstock (Hearst's International Library Company; \$1 net). The young mother is told how she should dress her baby and the various ways in which she should leave it alone, and the art of leaving a baby alone seems to be an important one.

The A. S. Barnes Company, New York, have published a volume entitled "Profitable Vocations for Boys," by E. W. Weaver, Ph. D., and J. Frank Byler, Ph. D., and containing competent reviews of a large number of occupations with their requirements and rewards. It is a book strongly to be recommended to the boy about to choose a career.

The Modern Drama Series, under the editorship of Edwin Björkman (Mitchell Kennerley), which contains already some twelve volumes, has now been reinforced by a new volume containing three plays by Maurice Donnay, translated from the French

with an introduction by Barrett H. Clark. The three plays are "Lovers," "The Free Woman," and "They." The price is \$1.50 net.

Charles Scribner's Sons have published a "Historical Geography of Bible Lands," by Richard Morse Hodge, M. A., D. D. It is intended as a manual for teachers and it contains fourteen well-printed maps with geographical notes.

"Practical Programmes for Women's Clubs," by Alice Hazen Cass (A. C. McClurg & Co.; 75 cents net), is described as "a compilation of study subjects for the use of women's clubs and similar organizations." It enumerates a large number of topics as well as sources of information concerning them.

The latest plea for the unity of the Christian churches is entitled "The Meaning of Christian Unity," by William H. Cobb (Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.25 net). Mr. Cobb's presentation is irreproachable. It is benevolent, conciliatory, and scholarly. At the same time there are obviously large numbers of Christians who will not accept his definitions of Christianity nor his interpretation of essentials. At the present moment there are some dozen Christian nations at war, and they are all praying to the same God for aid in killing each other. Under such circumstances Christian unity seems to be something of a dream.

A New Serial in the "Century."

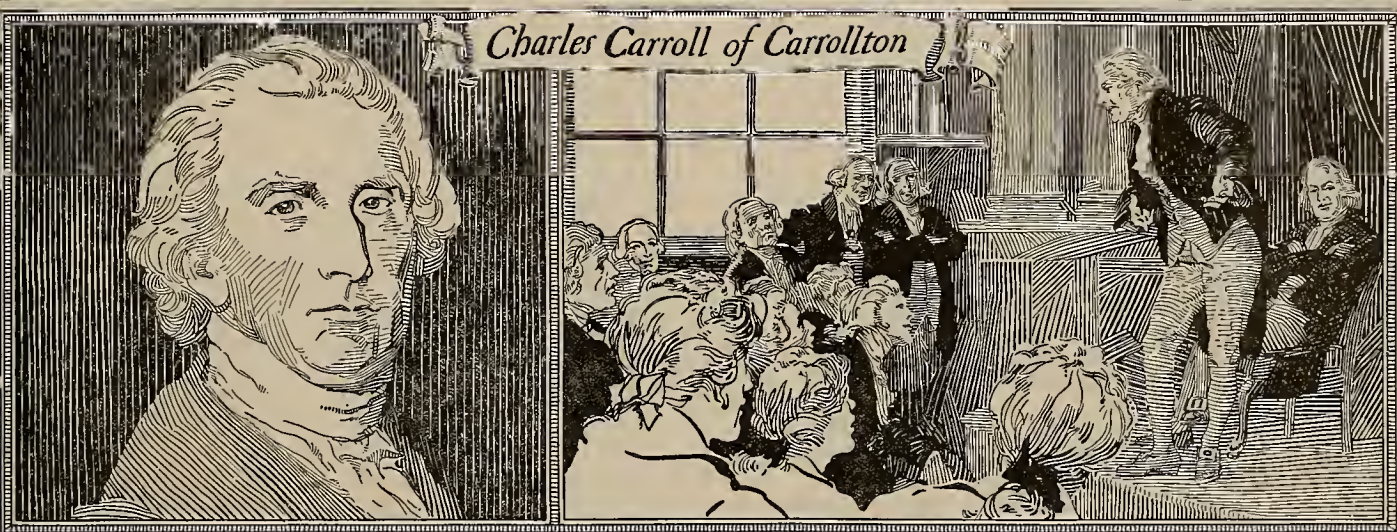
A new serial, "Dear Enemy," is announced for the Century Magazine, to begin in the August number. It is by Jean Webster, who captured the country twice with "Daddy Long Legs," once as a novel and again as a play; and though it is not a sequel its heroine

# Why did we build the Panama Canal? Why have we not built a merchant fleet to carry our flag through it to all parts of the world? Read what American shipping was when our skippers sailed the "Horn" in Ernest Poole's new novel THE HARBOR

"An extremely vivid novel."  
—Brooklyn Eagle.

\$1.40 THE MACMILLAN CO., Pub. N. Y.

was one of the characters in "Daddy Long Legs." The story is about an orphan asylum, one hundred and thirteen young residents, a crusty Scotch surgeon (far from being old himself), and Sally McBride.



"FRAMERS OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE U.S.A." No. 9

## Charles Carroll of Carrollton, Md. "Father of Religious Liberty in America"

worship at any shrine they chose to bend a knee. Of all the cavaliers of Maryland, none were more noble, and none adored Liberty more than Charles Carroll, who, with his kinsman, Archbishop John Carroll, strove for the hereditary rights of mankind to practice Civil and Religious Liberty. Carroll was one of the richest and most learned men in the Colonies, and when he proudly affixed his name to our immortal Declaration of Independence he courted the confiscation of his vast estates. A bystander facetiously remarked, as he did so, "There goes a few millions." He was elected to the National Convention which adopted the Constitution of the United States, but illness forbade his attendance. His cousin, though, Daniel Carroll, signed our National Law, which forever guarantees to Americans Civil, Religious and Personal Liberty. Carroll's manners were easy, affable and graceful; in all the elegancies of polite society few men were his superiors. His hospitality was nothing short of royal, and he was a lifetime user of light wines and barley brews. He died in his 95th year, the last survivor of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and was looked upon with reverential regard by rich and poor alike. Fifty-eight years ago Anheuser-Busch launched their great institution, and have always brewed honest beers—the kind the illustrious Carroll loved to quaff. Day by day their famous brews have grown in popular favor until 7500 people are constantly employed to keep pace with the public demand. Their great brand—BUDWEISER—because of its quality, purity, mildness and exquisite flavor, exceeds the sale of all other beers by millions of bottles.

Visitors to St. Louis are courteously invited to inspect our plant—covers 142 acres.

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Means Moderation







## THE EISTEDDFOD.

Those belligerent nations warring in Europe that propose, if victorious, to swallow the enemy whole seem to be oblivious of the tenacity of national feeling. Here is Wales, contentedly absorbed in the British Empire, and here in our country such of the Welsh as have from choice entered as citizens into American life, and yet these people continue not only to maintain an interest, but to make practical demonstration of it, in the old Welsh customs and ceremonies, the ancient literature of Wales, its music, and its language.

The Eisteddfod, or congress of bards, musicians, and poets, is one of the interesting conventions that has been held here during this year of our Exposition. Its proceedings consist, in large part, of competitions in literature and music, adjudicators of the highest standing having been selected, principally from the two Californian universities. Of course the public is not put through an essay of forty thousand words in native Welsh, but it is able to participate in some degree in the interest, as well as the pleasure, attending a musical competition. It seems to me, however, judging from one meeting I attended, that its proceedings are altogether too "folksy" for the huge and hideous Civic Auditorium. For it is of a hideousness, outside and in! How deplorably tasteless is that mingling of materials on the outside, where northern stone meets southern brick. What a chilling, forbidding mixture of staring white and cold gray meets the eye in its interior. How ugly is all that framework on the inside of the dome, how mathematically rectangular the huge doors, in the southern wall, and the dreary dark squares that look like ventilators, punctuating the lower wall-spaces. In fact our two-million-dollar structure is two million dollars gone wrong.

The Welsh local choruses, accustomed to meet in towns of various sizes, do not, apparently, practice much formality. But jokes shouted from the stage across a mighty gulf of space lose their spontaneity. The choruses sang out bravely, the women's particularly. Unfortunately I chose the wrong occasion, and did not hear the competitive choruses. Sung in combination, it was not possible to detect the specially characteristic line of different choruses. One could, however, note the unity and beauty of tone and the freshness and spiritedness of the attack.

The particularly popular solos that I heard were sung by Flestyn Davies of Tacoma, whose selections, during a baritone competition, were rendered with a peculiarly sympathetic and emotional interpretation. From a distance, however, the piano passages in "The Knight's Burial" were almost inaudible, thus demonstrating the unfitness of the Civic Auditorium for a musical festival.

The fête, or congress, continues during the week, and there will be more competitions. In some cases those participating in the literary competitions are not present, a member of the fine old Welsh name of Jones having sent out his competitive essay from Wales and won the prize.

## THE MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR.

An audience of some two thousand in number assembled on Saturday afternoon at Festival Hall to hear the Mormon singers, who were assisted by the Exposition Orchestra, with Mr. Richard Hagerman conducting. The chorus includes two hundred voices, male and female, and, under the skillful leadership of Mr. Joseph Ballantyne, is a well-trained organization. There are no ragged edges to their choral volume, which is noticeably American in tone. They are not a wholly inspiring chorus, even when they sing the religious music, which, presumably, they feel the most. Their singing is carefully, solicitously correct, so patently so that somehow it lacks in character and romantic appeal. Their best and most appreciated number at the Saturday concert was Capella's "In the Time of Roses," which was rendered with a greater effect of sympathy and congenial response.

An excellent programme was set down for the Saturday concert, but many changes were made, no doubt in response to requests. We were lucky enough, however, not to have any substitution made for Saint-Saëns's "Le roue

d'Omphale," which those who were at the first Saint-Saëns concert were well pleased to hear for a second time. This piece, with its remarkably delicate weaving of orchestral tones, played exquisitely by the Exposition Orchestra, and several soprano solos by Miss Lucy Gates, were the high lights on the programme.

The "Lucia" sextet, although of good volume, had not a well-blended effect and sounded slightly amateurish. The finale to the "Symphonie Pathétique," which we were to have heard rendered on the organ by Mr. John McClellan, gave way to the pretty, soothing, commonplace "Andantino" of Le-mare, which failed to reveal the more austere glories of the great organ. The latter seemed, by the way, as on a former occasion, unmanageable, and a little on its bad behavior, a reason, perhaps, for the change of programme.

Mr. Leon Hoffmeister, like the choir, sacrifices spontaneity and fire to anxious carefulness; besides, he blends with his otherwise virile tone an old-fashioned vibrato, and his baritone solos failed to be very moving. Miss Lucy Gates, however, has quite a remarkable soprano, a high, crystal clear, flexible organ of great purity of tone. It is too calm and cool for an operatic voice, the lady being singularly deficient in operatic temperament, although it seems she has sung successfully in opera. But it is one of that Ellen Beach Yaw kind of voices that is absolutely pure, true, and flexible as the notes of a violin. And like Ellen Beach Yaw, Miss Gates attacks the finest note partitions of the chromatic scale with a calm certainty of pitch that is justified by the brilliant result. And again, like Ellen Beach Yaw, she accomplishes the most brilliant vocal feats with prosaic calm. She sang the bell-song from "Lakme" brilliantly and beautifully; her second number, a dreamy sort of reverie, was rendered with great sweetness and an effect of less emotional detachment than with the others, and the Eckert "Echo Song," too, was a remarkable exhibition of beautifully graduated tone.

These musical festivals are adding greatly to the entertaining capacities of the city during this gala year. The public feels and testifies interest.

Judging from its public performances, the punctuality followed in presenting its concerts, the common sense prevailing in the matter of encores, and the general smoothness, style, and finish of its musical work, the Mormon Tabernacle Choir is an organization to inspire respect. Official efficiency as well as musical talent characterize its workings, and one feels that the social life of a community revolving around such an organized group can not but be the better for it.

## THE ORPHEUM.

Plenty of variety characterizes the Orpheum bill of the week, assisted by—to quote from Nan Halperin's programme heading—"some personality." The blonde Southern hostess has some; so has the silent Bert Melrose—as a clown, one should add; so has Allen Dinehart.

Although we may be a trifle rebellious over Nan Halperin's assertion of possessing an attraction, the insistence of which causes it partly to evaporate, even so one can not deny to that pretty and clever little entertainer the possession of a charm which should be felt but never advertised. Over-insistence, however, is Nan Halperin's fault. She has plenty of qualities—prettiness, daintiness; power of mimicry; her take-off on an operatic aria is very funny and extremely clever; a small, sweet, well-controlled voice, the unexpected strength of which she holds in skillful reserve, to exhibit only at psychological moments; a dainty little figure, pretty, appealing eyes, pretty skin, pretty hair; but each and all of these gifts seem to be ticked off, listed, appraised, and exhibited in a calm, businesslike spirit which rather interferes with the magic of the vaunted personality.

Allan Dinehart, in "The Meanest Man in the World," exhibits a forthright, George Byron sort of histrionic talent, which enables him to shine with some lustre in the rôle of the aspiring young lawyer. The episode in the play is short, but complete, only two characters being necessary to convey it. Mary Louise Dyer is also more than satisfactory in the rôle of the business young woman who is in a hole, and being given a nice little play with a nice little motive, and two interesting players to convey these things to the understanding, the audience found itself in high good humor with "The Meanest Man in the World."

Nobody ever complains of the lack of appreciation of a vaudeville audience, or at least very rarely. Sunday's audience was an especially nice one. It did full justice to the work of a superior pianist, Miss Katherine Ruth Heyman being programmed for the solos, one by Chopin, the other by Paganini-Liszt. The audience listened with pleasure, watching with fascination the wonderfully supple wrist and finger-play of the per-

former's slender, beautiful, flexible hands, while she wove intricate webs of Chopin arpeggios. A unanimous demand for an encore caused the tactful artist temporarily to abandon the rarer and more delicate delights she was offering, and she pleased her vaudeville audience by playing a sort of musical sublimation of what seemed to be that old dinky lay: "I'll bet my money on the hob-tailed nag; doo-dah-dey."

"The Volunteers," by George Botsford and Jean C. Havez, turned out to be a good, old-fashioned, ringing quartet. The audience fell with rapture into the tenor's pretense of being an awkward amateur, and he carried out his gaucheries so successfully that a certain proportion in front, no doubt, firmly believed in their genuineness.

Gus Edwards's "New Song Revue of 1915," performed largely by juveniles or semi-juvenile experts who sing, dance, give imitations, etc., hit the fancy of the audience, who always enjoy this sort of thing, and whose appreciation was fully deserved by the talented young performers. In "Little Georgie" I suppose we see the beginnings of a future star in musical comedy. "Cute Cuddles" is a beautiful child whose precocious experience will lead her, no doubt, into the limelight of future histrionic prominence. How calm, how wonderfully, dauntingly calm and expert these child performers are before their public. In fact, they have no real childhood of soul. One can see in the curiously developed intelligence—or is it shrewdness?—of their expression that they have been cheated out of their childhood. Even upon the baby features of the tiny darky one remarks the calm of professional experience. The children, as well as the adolescents in the company, have good voices and are well trained. Everything goes like clockwork, from the skillful bowing of little Betty Washington to the concerted singing and dancing of the whole big company.

The Misses Campbell's act is novel and amusing. The blue-silk girl has the skill and temperament for vaudeville and Miss Buff Velvet has a sort of physical and vocal solidity which make her a valuable accessory.

The "Marion Morgan Classic Art Dancers" quite deserve their sounding title. The costuming, with its Leon Bakst suggestion, the preliminary posing, which recalls Greek friezes, and the novel, spirited, and gracefully suggestive dances, all are above the ordinary, and tend to impress upon the mind that this prolonged dancing mania of the American people is gradually passing through a series of evolutions. The primitive, the darky-barbaric, the merely vulgar and violent dances are passing, and since there are so many of these groups giving graceful, charming, and meaningful dances, there is hope for the stage dances of the future here in America. The Russian Ballet has left its trace, and Moscow is having a hand in moulding American standards.

Although a left-over, Bert Melrose's clowning and acrobatic skill makes of his act one of the notable ones of the programme. The whole act works up to the final fall, and is a very clever piece of acrobatic fooling. One continually heard childish screams of ecstasy as the prettily awkward climber builded his tower, but it was observable that the

grown people were gradually worked up to the point of contributing their share of starts, outcries, and laughter. The performer, as he oscillated on his tower of tables, kept his audience in a similar state of oscillation. They vibrated between uneasiness and wild laughter, and a universal whoop went up when the magnificent climax came and the fifteen minutes' suspense was over.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

## A Literary Curiosity.

Quite recently there appeared in London a literary curiosity in the form of a cylindrical phonograph record which reproduces Browning's voice in an attempt to recite "How They Brought the Good News." The attempt is not altogether successful, for he is forced to stop in the middle of the poem, declaring with a hearty laugh that he can not remember any more. The record was made in 1889, but the poem was written, curiously enough, on board ship "in pencil on the flyleaf of Bartoli's 'Simboli,'" in the spring of 1838, so it is not surprising that fifty years after the poet broke down in the middle and could not recall the lines (says the Boston Transcript). As a matter of fact, Browning did not exercise himself in the way of repeating his own poems to the same extent as other poets have done. When he was asked to read aloud he would comply, with the reservation "No R. B. tonight"; then, with a smile, "Let us have some real poetry," and his choice would be Shelley or Keats, Coleridge or Tennyson, though he once threatened a hostess with one of his "toughest poems" as a punishment for the crime of not possessing Shakespeare. From the fragment of recitation which the phonograph has retained, Browning lovers of the younger generation will be able to reconstruct Rossetti's description of his manner of reading, "like that of an actor laying stress on all the light and shade of the composition," wholly different from Tennyson's "slightly chanting intonation," as it was from Swinburne's high-pitched fervor, of which Mr. Gosse has given us so striking a picture. Of Tennyson and Swinburne, as far as one knows, there exist no phonographic records, so that the truth of the contrast made between them can not be put to a test by their posterity, but one would like to know whether younger poets have considered their duty in the matter of having themselves "recorded."

Walter Mocchi, the Italian impresario, who has formed an important new operatic combination which includes La Scala, Milan; Teatre Costanzi, Rome, and Teatro Colon, Buenos Aires, is also negotiating to secure control of the Reale, Lisbon, and the Liceo, Barcelona. Mr. Mocchi, if he succeeds in obtaining these two additional theatres, will be the biggest director of opera in Europe, controlling the five largest and most important privately owned opera houses.

Edoardo Ferrari-Fontana, Metropolitan Opera tenor, will on his forthcoming tour visit the Pacific Coast in concert recital with his wife, Margarete Matzenauer. Ferrari-Fontana is the tenor who made the great success in "L'Amore de Tre Re" at the Metropolitan Opera House last season.

## Yosemite

## By Day or Night

From San Francisco

\$23.00 Daily \$20.00 Fridays and Saturdays

3 Months Return Limit

15 Days Return Limit

Includes Auto-Stage from El Portal to hotels and camps in center of Park.

Auto-Stage from Yosemite to Wawona and Mariposa Big Tree Grove and return \$15.00 extra.

Above all, See Yosemite

—Its domes and cliffs, its flowered meadows, its glorious waterfalls.



## Two Daily Trains

From Ferry Station

9:20 A. M.—Cafe-Observation Car.  
11:40 P. M.—Pullman open for occupancy at Oakland Pier at 9:50 P. M.

## A Third Train on Saturdays

7:20 A. M.—Lunch at Merced Dinner in Yosemite



FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Mrs. Campbell in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray."

The problem of the tainted woman—the eternal theme of the builders of problem plays—is treated in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," the first of the series of plays that have come from the pen of Arthur Wing Pinero, which will be presented by Mrs. Patrick Campbell at the Columbia Theatre next Monday night, August 2d, and all week.

Paula Tanqueray is a woman whose reputation for moral and social regeneration through marriage to a man who, knowing her, is eager to help her realize them, brings about a situation of relentless tragedy, from which the only escape is her own suicide.

It is a powerful and concrete statement of the proposition that the wages of sin is death. Yet another sort of woman is tainted as Paula, but with a talent for social management, or the power of inspiring affection in others—two qualities not at all inconsistent with such a character—might have made a certain success of the experiment that Paula tried. But accepting the premises as Pinero lays them down, the tragedy of that marriage is certain from the outset, and the play itself, through its resolute facing of the truth, through its natural and logical development, and through the cumulative effect of the action, becomes one of the most powerful tragedies in modern dramatic literature. The Paula of Mrs. Patrick Campbell bears the stamp of authenticity. She it was who created the part, and she it is who played it with the most impressive artistry.

During Mrs. Campbell's engagement at the Columbia special-priced matinees are given on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Two Novel Events at Festival Hall.

La Loie Fuller, "Mistress of Light," will give her last performance of the month at Festival Hall this—Saturday—afternoon, and on Sunday afternoon one of the most interesting and novel concerts in the musical history of San Francisco, and, for that matter, of the entire country, will take place in the spacious auditorium, the occasion being known as "American Composers' Day."

From the fact that so many of the foremost composers of this country are in the neighborhood, drawn by the many activities of the Exposition, Director of Music George W. Stewart has been able to prepare a programme remarkable in every way. It will consist of nothing but works of native writers, and each composition, with one exception, will be conducted by the composer in person. The one exception will be the Concerto for Piano-forte in C sharp minor, by Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, played by the composer, but conducted by Richard Hageman. George W. Chadwick, the eminent writer of symphonic and chamber music, will lead the Exposition Orchestra of eighty musicians in his overtures, "Melpomene" and "Euterpe," and Miss Mabel W. Daniels, whose father, George F. Daniels, was president of the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston for many years, will conduct the orchestra in her poem for baritone, "The Desolate City," which will be sung by Cecil Fanning. Miss Daniels has as wide a reputation for conducting as she has for composing. Dr. Horatio Parker of Yale University, whose \$10,000 prize opera, "Fairyland," recently created a furor in Los Angeles, will wave the baton over his overture, "Northern Legend," and Frederick Stock, conductor of the Theodore Thomas Orchestra of Chicago, will direct a "Symphonic Sketch" and "Symphonic Waltz" of his own composition. Ernest R. Kroeger of St. Louis, renowned pianist, organist, and composer, will lead the four movements of his suite, "Lalla Rookh," and Carl Busch of Kansas City, whose choral works are known the world over, will interpret his tone-poem, "Minnehaha's Vision." Last but not least comes our own California composer, W. J. McCoy, whose "Hamadryads" is so well known, and his offering will be the prelude to the third act of his opera, "Egypt."

Seats may be obtained at the Exposition box-office, 343 Powell Street, and the large seating capacity of Festival Hall should be taxed to its utmost on the afternoon of the concert.

Second Week of "Omar," at the Cort.

Omar Khayyam has come down out of the mysterious past, and is living his life over again for the pleasure of local theatre-goers at the Cort, where Guy Bates Post will commence on Sunday evening the second week of his engagement in Richard Walton Tully's massive Oriental spectacle, "Omar the Tentmaker." The play might be likened to an Arabian Nights' tale in Persian scenes, gorgeous in color, bursting with action, and embellished with stagecraft of the highest order. Its unusual qualities are attracting capacity audiences at each performance and the large advance sale for next week indicates a continuing of this condition.

Mr. Tully's play becomes enhanced in fascination through repeated viewings. Glowing as it does with the mad, glad spirit of the East, it alternately thrills its audiences by

the horror of its tragedies and enchants them by the beauty of its love scenes. It is a skillful welding of intrigue, permitting slinking assassins to thrust glistening knives through unsuspecting shoulder blades, while in the next instant beautifully arrayed beings are making love with Romeo-like passion in rose-bowered gardens at sunset.

Much of the success attending "Omar, the Tentmaker," is due without a doubt to the acting of Mr. Post in the title-role. As the youthful student, the middle-aged poet, the elderly philosopher, Mr. Post at all times reads his melodious and graceful lines with animation and feeling. His happy lover is fully as convincing as his matured and sobered philosopher.

A succession of stage pictures of rare beauty are provided, although at no time does the frame distract attention from the figures. Incidental music composed by Anita Baldwin, which is also harmoniously unobtrusive, is sensed vaguely during much of the performance. This incidental music is rendered by an enlarged orchestra under the direction of Maurice Nitke. It is worthy of note that Mr. Post is still supported by the same large and superb company that surrounded him on the occasion of his engagement last summer.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

William Morris, one of the cleverest and most popular leading men Charles Frohman ever had, and subsequently a most successful star, will be the headline attraction next week at the Orpheum. Mr. Morris will present a condensed version of the famous farce, "Mrs. Temple's Telegram," in which he originally played the leading rôle.

A special feature of excellence and extraordinary interest will be the famous Orquesta Torrellanca of twenty pieces, which is the finest musical organization of Mexico. Attired in the picturesque costume of their native land, these musicians play from their immense repertory classical, national, operatic, and popular numbers. Every one of them is a graduate of the National Conservatory of Music of the City of Mexico, which ranks with the leading conservatories of Europe. Señora Rivera, who accompanies the orchestra as vocal soloist, is the possessor of a lyric soprano voice of unusual sweetness and flexibility.

Stewart Jackson and Dorothy Wahl, musical-comedy favorites, who are meeting with great success in vaudeville, will present a diverting skit entitled "Before the Theatre," in which singing, dancing, and piano playing are introduced with enjoyable effect.

James Teddy, the "Champion Jumper of the World," will give an exhibition of his marvelous skill in leaping. He held the Victor International Championship during 1911, 1912, and 1913.

Allan Dinehart and his company, in Everett S. Ruskay's sketch, "The Meanest Man in the World"; Nan Halperin, the singing comedienne; "The Volunteers," and Gus Edwards and His Song Revue of 1915 will conclude their engagements with this bill.

"Fear," Pantages Theatre Headliner.

The success following the initial production of the Holbrook Blinn thriller under the direction of Milton Stallard has encouraged the management of the Pantages Theatre to present several of the most popular of the playlets of the Princess Theatre in San Francisco, Oakland, and Los Angeles. Next week "Fear," the tense one-act play that had all this city talking last season when the piece was produced by the Blinn players at the Columbia, will be offered, with J. Anthony Smythe in the principal rôle of Beverly, the civil service official whose heart is filled with terror at the thought of being stricken with the plague, and who kills in cold blood his associate, whom he suspects is tainted with the disease. Stallard will give "Fear" a splendid production from a scenic effect. James Dillon, who won favor as the junior lieutenant in "Across the Border," will be cast for a strong part in "Fear."

Ethel Davis, always a favorite at the Pantages, and her "Baby Dolls," will return with a revised edition of her rollicking nautical musical farce, "The Candy Ship." Miss Davis and the dolls are introducing a novelty in a girls' "Charlie Chaplin Contest." Gus Leonard, the veteran German comedian, is supporting Miss Davis.

Jessie Hayward, assisted by Leon Hahn, has a jolly little sketch with a real plot entitled "The Quitter."

Bigelow, Campbell, and Rayden, a trio of rousing cabaret singers, are a feature of the new bill.

Neuss and Eldrid, a duo of Continental comedians, have a burlesque acrobatic act called "The Yabank Guardsmen."

Fred Rodgers, a colored dancing comedian, and Farwell, the human band, are other acts.

The Beethoven Musical Festival.

All preparations have been completed for the holding of the Beethoven Festival of Music at the Civic Centre Auditorium, Larkin and Grove Streets, next Friday and Sat-

urday nights and Sunday afternoon, August 6th, 7th, and 8th.

The Beethoven Festival of Music is epoch-making on its account of its general "bigness" and the amount of time and money expended. A symphony orchestra, the largest ever assembled in San Francisco, will be conducted by Alfred Hertz, the leader from the Metropolitan Opera House, New York; Marcella Craft, soprano, from the Royal Opera, Munich; Ernestine Schumann-Heink, contralto; Paul Althouse, tenor, and Arthur Middleton, bass-baritone, all from the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, and the largest choruses ever heard in San Francisco will appear on every programme of the festival.

In addition to the performance of the Ninth Symphony, the greatest work of that master of absolute music, Ludwig von Beethoven, there will be programmes filled to the brim and overflowing with good things; one of the outstanding features of the festival being Schumann-Heink's singing of Schubert's "Die Allmacht" (The Almighty), accompanied by the symphony orchestra of 100 musicians. Liszt considered this the greatest song ever written, and declared that no singer would ever attain its overwhelming possibilities.

There will be a special stage, special boxes, and seating arrangements provided by the Beethoven Festival, and it is promised that the Auditorium will leave nothing to be desired as regards the comfort of the public.

Complete programmes, seat plans, and tickets are at the offices of Sherman, Clay & Co. and Kohler & Chase.

Margaret Anglin in Greek Plays.

Margaret Anglin's forthcoming revivals of three of the greatest works of the ancient Greek dramatists is directing the attention of all lovers of the classic drama to the Greek Theatre, Berkeley, where the plays will be presented in the following order: Saturday evening, August 14th, the "Iphigenia in Aulis" of Euripides; Saturday evening, August 21st, the "Medea" of Euripides, and Saturday evening, August 28th, the "Electra" of Sophocles.

Much has been written in commendation of Miss Anglin's previous productions of Greek drama in English on the same stage—the "Antigone" in 1910 and the "Electra" in 1913—which notable performances, it can not be denied, enhanced her reputation as an artist and widened her sphere of influence. For the past year she and her associates have been preparing for her forthcoming Greek festival in Berkeley. Hard labor, vast research, and discriminating study have assembled the materials for these notable revivals by Miss Anglin and her fellow-players on the dates indicated.

The plays selected by Miss Anglin undisputedly belong to the best works of the greatest of the ancient Greek dramatists, and the cast of principals which she has assembled for the interpretation of the texts will insure careful, intelligent, and scholarly reading of the classic lines. Miss Anglin will, of course, play the title character in each tragedy, and the other characters will be in the hands of well-known and capable classic actors, including Fuller Melish, Ruth Holt Boucicault, Pedro de Cordoba, Howard Lindsey, Lawson Buttr, and others. Rehearsals are now in daily progress under the personal direction of Miss Anglin and Gustave von Sieffertitz, the noted stage director of classic drama. Livingston Platt, the designer of the costumes and stage decorations, will superintend the technical side and the stage lighting of the productions. Walter Damrosch, who has composed the musical settings for each play, will arrive in Berkeley today to select and rehearse the choruses. Mr. Damrosch will also personally conduct the orchestra of sixty instruments at each performance. Upward of two hundred supernumeraries will be employed in the "Iphigenia."

The seat sale for all performances will open on August 9th.

The Bohemian Grove Play.

The annual presentation of the Bohemian Grove Play will take place this year at the Cort Theatre, Tuesday afternoon, August 10th, at 3 o'clock. The book is entitled "Apollo," by the librettist, Frank Pixley, and the music is by Edward F. Schneider, composer of "The Triumph of Bohemia," a great success of former years. "The Dance of the Saplings," by Mr. Schneider, is well remembered. The principal soloists of the afternoon will be George Hamlin, the tenor, and Clarence Whitehill, basso. Mail orders, accompanied by check, will be received at the Bohemian Club and filled as near the location desired as is possible.

Harry Leon Wilson's amusing novel, "Ruggles of Red Gap," has been dramatized by Harrison Rhodes.

Peru is making its own Portland cement. Heretofore it has been dependent on other countries.

AMUSEMENTS

FESTIVAL HALL  
EXPOSITION GROUNDS

This Saturday afternoon at 2:30, LA LOIE FULLER and Her Wonderful Dancing Girls, with Exposition Orchestra.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, at 2:30,

GRAND CONCERT

Conducted by Distinguished

AMERICAN COMPOSERS

Including Dr. Horatio Parker, Ernest R. Kroeger, Carl Busch, Frederick Stock, Miss Mabel W. Daniels, George W. Chadwick, and W. J. McCoy. Piano-forte Concerto played by Mrs. H. H. A. Beach.

Seats, 50c to \$1. On sale at Exposition box-office, 343 Powell Street. Phone—Sutter 6646.

THE BEETHOVEN  
FESTIVAL OF MUSIC

CIVIC CENTER AUDITORIUM

FRIDAY, Aug. 6, at 9 p. m.

SATURDAY, Aug. 7, at 9 p. m.

SUNDAY, Aug. 8, at 3:15 p. m.

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## VANITY FAIR.

One of the most striking evidences of the mental degeneracy of the day is our willingness to tolerate purity congresses and to listen to the *bandur log* who address them. No intelligent human being ever yet supposed that purity could be advanced by a congress. To suppose that the strongest elemental force of human nature can be restrained by the reading of silly papers to an assemblage of maiden ladies of both sexes is about as intelligent as to sing symms to Mount Lassen or to send a portrait of Miss Addams to the Czar of Russia. Now it may willingly be conceded that most of the people who go to these congresses are reasonably pure, except in their minds. They look it. One can hardly suppose either that any one has ever wished to tempt them or that they could be the cause of temptation to others. For the most part they are merely unpleasant people who are making strenuous efforts to acquire notoriety and cash by a venomous abuse of others. And of course they are prigs. Personally we have no intention to depart from that rigid purity first acquired at an early age by liberal applications of talcum powder, and maintained by resistance and prayer, but if we should ever fall from grace it will be after reading the report of a purity congress. And if we should actually attend a purity congress we should probably finish up at the Barbary Coast.

Take, for example, the case of the Rev. Albion Smith, who unburdened his alleged mind a few days ago at the Civic Auditorium. The Rev. Albion Smith lectures on the subject of purity, and doubtless finds it a highly profitable topic, but why he should indulge also in a diatribe on the mental inferiority of women is a little hard to explain. One would suppose that he would avoid such a subject, since he would certainly have to travel far afield before discovering any mind inferior to his own. The jewelry, finery, silks, and satins that women wear, says Smith, are an open admission of women's inferiority to men, and they wear these gewgaws to make up for their mental deficiencies. And then this offensive person concludes with a warning: "Beware, ladies; if you would not be thought inferior to men, wear stiff shirts and derby hats." One is inclined to wonder if there was no convenient and adjacent borsertrough.

Apparently this clerical imbecile supposes that to wear beautiful things is a mark of mental inferiority and that if women wish to prove their intellectual values they must dress like he does. One wonders if he is familiar with the costumes worn by men of intellect in the middle ages, in ancient Rome, by the military commanders of all periods of history? Did he ever see a portrait of Napoleon in his court robes, or of the great figures of the Directory? Did he ever see the costume of a cardinal of the Roman church? And it would also be interesting to know if he ever saw an Episcopal bishop in his full war paint, and whether he thinks that such a figure of fun as this can be described as radiating what can be called intelligence.

It seems a little derogatory to one's natural human dignity to enter into any sort of discussion with a purity parson, but then this particular column is, in a sense, licensed to talk about silly subjects and therefore Smith is not wholly out of place therein. And so we may suggest for the edification of Smith, and in language simplified, so far as may be, to suit Smith's mental capacities, that women of intellect have usually been distinguished, not by the ugliness of their clothing, but by its beauty, and that a "stiff shirt and a Derby hat" may be taken as indications, not of a strong mind, but of a weak one, perhaps even of a diseased one. And in conclusion it may be said that references to the superiority of the male mind proceed from mental abysses that, it may be confessed frankly, are beyond our reach. There is hardly a beautiful or an intelligent thing in American life that would not die of inanition but for the support of well-dressed women. And so we will bid an unregretful farewell to Smith. He is described as a traveler and therefore we may hope that he will now proceed to travel.

A correspondent of the New York *Sun* communicates to that newspaper the astounding discovery that a person who wears diamonds always uses the "diamond" hand to allay irritation of the face by rubbing. Thereupon another correspondent asserts that he has long been aware of the medicinal properties of the diamond. He says that a friend of his whose wife was "so sick that she could not lift her hand to her head" cured his better half by the purchase of a stone weighing but the eighth of a carat.

Still, another correspondent writes on the subject of feminine unpunctuality. Defending the sex, he says that there are some women who exact punctuality from their women friends. A lady of his acquaintance said: "Why, just think of it! I had an appointment to meet Lillian at her apartment

to go out at 1 o'clock. I didn't get there until 1:45 o'clock myself, and do you think she was ready? No, indeed, she was just taking a bath."

A report of a trial in New York relates that certain evidence was about to be given by a Mrs. Merrill. Justice Hendrick, we are told, assumed that her testimony would be unpleasant to the ears of many present and so he announced that as "the witness will touch on vile subjects I will give every opportunity for women to withdraw." There were twenty-four women in the courtroom, and most of them were as close to the witness stand as they could get. One went out, and for the moment the heart of the judge was inflated by hope. But she came back again. We do not know the nature of Mrs. Merrill's testimony. It was unsuited to the columns of a newspaper read by men. One can not be too careful of the purity of the male mind.

A certain item of information in regard to the free marriage bureau in New York causes us to reflect dubiously upon some of our social and religious sanctities. The fact that the officiating functionaries are not allowed to charge a fee has served somewhat to diminish their hymeneal ardors, and we are told that upon a recent occasion forty young couples were kept waiting for five hours before the proper person could be induced to come and marry them. But when he did come he certainly made up for lost time. He married the whole batch in twenty-seven minutes and six seconds, which seems to be an average of forty seconds and thirteen-twentieths of a second for each couple. The calculation may be inaccurate, but it is the best we can do on our present salary. It is close enough. Now if any of these young couples should have decided to dispense with the five hours' wait, which can hardly be regarded as part of the ceremony, and with the subsequent gabbled incantation which occupied the forty-odd seconds, the purity people would have reared themselves on their hind legs and we should have heard their indignant chattering as they scampered about in the tree-tops. Those young people would have been labeled immoral. They would be understood to have broken the law of God. With the incantation they are good citizens and redolent of the odors of sanctity. Without the incantation they are bad citizens and will probably go to hell. There seems to be something wrong somewhere, some misconception, some false standard of value. But let us hope that the couples who crowd the municipal marriage bureau in New York are not much given to thinking about things. Let us hope that they will continue to accept the teachings of their pastors and masters. For if they should begin to think there might be something doing that would cause the purity people not only to stand on their hind legs, but even to swing by their tails in indignant protest.

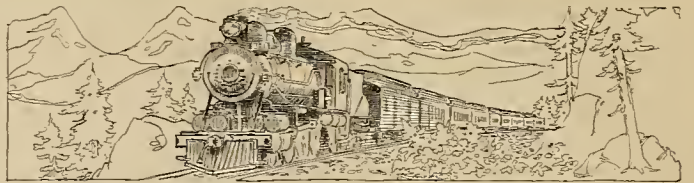
Welsh is taught in the public schools of Wales, is universally spoken there, and is extensively spoken in this country. The language is not closely related to the Irish and Highland Gaelic, but is of the same branch as the ancient Cornish and Breton languages.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A country convert, full of zeal, in his first prayer-meeting remarks, offered himself for service. "I am ready to do anything the Lord asks of me," said he, "so long as it's honorable."

A very bald-headed man went into a barber-shop and plumping himself down in the chair, said: "Hair cut!" The barber looked at him a moment and replied: "Why, man, you don't need no hair cut—what you want is a shine."

The little eight-year-old girl was crouched on her father's lap watching her mother, who was "waving" her hair. Every once in a while the baby fingers would slide over the smooth and glossy pate which is father's. "No waves for you, father," remarked the little one. "You're all heach."

Two old Scotsmen were one day disputing as to who remembered the windier day. "I mind it bein' sic a win," said one, "that it took the craws three 'oors to flee hame frae the dominie's field, an' that's no mair than a mile." "Hoot, mon!" the other replied, "I've seen that that windy that the craws had to walk hame."

The ship's chaplain had always advised the crew to "Look above when you are in deep trouble." An English Jacky in the Dardanelles thought of this when the forts opened fire and a submarine was doing its best to let go a torpedo. "I looked up," says the sailor, "an' hlow nie, if there aint an aeroplane tryin' to drop bloomin' bombs on us."

A woman, in search of a certain kind of basket, made the salesman reach down every article of that nature on the shelves except two. Then she said, as she turned away: "I only came to look for one of my friends." "Madam," said the weary salesman, "if you have the slightest idea that your friend is in either of the other two baskets, I shall be pleased to take them down."

The possessor of unfailing tact is a fortunate being. Sometimes even a person of great experience will, however, in distress, say the wrong thing. A certain clergyman was officiating at a funeral of a wealthy parishioner. He was particularly anxious to show his good feeling and sympathy; so at a critical moment during the funeral services, he turned to the congregation and said: "Dearly beloved, many a time I have dangled this corpse upon my knee."

A man was walking along the street, and he saw a house on fire. He rushed across the way and rang the bell. After some time a lady, who proved to be the slightly deaf, appeared at the door. "Madam, your house is on fire." "What did you say?" The man began dancing up and down. He pointed above. "I said your house is afire! Flames bursting out! No time to lose!" "What did you say?" "House afire! Quick!" The lady smiled. "Is that all?" she said sweetly. "Well," replied the man hopelessly, "that's all I can think of just now."

A Sunday-school teacher, after conducting a lesson on the story of "Jacob's Ladder," concluded by saying: "Now, is there any little girl or boy who would like to ask a question about the lesson?" Little Susie looked puzzled for a moment, and then raised her hand. "A question, Susie?" asked the teacher. "I would like to know," said Susie, "if the angels have wings why did they have to climb up the ladder?" The teacher thought for some moments, and then, looking about the class, asked: "Is there any little boy who would like to answer Susie's question?"

Judge Hermand, the famous Scotch jurist, believed in good liquor as some folks believe in the Golden Rule. Said he, addressing the jury in a manslaughter case, in an effort to induce them to hang the culprit: "We are told that there was malice, and that the prisoner must have been in liquor. In liquor! Why, he was drunk! And yet he murdered the very man who had been drinking with him! They had been carousing the whole night, and yet he stabbed him after drinking a whole bottle of rum with him! Good God, my laards, if he will do this when he's drunk what will he not do when he's sober?"

A very mild-mannered minister of religion had been displeased with the quality of milk supplied to him from the dairy. At length, largely at the instigation of his wife, he determined to remonstrate with the milkman. His wife begged him to put the case quite strongly, to threaten prosecution, and, indeed, to terrify the milkman generally. "I've been desiring to see you, sir," he began, "in regard to the milk which you are serving to us." "Certainly, sir," replied the milkman; "is any-

thing wrong with it?" "Not at all, not at all, I assure you. I merely feared that they were under some misapprehension. I do not want the milk for christenings, but for dietary purposes exclusively. Is my meaning clear?"

Miss Brightman kept a very attractive little tea room, and when away on a business trip recently she left it in charge of a young woman clerk. The morning she returned she did not think things looked quite as neat and attractive as usual. "You know, Miss Bristol," remarked the proprietress, as she glanced around, "there is a great deal in having your sandwiches look attractive." "Yes, Miss Brightman, I know it," was the reply. "I have done everything I could while you were away. I have dusted those sandwiches every morning for the last ten days."

The village was held fast in the grip of a revival. The preacher had been extolling the beauties of heaven and painting in lurid lines the terrors of souls in torment. "Now," he thundered, "all you who would take the heavenly journey stand up." The congregation rose as one—at least so it seemed. But the preacher from the eminence of the pulpit espied one who remained seated. Feeling that much was amiss, he descended and spoke to the wretched man. "My poor friend," he began, "would you not like to go to heaven, too?" "Oh, I'd like to go well enough," the man replied; "but I aint goin' with any excursion."

In the large dining-room of the Hotel Marseilles in New York hangs a large equestrian painting representing General Robert E. Lee. Recently a lady on the West Side gave a bridge party at the hotel in aid of her pet charity. Among the players was a modern Mrs. Malaprop, a typical "climber" with considerably less education than cash. Consequently she was never backward with misinformation on most any subject that came up. During a cessation in the play one of the ladies expressed admiration of the picture and a desire to know whom it represented. It was Mrs. Malaprop's opportunity. "That, my dear," she assertively explained, "is General Marseilles, a noted Frenchman, for whom the hotel is named."

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Evening Fad.

Time was that when my day was done  
The evening was a time for rest,  
I puffed my pipe and watched the sun  
In glory sinking in the west.  
I knew contentment that was real  
Not longer than two years ago,  
But now when finished is the meal  
She drags me to a picture show.

No more the splendid hour of peace  
That once I knew I now possess,  
When all my daily struggles cease  
There is no balm of happiness  
Refreshing, cool, to soothe my brow,  
No restful hour that I may know,  
For when we've finished dinner now  
She drags me to a picture show.

Each evening I must sit and see  
The widow's little baby die;  
Must gaze on acts of villainy;  
The soldiers put to death a spy,  
A dam destroyed by dynamite,  
Which brings from her a frightened "Oh!"  
And every other dreadful sight  
That constitute a picture show.

I've gazed on Farnum's curly locks  
Until I wish that he were bald,  
I've seen the self-same pile of rocks  
By every mountain title called.  
I've seen him lick a dozen men  
In combat with a single blow,  
But after supper, once again  
She drags me to a picture show.

Oh for the nights that I once knew  
Before the picture craze began,  
When once his daily tasks were through  
There was no place to take a man,  
Then I could sit in real delight  
And watch the people come and go,  
But now—I'll bet again tonight  
She'll drag me to a picture show.  
—Edgar A. Guest, in Detroit Free Press.

Scientific Agriculture.

When we found out that dynamite, when planted  
In the soil,  
Would free its pent-up nitrogen and save us all  
The toil  
Of hoeing fertilizer in among our garden truck,  
We instantly discerned that we were in uncommon  
luck.  
And so we bought a lot of it and planted it one  
night,  
Observing, "This year, anyway, we'll raise that  
garden right."

Next day we took our trusty hoe to clear the  
weeds away  
And spread the helpful nitrogen around the  
sodden clay.  
We must have been a mite too strong and hoed a  
bit too hard,  
For presently we wakened in a total stranger's  
yard.  
We now partake of sustenance from off the pantry  
shelf.  
But still, the scheme worked out all right. The  
garden raised itself.  
—J. J. Montague, in New York American.




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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mrs. Ferdinand Randall Bain of New York has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Beatrice Wooster Miller, to First Lieutenant Harry Gantz, junior military aviator of the Signal Corps, U. S. A. Miss Miller's father was the late Mr. Charles Wooster Miller, who resided in this city many years ago. He was president of the Huntington-Hopkins Company. She is a cousin of Mr. Earl Miller. The wedding will take place Wednesday, September 1st, in the Church of All-Saints-by-the-Sea in Montecito.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. Harrison have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Teresa Harrison, to Mr. Andrew Werner Lawson, son of Professor Andrew Lawson of the Mining College of the University of California, and Mrs. Lawson. Miss Harrison is a sister of Mrs. Melvin Puff, the Misses Mary and Agnes Harrison, and the Messrs. Edward, Maurice, and Gregory Harrison.

The engagement of Miss Ethel MacFadyen and Mr. Vernon Short was announced at a tea given by Mrs. Irving Wright and Mrs. Raymond Wilson at the latter's home in Berkeley in honor of Miss Daisy Polk and Mrs. Thomas Ricard. Miss MacFadyen is the daughter of Mrs. Frances MacFadyen and a sister of Mr. Ralph MacFadyen.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert I. Bentley have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Esther Bentley, to Mr. Stanley Powell, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Powell of Berkeley.

Mrs. Charles O. Alexander entertained a number of friends at a tea Tuesday afternoon at her apartment at Stanford Court.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Stotesbury entertained forty friends at a dinner Sunday evening at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander were the complimented guests at a dinner given by Mrs. George T. Marye, Jr., in the rose room at the Hotel St. Francis.

Miss Alice Ames Robbins was hostess last week at a tea at the New York State building, where she entertained a number of friends who were asked to meet Mrs. Clarence Rice of New York.

Mrs. George M. Pinckard entertained a number of guests at a luncheon Friday at the Town and Country Club. The affair was complimentary to Mrs. Charles B. Alexander.

Mrs. James Potter Langhorne gave a tea Friday afternoon at her home on Pacific Avenue in honor of her sister-in-law, Mrs. W. W. Gwathney, of Norfolk, Virginia.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Tubbs gave a dinner at their home on Broadway Wednesday evening, when they entertained a dozen friends.

Mrs. Philip Van Horne Lansdale gave a dinner recently in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Ansel Phelps of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Willard entertained a number of friends at a supper Thursday evening at the Hotel St. Francis in honor of Mr. Willard's daughter, Mrs. Max Garber.

Mr. and Mrs. John McNear entertained a number of friends at a dinner Thursday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Pulitzer of New York.

Mrs. Russell Wilson was hostess at a luncheon Thursday at her country home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Philip Van Horne Lansdale gave a luncheon yesterday at her home on Broadway in honor of Mrs. William Timlow of New York. Mrs. Timlow, who was formerly Miss Evelyn Carolan, is spending the summer with her relatives.

Mrs. William Post entertained her friends at luncheons Monday and Tuesday at the Fairmont Hotel.

Miss Marie Louise Black gave a birthday dinner Tuesday evening at her home on Broadway and later accompanied her guests to the supper-dance at the Hotel St. Francis.

The Countess del Valle de Salazar was hostess at a luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis, where she entertained a dozen guests.

Senator James D. Phelan was host at a luncheon Saturday at his country home in Saratoga. The affair was in honor of Mr. and Mrs. William Jennings Bryan.

Mrs. William Bailey Lamar was hostess at a luncheon Monday at the Fairmont Hotel complimentary to Mrs. William Jennings Bryan. Forty guests enjoyed the hospitality of Mrs. Lamar.

Miss Beatrice Nickel will entertain her young friends at a dance Saturday evening, August 14th, at her country home in Menlo Park.

Captain Sumner E. W. Kittelle, U. S. N., was host at a dance Thursday evening on board the U. S. S. Maryland. The affair was in honor of Miss Priscilla Ellicott.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Masten entertained a number of friends at a supper party at the Hotel

St. Francis in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Miller of San Diego.

Mrs. J. J. Crooks entertained a number of young people at a matinee party and later took her guests to the Palace Hotel for tea.

Mrs. Henry Campbell was hostess at a tea Thursday afternoon at her home in Sausalito. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Howard Avery, who is here from New Jersey for a few weeks' visit.

Mrs. George P. McNear gave a luncheon recently at the Town and Country Club in honor of Mrs. Helen M. Scoville and Miss Rose Beverley Chisman of New York.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was hostess at a dinner at her home on Broadway complimentary to Colonel C. W. Howell, U. S. A., and Mrs. Howell, who arrived recently from Honolulu.

Mrs. Hiram Johnson was hostess at a luncheon Thursday at the Hotel St. Francis complimentary to Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt.

Miss Corenna De Pue gave an informal luncheon at her home on Sacramento Street Friday, when she entertained six of her young friends.

The Commissioner-General of Persia and Mme. Ali Kuli Khan entertained a large number of guests Wednesday at the official opening of the Persian exhibit at the Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. William T. Sesson gave a dinner Tuesday evening complimentary to Mr. and Mrs. George Dennis of Los Angeles.

Colonel Lincoln Karmany, U. S. N., and Mrs. Karmany gave a garden fête and dinner at Mare Island Thursday in honor of General George Barnett, U. S. M. C., and Mrs. Barnett, who arrived a few days ago from San Diego.

Captain Clarence D. Connor, U. S. A., and Mrs. Connor entertained a number of friends at a dinner Thursday evening at their home in the Presidio.

Mrs. John Ellicott was hostess at a bridge-tea at her home on Mare Island in honor of her mother, Mrs. C. F. Williams, wife of the late Colonel Williams of the Marine Corps.

Mr. Frederick Tillmann, Jr., entertained a number of friends at a luncheon Sunday at the Burlingame Country Club. The occasion was complimentary to Miss Gertrude O'Brien and Mr. Mayo Newhall, who are to be married within a few weeks.

Mrs. Charlemagne Tower will be greeted today by her many friends, who have been invited to a reception at the Fairmont Hotel. Mrs. Tower was formerly Miss Nellie Smith of Oakland.

Mr. Henry Chittenden of Washington, D. C., was host at a dinner Saturday evening at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander entertained a number of friends at a luncheon in San Mateo in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Stotesbury.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. James B. Haggin, Mrs. James Amsden, and Mrs. William Haupt have returned to their homes in Kentucky after a visit with Dr. Harry L. Tevis.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward T. Stotesbury and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Brooks, Jr., departed Monday for Philadelphia after a two weeks' visit in this city.

Mrs. Ryland Wallace and her son, Mr. Bradley Wallace, left a few days ago for the Feather River Tavern.

Mr. Joseph D. Redding will leave shortly for Paris, where he will join his wife and daughter. The latter, Miss Josephine Redding, is slowly recovering from a severe illness contracted while nursing the wounded.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry N. Stetson have been spending the past few weeks in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. William Henry Pool have returned from a few days' visit in Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. John Dickson Sherwood have arrived from their home in Spokane and will spend a month visiting the Exposition. They are accompanied by Mrs. Benjamin F. Sherwood, the Misses Elizabeth and Jennie Sherwood, and Mr. John Dickinson.

Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton and Mrs. Samuel Knight are settled at the Webber Lake Country Club for an indefinite stay. Mr. Dutton and Mr. Knight joined their wives Tuesday to remain over this week-end.

Mr. Hother Wisner has returned from a three weeks' vacation trip to Shasta County.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hervey Pettingell of Los Angeles are spending a few weeks in the city. Mr. Pettingell is a delegate to the International Congress of Genealogy, representing the New England Historic and Genealogical Society of Boston.

Miss Cornelia O'Connor departed Monday for New York to join Mrs. Mitchell of Buffalo, with whom she will spend several weeks in the Adirondacks.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Macomber, Mr. and

Mrs. Joseph Oliver Tohin, and Mr. and Mrs. George T. Cameron have been spending the past ten days in the Yellowstone Park.

Mr. Francis McComas has returned from Alaska and has joined his wife at their home in Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. T. De Witt Cuyler and their daughter, Miss Eleanor Cuyler, and their cousin, Miss Eleanor De Witt Cuyler, are spending a few days at Lake Tahoe en route to their home in Philadelphia.

Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mrs. Baldwin Wood, and Miss Arabella Schwerin departed Monday for a trip to Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Charles O. Alexander and her daughter returned Monday from a trip to Los Gatos, where they spent the week-end with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Bothin have returned to their home in Montecito after a visit in Ross.

Mrs. Walter L. Dean has gone to Lake Tahoe to visit Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean and Miss Helen Dean.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Howard arrived last week, having come to California on their wedding trip. Mrs. Howard was formerly Miss Ruth Gaston of Boston. Mr. Howard is a cousin of Mrs. E. Duplessis Beylard and Mr. George H. Howard.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Kelham, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Dibblee, and Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Lilley, with their children, are spending a month at Bolinas Bay, where they have joined the cottage colony.

Miss Ellen Anderson Glasgow of Virginia, the author, and Miss Caroline Coleman spent the week-end in Saratoga as the guests of Senator James D. Phelan.

Mr. and Mrs. Garritt Wilder of Honolulu will spend August at Stanford Court, where they are occupying the apartment of Mrs. James A. Robinson. Mrs. Robinson is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Willis Goodwin, in Woodside.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope, Miss Emily Pope, and Masters Kenneth and George Pope, Jr., have been spending two weeks at Tahoe Tavern. They returned Monday to Burlingame.

Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson and her sons, the Messrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Jr., and Russell Wilson, are at the Webber Lake Country Club for an indefinite stay. Mr. Wilson spends the week-ends with his family. Among the recent arrivals at the club are Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, Mrs. Alexander Garceau, Miss Jennie Hooker, and Miss Ethel Cooper, who left here Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller and Miss Leslie Miller have returned from a trip through Southern California.

Miss Gertrude Hopkins and Miss Beatrice Nickel are visiting Miss Beatrice Miller at her home in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gallois have given up their house in Woodside and will spend August at Lake Tahoe, where they have rented a villa.

Miss Gertrude Thomas and Miss Marian Crocker have been spending the past week with Mr. and Mrs. George Nickel at their ranch in the San Joaquin Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Iselin of New Rochelle, New York, have rented the home in San Mateo of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Howard.

The Misses Harriet, Janetta, and Mary Alexander have returned from Lake Tahoe, where they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl.

Miss Phyllis de Young departed Sunday for Newport to spend several weeks with Mrs. Fletcher Ryer and Miss Doris Ryer.

The home in Florence, Italy, of Mr. and Mrs. David Trezzi has been brightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. Trezzi, who was formerly Miss Bernadette Robinson, is a sister of Mrs. George Tallant of Santa Barbara.

The home at Columbus Barracks, Ohio, of Captain Frederick Kellond and Mrs. Kellond has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. Kellond is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Selfridge of this city.

Since about the year 752 the grand ceremony of Kaigen, or "opening the spiritual eye of the statue," has been celebrated but five times at the temple commonly known as the Daibutsu of Nara, at Tokyo. This year the event was observed, the ceremony occupying the time between May 2d and 8th. The original statue has suffered grievously since 752. Once, in 855, the head dropped off. Since then it has suffered twice from fire, and upon each occasion the head was destroyed. The statue in its sitting posture measures fifty-three and a half feet, length of the face being sixteen feet. The two Bodhisattvas flanking the Daibutsu are as high as thirty feet. The temple is 188 feet in frontage, and 166 feet in depth, and is known as the largest wooden building in Japan, though it is much smaller than the original, built eleven hundred years ago. It was not built to protect the statue from being exposed to the weather, but the statue was made to be enshrined as the chief figure of the temple.

Winfield, Kansas, has been awarded a state prize of \$1000 for cities of that state best meeting the following conditions: Opportunities for play and athletics; school work and industrial training; social and recreational activities; physical and moral safeguards; activities of child fostering clubs and societies; attendance at Sunday-school and kindred organizations.

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

Soichiro Asano, chief stockholder and president of the Toyo Kisen Kaisha, arrived on the *Tenyo Maru* of that line on Monday. President Asano has not visited San Francisco before in six years. His visit to America is to see the Exposition and to place his two youngest daughters in a Boston finishing school.

The will of the late Frederick W. Sharon has been filed for probate. It disposes of an estate running well into the millions. Mrs. Louise Tevis Sharon, the widow, filed the will as executrix. She stated in the petition that she was unable to give the actual value. To the widow are left Sharon's personal property, including the country place at Menlo Park and one-half of all the balance of the estate. Of the other half his sister, Lady Thomas Fernor-Hesketh, and her son Thomas receive one-half. The rest is divided equally between his three nieces, Mrs. Edith J. Johnstone of Santa Barbara, Janet N. Johnstone, now in France, and Fredericka von Bredow of Brandenburg, Germany.

Bishop Edward J. Hanna was officially elevated to the Archbishopric of San Francisco on Wednesday. The Most Reverend John Bozano, apostolic delegate to the United States and head of the Catholic University at Washington, acting for Pope Benedict XV, officiated at the formal rites. The elevation of Bishop Hanna took place in St. Mary's Cathedral at 10 o'clock.

The legality of the Twin Peaks tunnel ordinance is attacked by the United Railroads in a suit filed in the superior court. The street railway corporation asks for the return of \$1738 which it has already paid into the city treasury and exemption from the payment of an additional \$13,219 which they have been assessed. The only purpose for which the tunnel is to be used, according to the complaint, is for a municipal railway line. The property on which the United Railroads is assessed is used solely for their own transportation lines. If they are com-

pelled to pay an assessment on this property, they contend, they will be helping to finance a competing line. Inasmuch as the tunnel is not to be used as a general thoroughfare, but merely as an outlet and feeder for the Municipal Railway lines, the United Railroads believe the city should bear the entire cost of its construction, according to the complaint.

The new Young Men's Institute building at Oak Street and Van Ness Avenue, was dedicated last Sunday in the presence of about 1500 persons. The structure cost \$350,000, and is one of the finest in this country. It was opened later in the week for public inspection. The dedication was conducted by Archbishop Hanna.

The roving jitney bus is no more. Monday night the police commission, upon advice of Chief White, took action against the cars that roam about the streets with the placard "Anywhere" or "Owl." These cars were compelled to stop operating Tuesday night. A resolution was passed prohibiting any jitney driver from charging more than 5 or 10 cents a trip. All other cars must cease to operate. Any driver desiring to divert from a specified route will come under the class of a regular driver and must have a stand.

The San Francisco Remedial Loan Association, Selah Chamberlain, president; M. H. Robbins, first vice-president; Mrs. Leon Sloss, second vice-president; Henry Sinsheimer, treasurer; Fred Dohrmann, Jr., secretary, offers for subscription \$500,000 capital stock at the par value of \$50 a share. The association is paying six per cent on its capital stock. Banks and financiers of the city recommend the stock as a desirable and sound investment. The association has just closed its second year, and has increased its earnings materially. Having thoroughly proved itself, it now desires to enlarge its field of operations, as the additional capital will enable it to finance its large and growing demands with but a small addition to its overhead expense. The soundness of the investment, the protection of the capital, and

the surety of interest are cardinal principles which appeal to capital seeking investment. The authorization of this issue of shares is made by the commissioner of corporations. The stock is payable either in full or by installments.

Charles M. Fickert has been indorsed for district attorney and Edwin W. Bath for supervisor by the progressive committee on indorsements.

Mayor Rolph has signed the applications made by City Attorney Long to the state railroad commission to fix the public utility rates in this city. The application in each case set forth that the rates are excessive. Requests for reductions are made. There are four separate petitions concerning the gas, light, water, and telephone. The application will be filed in a day or two.

The right of the superior court to interfere with the United Railroads injunction granted by Judge Sturtevant against the Municipal Railway was argued before the supreme court on Tuesday. The six judges sitting en banc announced they would render an early decision.

The funeral of Mrs. Mary Palma Pendergast, past president of the Association of Pioneer Women of California, who died Tuesday at her residence, 1332 Page Street, was held Thursday morning from St. Agnes Church, on Masonic Avenue. Mrs. Pendergast was seventy-three years of age. She was a pioneer woman and was noted for her knowledge of the early history of California, as well as for her lovable traits. She was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, and came to California in 1849 at the age of eight years, accompanied by her father, mother, sister, and brother.

Police Judge Wiley F. Crist will not be a candidate for reelection this fall. He announced on Wednesday that he had definitely decided to withdraw from public life, but said it was possible that he might enter the race for superior judge next year.

NOTES OF THE EXPOSITION.

Precision in drill, grace in dances, and skill in gymnastics, characteristic of German athletics, marked the outdoor demonstrations by 500 Turners on Monday, under the auspices of the Kreis-Verein of the Pacific Coast district. The morning programme ended the calisthenic manuals and the marching formulas. At 4:30 o'clock in the afternoon the athletes participated in exhibition events on the Marina. Thousands of visitors saw the games.

The Genealogical Society of Utah held a reception on Monday in the Utah building. The guests were Exposition officials and commissioners and a large representation of persons interested in genealogy. A dominating figure in the receiving line was Joseph Fielding Smith, president of the Mormon church. Incident to the reception was a reunion of the Young Family of Utah, descendants of Brigham Young. The Utah Genealogical Society held a convention Tuesday at the Civic Centre.

Independent Foresters from all parts of the United States celebrated on Tuesday. The programme began with a parade from the Scott Street entrance to the Court of Abundance. J. P. Murphy, high chief ranger for California, presided.

Thirty-one descendants of Daniel Shedd, who landed on the Massachusetts shore 274 years ago, met last Monday in the Massachusetts building for a Shedd family reunion, and afterward assembled at a luncheon at the California building. The meeting, which brought together for the first time the Shedd descendants on the Pacific Coast, was opened by the singing of the American hymn and the reciting of the Lord's Prayer. Benjamin Goodwin of Ripon, California, presided.

Art Smith will make his farewell flight Sunday afternoon, August 8th. Exposition directors, in appreciation of his engagement, will present him with a bronze medal.

The cup offered by King George of England to the winner of the forthcoming yacht races was presented to the Exposition on Thursday by Lord Richard Plantaganet Nevill, personal representative of the donor.

Members of the Jewett Family of America, which has organizations in thirty-six states as well as in Canada, Cuba, and island possessions of the United States, celebrated on Wednesday. The exercises took place in the Massachusetts building, and George A. Jewett of Des Moines, Iowa, presided.

The Persian official section of the Palace of Manufactures was opened on Wednesday.



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Mirza Ali Kuli Khan, Persian chargé d'affaires at Washington, addressed the assemblage. In the exhibit are vases of rare mosaic, filled with attar of roses, scrip Korans, done so long ago that their beginnings are lost in antiquity, rugs and carpets and shawls, brocades of cloth, of gold and silver, green diamonds from the royal jewels of Persia, tapestries and other fabrics of intricate weave.

The Genealogical Society of Utah and the Utah branch of the National Women's Relief Society were presented medals on Wednesday in recognition of their participation in Exposition affairs.

The Republic of Panama formally opened its pavilion at 3:30 o'clock yesterday—Friday—afternoon. The ceremonies began with an address by José Y. Ycaza, vice-consul of Panama.

The total attendance up to July 12th was 8,000,000.

In the light of the gigantic conflicts of the present day, the old-time battles shrink to the proportion of ordinary street brawls. The opposing armies were usually arrayed in lines within hearing of one another. Frequently, the actual combat was preluded by an exchange of opprobrious profanity, in order to get up the proper sentiment of "holy wrath," which was considered an indispensable element in a soldier's efficiency. Alexander the Great conquered the Orient with only 35,000 men. On a still smaller scale the great battles of Israel appear to have been conducted, as told in the Bible accounts. For instance, in the fight against Gideon the Israelites are said to have suffered severe losses, to-wit: thirty men. The Egyptian army which invaded Palestine and subjugated the whole country counted barely 5000 soldiers. Saul confronted his Philistine adversaries with an "army" of 600, which in the course of time was increased to 1000, after the "militarists" of those days had persuaded the authorities to provide a reserve force, a sort of "Land-sturm," of 400 warriors brave and bold. King David's military establishment did not exceed his predecessor's in numbers. According to the First Book of Kings, however, King Ahab must have been pretty much of a war lord, judging by the standard of olden times. In his army were 7000 soldiers and a constabulary force of 230 men.

Now science has invaded the field of art, and it must be said that it comes as a valuable aid in this special instance. Lorado Taft has installed in his studio a pneumatic chisel, by means of which the work of outlining marble statues is greatly simplified. The old method of carving with mallet and chisel is not only laborious, but rather awkward for the sculptor, since only one hand is left free to guide the chisel. In the case of the pneumatic chisel both hands may be used for this purpose. The chisel, of course, is used only to outline the statue roughly, the finishing work all being done by hand.

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### NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT.

THE LUTHER BURBANK COMPANY, San Francisco, California.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors of The Luther Burbank Company, a corporation, held on the 29th day of June, 1915, an assessment of one (\$1.00) dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of said corporation, payable immediately to Ross Thompson, Assistant Secretary of the corporation, at the office of the company, Burbank Building, Market and Beale Streets, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 2d day of August, 1915, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on the 21st day of August, 1915, to pay the delinquent assessment together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

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Assistant Secretary and Acting Secretary of The Luther Burbank Company.  
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### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Magician—I can read minds. Engineer—Yuh ken? Ken yuh read mine? Magician—Certainly. Engineer—Why don't yuh hit me, then?—*New York Globe*.

"Is this a first-class postoffice?" inquired the stranger. "It's as good as you'll find in these parts," retorted the native with justifiable local pride.—*Buffalo Express*.

"Them was nice folk you waited on, Mamie, aint they?" "No, no, dear! Appearances is deceitful. They didn't have no charge account. Paid cash for everything."—*Judge*.

Girl (reading letter from brother at the front)—John says a bullet went right through his hat without touching him. Old Lady—What a blessing he had his hat on, dear.—*New York Sun*.

"What's your idea of an honest man?" "An honest man," replied Mr. Kimp, "is one who likes the same music in private that he says he likes when his wife is giving a musical evening."—*Philadelphia Record*.

Teacher—Yes, the ruler of Russia is called the Czar. Now, what is the ruler of Germany called? Young Bill—Please, miss, I know what me father called him, but I don't like to tell you.—*London Mail*.

"Why so sad and downcast?" "My wife has threatened to leave me." "Cheer up; women are always threatening something like that, but they hardly ever do it." "That's what I was thinking."—*Houston Post*.

Goldsmith—Would you like any name or motto engraved on it, sir? Customer (who had chosen an engagement ring)—Ye-yes-um, "Augustus to Irene." And—ah—look here, don't—ah—cut Irene very deep.—*Punch*.

The Minister's Wife—The new cook left this morning, the one you said the Lord must have sent. The Minister—Well, dear, the Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord!—*Puck*.

Wife (sentimentally)—Egbert, what would you do if I were to die? Egbert (ditto)—I should go mad, my dear. Wife—Would you marry again? Egbert—Well, I don't think I should go as mad as that.—*Sydney Bulletin*.

Mrs. Snooper—Men make me tired. Mrs. Swayback—What's the matter now? Mrs. Snooper—My husband saw Mrs. Keedick yesterday, and I asked him what she had on, and he replied, "Oh, clothes."—*Stray Stories*.

"What gave you your start in public life?" asked the biographer. "I haven't time to think about that now," replied Senator Sorghum. "What I'm looking out for now is the way I'm liable to get my finish."—*Washington Star*.

"Sure, Oi'll write me name on the back o' your note, guaranteein' ye'll pay ut," said Pat, smiling pleasantly as he endorsed Billup's note, "but Oi know domned well ye won't pay ut. We'll have a laugh at th' ixpinse of the bank."—*Life*.

McPherson (seeing his nephew off by steamer)—An' fur fear ye meet wi' ony o' they German submarines, here's a braw life-savin' wais'cut. They tell me they're verra efficacious. Donald—Aye, but whaur's th' rest o' th' suit?—*Punch*.

Hawker—Buy a flower, sir? Billion—No, thanks. Hawker—Buy one for your wife, sir. Billion—Haven't one. Hawker—For your sweetheart, then. Billion—Haven't one either. Hawker—Well, buy one to celebrate your luck.—*Houston Chronicle*.

"I suppose," said the timid young man, "when you recall what a handsome young fellow your first husband was you wouldn't consider me for a minute?" "Oh, yes, I would," sweetly replied the widow, "but not for a second."—*Weekly Telegraph*.

"Hints on courtship abound. Every magazine will tell you how to win a wife. Anybody will gladly post you on the etiquette of love-making." "What's in your mind?" "But after a man marries he has to shift completely for himself."—*Pittsburgh Post*.

He groaned, "Look at the bill," he said. "Ten shillings for perfume—for made odors that fade away and die!" "Yes," she said, coldly, "that fade away and die and go to meet the thirty-five shillings' worth of cigars you consume every month."—*Liverpool Mercury*.

"Any rattlesnakes around here?" "What's your business?" asked the boy with the big straw hat. "What has that to do with it?" "Well, the last man who looked around here for summer board asked me a lot o' questions like that, an' when I told him there wasn't any rattlesnakes or mosquitoes or anything, he said he was a naturalist an' he guessed the place wouldn't suit him."—*Washington Star*.

"What, in your judgment, colonel," asked the Ambitious Beginner, "would be a good motto for a young politician? How would 'I would rather be right than—' and so forth do?" "That will do, and does, exceedingly well for publication," replied the Suc-

cessful Veteran; "but for private consumption, 'If you can't beat 'em, join 'em,' will always prove a great deal more lucrative."—*Puck*.

"Toward the end of the ride," she was reading aloud, "they came to a ford—"

"Oh, skip that!" he exclaimed, impatiently "I'm getting tired of those automobil jokes."—*Buffalo Courier*.

Bacon—What is your daughter doing at th piano? Egbert—Sounds as if she was settin her class yell to music.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

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# The Argonaut.

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## THIRTY-NINTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### Memorials of the Fair.

Even under the inspirations of a congenial sympathy with things of beauty and of service, the *Argonaut* has not been able to work itself into a state of enthusiasm over projects of large cost for preserving memorials of the Exposition. Our tax rate is high and it tends to go higher. And if we shall take in the Spring Valley system, put fifty millions into Hetch Hetchy, and do half the other things projected by the more enterprising—and reckless—of our citizenry, there is danger that property-owners may have to abandon their holdings and take either to the woods or to the open sea. To speak seriously, it is a dangerous thing to get the tax rate up to a point where ownership of property comes more nearly to being a liability than an asset. But the latest proposition looks feasible. It is to induce the government to acquire some five or six blocks now included in the Marina and to hold it as a sort of annex to the Presidio Military Reservation. It ought not to be very difficult. For, to speak plain truth, the government has thus far treated our Exposition rather shabbily. It made no appropriation for the Fair. It did not, as in

the case of other expositions, set up a pavilion for its own exhibits. It has not augmented the attractions of the Fair by a military or naval spectacle. The Fair has not had the advantage which would have come to it through a visit from the President. Circumstances have intervened which have prevented the government from doing what no doubt it would gladly have done if conditions had been different. Now it would seem by way of compensation that the government might by increasing the area of the Presidio and at the same time promoting its own convenience, make a permanent contribution to San Francisco. At least the suggestion is worth trying out.

### Again, Josephus.

It is not often that the *Argonaut* permits its emotions to ride ahead of its information and its judgment. When it does there invariably follows a chastening experience of humiliation and repentance. Take, for example, that outburst of feeling in our issue of July 24th anent Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, upon the credit of his gathering in of certain distinguished inventors and constructors to lend their aid in the work of upbuilding the navy. There was a certain thrill in the announcement. It presented Brother Josephus, the chumpiest of official chumps, as having achieved a success where four generations of better and wiser men had failed. It appeared to be a triumph of the plainest sort of plain sense in a sphere where professional enthusiasm, statecraft, and genius had failed. It appeared to the *Argonaut* that a monstrous fine thing had been done; for once it let go all reserves, doffed its hat, and gave an emotional hip-hip-hooray for Josephus.

That was two weeks ago. In the intervening period we have learned some things. It turns out that the movement to attach the constructive genius of the country in an advisory relation to the Department of the Navy was just a bid for publicity and a device to distract attention from the flamboyancies and asininities of the Daniels régime. This is not saying that some practical good may not come from the project. Possibly there may; most likely there will not. The navy needs many things more than it does a corps of inventors, especially when this corps is made up of men each with a specialty and the individual positiveness which goes along with it, likewise each fixed in the habit of having his own way, each likewise accustomed to authority and deference. Your specialist, particularly if he be a man of the rank of Thomas A. Edison, Orville Wright, Hudson Maxim, Alexander Graham Bell, Lewis Nixon, and Henry Ford, is a poor compromiser. What he wants he really wants. There is no dealing with him on the basis of schemes modified to meet political requirements or to dovetail in with the plans or whimsies of others. Thwart him, question his ideas, vex him with suggestions of variation or compromise, and inevitably he gathers up his doll rags and goes home. He has not the politician's gift of diplomatic complacency and easy readjustment.

What happens when a specialist who really knows his business finds himself up against conditions fatal to his self-respect is illustrated in the recent career of Admiral Bradley Allen Fiske. Admiral Fiske (curiously enough not included in Brother Josephus's list of constructive notables) is probably the most distinguished naval inventor alive today. Some fifty of his inventions are in use in our navy, and other navies have borrowed some of them. Fiske developed the first practical sea range-finder. He invented the ammunition hoist now in use, a device of enormous value. He invented a boat-detaching apparatus, a system of electric communications, the stadi-meter, a battle-order telegraph, an electric engine telegraph, a helm indicator, a speed-and-direction indicator, a system of turning turrets and warships by electricity, the naval

telescope and mount, the naval telescope sight, and the horiomcter. We could go on indefinitely with the list of his contributions to the art, science, and practice of marine construction, but will stop here, referring the more curious reader to a biographical sketch in "Who's Who" or to any other of the many manuals which treat of the personality and achievements of important contemporary men.

Admiral Fiske was attached to the naval office at Washington when Secretary Daniels came into it, and as a matter of course his assignment was continued in respect of duties which no other man in the country, in the navy or out of it, was qualified to undertake. Things went along for a while with apparent smoothness. But one fine day Admiral Fiske asked to be relieved from service in the department. He had had enough of that species of pestiferous meddling which always follows when a man who doesn't know is placed in authority over a man who does. Now if Admiral Fiske, subject as an officer of the navy to the orders of the Secretary of the Navy, could not get along with ignorance and incapacity allied with politics, what will happen when the same spirit and similar conditions are pressed upon Mr. Edison, Mr. Nixon, Mr. Alexander Graham Bell, and others of the board of advisers invited into the service of the navy by Secretary Daniels? The query answers itself.

Thus far the only practical effect of Brother Josephus's proposal has been to stir the ambitions of multitudes of inventive cranks. This long-haired gentry, pockets bulging with drawings, or with models under arm, now fairly throngs the entrances to the navy office. Proposals of startling sorts of machinery are pouring in upon Admiral Griffin, chief of the bureau of steam engineering, at the rate of about one hundred and twenty-five per week. Everybody in the country with a turn for invention—and the number of them is surprising—is giving his mind to devices firmly believed in each case to be of incalculable value in connection with naval operations. Amateur (and volunteer) naval constructors and creators of special devices are driving out of the head of Josephus what is left of his poor wits. He has unquestionably gotten a good bit of publicity out of his proposal to develop the navy along constructive lines. But in respect of the persecutions to which he is being subjected by the inventors of cocksure devices, he probably wishes by now that he had been content to let the navy office run along smoothly in the old grooves.

### Poor Dr. Taylor.

At a time when the beautification of the city is receiving some tardy measure of recognition it seems no less than a measure of wanton reaction to hang the portraits of five of the mayors of San Francisco on the walls of the City Hall. Surely the supervisors could hardly have supposed that the result would be a decorative one, even with the munificent expenditure of \$100 for each painting, exclusive of the frame. That San Francisco has not cultivated the habit of selecting her mayors because of their moral excellences is a matter of notoriety, and one that is not now to be remedied save by the mercifully obliterating hand of time. But why should we go out of our way to perpetuate the fact that we were equally indifferent to those physical charms that are sometimes supposed to have their compensatory values?

But there is another matter that ought not to have escaped the attention of the supervisors and that may yet lead to difficulties of the gravest kind. We may suppose that Mr. Phelan is too much a man of the world to object to those vicissitudes of public life that may sometimes lead the best of us into bad company. Moreover, he is a Democrat and therefore used to it. But how about Dr. Taylor? What will that London and aureoled respectability have to say when he



himself suspended—may one say crucified?—between Mr. Schmitz and Mr. McCarthy? Surely this must be a situation painful in the extreme to a gentleman who has held himself so carefully aloof from evil associations and who has always avoided those communications that are said to corrupt good manners. That his public life should have been bounded on the north, so to speak, by Mr. Schmitz, and on the south by Mr. McCarthy can hardly fail in itself to be a matter of chagrin to one of his fine sensibilities, but that such a juxtaposition should be perpetuated, petrified, immortalized, by oil paintings valued at one hundred dollars without the frames, and in the City Hall, too, must surely be an unbearable mortification. We may confidently expect that Dr. Taylor will now hasten to secure a writ of injunction, and if this should be denied him, he may still find redress in a writ for defamation of a hitherto spotless character.

But there is something altogether inadequate about these oil paintings. Why not pay another \$4 and have a group of statuary? The artist could then exercise his imagination to some purpose. He could give to his work an allegorical and emblematic character that it must otherwise lack. He could introduce an element of perspective which would convey a delicate recognition of intellectual and ethical values that no mere picture could ever do. The great heroic mayoralty figures could be well in the foreground with an effigy of Dr. Buxton as a sort of near-mayor in a recumbent or groveling attitude in the rear. Subsidiary groups arranged by the light of history would include Mr. Ruef carrying a heavy suitcase—or was it a shirtbox?—Mr. Spreckels firmly declining the crown, Mr. Heney in his famous martyr act, and Mr. Burns in his well-known detective impersonation. Space might be found somewhere for a selection of supervisors in typical attitudes, hands behind their backs and palms upward—and itching.

These, of course, are mere suggestions, but if we are to enlist high art in the service of civic commemoration it seems a pity not to do it thoroughly.

#### America and Britain.

Sir Edward Grey's note protesting the claims of the United States with respect to interference on the part of Great Britain with neutral commerce is surprising on several accounts. It has not been expected that there would be any claim of regularity or legality in the holding up of commerce between neutrals and it is a bit disconcerting to be told that there are American decisions which discredit the position of our State Department. All this, of course, is a matter for lawyers rather than for laymen, and if it shall turn out that our State Department has proceeded in ignorance of our own adjudications the fact will be a humiliating reflection upon our diplomacy.

Sir Edward Grey's claim that new conditions in warfare, notably the submarine, justify new readings of international law would seem, from the standpoint of British interest at least, to be a tactical indiscretion. Just this, namely, that new arms in warfare, notably the submarine, have nullified the conventional rules of war, is the main argument depended upon by Germany to justify her aggressions against American commerce and American passengers on unarmed ships, particularly in the case of the *Lusitania*. Sir Edward Grey's contention would seem to make one point for England and two for Germany.

It would seem that all the considerations of the time should urge on the part of Great Britain a conciliatory attitude toward the United States. She is tremendously a gainer through the moral support which comes to her from the friendship and sympathy of this country. Even more important just now, she is a gainer through the fact that a thousand American factories are contributing to the necessities of her warfare and that of her allies. It is hardly too much to say that without the help coming to them from this side the Atlantic the cause of the Allies would seem foredoomed to failure through lack of the material of war. Nothing now would be so practically helpful to the Teutonic allies as a situation between the United States and Britain which would close America as a source of supplies. In truth the situation is such that Great Britain can not afford to quarrel with us, though Sir Edward Grey appears to have overlooked this consideration.

There will be no wish in this country, official or popular, to enter into any contention with Great

Britain. Not more the interest of our people than their sentiment supports the cause of the Allies. Those who are profiting directly through the present active trade in war material are not more willing that it should be continued and augmented than the great mass of Americans, who are glad of a situation which permits this country to be in effect a storehouse of military supplies subject to the call of the Allies.

Still our government, which has properly assumed the character of neutrality and must maintain it, can not hold one attitude toward Germany and another toward Britain. We are bound by every consideration bearing upon the conduct of nations to hold England to the same strict accountability in respect of the law of nations as we do Germany. However our people may feel about it sentimentally, we may not make flesh of one and fowl of another.

#### Looking Toward "Preparedness."

It is not reasonable to suppose that President Wilson is without complete and up-to-date information as to the state of our army and navy or that he is lacking in knowledge or sympathy with the plans of the heads of these departments. Therefore it may be assumed that his public call upon Secretaries Garrison and Daniels for war plans has some other motive. To those who read between the lines it would appear that the President is going before Congress this coming winter with pretty heavy demand on war and navy account and that his call for information is only a diplomatic way of enlisting the country in behalf of these demands. Preparedness is unquestionably a growing issue. Manifestly the President is for it. But he will have to fight Mr. Carnegie's peace society, also the German propagandists, who are working behind the mask of pacificism, and he naturally wishes in so far as he may to stack the cards favorably. Shrewd politician as he is, the President wishes to array the sentiment of the country on the side of what is to be the administrative programme.

When it was given out last week from the White House that the President had called on Garrison and Daniels for war plans, only half the truth was told. On March 13th last the general board of the navy sent to each bureau of that department a confidential letter enclosing that part of the board's plans for "war in the Atlantic" affecting the bureau addressed. There was added the request to the bureaus to study this plan, and for each to mold its work in accordance therewith and to report fully under the plan; also to point out any defects in it. These bureau reports have been coming in ever since. The navy knows what its resources are and it has them well in hand. If we should go to war tomorrow there would be no trouble about supplies, including coal and food. Reserve stocks are ready or available. This does not mean that the Navy Department has got all it wants. It will come before Congress this fall with a request for an increase of from 18,000 to 25,000 in personnel—it now has less than 55,000. Its constructive programme will include four dreadnoughts and from thirty to fifty submarines, including several of the Schley type of big, sea-going under-water craft. Probably two battle cruisers will be asked for. It is also probable that two scout cruisers will be on the list. For navy aeronautics \$2,000,000 will be wanted. In addition the programme will call for several destroyers, an oil fuel ship, a mine planter, and what is called a submarine mother ship.

The army in the summer of 1912 through the General Staff submitted a report containing a complete scheme for the reorganization of our land defenses. Ever since then the army has been working upon these suggestions. In fact ever since he has been in office Secretary Garrison has been cooking up a scheme for organization and development of the army. The demand is to be put before Congress for an addition to the regular army of at least 25,000 men for general purposes, for a material addition to the coast artillery personnel, for the addition of four regiments of field artillery (in which arm we are lamentably weak), for the further federalization of the militia or the creation of a new volunteer corps to serve as a second line, for a sharp increase in the number of officers, for larger classes at West Point, for probationary commissions for militia officers, for the detailing of regular army officers for duty with militia troops, for the creation of reserves, and for short enlistment periods. All this is with a view to having available at all times, in

regular army and militia, at least 800,000 trained men under trained officers, well equipped and possessing ample reserve supplies of munitions, with everything else needed. This is really the minimum of what Secretary Garrison wants. Of course there are auxiliary aids which figure in his plan, such as aircraft and other special services necessary under the present practices of war.

Just how far the President will go in asking Congress to meet the demands of the two branches of our war service above set forth is not yet clear. But from his recent action in calling for information—which is only another way of putting the matter before the country—it may reasonably be inferred that he will recommend a pretty stiff programme. What the attitude of Congress will be can only be surmised. It is not the way of Congress to give all that is asked. But under the conditions as they present themselves, there is growing up a popular sentiment for preparedness. Given a hearty boost by the President, there is likely to arise a popular demand that will not be denied. One man has of late years practically controlled the action of Congress in military affairs. That man is General Ainsworth (retired), and the agent of his domination is Congressman Hay, chairman of the House Committee on Military Affairs. Ainsworth and of course Hay—are for a tight little professional army. This policy has not been seriously challenged, albeit it has been persistently opposed by General Leonard Wood. But it can not stand one hour against the wish—if it shall grow into a popular movement—of the country for a larger scheme of preparedness.

#### Suppos'n!

For obstructing the march of the German forces upon Paris in August, 1914, the Belgian city of Liège was required to pay into the German war chest the sum of ten millions of dollars. For resisting the German arms the Belgian city of Brussels was a little later forced to drop into the same hopper the sum of forty millions of dollars.

Now let us suppose that this war goes on another year and that in the end Germany wins. The victor will find an unadjusted account with the United States on the score of the *Lusitania*, *et al*. He will have in the official notes which have already been written (with others that will be written) a sufficient pretext for any attitude which may comport with his ideas of policy. It will be easy to draw up an indictment based upon the fact that the United States shall have served as a supply ground for the Allies—for horses, for clothing, for guns, for powder, for fixed ammunition, for automobiles, for medicines, for foodstuffs—for a thousand things serving the purposes of war. May not the victor say: "You have given our enemies moral and material support. Your have by your active assistance and by your sympathies extended the period and prodigiously increased the cost of the war. To you is directly chargeable the fact that the end only now attained might have come long ago. I demand of you material reparation."

If we consider the exactions upon Liège and Brussels, and reflect upon hints not over-vaguely given as to what would have been required of Paris in case the victorious march had gotten that far, it is staggering to think of what the demand upon the United States might be. In 1871, when France had a population of about thirty per cent of our own, there was demanded and collected from her one thousand millions of dollars, plus the cost of maintaining various German encampments upon French soil during the period between the demand and the final payment. There was a double motive. The German government needed the money; likewise it wanted to put upon France an imposition so overwhelming as to crush the spirit of the French people and so cow them into a state of terror of the German prowess. Has there been observed any mitigation of the German spirit in these intervening years? The motives of Germany most certainly have not been reduced in the forty-four years since 1871. And if the present war shall result in the prostration of practically every other country in Europe, it will leave the United States the only potentially great power to be dealt with. Will it not be a natural, we may even say an inevitable, motive of German policy to so cripple and humble America as to establish for herself a status of immunity from American enterprise?

In estimating what the terms might be, in such a



situation, one must get his mind adjusted to big figures. France in 1871, with approximately thirty-five millions of people, impoverished by a losing war, was called on to pay a thousand millions of dollars. Ten times that sum would not be a more gricvous demand upon the United States. This might not be all. She might be required to dismantle every factory that had made a contribution to the ways and means of the Allies. She might be told to hold her army to a skeleton. Her naval equipment might be limited. She might be asked to surrender her exclusive authority over the Panama Canal. All these things and more might be exacted as a guaranty of future incapability to enforce reprisals. What is equally to the point, there would be power to enforce any and all demands.

The picture, of course, is an imaginary one. But is it altogether a matter of imagination? Is not the situation as above suggested one very likely to come about in the shape of reality? In plain words, has not America, in view of the open sympathies of her people, in respect of her contributions to the resources of the Allies, and in consideration of the *Lusitania* correspondence—is America not in a position where all this is very likely to happen in case Germany shall win?

A rich nation is always in danger when she has given offense in word or deed to a flushed and powerful victor. Such a nation is especially in danger if she remains the one force potentially capable of challenging a supremacy which the victor feels to be his right. Especially is a nation in danger when she possesses in superabundance that which the victorious nation sorely needs and when she has within herself no practical and prepared means of defense.

#### Editorial Notes.

The San Francisco Remedial Loan Association has probably done more to discourage and discredit the usurer and the loan shark than all the legislation that was ever devised. The wealthier classes of the community have no difficulty in securing whatever loans they may need, and upon the most favorable terms. It is the poorer classes, whose necessities are quite as great, and usually greater, who are driven into treacherous waters by the momentary financial pinch that is adjusted almost automatically for their more fortunate neighbors. It is precisely this disparity that is remedied by the Loan Association. Sustained by most of the bankers of the city and without profit to themselves, its purpose is "to afford the poorer people of San Francisco and neighboring communities an opportunity of borrowing money at fair rates of interest against the pledge of personal property with the same facilities and subject to the same reasonable conditions as are enjoyed by others of larger means who use the facilities of commercial banks." The association has now completed its second successful year, and it deserves to rank among the sanest and most useful of benevolences, as a substantial contribution to the commercial stability of the city.

In the case of the *Leclanaw* the attacking submarine did precisely that which the German government has said officially a submarine can not do. It visited and searched the vessel and did in fact safeguard the lives of the people thereon. True, we have grounds for contending that the destruction of the ship and cargo was in violation of our treaty of 1828 with Prussia, also in violation of international law, but we have not a strong case. The ship, though an American, was proceeding from one belligerent port to another belligerent port, laden with a cargo which Germany had declared to be contraband. Also it is clear that the captor could not take the ship to port and before a prize court. Modern writers on international law indicate that in such a case destruction is justifiable. Germany pleaded that justification in the case of the *Frye*, but with less ground. At all events, the case is in a category quite distinct from the case of the *Lusitania*. The principle of safe-guarding non-combatant lives—our chief contention—was observed. In one view the *Leclanaw* case would appear a tacit admission by Germany of the correctness of the American position.

In the Barcelona district of Spain alone there are from 10,000 to 12,000 tanned and finished sheepskins produced daily, and probably as many goatskins. The sheepskins in particular find their way into the shoe trade as well as the goatskins. Both kinds, converted into morocco leather, the goatskin being the genuine article and the sheepskin the imitation, are used extensively in the bookbinding trade.

#### THE THEATRE OF WAR.

At the moment of writing the Germans have not entered Warsaw. The mighty horseshoe with its curve fitting snugly around the Polish capital remains almost where it was a week ago. The effort to close its extremities around the Russian army have so far been nearly fruitless. General von Linsingen and General von Mackensen have advanced slightly from the south, bearing up their arm of the shoe, in the face of tremendous opposition. They have occupied Lublin and Chelm and are therefore in possession of the railroad that connects Warsaw with Odessa and the south. But the Germans have so far been held on the Narew River to the north and have been prevented from forcing down this end of the curve. But probably they will eventually do so in spite of the present powerful resistance and the apparent revival of a hope to save the city once more. There can not be much doubt that they will soon complete the circle around Warsaw, but whether the Russian army will be within or without that circle remains to be seen. The present appearances are that the Russians will escape through the neck of the bag before it is closed and that they will take up a new position on the Brest-Litovsk line. The battles that are being fought by Russia to the north and the south of Warsaw are not being fought for victory, but for time. While the Russian armies are fighting desperately to keep the horseshoe open, the main force with its artillery and baggage is pouring eastward through the gap and destroying everything that can not be carried away. In the meantime there is the suggestive statement that German troops are still being sent from the west and their place taken by young recruits, who are better for trench fighting than for the tremendous open battles in the east.

Certainly there is no sign of Russian demoralization. Even the German reports speak of the courage and the orderliness with which these rear-guard actions are being fought. There must be something like an equality of strength to the north on the Narew River, seeing that we once more read of advances that are measured by yards. But these Russian forces are nearly certain to fall back as soon as they have sufficiently covered the retreat of their friends to the south and the proper evacuation of Warsaw. They will then have fulfilled their mission. The whole Russian line will then straighten itself out, probably some eighty miles to the east of Warsaw, where entrenchments have been prepared.

The evacuation of Warsaw is of course a heavy blow to Russian hopes, but we do not know yet how heavy a blow it will prove to be. If it should result in the envelopment of the Russian armies it will be, not a reverse, but a catastrophe. It will mean that Russia is out of the fight for months to come, if not permanently. But there is little likelihood of this. Even with the scraps of information which are all that we have we may assume with some certainty that the evacuation has been carried out in good order, that the Russian armies will be fairly intact, and that they have inflicted tremendous losses upon their foes. Their supreme disadvantage will then be that they have lost control of the Vistula bridges, and this will be a serious handicap when they try to flood back again. And of course there is only one thing, a continuing lack of ammunition, that will delay their resumption of the fight, and here we must be content to remain in the dark. Ammunition has been the one fatal stumbling block for Russia from the beginning, as it has nearly proved to be a fatal stumbling block in the west. We know that Russia has reorganized her munitions factories, and that she has vast quantities of supplies that are more or less tied up at Vladivostok and Arcangel through lack of railroads. If she can get ammunition to the front in sufficient quantities she will not remain for long inactive, and the Germans will find themselves as busy as ever they were. It is to be remembered that the German objective is not the possession of Warsaw or the possession of anything else. It is the crushing or disablement of the Russian armies so that large bodies of men can be sent westward or into Serbia. And we have yet to see if Germany can spare any men at all from the east. In colloquial language Russia has been playing safe, and she has no objections to running away if thereby she can live to fight another day. As the *New York Evening Post* says, "the game is not Warsaw, but the surrounding of the entire Russian army." In "War and Peace" Tolstoy relates a conversation between General Kutuzoff and his advisers as to whether Moscow should be evacuated without a battle. The question, says the general, is this: "The salvation of Russia is her army. Would it be more to her advantage to risk the loss of the army, of Moscow, too, by accepting battle or to abandon Moscow without a battle?" It is this steady determination to abandon everything and to save the army that has to some extent neutralized so many of the German victories. They have been great victories, but they have not done what they were expected to do. And Germany can not afford to win many such victories.

Some two weeks ago it was suggested in this column that there was a movement of extraordinary importance in the far north and to which sufficient attention had not been paid. General von Bulow with thirty thousand cavalry has been advancing toward Kovno with the obvious intention of cutting the railroad line between Petrograd and the south. If Kovno should be taken the Germans will have an uninterrupted road to Vilna, and this would not only sever the communications of the Russians on the Narew River, but it would also make it nearly impossible for them to hold the Brest-Litovsk line upon which they are now falling back. The most recent reports say that Von Bulow has been checked,

but this may be only temporary. Von Bulow is not an easy man to hold, and if he should succeed in reaching Vilna and occupying it the Russians would be in a far more serious position than if they had lost a dozen battles. The fighting in the north is on a comparatively small scale, and it is overshadowed by the colossal combats to the south, but actually it is of far more vital importance.

Reports from neutral countries should always be received with caution, since one never knows their inspiration, but none the less they may have a special value in consequence of an immunity from censorship. Thus the *Geneva Tribune* prints a dispatch from its Innsbruck correspondent to the effect that the capture of Lublin cost the Teutons 70,000 men in killed, wounded, and prisoners, and that General von Mackensen lost 35,000 men in an advance of seven miles. The same report says that in the course of a single week the Germans dispatched over one hundred trainloads of ammunition from Radom and Lodz toward Warsaw. Another bulletin from Rotterdam quotes Major Moraht, the German military expert, as saying: "Grand Duke Nicholas is fighting against the spirit of Von Moltke. He has done more than was expected of him, but this trial was too hard for him. The next chapter of events in the main theatre of operations may be entitled 'Ivangorod, Lublin, and Chelm.' The fortress of Brest-Litovsk will probably exercise magnetic attraction upon the Russian troops, particularly upon their leaders."

Some surprise has been expressed at the apparently slow advance of the Italians and it has even been said, and is still being said, that there is an agreement between Italy and Germany that Italy shall be allowed to attain her national aims without interference from Germany so long as she confines herself to those aims, and that this accounts not only for the inactivity of the northern and western Italian armies, but also for the apparent indifference of Germany. Whether such an agreement actually exists it is not the present purpose to inquire, but there is certainly nothing in the military situation to suggest it. The fact that the armies in The Trentino, and along the Gail, and in the Carnia, are relatively inactive must be interpreted in the light of the general plan of campaign.

The plan of campaign provides that the main attack shall be along the line of the Isonzo and that it shall have Goritz and then Trieste for its immediate objective. Now it would be obviously impossible to concentrate efforts in this direction while there was the possibility of an attack from the rear or of the descent of an Austrian army from Pontebba and the Pass of Tarvis. It was also necessary to guard against an attack from the west, that is to say from The Trentino. For these reasons Italian armies were sent northward from Lake Garda in the direction of Trent and also to the Gail Valley in order to guard Pontebba and the Pass of Tarvis. These forces were not intended for the present to do more than maintain their positions, and this they have done after some rather severe mountain fighting. But there is no reason why for the moment they should do more than this, seeing that their chief duty is to guard the army on the Isonzo which is now attacking Goritz, and guarantee it against attack from the rear by invading armies from the north or west. This is why we hear no reports from these forces, but the reports will probably come quickly enough as soon as the period of waiting is over and the Isonzo army is well upon its way toward Trieste. The fighting on the Isonzo perhaps surpasses in fierceness all other struggles of the war. A recent letter from an eye-witness describes the river as being almost dammed with dead bodies.

And we may believe that this moment is very close and that we shall soon hear of important attempts in The Trentino and the Carnic Alps. The Italian intention, already somewhat fulfilled, is to possess all the passes in The Trentino, to advance along the Valley of the Adige and also along the road of the Dolomites, to attack Trent and Bozen, to possess all the passes in the Carnic Alps, and to control Pontebba and the Pass of Tarvis. The vital nature of an advance through the Pass of Tarvis is seen from the fact that it points directly at Vienna. This army and the army on the Isonzo will therefore mutually protect each other from a rear attack. In the meantime we may believe that there are very large Italian forces still in the neighborhood of Udine and ready to be sent east or north wherever the need for them may arise.

Day by day we read of submarine successes, and the aggregate seems as though it must be so formidable as fully to satisfy those who are responsible for this kind of warfare. None the less we find an article by Count von Reventlow entitled "Unfounded Anxieties" and reproving the German public for their dissatisfaction with the work of the submarine. The dissatisfaction is presumably due to the continued immunity enjoyed by the British warships and also to the apparent ease with which a continuous procession of reinforcements and munitions find its way from England to France. The whereabouts of the bulk of the British navy is a matter of conjecture, but presumably it is somewhere on the west coast of Ireland, possibly in some landlocked bay where protection is easy. Such a point as this would be equidistant from both the northerly and southerly routes by which the German navy might seek the Atlantic. So far as the attacks upon shipping are concerned we may remember that the majority of the victims are trawlers engaged in fishing and of a relatively slight value. So far as commercial shipping is concerned we may usually note that the actual result of six months of submarine warfare are as follows: Total number of sailings and tonnage



31,385; British merchant ships sunk, 98; percentage of loss, .31; officers and men killed, 505; neutral ships sunk, 95.

The German newspapers have published a semi-official statement in explanation of the loss of life that followed the aerial attack upon Karlsruhe. The best method of defense against aircraft has evidently been settled nowhere, since the statement says that there was an interruption of telephone service and that the hooters were not quick enough in giving their warning. The anti-aircraft guns made more noise than the hooters and this should have been sufficient, but the public failed to understand the real danger and hence the heavy loss of life. After their first attack the aviators sailed away, but then they wheeled and came back. By that time the streets were filled with curious people who should have taken refuge, and they suffered severely. The statement continues to the effect that "there is no ideal means of defense." Guns are not rapidly adjusted and they have a limited range, but at the same time they serve to keep the enemy at a height whence it is difficult for them to aim accurately. The article concludes by pointing out that "squadron attacks upon open cities constitute a completely new kind of warfare, and so the possible and effective means of defense must first be tested and organized. The German military authorities are industriously laboring at the problem. All means of defense against these treacherous attacks will be completely effective only if they are backed up by the behavior of the people."

Mary Gay Humphreys, writing in the *New York Times* from a full experience as a war nurse, removes some sentimental ideas as to the behavior of wounded soldiers, who are popularly supposed either to cry out for their mothers or to curse those who caused the war. They do neither the one nor the other, says the writer in the *Times*, and she adds: "I have witnessed the unloading of the wounded at the reserve hospital until the ground was so covered that one walked warily for fear of treading on them, and the most plaintive cry was, 'Water, water!' The men were either cheerful or unconscious. They were cheerful because the inevitable difficulties of transportation were over. When these men had received their final dressings at the hands of surgeons they were carried to their cots and after having a cup of malted milk and whisky, they went peacefully to sleep like tired children. In caring for thirty of these men alone one memorable night just after being brought from the field, I rarely heard a groan, and certainly never an oath. I recall one young Minnesota boy who would not go to sleep was already boasting that 'the old man' had nothing now on him. 'The old man,' his father, had fought in the Civil War. Such was the temper of our men, and human nature is a pretty constant factor the world over. In an old sugar shed where the wounded were brought by the Chinese litter-bearers after the battle of Santa Tomas, before the wounded had any treatment but their first-aid packages, one heard no expression but of great relief. Three men have died in my arms. One was unconscious and silent, another, a captain, babbled of horse-racing, although his friend, another captain, said he did not believe the dying man had ever been at a horse-race in his life. It is because he did not say the accepted things that I did not write to his family of his dying moments. The third man came the nearest to satisfying the popular demand, for in his delirium he murmured, 'Oh, for a drink from the old well at home.' We are told also that the pain of wounds is insignificant in comparison with the pain of disease, and that a ward full of wounded men is rather a cheerful place so long as there are plenty of cigarettes and a banjo. It is distressing to read of the whisky and the cigarettes, but then war is full of such horrors as these. SIDNEY CORYN.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 4, 1915.

By an interesting yet simple method, two crops of lemons are obtained in Sicily during the year, though the second is in every way inferior. The abnormal fruit is known as the Verdelli lemon, and is marketed during the summer months. The Verdelli lemon, green in color, grows contemporaneously on the same trees with the ordinary or yellow lemon of commerce, and is obtained by the following method: The lemon tree, which flowers in April, is kept without water from that period until July, when the roots are heavily flooded for a time. This results in a second set of blossoms, from which will come the Verdelli lemon. The ordinary lemon crop is picked in the months beginning with October, but the Verdelli lemons do not mature until the next May.

Though a Tamil poem enumerates 800 ways in which the Palmyra palm may be used, one of its most interesting uses is the production of a sugar called jaggery. This is the result of boiling down the fresh juice, and is one of the chief sugars of South India. Four or five quarts per tree per day is the yield for four or five months. Once in every three years the sap-drawing process is omitted, as otherwise the tree would die. The tree begins to yield at fifteen years, and continues for about fifty years. The female tree yields about twice as much sap as the male. Three quarts of this sap make one pound of sugar or jaggery, which is the chief sugar used by the poor classes of India.

The largest cotton-producing county in the United States, Ellis County, Texas, yielded 143,714 bales last year. This is more than six times the amount produced in the whole state of Virginia, and more than was raised in either Missouri or Florida.

## PETHERICK'S PERIL.

The Man Who Left His Nerve on the Cliff-Ledge.

Each story of the Shelton Cotton Factory is fifteen feet between floors; there are seven such over the basement, and this rises six feet above the ground. The brick walls narrow to eight inches as they ascend, and form a parapet rising above the roof. One of the time-keepers in the factory, Jack Hardy, a young man about my own age, often runs along the brick wall, the practice giving him a singular delight that has seemed to increase with his proficiency in it. Having been a clerk in the works from the beginning, I have frequently used the parapet for a footpath, and although there was a sheer fall of one hundred feet to the ground, have done it with ease and without dizziness. Occasionally Hardy and I have run races, on the opposite walls, an exercise in which I was invariably beaten, because I am timid with increase of pace.

Hopelessly distanced last Wednesday, while the men were off at noon, I gave up midway, and looking down, observed the upturned face of an old man, gazing at me with parted lips, wide eyes, and an expression of horror so startling that I involuntarily stepped down to the bricklayers' platform inside. I then saw that the apparently frightened spectator was Mr. Petherick, who had been for some weeks paymaster and factotum for the contractors.

"What's the matter, Petherick?" I called down. He made no answer, but, walking off rapidly, disappeared round the mill. Curious about his demeanor, I descended, and after some little seeking, found him smoking alone.

"You quite frightened me just now, Petherick," said I. "Did you think I was a ghost?"

"Not just that," he replied, sententiously.

"Did you expect me to fall, then?" I inquired.

"Not just that, either," said he. The old man was clearly disinclined to talk, and apparently much agitated. I began to joke him about his lugubrious expression, when the one-o'clock bell rang, and he shuffled off hastily to another quarter.

Though I puzzled a while over the incident, it soon passed so entirely from my mind that I was surprised when, passing Petherick in the afternoon, intending to go aloft, he said, as I went by:

"Don't do it again, Mr. Frazer!"

"What?" I stopped.

"That!" he retorted.

"Oh! You mean running on the wall," said I.

"I mean going on it at all!" he exclaimed. His earnestness was so marked that I conceived a strong interest in its cause.

"I'll make a bargain with you, Mr. Petherick. If you tell me why you advise me, I'll give the thing up!"

"Done!" said he. "Come to my cottage this evening, and I'll tell you a strange adventure of my own, though perhaps you'll only laugh that it's the reason why it sickens me to see you fooling up there."

Petherick was ready to talk when Jack and I sat down on his doorstep that evening, and immediately launched into the following narrative:

"I was born and grew to manhood near the high cliffs of the coast of Cornwall. Millions of sea-fowls make their nests along the face of those wave-worn precipices. My companions and I used to get much excitement, and sometimes a good deal of pocket money, by taking their eggs. One of us, placing his feet in a loop at the end of a rope and taking a good grip with his hands, would be lowered by the others to the nest.

"When he had his basket full, they'd haul him up, and another would go down. Well, one afternoon, I thus went dangling off. They paid out about a hundred feet of rope before I touched the ledge and let go."

"What ledge?" asked Jack.

"Oh," said Petherick, after a pause, "I see it will be troublesome to make you understand the situation." Then, after reflecting for some moments:

"You must know that most of the cliffs along that coast overhang the sea. At many points one could drop six hundred feet into the sea, and then be forty or fifty feet from the base of the rock he left. The coast is scooped under by the waves. But in some places the cliff wall is as though it had been eaten away by seas once running on higher levels. There will be an overhanging coping; then, some hundred feet down, a ledge sticking out farther than that of the top; under that ledge all will be scooped away. In places there are three or four such ledges, each projecting further than those above. These ledges used to fall away occasionally, as they do yet, I am told, for the ocean is gradually devouring that coast. Where they did not project farther than the upper coping, one lad would swing like a pendulum on the rope, and get on the rock, if not too far in, then put a rock on the loop to hold it till his return. When a ledge did project so that one could drop on it, he hauled down some slack, and left the rope hanging."

"Did the wind ever blow it off?" asked Jack.

"Seldom, and never out of reach," said the old man. "Well, the ledge I reached was like this" (illustrating with his hands). "It was some ten feet wide; it stuck out maybe some six feet farther than the cliff top; the rock wall went up pretty near perpendicular, till near the coping at the ground, but below the ledge the cliff's

face was so scooped away that the sea, five hundred feet below, ran in under it nigh fifty feet.

"As I went down, thousands of birds rose from the jagged places of the precipice, circling around me with harsh screams. Soon touching the ledge, I stepped from the loop, and, drawing down a little slack, walked off briskly. For fully a quarter of a mile the ledge ran along the cliff's face almost as level and even in width as that sidewalk. I remember fancying that it sloped outward more than usual, but instantly dismissed the notion, though Gaffer Pentreath, the oldest man in that countryside, used to tell us that we should not get the use of that ledge always. It had been as steady in our time as in his grandfather's, and we only laughed at his prophecies. Yet the place of an old filled fissure was marked by a line of grass, by tufts of weeds and small bushes, stretching along as far as the ledge itself, and within a foot or so of the cliff's face.

"Eggs were not so many as usual, and I went a long piece from my rope before turning back. Then I noticed the very strange conduct of the hosts of sea-fowls below. Usually there were hundreds, but now there were thousands on the wing, and instead of darting forth in playful motions, they seemed to be wildly excited, screaming shrilly, rushing out in terror, and returning in masses as though to alight, only to wheel in dread, and keep the air in vast clouds.

"The weather was beautiful, the sea like glass. At no great distance two large brigs, and nearer a small yacht, lay becalmed, heaving on the long billows. I could look down her cabin stairway almost, and it seemed scarcely more than a long leap to her deck.

"Puzzled by the singular conduct of the sea-birds, I soon stopped, and set my back against the cliff to rest while watching them. The day was deadly still and very warm.

"I remember taking off my cap and wiping the sweat from my face and forehead with my sleeve. While doing this, I looked down involuntarily to the fissure at my feet! Instantly my blood almost froze with horror! There was a distinct crack between the inner edge of the fissure and the hard-packed, root-threaded soil with which it was filled. Forcibly I pressed back, and in a flash looked along the ledge. The fissure was widening before my eyes, the rock before me seemed sinking outward, and with a shudder, and a groan, and a roar, the whole long platform fell crashing to the sea below! I stood on a margin of rock scarce a foot wide, at my back a perpendicular cliff, and five hundred feet below me the ocean, now almost hidden by the vast concourse of wheeling, screaming, and wildly affrighted birds.

"Can you believe that my first sensation was one of relief? I stood safe! Even a feeling of interest held me for some moments. Almost coolly I observed a long and mighty wave roll out from beneath. It went forth a high, curling crest—a solid wall of water. It struck the yacht stern on, plunged down on her deck, smashed through her swell of sail, and swept her out of sight forever.

"Not till then did my thought dwell entirely on my own position; not till then did I comprehend its hopelessness! Now my eyes closed convulsively, to shut out the abyss down which my glance had fallen; shuddering, I pressed hard again the solid wall at my back; an appalling cold slowly crept through me! My reason struggled against a wild desire to leap; all the demons of despair whispered to me to make an instant end. In imagination I had leaped! I felt the swooning helplessness of falling, and the cold, upward rush of air.

"Still I pressed hard back against the wall of rock, and, though nearly faint from terror, never forgot for an instant the death at my feet, nor the utter danger of the slightest motion. How long this weakness lasted I know not; I only know that the unspeakable horror of that first period has come to me in waking dreams many and many a day since; that I have long nights of that deadly fear; that to think of the past is to stand again on that narrow foothold, and to look around on the earth is often to cry out with joy that it widens away from my feet."

"Suddenly," said the old man, "these words flashed to my brain: 'Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? And one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. Fear not, therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows.' My faculties so strained, I seemed to hear the words. Indeed, often yet I think that I did truly hear a voice utter them very near me.

"Instantly hope arose, consciously desperate indeed, but I became calm, resourceful, capable, and feeling unaccountably aided. Careful not to look down, I opened my eyes and gazed far away over the bright sea. The rippled billows told that a light outward breeze had sprung up. Slowly, and somewhat more distant, the two brigs moved toward the horizon. Turning my head, I could trace the narrow stone of my footing to where my rope dangled, perhaps three hundred yards distant.

"It seemed to hang within easy reach of the cliff's face, and instantly I resolved and as instantly proceeded to work toward it. No time remained for hesitation. Night was coming on. I reasoned that my comrades thought me killed. They had probably gone to view the new condition of the precipice from a lower station, and on their return would haul up and



carry off the rope. I made a move toward it. Try to think of that journey?"

I nodded to him silently.

"Shuffling sideways very carefully, I had not made five yards before I knew that I could not continue to look out over that abyss without glancing down, and that I could not glance down without losing my senses. You have the brick line to keep eyes on as you walk along the factory wall; do you think you could move along it erect, looking down as you would have to? Yet it is only one hundred feet high. Imagine five more such walls on top of that, and you trying to move sideways—incapable of closing your eyes, forced to look down, from end to end, yes, three times farther! Imagine you've got to go on or jump off! Would you not, in an ecstasy of nervous agitation, fall to your knees, get down face-first at full length, clutch by your hands, and with shut eyes feel your way? I longed to lie down and hold, but of course that was impossible."

"Still there was a wall at your back," observed Jack.

"That made it worse. The cliff seemed to press outward against me. It did, in fact, incline very slightly outward. It seemed to be thrusting me off. Oh, the horror of that sensation! Your toes on the edge of a precipice, and the implacable, calm mountain apparently weighing you slowly forward."

Beads of sweat broke out over his white face at the horror he had called before him. Wiping his lips nervously with the back of his hand, and looking askant, as at the narrow pathway, he paused long. I saw its cruel edge and the dark gleams of its abysmal water.

"I knew," he resumed, "that with my back to the wall I could never reach the rope. I could not face toward it and step forward, so narrow was the ledge. Motion was perhaps barely possible that way, but the breadth of my shoulders would have forced me to lean somewhat more outward, and this I dared not and could not do. Also, to see a solid surface before me became an irresistible desire. I resolved to try to turn round before resuming the desperate journey. To do this I had to nerve myself for one steady look at my footing."

"In the depth below the myriad sea-fowl then rested on the black water, which, though swelling more with the rising wind, had yet an unbroken surface at some little distance from the precipice, while farther out it had begun to jump to white-caps, and in beneath me, where I could not see, it dashed and churned with a faint, pervading roar that I could barely distinguish. Before the descending sun a heavy bank of cloud had arisen. The ocean's surface bore that appearance of intense and angry gloom that often heralds a storm, but, save the deep murmur going out from below my perch, all to my hearing was deadly still."

"Cautiously I swung my right foot before the other and carefully edged around. For an instant, as my shoulder rubbed against the rock, I felt that I must fall. I did stagger, in fact, but the next moment I stood firm, face to the beetling cliff, my heels on the very edge, and the new sensation of the abyss behind me no less horrible than that from which I had with such difficulty escaped. I stood quaking. A delirious horror thrilled every nerve. The skin about my ears and neck, suddenly cold, shrank convulsively."

"Wild with fear, I thrust forward my head against the rock and rested in agony. A whirl and wind of sudden wings made me conscious of outward things again. Then a mad eagerness to climb swept away other feelings, and my hands attempted in vain to clutch the rock. Not daring to cast my head backward, I drew it tortoise-like between my raised shoulders and chin against the precipice, and gazed upward with straining of vision from under my eyebrows."

"Far above the dead wall stretched. Sideways glances gave me glimpses of the projecting summit coping. There was no fear in that direction. But the distraction of scanning the cliff-side had given my strained nerves some relief; to my memory again returned the promise of the Almighty and the consciousness of His regard. Once more my muscles became firm-strung."

"A cautious step sideways made me know how much I had gained in ease and security of motion by the change of front. I made progress that seemed almost rapid for some rods, and even had exultation in my quick approach to the rope. Hence came freedom to think how I should act on reaching it, and speculation as to how soon my comrades would haul me up."

"Then the idea rushed through me that they might even yet draw it away too soon; that while almost in my clutch it might rise from my hands. Instantly all the terrors of my position returned with tenfold force; an outward thrust of the precipice seemed to grow distinct, my trembling hands told me that it moved bodily toward me, the descent behind me took an unspeakable remoteness, and from the utmost depth of that sheer air seemed to ascend steadily a deadly and chilling wind. But I think I did not stop for an instant. Instead a delirium to move faster possessed me, and with quick, sidelong steps—my following foot striking hard against that before—sometimes on the point of stumbling, stretched out like the crucified, I pressed in mortal terror along."

"Every possible accident and delay was presented to my excited brain. What if the ledge should narrow suddenly to nothing? Now I believed that my heels were unsupported in air, and I moved along on tip-

toe. Now I was convinced that the narrow pathway sloped outward, that this slope had become so distinct, so increasingly distinct, that I might at any moment slip off into the void. But dominating every consideration of possible disaster was still that of the need for speed, and distinct amid all other terrors was that sensation of the dead wall ever silently and inexorably pressing me outward.

"My mouth and throat were choked with dryness, my convulsive lips parched and arid; much I longed to press them against the cold, moist stone. But I never stopped. Faster, faster—more wildly I stepped—in a delirium I pushed along. Then suddenly before my staring eyes was a well-remembered edge of mossy stone, and I knew that the rope should be directly behind me. Was it?"

"I glanced over my left shoulder. The rope was not to be seen! Wildly I looked over the other. No rope! Almighty God!"

"But what! Yes, it moves!—it sways in sight!—it disappears!—to return again to view! There was the rope directly at my back, swinging in the now strong breeze with a motion that had carried it away from my first hurried glances. With the relief tears pressed to my eyes, and—face bowed to the precipice, almost forgetful for a little time of the hungry air beneath—I offered deep thanks to my God for the delivery that seemed so near."

The old man's lips continued to move, but no sound came from them. We waited silent, while, with closed eyes and bent head, he remained absorbed in the recollection of that strange minute of devoutness.

"I stood there," he said at last, "for what now seems a space of hours, perhaps half a minute in reality. Then all the chances still to be run crowded upon me. To turn around had been an attempt almost desperate before, and certainly, most certainly, the ledge was no wider where I now stood. Was the rope within reach? I feared not. Would it sway toward me. I could hope for that."

"But could I grasp it should I be saved? Would it not yield to my hand—coming slowly down as I pulled unrolling from a coil above, trailing over the ground at the top, running fast as its end approached the edge, falling suddenly at last? Or was it fastened to the accustomed stake? Was any comrade near who would summon aid at my signal? If not, and if I grasped it, and if it held, how long should I swing in the wind that now bore the freshness and tremors of an imminent gale?"

"Now again fear took hold on me, and, as a desperate man, I prepared to turn my face once more to the vast expanse of water and nothing beyond that awful cliff. Closing my eyes, I writhed, with I know not what motions, easily around till again my back pressed against the precipice. That was a restful sensation. And now for the decision of my fate. I looked at the rope. Not for a moment could I fancy it within my reach! Its sways were not, as I had expected, even slightly inward; but when falling back against the wind, it swung outward, as though the air was eddying from the wall."

"Now I gaze down steadily. Would a leap be certain death? The water was of immense depth below. But what chance of striking it feet or head first? What chance of preserving consciousness in the descent? No, the leap would be death; that at least was clear."

"Again I turned to the rope. I was now perfectly desperate, but steady, nerved beyond the best moments of my life, good for an effort surpassing the human. Still the rope swayed as before, and its motion was very regular. I saw that I could touch it at any point of its gyrations by a strong leap."

"But could I grasp it? What use if it were not firmly secured above? But all this time for hesitation had gone by. I knew too well that strength was mine but for a moment, and that in the next reaction of weakness I should drop from the wall like a dead fly. Bracing myself, I watched the rope steadily for one round, and as it returned against the wind, jumped straight out over the heaving Atlantic."

"By God's aid I reached, touched, clutched, held the strong line. And it held! Not absolutely. Once, twice, and again it gave—gave with jerks that tried my arms. I knew these indicated but tightening. Then it held firm and I swung turning in the air, secure above the waves that beat below."

"To slide down and place my feet in the loop was the instinctive work of a moment. Fortunately it was of dimensions to admit my body barely. I slipped it over my thighs up to my armpits just as the dreaded reaction of weakness came. Then I lost consciousness."

"When I awakened my dear mother's face was beside my pillow, and she told me that I had been tossing for a fortnight in brain fever. Many weeks I lay there, and when I got strong I found that I had left my nerve on that awful cliff-side. Never since have I been able to look from a height or see any other human being on one without shuddering."

"So now you know the story, Mr. Frazer, and have had your last walk on the factory wall."

He spoke truer than he knew. His story has given me such horrible nightmares ever since that I could no more walk on the high brickwork than along that narrow ledge in distant Cornwall.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Admiral Lord Fisher, who recently resigned the position of First Sea Lord of the British Admiralty, has been appointed chairman of the "Inventions Board," which is being formed to assist the British Admiralty in regard to naval requirements.

Dr. William Worral Mayo, founder of the most noted surgical institution in this country, at Rochester, Minnesota, and father of Charles H. Mayo and William J. Mayo, is still hale and as mentally active as ever, though several years past ninety.

Professor Richard Norton, founder of the American Volunteer Ambulance Corps, which is the chief Red Cross unit in the second French army, has been awarded the military cross by the French government. He is an educator, born in Germany, a graduate of Harvard University, and has studied both in Germany and Greece. In 1903 he visited Central Asia for the purpose of archaeological investigation, and in 1904 and 1909 he visited Cyrenaica for the same purpose.

Cardinal Gibbons recently reached his eighty-first year, spending the day, as usual, in the quiet of the country near Baltimore. Despite his years he is still very active, but there is an apparent letting up in the regular routine of his daily life. A short time ago he showed the effects of the strain during the first spell of hot weather, and was indisposed for a few days. Now he has regained his full vigor and goes about his business affairs with all the promptness and regularity of earlier years.

Alexander Mitchell Palmer, who may be appointed counselor of the State Department, is a congressman, lawyer, and business man, living at Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania. His law practice has not been in the field of international affairs, but he is a lawyer of broad experience and familiar with European politics. He is a graduate of Swarthmore College, and in 1893 was admitted to the bar. He is a bank director, and is also on the board of a gas and water company of his city, as well as the International Boiler Company. Since the death of his law partner, Honorable John B. Storm, he has practiced alone.

Sir Robert Hadfield, who has been selected by the British government to assume charge of the engineering works that it has obtained power to take over for the manufacture of war material, is one of the greatest living authorities on the production of steel. In addition to the Bessemer medal, which is the blue ribbon of the Iron and Steel Institute of Great Britain, he has received equally high awards from similar societies in almost every country of the civilized world. Inventor of manganese steel, he is chairman of the Hadfield Steel Foundry Company, Ltd., at Sheffield, one of the biggest ordnance and projectile concerns in the United Kingdom, and, in fact, in the world.

Alfred H. Smith, a year ago elected president of the New York Central Railroad lines, began his railroad career as a messenger boy at the age of fourteen. Seeing little hope for advancement as a clerk he, a few years later, applied for work on the outside, and started all over again, this time as a section hand. He gradually worked his way upward, learning railroading in a practical manner, until at twenty-five he was made superintendent of the Kalamazoo division. Thirteen years ago he was transferred to the New York Central and Hudson River Railway, the main Vanderbilt property, acting successively as general superintendent, general manager, vice-president, and senior vice-president, in charge of operation, maintenance, and construction.

The Duke of the Abruzzi, commander-in-chief of Italy's navy, comes of a famous fighting house—the House of Savoy. He is forty-two years old, and is mainly known to the world as an intrepid explorer, particularly as a mountaineer. In 1897 he ascended the frozen heights of Mount Elias in Alaska, a feat, it is said, never theretofore performed. Two years later came his polar expedition, in which he made a point farther north than Nansen had reached. This was followed by mountaineering feats in Africa and among the Himalayas. In early boyhood the duke showed a fondness for the sea, and entered the Italian navy at the minimum age. He was educated at the naval school at Leghorn, and has had a most successful career as an officer of the fleet, having risen in the service by his own merits and industry.

Robert Lansing, who has succeeded William Jennings Bryan as Secretary of State, was born in Watertown, New York, in 1864, and graduated from Amherst in 1886. By profession he is a lawyer, and he is vice-president of a Watertown bank. Although his connection with the Department of State is of comparatively recent date, he having been appointed its counselor a little more than a year ago, he has had extensive experience in international affairs. In 1892 he was associate counsel for the United States in the Bering Sea arbitration; four years later he was counsel for the United States Bering Sea Claims Commission. In 1903 he was solicitor for the United States Alaskan Boundary Tribunal. In the arbitration at The Hague in 1909 he was counsel for the North Atlantic Coast Fisheries, and agent of the United States in the American and British Claims arbitration, from 1912 to 1914.



## THE PARIS OF TODAY.

John F. MacDonald Describes a Visit to the War-Stricken Capital of France.

The darkest of nights, with a watery moon and a few vague, tearful stars—and very melancholy sounds the swish of the sea, as I grope my way about the inky-black platform of Folkestone Harbor station in quest of the room where an official from Scotland Yard is installed. Imperative that I should find this official. For until he has inspected me and my passport, and declared both of us to be in good order, I shall not be permitted to cross the Channel en route to Dieppe. . . . Never such darkness, and the platform silent and deserted. I try a door—but it is locked. Another door; also locked. Locked again is the entrance to the refreshment room: penny buns, stale sandwiches, and thick cups of bitter tea have been banished from the Folkestone Harbor station of today. Now do I strike matches, one after the other. Then do I draw hard at my cigarette, so that it glows in the gloom. And at last, by the glow from the cigarette, I dimly discern a heavily-curtained glass door, behind which, at a massive round table and in the thickest of mufflers and overcoats—Scotland Yard is established.

Friendliness, but firmness, on the part of Scotland Yard! After I have produced my passport—a vast, formidable-looking document enclosed in a black leather case—the official takes a long, steady look at me. Why am I crossing the Channel? I am not carrying private letters, sealed documents, or contraband goods? I suppose I am aware that it is easier to get into France than to get out of it? Very well—this foreign gentleman seated at the same massive table, with the heavy woollen shawl round his shoulders, represents the Sûreté (or Criminal Investigation Department) of Paris; what has *he* to say of me and my passport? After the Paris detective and myself have exchanged bows, again (in French) comes the singular, the even sinister question: I suppose I am aware that it is easier to get into France than to get out of it? Très bien. Passport and self in good order—and the former (which already bears the black and purple seals of the Foreign Office and the French consulate in London) is furthermore decorated with the official blue stamp of the immigration offices, customs, and excise of his majesty's port of Folkestone.

"You won't meet any Germans. The Admiralty will look after you," observes Scotland Yard genially.

"Vive la France!" I say to the Sûreté.

"Et Vive l'Angleterre!" replies M. the French detective, in the vast, comical woollen shawl.

Eleven months of war: and every able-bodied Frenchman, between the ages of nineteen and forty-eight, protecting the life and soul of his country. Eleven months of slaughter: so that the penalty must already be terrific. Since no casualty lists are published in the newspapers it is impossible to estimate the extent of the losses. But an hour's sojourn on the terrace of a boulevard café provides a picture of the ravages inflicted on Paris by the War of All Wars. Here, in the radiant sunshine, come the new widows of Paris, widows young and old, one after another. . . . yes, widows and widows and widows in the deepest of mourning, their pale faces shrouded by heavy crêpe veils. Here, with a dull, muffled stump, stump on the pavement, comes the mutilated soldier on crutches. Here comes the soldier with the empty sleeve. Here comes the soldier with the sunken cheeks, and the dark and deep red-and-blue scars. Here come the soldiers with shattered nerves, who wander along aimlessly, vacantly, as though in a dream. And here comes the blind soldier, under the protection of a limping brother-soldier—or in the careful, loving charge of his mother or fiancée, who, as she guides him, and speaks to him, and presses his arm, looks up tenderfully and tearfully at the extinguished, devastated eyes that will never see again. . . . Then, a motor lorry, packed with haggard, unkempt soldiers, just back from the trenches—their uniforms tattered and blackened with mud. . . . Then, very smoothly and silently, the ambulance cars of the Red Cross, en route to the hospitals. . . . Then more widows, more blindness, more empty sleeves; and again that pathetic, muffled stump, stump, stump of crutches on the sunlit boulevard pavement.

No French novelist or playwright has ever failed to acknowledge—and even to insist—that the heart of the demi-monde, in spite of all its zig-zags, is in the right place. Sappho, the Dame aux Camélias, Mimi and Musette—and Nana, most erratic and self-indulgent of courtesans, who contracted smallpox and died through nursing her child. In spite of the peril of contagion Nana's women friends in the demi-monde brought flowers to the death-chamber, and lit tapers, and gazed pitifully upon the scarred, disfigured face;—whilst the male friends and lovers of the once radiant Nana remained prudently downstairs in the courtyard of the Grand Hotel, far away from the smallpox, discussing the dead courtesan's eccentricities, and follies, and beauty; and the Parisians were marching down the boulevards with shouts of, "To Berlin, To Berlin." Well, well; that was in the year 1870—and so Nana belongs to the past. . . . but the type of the woman

who ought to have been a good woman, because in spite of everything she is a kind woman, survives. We will not, of course, construct a halo around the blonde, brune, and auburn heads of Milles, Liane de Luneville, Pauline Boum, and Fifi. But we must not ignore them. Even more tactful than Mme. la Duchesse, even more kindly and compassionate than Mme. la Bourgeoise, is Fifi of the hectic half-world, as one beholds her today amidst the steam of the soup-kitchens. How vigorously she cuts the bread! What a quick eye for replenishing empty plates! To a child—"Viens, que je te mouche, mon petit." To a battered woman of the people—"Je viendrai vous voir demain dans l'après-midi. . . . et il y aura du charbon." Steamer and steamer becomes the atmosphere. Flushed, disheveled, and unpowdered, Fifi becomes; but how young she looks. What reminiscences of girlhood—this spectacle of the women of the people, and of children in bécots and sabots, must awaken in her heart and soul! For the chances are considerable that Fifi herself was the daughter of a struggling woman of the people, that in her girlhood she suffered hunger and cold herself. . . . not so very many years ago.

Out of the Luxembourg Gardens, down to the quays of the Seine; and here, too, the scene remains unchanged. The same interminable line of battered old bookstalls—and the familiar stooping form of the book-worms hovering about them. However, brand-new maps and war books have made their appearance amongst the chaotic collection of scientific, philosophical, and historical volumes; as well as caricatures of the Kaiser, and recently published poems and songs in honor of the glorious battle of the Marne. Below, on the river-bank, sits the incorrigible, retired bourgeois with his ridiculous fishing-rod. Twenty yards away a chocolate-colored poodle is being shaved by one of the professional dog-barbers who hold a special police permit to pursue their singular profession on the banks of the Seine. "Sale Boche, veux tu rester tranquille," cries the barber, the poodle whimpers and struggles. "I forbid you to call my dog a Boche," exclaims the poodle's devoted mistress. "C'est bien dit, madame. The lowest of mongrels is worth more than ten Boches," calls out the incorrigible angler with enthusiasm. But, as he speaks, a quantity of the poodle's shorn curls, carried away by the wind, fly straight into his face. Startled and blinded, M. le Bourgeois drops his fishing-rod. It slips into the Seine, it drifts away with the tide—whilst M. le Bourgeois gesticulates despairingly, and the dog-barber rocks with laughter. Increased fury of the bourgeois. Shaking his fist at the barber, he cries out incoherently, "Boche—Spy—Traitor—Assassin." Up walks a policeman: "What's the matter?" But just as the Bourgeois is about to explain, a French aeroplane appears high up above the river—and M. le Bourgeois, forgetting his grievance, pulls out his handkerchief, waves it wildly at the flying-machine, and, putting both hands to his mouth, emotionally and lustily shouts out—"Vive la France! Vive la France! Vive la France!"

And now nighttime. Only 10 o'clock, but the cafés have closed their doors, shutters, blinds, and curtains have been drawn, and the streets are plunged into a disconcerting semi-darkness. Far darker than in London. Far more silent and deserted than London. Far more stricken and wounded than London. For, let it again be recorded that every able-bodied Parisian between the ages of nineteen and forty-eight responded loyally and zealously to the call of his country eleven months ago:—and let it once more be stated that the remaining Parisians, day after day, night after night, are praying in their hearts if not in the churches, for the souls of the departed, the recovery of the wounded, the security of the "missing," the safe return of the uninjured. At night, especially, is the suffering and the anxiety more acute. Three—instead of four, or five, or more chairs—round the dinner-table. Dinner—how can you call it dinner when there's a photograph tied up with a crêpe bow, and a vase of white flowers on either side of it, placed conspicuously on the mantelpiece? Dinner?—when, in spite of herself, the widow, or the bereaved mother, or the little stricken fiancée suddenly bursts into tears and hastily and unsteadily leaves the room! Dinner?—when you have female relatives and dear friends shut up in the ten or twelve French departments still occupied by the Prussians! Ask Amélie, the cook, about dinner. "Mais on ne dine plus à Paris," she will reply. "One hasn't got the heart to take dinner. One has other things to think of. One will not dine again until one has driven out les Boches."

Ten o'clock at night. Never the sound of a piano, never a game of cards, never a gossip about whims, trifles, fancies, futilities. In the place of those little sociable pastimes a great deal of letter-writing.

Long, tender letters to the trenches. Letters of thanks for condolences. Letters deploring somebody else's tragic losses. Piteous, appealing letters to the ministry of war begging for news of —, of the — Regiment. Letters and letters and letters, and all of them brave, noble letters.

And invariably—whether official, or domestic, or conventional—the letters of the Parisians of today conclude with the lofty and exhilarating cry of "Vive la France!"—*Fortnightly Review*.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## The Nihelungen Treasure.

It was an ancient monarch  
Ruled where the Rhine doth flow,  
And nought he loved so little  
As sorrow, feud, and woe;  
His warriors they were striving  
For a treasure in the land;  
In sooth they near had perished  
Each by his brother's hand.

Then spake he to the nobles:  
"What boots this gold," he said,  
"If with the finder's life-blood  
The price thereof is paid?  
The gold, to end the quarrel,  
Cast to the Rhine away;  
There lie the treasure hidden,  
Till dawn the latest day!"

The proud ones took the treasure,  
And cast it to the main;  
I wene it all hath melted,  
So long it there hath lain:  
But, wedded to the waters  
That long have o'er it rolled,  
It clothes the swelling vineyards  
With yellow gleam, like gold.

Oh, that each man were minded,  
As thought this monarch good,  
That never care might alter  
His high, courageous mood!  
Then deeply we would hurry  
Our sorrows in the Rhine,  
And, glad of heart and grateful,  
Would quaff his fiery wine.

—Translated from the German by H. W. Dulcken.

## Lord Ullin's Daughter.

A Chieftain, to the Highlands bound,  
Cries: "Boatman, do not tarry!  
And I'll give thee a silver pound,  
To row us o'er the ferry!"

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,  
This dark and stormy water?"  
"Oh, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,  
And this, Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men  
Three days we've fled together,  
For should he find us in the glen,  
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride—  
Should they our steps discover,  
Then who will cheer my bonny bride,  
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight:  
"I'll go, my chief,—I'm ready:  
It is not for your silver bright,  
But for your winsome lady:—

"And by my word! the bonny hird  
In danger shall not tarry;  
So, though the waves are raging white,  
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,  
The water-wraith was shrieking;  
And in the scowl of heaven each face  
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still, as wilder blew the wind,  
And as the night grew dearer,  
Adown the glen rode arméd men,  
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,  
"Though tempests round us gather;  
I'll meet the raging of the skies,  
But not an angry father!"

The boat has left a stormy land,  
A stormy sea before her,—  
When, oh! too strong for human hand,  
The tempest gather'd o'er her.

And still they row'd amidst the roar  
Of waters fast prevailing;  
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore;  
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For, sore dismay'd, through storm and shade  
His child he did discover;  
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,  
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,  
"Across this stormy water;  
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,  
My daughter!—O my daughter!"

'T was vain: the loud waves lash'd the shore,  
Return or aid preventing;  
The water wild went o'er his child,  
And he was left lamenting.

—Thomas Campbell.

## Silent Noon.

Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass,—  
The finger-points look through like rosy blooms:  
Your eyes smile peace. The pasture gleams and glooms  
'Neath billowing skies that scatter and amass.  
All round our nest, far as the eye can pass,  
Are golden kingcup-fields with silver edge  
Where the cow-parsley skirts the hawthorn-hedge.  
'Tis visible silence, still as the hour-glass.

Deep in the sun-search'd growths the dragon-fly  
Hangs like a blue thread loosen'd from the sky:—  
So this wing'd hour is dropt to us from above.  
Oh! clasp we to our hearts, for deathless dower,  
This close-companion'd inarticulate hour  
When twofold silence was the song of love.

—Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

The world's greatest bells include the king of bells, Moscow, weight 443,732 pounds; St. Ivan's, Moscow, 127,830; Peking, 120,000; Vienna, 40,200; St. Paul's, London, 38,470; "Big Ben," Westminster, 30,354; Montreal, 28,500, and St. Peter's, Rome, 18,600.



## A VOLUME OF SKETCHES.

A New Book by St. John G. Ervine, Already Noted as a Successful Novelist.

The novels of St. John G. Ervine—"Mrs. Martin's Man" and "Alice and a Family"—have been attracting much attention. Probably "Eight O'Clock and Other Studies" will interest a lesser audience, but it contains some of this "new" writer's best and most finished work. The first sketch, which is in the form of a playlet, the only one in that form, gives its name to the volume, which might well be called "Submerged Types," for the subject of each of the studies is some forlorn or particularly humble relic of popular civilization.

"Eight O'Clock" deals with the tragedy of a hanging, or rather with the attendant tragedy which transpires at the home of the condemned man, where his child, his wife, and her sister wait and tremble from dark until dawn for the signal of the city clock booming the fatal hour. The second sketch has to do with old "Clutie John," who was called so "because he was left-handed." Perhaps the word "clutie" is more familiar to you than it is to us, but "if you had guessed for a hundred years and more you would not have guessed what his occupation was." It was "fin'in' things"—finding things that other people lost or forgot:

He went out in the morning before other men were astir, with a bag slung over his shoulders, and a pointed stick in his hand, seeking what he could find. The debris of the previous night's gathering of men and women in the street was not all rubbish; there were all sorts of trifles carelessly dropped by the people which, when picked up by Clutie John, could be turned into profit. Not all the things found were trifles; some, indeed, were of great value. There was a packet of jewelry that he found once, the reward for which was considerable. Mostly, however, his finds were trifling in themselves. Here a sixpence, there a penny or halfpenny, a glove, a purse (sometimes empty, sometimes not), pencils, pens, marbles, umbrellas, and what not. These things, discreetly disposed of, were the source of Clutie John's small, but regular, income.

"People is very forgetful," he would say, with a little reproach in his tone; and then, as if to make up for the reproach, he would add: "Och, well, sure they've a dale to think about, what wi' wan thing an' another, an' if they wur'n't a bit forgetful, it wudden be much o' a living I'd be makin'."

He had a sense of the dignity of labor, had Clutie John, and respect for his own calling. "Ye shud do a thing," he would say, "accuse ye like doin' it, not accase ye're paid t' do it! If ye wudden do a thing fur nathin' if ye cud, ye shudden do it fur pay." Finding things was his art, and he studied the technic and mysteries of the conditions upon which it depended:

"... Boys is more forgetful nor any one," he would say, while he pulled a number of marbles out of his pockets. "Girls is no good til me. They never forget nathin' but hairpins, an' they're harly worth pickin' up. Wee girls forgets nathin' at all. A wud die o' starvation if there was nathin' but wee girls in the wurl." ... Public holidays, all joyful occasions, were strongly supported by him. On the morning after such days he found much that was good, with less difficulty than usual. "They hang thegither, a crowd," he would say, "an' ye fin' near all ye want w'out shiftn' about much. They're that happy, they forget more aisyly nor when they're just ordinary!" Monday morning found him making for the lovers' Sunday haunts. "Coortin' couples is very forgetful," he would say. "A make more out o' them nor A do out o' anny one else, except mebbe the wee lads. Bits o' lace hankeys an' things that weemen likes t' have about them of a Sunday."

The bookseller's assistant, whom Mr. Ervine met with in Kew Gardens, would seem to have had a more desirable occupation as well as splendid opportunities for the acquirement of knowledge, but bookseller's clerks are not always as wise as the public gives them credit for being, and this little man had read little beyond his daily "Rule Britannia," from which he culled all his opinions wholesale. "Reading isn't much in my line," he says, "not what you would call reading, I don't. I haven't the time for it":

He never went to a theatre or a concert or to any sort of amusement. He hadn't the time. His chief, if not his sole recreation was a little stroll in the Gardens on a Sunday morning.

"It's just as well, perbaps," he said, "that I haven't much time for any of those things. You see, in our business the pay is very small—very small—not what you would call much; and if I ad much time on my 'ands I might get discontented, and I shouldn't like that. Probably it's good for me. My father used to say 'ard work never killed no one, and I think that's true."

I looked at the little mean-looking man with the mild gray eyes and the delicate features, sitting there surrounded by the splendidly colored rhododendrons, shaming us humans with their magnificence, and of a sudden I became presumptuous. "Don't you ever get tired of the monotony of it?" I asked him.

"Oh, no," he replied. "What would be the good?" "But don't you feel you ought to do something better than that with your life? Ambition, I mean?"

For the first time a look of yearning came into his eyes, and he stared steadily in front of him for a second or so.

"Yes," he said after a little while, "sometimes I think it would be nice to have two pounds a week certain. . . ."

"Comparison" is a sketch of a similar encounter. It deals with the humble, pleasant, shabby, neat little man, with an air of having seen better days, who sits in Hyde Park admiringly watching the fashionables parade proudly by of a Sunday morning. He observes:

"They all go to church about 'ere! You know! Church Parade they call this! Mind you, I don't blame 'em. You can't 'elp likin' 'em when you look at 'em! Nice-lookin' an'

that! You know, I can't make it out! I mean to say, 'ow is it? They aint wot you'd call beautiful—some of 'em down-right ugly, but some 'ow they're nice to look at. You know! Walks nice an' talks nice, and got nice 'ands—I mean to say, look at me now! I'm not like 'em. I mean to say, if I 'ad the clothes they 'ave, I couldn't carry it off, you know. Look at my 'ands! Why, I couldn't wear gloves on 'em! An' I don't talk the way they do. An' walk! Well, I mean to say, it's silly to talk about it, aint it? An' my wife, too!—She was nice-lookin' when I first knew 'er. Proper nice-lookin' she was! I mean to say she was as nice-lookin' as any 'ere, considerin'! Why, you wouldn't believe wot my wife was like when she was a young girl. You know! Jaunty, she was! Walked about like anythink, an' did 'er 'air nice, an' all that! But she aint like it now, you know! I mean to say, she's all right, reely, only some'ow. . . . That nice girl we see jus' now with that boy, she'll be nice-lookin' when she gets to be my wife's age, same's she is now. Only older! That's all. She'll do 'er 'air nice, an' 'ave nice 'ands, an' talk nice. Don't matter wot age she is, she'll be nice-lookin'. Lots of old 'uns 'ere! Sixty if they're a day, some of 'em! Only they don't look old! Of course, they make 'emselvs up a bit, but it aint all that! Even when they don't make 'emselvs up, they look nice. You know wot I mean! Now, my wife, she's not like that. She's not more'n forty, but she looks a good bit more. Don't seem to take no pride in 'erself. 'Er 'air—well, of course, it aint to be expected, not with all she 'as to do! I mean to say, it aint reasonable to expect it. Only! . . . Well, you know the way it is yourself! I can't 'elp thinkin' of wot she was like when I first knew 'er! See! Proper nice-lookin' she was. An' that particlar! . . . Mind, I'm not sayin' a word against 'er. She an' me's all right, you know. I don't mean to say we don't 'ave no words now an' again, but on the 'ole, we're all right. On the 'ole! Proper pals we are. I tell 'er all about this every Sunday. She thinks same as me about it. She's got too much to do. It aint 'er fault, of course. I mean to say, she aint to blame. An' it aint my fault. Jus' can't be 'elped!"

EIGHT O'CLOCK. By St. John G. Ervine. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.

## A BOOK ABOUT GERMANY.

A Distinguished German Helps Us to an Understanding of National Feeling.

Perhaps the greatest obstacle to the attainment of satisfactory international relations is the difficulty of getting at and sympathizing with the alien point of view, the basic principles from which the foreigner argues. Just now we have a serious problem of this kind on hand ourselves—what is the real point of view and intent of Germany back of Von Jagow's remarkable note in regard to submarine warfare.

Therefore authoritative works by Germans explaining their ideas as to the causes of the war are to be welcomed, and none more so than "Germany's Isolation," by the well-known economist, Paul Rohrbach, professor of colonial economy in the Commercial Academy of Berlin, which has just been translated into English. A considerable portion of the book was written just prior to the outbreak of the war, and is therefore all the more valuable as a means of studying the German bases of thought, since it does not come as a defense of that which has already happened.

There is one note running through the whole of Rohrbach's series of essays which demands attention before any comment is made upon details, and it is a note so characteristic of recent German writers on history and economics as to form the basis of a certain amount of just generalization. That note is the assumption that there must rule in all the relations between states an absolute cynicism, selfish and materialistic. For a number of years there have been growing throughout the world the feeling and belief that many of the ideas of justice, fair play, and humanity which are applicable to individuals are likewise applicable to the relations of nations to each other. In a purely political sense the state may be the final arbiter of its own acts, but it must come up for moral judgment before the international conscience. It may be that there is no police power available to punish a strong state for oppressing a weaker or imposing unfair burdens on an alien portion of its subjects, but this offends against the international sense of justice and sooner or later brings retribution. While this feeling seemed to be growing in other countries, all German thought was being turned in other channels. In public even more than in private life the bitter struggle for existence seemed to engender cynicism.

The result of this spirit is to deny in international relations any motive of generosity or even of justice and fair play. If any act bears the appearance of this it is a deception and has some sinister meaning. Seeing everything through glasses of this color, Rohrbach is able to find in every trifling act a deliberately planned part of a marvelous Machiavellian scheme.

In an opening chapter the author describes the growth of England's world power, which in his view threatened at the end of the nineteenth century to engulf the whole non-European world. In this he sees chiefly the results of the Seven Years War and the Napoleonic struggle. The actual conditions under which Egypt, India, and New Zealand came under England's control are ignored, as is also the development of self-government in the colonies. This would of course be unintelligible to him.

Next follows a glowing and exultant picture of Germany's transformation under the hegemony of Prussia from a poverty-stricken agricultural country into a great industrial and commercial state, threatening the commercial supremacy of England. With equal pride

is told the story of the building of the German fleet. He finds, however, that the development of German national consciousness was slower than the growth of its material and political basis, and he believes that "the slow process of developing a consciousness of national power from its inception to its full realization at times endangered Germany's prospects of becoming a world power of the first rank."

Having thus described the two great rival states, he proceeds to trace all the moves in the game whereby England sought to isolate and crush her rival for the trade of the world. That this was the perfectly normal game to play from his point of view may be seen from the following paragraph:

Strength, and nothing but strength, ever determines the political respect for the life interests of a rival nation. History knows of no exception. Only as long as we are strong we may be certain that, in the mind of our envious neighbor, desire and better judgment counterbalance each other. If we lack strength, without being so insignificant that our very weakness is our protection, we may be certain that our rival, yielding to the natural and irresistible law of necessity, will in an opportune moment satisfy his desires at our expense.

He finds no fault with this on moral grounds and expects his own country to act from the same motives. In this he is brutally frank. For a nation to display any considerations of fair play or generosity would be exceedingly stupid. We have all known men who considered that successful business should be carried on in the same manner.

Picture, then, how seriously he makes the following absurd statement regarding the intrigues between England and France for Germany's isolation:

In the course of negotiations between England and France, the question of England's military assistance on land was being discussed at some length. England, so it seemed, was asked by France to send an expeditionary force of one hundred and fifty thousand soldiers, not by the short route, Dover-Calais, which could have easily been protected, but by way of the North Sea. It was argued that by way of Calais the English would have had to use the railroads reserved for the transport of the French troops, an arrangement which would have either resulted in disorder of the French muster or prevented the English from arriving at the battle front in time for action. On the other hand, England's assistance might prove exceedingly helpful and effective if the English forces marched through neutral Belgium and interfered with the muster of German troops in the lower Rhine Valley.

In another chapter he describes the period of reconciliation with England, which he attributes, not to any desire for peace, but to the fear of Russia and her expansion toward the Mediterranean. Another cause for the change he finds, curiously enough, in the invention of the dreadnought:

Another cause for England's change of attitude resulted from the introduction of the new dreadnought type which, as intimated, reduced England's naval superiority in no small degree. When in the critical moment the political combinations, in support of which the new type of battleship had been constructed, refused to work, the dreadnoughts were no longer an advantage to the English fighting strength. On the contrary, the successful adoption of the new type by Germany and other countries tended to diminish the disparity of strength between the English navy and that of the rest of the great naval powers. This is particularly true in the case of Germany, where the building of dreadnoughts progressed faster and better than in other countries. The proportion of Germany's large line-of-battle ships to those of England is today represented by the ratio of ten to sixteen, a condition which would be out of question without the dreadnoughts. In a certain sense, therefore, England's first mistake, the cession of Helgoland to Germany, was followed, fifteen years later, by another blunder, the building of dreadnoughts.

For Germany also Russia constitutes a great peril, but Russia is aggressive only when a good harvest gives the sinews of war. At other times she eats out of the hand, as on the occasion when in 1908 Austria-Hungary seized Bosnia and Herzegovina. The enormous and rapidly growing population of Russia, the world power of England, and the ambitions of France and Italy form a vicious circle from which Germany with her vital energy must burst forth. He pleads for a greater army and navy. Of Germany's Gallic neighbor he says: "The moribund exertions of the French, who have irrefutably arrived at the end of their resources, and can not even hope enduringly to maintain their present efforts, show plainly that the Germans have practically won out and can not be paralyzed or outdistanced in matters military or financial." Rohrbach would have done well to have revised these words before going to press.

His final chapter was written after the war had begun, and is largely an attempt to justify Germany in the light of what he had already written. As to the violation of Belgium he harks back to the seizure of the Danish navy by England in 1807, when it was feared that it would be used by Napoleon, and he fails to make any mention of the promises given to Belgium by Germany not long before the war. Incidentally he repeats the charge—long since disproven—that French troops were ready on the Franco-Belgian frontier to advance against the right flank of the German army, and that French officers were in Liège when that city was attacked.

Altogether Rohrbach's volume gives one the unpleasant impression that either the author and his compatriots are suffering from an obsession that amounts to the delusion of persecution, or else our civilization, in so far as it was supposed to have developed higher standards of humanity and justice, is a failure.

GERMANY'S ISOLATION: AN EXPOSITION OF THE ECONOMIC CAUSES OF THE WAR. By Paul Rohrbach. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; 75 cents net.



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## The Sword of Youth.

James Lane Allen, who has charmed and delighted with such books as "The Kentucky Cardinal" and "The Choir Invisible," is heard in a new strain in "The Sword of Youth." Whatever James Lane Allen writes, that he writes well. He is never careless, never hurried, choosing his phrases with care, and holds the interest of the reader steadily to the end. "The Sword of Youth" possesses a virility all its own, having to do with a period of the Civil War. In this Kentucky country Mr. Allen is at home, and his admirers will find in his latest effort the atmospheric charm, originality, and realism of his best Kentucky fiction.

The year is 1863. Joseph Sumner, whose father and four brothers have been given to the South, has reached the age of seventeen. Now he, too, feels the call to arms, and at once the home is torn in conflict. The widowed mother, embittered by her already great loss, can not reconcile herself to the thought of her last and youngest entering the struggle. Bitter words are followed by separation. The struggle between mother love and country is strongly painted. The youth wages war within himself to set aside her grim, relentless opposition to his determined course, and so the author is found moralizing, indicating a philosophical turn of mind, which he seeks to inject into his book. Indicative of the young soldier's struggle, these lines may well be quoted: "It is the war we all wage between what is right within us and what is right; between one duty, and another duty." Breaking with his mother, he bids his sweetheart farewell and is soon seen in battle.

Then comes the sickening reaction, when his mother, dying, sends him an urgent message to come to her. Again he battles with himself and—deserts. Probably nothing the author has yet done exceeds his fascinating description of this particular moment in the soldier's life. His homecoming is tragic enough, for the home has lost its mistress and sorrow broods heavily about the place. Resigning himself to his fate, he returns to the army and surrenders as a deserter. The unexpected turn of events at this juncture must be left to the reader to find out for himself. However, it must be said that love triumphant wins the day. One will hardly care to lay the book down before finishing it, so absorbing does it become as the story progresses.

THE SWORD OF YOUTH. By James Lane Allen. New York: The Century Company; \$1.25 net.

## Napoleon.

We may reasonably doubt if there is room for another story of Napoleon, at least for a story that is based upon no new knowledge, nor does a perusal of the book lead to the conviction that the author has a "message," in the words of the publisher's note. Dr. Hudson disengages his narrative from history so far as this can be done, and shows us Napoleon the man rather than Napoleon the ruler or the soldier. Of course this has been done already many times, although perhaps not in so condensed and connected a form or with so careful a collection of detail. And some of the detail will be new to the majority of readers. We were unaware, for example, that Napoleon once wrote a "Parallel Between Jesus Christ and Apollonius of Tyre," with a preference for Apollonius. Unfortunately the essay has disappeared. Probably it was suppressed by Napoleon himself, but it may yet come to light, and certainly its discovery would be a literary event. We may doubt that Napoleon was a materialist, as the author asserts, or that "his splendid judgment was clouded by hallucinations." The book is decorated with sixteen good colored plates.

THE MAN NAPOLEON. By William Henry Hudson. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.50 net.

## The King of the Dark Chamber.

The tragedy of the poet who precipitately tumbles into vogue with the "culture" seekers is that his voice is too often drowned under the waves of indiscriminate enthusiasm. The translations of Rabindranath Tagore, since he was awarded the Nobel prize, are seized upon as avidly as are new and racy works of fiction and are the occasion of much gabbling and garbling of "Hindu philosophy" and "occultism." The simple loveliness of the poems contained in "The Gardener" and "The Crescent Moon" has a general appeal, and "Gitanjali" breathes utterances so universal that it has something for all who seek. The plays of Tagore have interest and beauty equal to that of his lyrics, but their appeal is less broad because of the strangeness to Occidentals' minds of the Hindu mysticism and symbolism and because of the consequent tax which their length thus imposes. They are a puzzle for the student.

"The King of the Dark Chamber," Tagore's latest published drama, depends for its lucidation on what is brought to the reading of it. As with the great epic of India, "The

Bhagavad Gita," the substance found is according to the vision of the reader. The character of the Queen, Sudarshana, may be interpreted as the lover seeking its mate—or as the soul searching for truth, "the King."

As in everything that this poet and seer of the East has written, great beauty of imagery and ingenuous charm of expression mark the new volume. Simple English words seem to take on fresh meanings and new colors when handled by this foreigner who is voicing the West, as well as the East, in his poetry and, without preaching of it to us, is teaching us subtly of our kinship.

THE KING OF THE DARK CHAMBER. By Rabindranath Tagore. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

## Private Affairs.

Mr. Charles McEvoy certainly possesses the power to make the commonplace interesting and to show the real drama of ordinary lives. His picture is that of a middle-class English family of three girls and a boy, dominated by the autocratic and disagreeable father, but gradually asserting themselves under the spur of youthful love. The heroine is Myrtle, aged eighteen, whose performance at an amateur dramatic performance attracts the attention of a great manager who offers her \$200 a week, rather a high price, one would think, for total inexperience. Myrtle passes through the usual vicissitudes and comes close to suicide on finding that the man to whom she has given her heart is married, but we are allowed to infer that all comes right in the end. But the chief merit of the story is in its portrayal of English domestic life in the middle class, and here it would be hard to exaggerate the praise that is due.

PRIVATE AFFAIRS. By Charles McEvoy. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.

## The American Books.

Doubleday, Page & Co. are to be congratulated on the American Books Series, of which four volumes have already been published. The object of the series is to present a popular, authoritative discussion of typical American problems and movements. The four initial volumes are "The American College," by Isaac Sharpless; "The American Navy," by Rear-Admiral French E. Chadwick; "Municipal Freedom," by Oswald Ryan; and "American Literature," by Leon Kellner. These volumes seem to be written judiciously and to be free from the note of a stupid "optimism" which so often mars a work of this kind. The books are of good appearance and are well printed. Price, 60 cents net each.

## Gossip of Books and Authors.

A new volume of poems, "Rivers to the Sea," by Sara Teasdale, will be published in September by the Macmillan Company. This is Miss Teasdale's third book, her "Helen of Troy and Other Poems" having appeared four years ago. Most of the poems have appeared in the leading magazines and have been translated into German by Rudolf Rieder. They will be published in Munich at the close of the war.

In view of the appearance of unauthorized biographies of the late Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, the Houghton Mifflin Company announces that the only biography authorized by the Strathcona family or based upon documentary material is that by Beckles Willson, which will be published by them in the early autumn. Lord Strathcona's heirs have turned to Mr. Willson a mass of private documents and letters written during the period when Strathcona was, to quote a journalist, "Canada in breeches." These documents constitute what is virtually an inner history of Canada's years of spectacular development, and throw a new light on many familiar transactions in the upbuilding of the great Northwest, the fur trade, the Red River uprising, the dealings with James J. Hill, and the building of the Canadian Pacific. In every way this biography promises to be one of the most important in recent years.

"The Lost Prince" is the title of Frances Hodgson Burnett's new novel, which the Century Company will publish shortly. The hero is a prince who does not know he is one, though he has always the noble image of a prince before him; and he makes his way through Europe in the guise of a stalwart little tramp, secretly carrying a sign and message everywhere.

Harper & Brothers have just put to press for reprints the following books: "The War of the Worlds," by H. G. Wells; "The Expert Waitress," by Anna F. Springstead; "Planning and Furnishing the Home," by Mary J. Quinn; "How to Keep Household Accounts," by C. H. Haskins; and "The Work of the Rural School," by J. D. Eggleston and Robert W. Bruere.

Holman Day stated in a recent letter that some of the situations which make the plot of his just-published novel, "The Landloper," were suggested by events that actually oc-

curred in a part of the country with which he is personally familiar. There was a series of typhoid epidemics similar to the one that roused the chivalric hero of "The Landloper" to action; and the water syndicates in real life—as in novel—"persisted in laying them to anything except the water sources controlled by them."

Did you know that Cuba and Hayti boast a navy apiece? In Lippincott's "Fleets of the World," just published, one will find exact statistics for these armadas, as well as those of every other country in the world.

"Present-Day China," by Gardner L. Harding, throws a flood of light on that little-understood country. The woman suffragist is abroad in China, Mr. Harding says; there are vast cotton mills that run night and day, child labor, soldiers in the most modern khaki suits, and oil fields covered with countless derricks. The China revealed by Mr. Harding, who returned from that country early this year, is said to be not at all the China that is in the minds of most Americans. The Century Company is the publisher.

"Nation of Nations: New Plan to Stop War and Insure Permanent Peace," a book by Alfred Owen Crozier, presents in detail a plan for solving the great problem of peace and war. He includes draft of a complete "Supreme Constitution" and framework for a "Nation of Nations" that shall, with its own military and naval forces, or "police power," protect all supporting nations against unjust attack and guard the world's peace forever. The Stewart & Kidd Company is the publisher.

Early Oregon life and the Western trail figure in "Miranda," Grace L. H. Lutz's new novel. Grandfather Heath scoffed at tales of the new country, but his granddaughter, Miranda, goes to Oregon as a bride, in the train of emigrants Dr. Whitman took back with him, and the reader shares in some great events in the early history of that state, now a synonym for riches and prosperity. The J. B. Lippincott Company is the publisher.

"From the Marne to Neuvo Chapelle—September, 1914, to March, 1915," is the title of an illuminating book by "An Eye-Witness Present with General Headquarters." This volume contains all the descriptive accounts by an "Eye-Witness" issued by the British Press Bureau up to the end of March, 1915. The narrative as a whole is not only an illuminating commentary on the operations and achievements of the British Expeditionary force, but may be said to constitute a very valuable contribution to the history of the war. It is published by Longmans, Green & Co.

Of "My Path Through Life," by Lilli Lehmann, recently published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, the New York Nation says: "My Path Through Life" is an English version, by Alice Benedict Seligman, of Lilli Lehmann's 'Mein Weg,' perhaps the most absorbingly interesting of all musical autobiographies, and at the same time an invaluable contribution to the catalogue of Wagneriana."

One of the early fall books announced by the Century Company will be "Marie Tarnowska," by Anne Vivanti Chartres, the confessions of the "fatal Russian countess," whose tragic story went round the world seven years ago and who has just been released from the Italian prison to which she was sentenced for instigating the murder of a lover. The author succeeds not only in gaining access to the penitentiary—a privilege very sel-

## The White House GREEK DRAMAS

In which Margaret Anglin will appear  
at the Greek Theatre, Berkeley:

|                                    |        |
|------------------------------------|--------|
| ELECTRA of Euripides.....          | \$ .75 |
| MEDEA of Euripides.....            | .75    |
| Both translated by Gilbert Murray. |        |
| IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.....            | .50    |
| Translated by Robert Potter.       |        |

The Splendid New Novel by Mary Roberts Rinehart  
"K".....\$1.35

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dom granted in Italy—but in spending some days with this modern Circe, as she has been called. The book is said to be neither a defense nor an extenuation, but a pure confession, which leaves the reader free to draw favorable or unfavorable conclusions.

Not because it is at all like them in manner or material, but because its merit distinctly places it in their literary class, "Of Human Bondage," by W. Somerset Maugham, is suggested for such close scrutiny as one would give to "Clayhanger," or "Tono-Bungay," or "Jean Christophe." Though Mr. Maugham has hitherto been best known for the cleverness and stagecraft of his comedies, he suddenly, in "Of Human Bondage," manifests himself as a realist of power and sincerity.

Harper & Brothers recently put to press for reprinting "When a Man Comes to Himself," by Woodrow Wilson; "The Martyrdom of an Empress"; "The Iron Woman," by Margaret Deland; "Desert Gold," by Zaue Grey, and "The Hollow-Tree and Deep-Woods Book," by Albert Bigelow Paine.

What promises to be a most important contribution to the understanding of the German character and of the German viewpoint in the present war is to be published early in August. It is entitled "The Pentecost of Calamity," and the author is Owen Wister. Not only is the book distinguished for its thought—no less for its presentation. It is published by the Macmillan Company.

Perhaps the two novels which may be said to describe German life the most accurately are Gustav Frenssen's "Klaus Hinrich Baas," published in a translation by Esther Everett Lape and Elizabeth Fisher Read, and Herman Hagedorn's "Faces in the Dawn." It has even been said that in the Frenssen story, which tells of the business career of a young German man and his relation to the different social and economic problems of the day, there are summed up the reasons for Germany's past and present actions. Both are published by the Macmillan Company.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

A Pillar of Salt.

It is to be regretted that Horace W. C. Newte, in selecting for the theme of his novel the mischievous potentialities of the emancipated English suffragette, had not chosen a better vessel than Avice Dale to fall from grace through their instrumentality. Avice was a selfish, inconsiderate, discontented, and bickering wife to a fond, patient, and indulgent husband. Her principles, as it turned out, were only conventions. Her fall was not the terrible calamity it might have been, but the author was so determined to make it happen, and Avice was such a graceless and ill-equipped victim—if one may call her so—that the fault of the violent and undisciplined sisterhood did not seem as great as it might have been made to appear.

The author has a fatal facility in dispensing pages of dialogue, which has a concise look, on account of the brevity of the remarks, but is altogether too long drawn out. A little more of a leaven of gentleness and attractiveness in Avice, a decided curtailment of the dialogue, might have added to the value of the book, as an instrument of wrath against a mischievous influence. Mr. Newte, however, judging from "A Pillar of Salt" and from "Sparrows" is not fated to rise above mediocrity, and only just attains that.

A PILLAR OF SALT. By Horace W. C. Newte. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.35 net.

The Earth.

This fascinating hook by Professor Alphonse Berget of the Institute Oceanographique has the supreme merit of being imaginative in the best sense of the word. A virtue hardly less striking is an undogmatic tone rarely to be found in scientific works written for popular use.

Professor Berget divides his work into twelve chapters. He describes the birth and age of the earth, its form, magnitude, mass, and movements. He treats of magnetism, electricity, radioactivity, and the oceans and tides. He asks us to look upon the world as a living creature, and this in no mere figurative sense, and therefore subject to the laws of living creatures, including age and death. And in his concluding chapter he shows us the way in which that death will approach and how the gradual cooling of the sun will be the fall of the curtain upon terrestrial activities. But is there any evidence that the sun is actually cooling, or that its volume is decreasing; or is this but an argument from analogy?

THE EARTH: ITS LIFE AND DEATH. By Professor A. Berget. Translated by E. W. Barlow, B. Sc., F. R. S. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.75 net.

Property and Contract.

For the moment we were in danger of consigning these two large volumes to the technical shelf, where they might long remain in an unapproachable dignity. But closer examination reveals a work as attractive to the layman as to the lawyer, and this in spite of formidable appendices and citations of cases. For example, we were under the impression that a man might do what he liked with his own property. It seemed to be one of the axioms of the freedom on which we pride ourselves. But we learn that there are many and severe restrictions, and in fact that the ownership of property is largely one of those artificial rights that exist only by governmental sanction and that may be withdrawn under the same sanction. We may not own

opium, nor may we drink more of our own alcohol than seems good for us. We may not torture our animals, and if we should marry, the law interferes in a dozen ways with our ownership of property. We may own our hodies, but we may not kill them. We may own our ideas, but we may go to jail for stating them. Society permits no kind of ownership that conflicts with the public conscience.

Such are some of the considerations with which the author deals, and in a quite human and warm-blooded way. He devotes nearly the whole of his first volume to "Property, Public and Private," showing the methods of distribution, the growth of the property idea, and its many restrictions. In the second volume he deals with "Contract and Its Conditions," "Vested Interests," and "Personal Conditions," and these sections are followed by copious appendices and lists of cases. The lawyer will find a wealth of technical material, but so far as the main body of the work is concerned it can be read with equal pleasure and profit by the layman, who may find to his surprise that his property rights are not quite so extensive as he supposed.

PROPERTY AND CONTRACT IN THEIR RELATIONS TO THE DISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH. By Richard T. Ely, Ph. D., LL. D. In two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$4 net.

Briefer Reviews.

The George H. Doran Company has published "The Lie," the drama by Henry Arthur Jones which, with Margaret Illington in the star part, was so great a success of the New York season. It is a study of two sisters and the struggle between them for the love of a man.

Willis George Emerson is already well known as a novelist, and now he gives us a new and substantial story, with Wyoming for a background. All the usual features of Western life are well to the front, while the romance itself is well told. The volume is entitled "The Treasure of Hidden Valley," and the publishers are Forhes & Co. Price, \$1.25 net.

"More Than Conquerors," by Ariadne Gilhert, is a book that will help boys and girls to intimate acquaintance with such characters as Lincoln, Walter Scott, Charles Lamh, Emerson, Agassiz, Philip Brooks, Washington Irving, Beethoven, Pasteur, and Robert Louis Stevenson. Each chapter considers its subject from the standpoint of the obstacles or handicap which the character described had to overcome, and shows how splendid success came only after conquest of conditions which would have daunted weaker spirits. It is published by the Century Company. Price, \$1.25 net.

An interesting study in ethnic psychology will be found in "The Plateau Peoples of South America," by Alexander A. Adams, A. M. (E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25 net). The author points out that there are races—and these Bolivian peoples among them—who have absolutely no ideals of progress and who are content to remain stationary at a certain level of evolution. But to remain stationary is eventually to decay and disappear, and he seems to think that this fate is in store for the Bolivians. Whether or not his general conclusions are correct, the facts upon which they are based are most interestingly set forth.

New Books Received.

CASUS BELLI. By Charles Richard Cammell. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25 net. A satire, with other poems.

REO ROSES. By Helen Carew. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. A volume of verse.

BEYOND DISILLUSION. By William Norman Guthrie. Manhattan: The Petrus Stuyvesant Book Guild.

A dramatic study of modern marriage.

ATHALIE. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.40 net. A novel.

IN A FRENCH HOSPITAL. By M. Eydoux-Démians. Translated by Betty Yeomans. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1 net.

Stories of the wounded and of nurses in a French hospital.

WAR AND WOMAN. By Henry Clay Hansbrough. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1 net.

An exposition of man's failure as a harmonizer.

MICHAEL O'HALLORAN. By Gene Stratton-Porter. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

BRITISH AND AMERICAN DRAMA OF TODAY. By Barrett H. Clark. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.60 net.

Outlines for study.

CITIZENS IN INDUSTRY. By Charles Richmond Henderson. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50 net.

On the attainment of efficiency.

The Houghton Mifflin Company announce a second printing of "Criticisms of Life," by Horace J. Bridges, and a third (before publication) of "K," by Mary Roberts Rinehart.

CURRENT VERSE.

Night.

Take me, night, unto thy breast!  
To my lips the sup of rest,  
Cool with dew, be pressed!

Drift me down unrippled streams  
Under star-beams and moon-beams!  
Mantle me with dreams!

Then in caverns of delight,  
Far beyond all mortal sight,  
Lose me, lose me, night!

As I Came Down from Lebanon.

As I came down from Lebanon,  
Came winding, wandering slowly down  
Through mountain passes bleak and brown,  
The cloudless day was well-nigh done.

The city, like an opal, set  
In emerald, showed each minaret  
Afire with radiant beams of sun,  
And glistened orange, fig and lime  
Where song-birds made melodious chime,  
As I came down from Lebanon.

As I came down from Lebanon,  
Like lava in the dying glow,  
Through olive orchards far below  
I saw the murmuring river run;  
And 'neath the wall upon the sand  
Swart shekhs from distant Samarcand,  
With precious spices they had won,  
Lay long and languidly in wait  
Till they might pass the guarded gate,  
As I came down from Lebanon.

As I came down from Lebanon,  
I saw strange men from lands afar  
In mosque and square and gay bazaar,—  
The Magi that the Moslem shun,  
And grave Effendi from Stamboul  
Who sherbet sipped in corners cool;  
And, from the balconies o'errun  
With roses, gleamed the eyes of those  
Who dwell in still seraglios,  
As I came down from Lebanon.

As I came down from Lebanon,  
The flaming flower of daytime died,  
And Night, arrayed as is a bride  
Of some great king in garments spun  
Of purple and the finest gold,  
Out-bloomed in glories manifold!  
Until the moon above the dun  
And darkening desert, void of shade,  
Shone like a keen Damascus blade,  
As I came down from Lebanon!

Wanderer's Song.

There will be, when I come home, through the  
hill-gap in the west,  
The friendly smile of the sun on the fields that  
I love best;  
The red-topped clover here, and the white-woiled  
daisy there,  
And the bloom of the wilding briar that attars  
the upland air;  
There will be bird-mirth sweet—(mellower none  
may know!)—  
The flute of the hermit-thrush, the call of the  
vireo;  
Pleasant gossip of leaves, and from the dawn to  
the gloam  
The lyric laughter of brooks, there will be when  
I come home.

There will be, when I come home, the kindness  
of the earth—  
Ah, how I love it all, bounteous breadth and  
girth!  
The very sod will say,—tendrils, fibre, and root,—  
"Here is our foster-child, be of the wandering  
foot.  
Welcome! welcome!" And, lo! I shall pause at  
a gate  
That the leaning lilacs shade, where the honey-  
suckles are;  
I shall see the open door—Oh, farer over the  
foam,  
The case of this hunger of heart there will be  
when I come home!

The Harvest.

Chant the harvest song of the brawny reapers,  
Bare arms bronzed, with muscles astrain and  
gnarled,  
Like the oak boughs tossed by the winds of winter  
Hoarse in their triumph!

Cbant the scythe, its gleam in the golden wind-  
rows  
Where the corn-flower shines with its morning  
sapphire  
When the wheat is ripe for the wain in waiting,—  
Ripe for the gleaners!

Sing surcease from toil in the long sweet shadows,  
Doves that coo and murmur of loving voices,  
All the large content in the dreams that gather  
After the harvest!  
—From "Poems," by Clinton Scollard.

Peculiar Early-Day Penalties.

When New York, or as it was then called, New Amsterdam, was under Dutch rule, some peculiar penalties were enacted. In 1642 a defendant in an action for slander was sentenced "to throw something in the box for the poor." In 1644 Thomas Cornel, a soldier, was tried for desertion and sentenced "to be conveyed to the place of execution, and there fastened to a stake, and a hall fired over his head, as an example to other evil-doers." In 1647 Jonas Jonassen, a soldier, for robbing hen-roosts and killing a pig, was ordered "to ride a wooden horse three days, from 2 p. m. to the conclusion of the parade, with a fifty-pound weight tied to each foot." In 1648 an Englishman found guilty of a grave offense was pardoned on condition that

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be saw firewood for one year for the West India Company. In the time of the commonwealth, in England, drunkards at Newcastle-on-Tyne were sentenced to carry about a tub, with holes in the sides for the arms to pass through. In 1754, in Scotland, David Leyes, for striking his father, was compelled to appear before the congregation at church, "hair-heddit and bairfuttit," with a paper above his head inscribed with large letters, "Behold the onnatrall son, punished for putting hand on his father, and dishonoring God in him."

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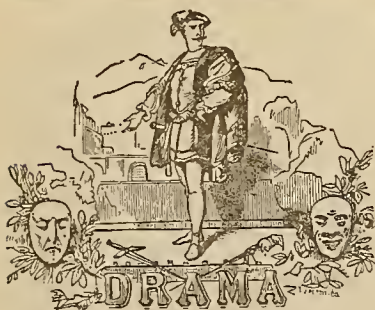
THE WHITE HOUSE LIST

1. Jaffrey—William J. Locke.
2. A Far Country—Winston Churchill.
3. The Honey Bee—Samuel Merwin.
4. The Harbor—Ernest Poole.
5. The Double Traitor—E. Phillips Oppenheim.
6. The Turmoil—Booth Tarkington.

ROBERTSON'S LIST

1. Ruggles of Red Gap—Leon H. Wilson.
2. A Far Country—Winston Churchill.
3. Jaffrey—William J. Locke.
4. Open Market—Josephine B. Bacon.
5. Pollyanna Grown Up—Eleanor H. Porter.
6. The Harbor—Ernest Poole.





### "AMERICAN COMPOSERS' DAY."

The prospect of having eight American musical composers of renown present in San Francisco simultaneously inspired a celebration of the event on last Sunday afternoon in the shape of "American Composers' Day." The celebration being in the form of a concert with the composers leading during the execution of their own compositions, gave the public, visiting and otherwise, a rare opportunity to hear a magnificent and unique concert.

The programme was carried out as planned, except for the absence of Frederick Stock, conductor of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. Of the seven numbers on the programme only one was vocal. The others were played by the Exposition Orchestra under the leadership of the composer, with the exception of Mrs. Beach's concerto for piano-forte, the composer herself playing at the piano while Richard Hageman led the orchestral accompaniment.

George W. Chadwick headed the programme with his two overtures, "Melpomene" and "Euterpe." The romantic beauty of his music, with which we have already been familiarized, was again demonstrated in these two compositions. The flight of Mr. Chadwick's muse never seems to become heavy. There is grandeur in "Melpomene" without dullness; "Euterpe," although it had the last word, not being able to displace contemporarily the marked impression made by the more serious composition until the exquisitely ethereal finale was reached. Mr. Chadwick led with a blend of businesslike efficiency and a certain effect of scholarly dignity with which his appearance is in keeping.

W. J. McCoy, of California, was less interesting as a leader than as a composer, the Prelude to Act III of his opera, "Egypt," revealing much command of orchestral resources. One wondered if that gradually rising tide of imposing harmonies was a musical transcription of the flooding of the Nile.

A sensitive and picturesque imagination was revealed in "A Northern Legend," by Dr. Horatio Parker, dean of music at Yale University, and composer of the prize opera, "Fairyland." As with Mr. Chadwick, dignity and poise characterize Dr. Parker's wielding of the baton. "A Northern Legend" is characterized by a sort of religious austerity, qualified by rich suggestions of the depths of the northern soul. It reminded one of the dark-foliaged, snow-laden pines and firs that we see pictured under the mysterious northern light in the Swedish fine art section.

The tonic poem, "Minnehaha's Vision," was the appropriate choice of Carl Busch of Kansas City, whose composition, very quietly and competently led, indicated unmistakably although in strictly modern musical accents our inheritance of tradition from the native Red Man.

Although a very brilliant pianist, Mrs. H. A. Beach's best gifts lie more in the field of composition, in which her fame has reached to Europe. She has not the pianist's ideal arm and hand, and it is, on the whole, rather remarkable that she accomplished what she did. Her Concerto in C sharp minor, although very enthusiastically received, was rather severely virtuoso in style, even for a concert of this kind, unless we except the second part. It would have been a keener pleasure probably to such a large and mixed audience to have heard a group of her exquisite lyrics. However, there was the difficulty of a vocalist, and besides, Mrs. Beach received so much acclaim, and the audience was plainly so thoroughly musical in its appreciation, that perhaps I am wrong in this conclusion.

Miss Mabel Daniels, who is building up international renown for herself, led the orchestra in its accompaniment to her strikingly beautiful "The Desolate City," a mystical tone poem for baritone and orchestra, the vocal part having been beautifully and sympathetically rendered by Mr. Cecil Fanning of Columbus, Ohio. Miss Daniels has a brisk, businesslike, efficient air in leading. She is a dynamic young woman, and I rather suspect that she was present at several of Mr. Fanning's rehearsals of the solo and assisted him in his vocal interpretation. At any rate it was a remarkably intelligent and dramatic one, the singer putting into his soft and velvety tones that mystical quality re-

quired of such a composition. The words of the song, adapted from the poem by Wilfrid Seawen Blunt, contain a suggestion of affinity with William Sharpe in his Fiona McLeod phase; there is a symbolism there which we need not delve into too deeply to tear out the mystery. The music is like a slow crescendo, gradually rising to greater and greater heights of the exaltation of a questioning grief. It has a beautiful finale, mystical, rapt, dreamily retrospective, and words and music constitute such an ideal mingling of text and tone that it is difficult to realize that two separate intellects have created "The Desolate City."

Ernest R. Kroeger of St. Louis, who has won wide recognition for his orchestral compositions, made, as it turned out, a fortunate choice of his suite, "Lalla Rookh." It is in four parts, the opening one, "The Cavalcade," vari-colored and exhilarating, seizing hold of the imagination immediately. The audience gave close and delighted attention through all four movements of the suite, and it was evident almost at once that "Lalla Rookh" had made the principal success of the concert. It set the imagination to work. One saw stretches of sunny thoroughfare, lighted by the myriad hues of the gay cavalcade. And there were the deeper wood-notes indicating the romantic interest underlying the gayety and color on the surface. In the sensuous sweetness of the "Scattering of the Roses," whose fragrance the imagination almost felt in the Orientally amorous languor suggested by "The Girls of the Pagoda," and in the gayety and joyful triumph of "The Wedding Festival," the composer's vivid fancy and romantic charm won a swift and charmed response from the auditors. Mr. Kroeger was simultaneously the most unconventional and most vitalizing conductor of them all. When he slipped his American hand into his American pocket he did it rhythmically. The orchestra as well as the audience relaxed into a different mood. The music had not heretofore been heavy, and the "Lalla Rookh" suite is not light. But it came somehow with the effect of a living love story after a study of scholarly documents, and by the unanimity of the audience's response demonstrated the suitability of its place on the programme.

The Exposition Orchestra sustained its usual standards under such unusual conditions and with so many diverse leaderships, being led but once by its regular conductor, Richard Hageman, who, eagle-eyed and brisk, sustained a more searching scrutiny than usual from an audience bent on the study of contrast.

### "THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY."

What in the world was the matter with Aubrey Tanqueray's hachelor dinner on Monday night? An occasion of that kind is generally supposed to be rather convivial. But not only the gayety, but even the mere conversation moved in spasms. The social suggestion was "hollow, hollow, hollow." We must conclude that "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" was an afterthought, and that to the players impersonating Aubrey's guests were necessarily allotted rôles with which they were either temperamentally or artistically out of sympathy. Such seemed to be the case with Mr. Austin, so thoroughly satisfactory as Henry Higgins in "Pygmalion." As Aubrey Tanqueray, Mr. Austin was a blank cartridge. True, Paula's unfortunate second husband is not, dramatically, much more than a playwright's pawn, but Mr. Austin spoke his lines with a certain effect of futility, and one could scarcely believe that he was the same player who gave us such a vigorous, brisk, and unconventional Henry Higgins.

One found one's self looking for the arrival of Cayley Drummle to stir things up at Aubrey's dinner. The character of Cayley Drummle has a good deal of social vitality. Cayley belongs to the type of man who loves the society of his kind and hears good-will to humanity. His experience of life has made him rather pessimistic, but a kind heart inclines him toward a reassuring expression of optimistic views. The Cayley Drummles of life are always popular, and their arrival generally creates a social breeze, for they know life and continue to love it. Such was supposed to be the case at Aubrey's dinner, but the breeze did not materialize. Mr. Kent had carefully and conscientiously formulated a histrionic investiture for Cayley Drummle, but Cayley himself was not inside of it. We all remember that moment of throbbing interest in the early days of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," when the wilful and unmanageable Mrs. Jarman made her unconventional evening visit to her future husband's quarters and handsomely offered to let him off from his plunge into social and domestic disaster.

But even Mrs. Campbell was impotent to lift the first act out of the atmosphere of prevailing stiffness. It was not until the second act, when the audience was made acquainted with one side of the real Paula, with her captiousness, her suspicious, distrustful, jealous affection for Aubrey, her bitter and mordant wit, that the play suddenly was

released from its fetters and began to live, and move, and have its being. How superbly placed Mrs. Campbell was in that rôle when we first saw her. How completely she still fits under the white skin of poor, maddening, beautiful Paula. One fault on Monday night is, or was—probably they have remedied it now—the malaise induced by insufficient rehearsal. The men were not very easy in their rôles. The women were, however, all right.

"The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" is already old-fashioned. Neither actors nor audiences are quite at ease during speeches of the length of Cayley Drummle's. And soliloquies, however brief, destroy the illusion. And there is another element that affected both players and auditors. Sir Arthur Wing Pinero, with all his skill, all his brilliancy, all his knowledge of life, never sent audiences away from his play with their veins tingling with the generous wine of wholesome, heart-warming sentiment. The problems of these people in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" are of the kind that would quickly evaporate when the real tragedies of life come. Aubrey Tanqueray broke the laws of his code, not for chivalry, but for self-indulgence. He had no taste for social irregularities. He wanted lovely Paula Jarman, and he took her; took her in the state of matrimony and gave her as a stepmother to his daughter. He invited disaster, he deserved it, and he got it. Disastrous as the circumstances are in connection with Elean's engagement to Captain Arsdale, overwhelming as is the general domestic ruin when the curtain falls, yet, if they revived this play in England at present, with the finest company in London to present it, I doubt if audiences could feel a tithe of its import as formerly. In England they have come down to the basic facts of existence, a point at which Pinero seldom arrives. And we, here, are with horror looking from afar off at the conflict, and although we are not, as yet, in it or of it, we are not able to invest the littlenesses of life with their former prestige.

These are all comments by the way. One must not try to remove a single leaf from Pinero's laurels. "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" is a remarkable play, but we no longer feel it as formerly. So much the more credit is due the star that she gave so much vitality to her Paula, and more particularly because Paula's curious perversities, her unreason, her passionate revolts against the social discipline she has incurred, require every aid of youth, beauty, and charm to win some kind of toleration and pity from an audience. Such revolts are possible only to youth. Maturity has learned to accept, to be either resigned or materialistic. And yet Mrs. Campbell's Paula was often young, beautiful, and always perversely fascinating. She lived, throbbed fiercely with exactions, agonized. It is an extremely difficult rôle to play, as several of her associates who gave it up in the past without ever playing it in public have learned. A young, beautiful, and desirable woman must so conduct herself through three acts—leaving out the first—that, in spite of her affection for her husband, her hungry craving for the love of "Saint Elean," in spite of her youthful longing for the unattainable, and her undoubted distaste for the submerged distortions of her past, an audience rises and departs with the verdict "And a good job,

too." Paula could not rehabilitate herself. That is Pinero's conclusion, and he has proved its truth most brilliantly. That shot freed the Tanquerays, father and daughter, from the oppression of an unsolvable problem.

It is always interesting to see a strange company of good standing shift around in new rôles. The efficient Gwladys Morris, the housekeeper in "Pygmalion," is the efflorescently handsome and vulgar Lady Orrey, and George Frederick—whose secret is out—is her tiptoeing mate. Everybody is puzzled to know why George Frederick—and the rest of it—can act, but act he can, with too much unction perhaps, but with plenty of neatness and finish.

Madeline Meredith, who was Henry Higgins's mother, played the somewhat similar rôle of Mrs. Cortelyou. I was puzzled over Elean. That cold, pale lily, unresponsive and unipitying until love touched her heart, was, like Paula, alive and convincing. It turned out that in "Pygmalion" Doris Bate-man played the rôle of that puzzled gray-haired disciple of failing traditions, Mrs. Eynsford-Hill. What, then, was the matter with Frederic de Meade, who quite shone in his small rôle of Freddy Eynsford-Hill, that he made Captain Arsdale look such a bounder? An actor's face is his canvas, upon which he paints a variety of characters. One of the best actors in the ex-Alcazar company, seen in propria persona, looked as if he were a rather hard-natured materialist. He excelled in make-up, however, and could make himself look like a man of the world or a saintly octogenarian.

And now we are promised a third play by Mrs. Campbell's company. The title "Searchlights" sounds promising. Let us hope that those searchlights will reveal some of the essential truths of the new life that England is living during these days of intensity.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

There was recently inaugurated in Tokyo a social club called the English Club by young Japanese in which English is the only language to be used. The membership, which numbers some forty, includes men in various walks of life, those in the service of the foreign office, the government railways, the N. Y. K., and other commercial institutions. There is also a number of young authors and journalists.

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## FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Mrs. Campbell in "Searchlights" at the Columbia.

For the fourth week of her limited engagement at the Columbia Theatre, beginning Monday night, August 9th, Mrs. Patrick Campbell will present for popular approval a modern three-act play from the pen of Horace Annesley Vachell, entitled "Searchlights." It is not a war drama, as its title might imply, although the "great war" now devastating Europe is remotely brought in through the fact that the son of the Blaines is ordered to the trenches in Flanders.

The play turns on the searchlight and lays bare the soul of a woman. The leading character, Mrs. Robert Blaine—to be played by Mrs. Campbell—is the type of heroine heretofore made popular by this talented star. Although dissimilar from the character of Paula Tanqueray, the rôle in which Mrs. Campbell is seen at the Columbia this week, it is not unlike that of the heroine, for Mrs. Blaine is also a woman with a secret sorrow, who has an episode in her career that will not be acceptable to Mrs. Grundy and public opinion. The play has a number of well-drawn character types and will be played, in addition to the rôle created by Mrs. Campbell, by the excellent supporting company.

The usual special-priced Wednesday and Saturday matinees will be given next week. Considerable interest has already been created in the forthcoming presentation of "Searchlights," which has to its credit a successful run of one hundred nights at the Savoy Theatre, London.

## Third Week of "Omar, the Tentmaker."

The third week of the successful engagement of Guy Bates Post in "Omar, the Tentmaker," the Persian spectacle by Richard Walton Tully, will start at the Cort Theatre on Sunday evening. "Omar" is at once a beautiful and thrilling romance, splendidly acted and magnificently adorned.

The prologue opens on the beautiful garden of the home of Imam Mowaffak, teacher of the holy word of the prophet, where Omar, one of his students, declares his love for Shireen, the teacher's daughter. But Shireen has been promised to the Shah, and Omar pleads for a last few hours with her in the garden before she is taken away to be one of the harem. Omar and two friends drink a pledge to stand by each other throughout life, to share in all things.

On the rise of the next curtain the audience is transported to the streets of Naishapur, eighteen years later. Omar has become a dreamer, a poet, and a wine bibber, while opposite his dwelling lives Hasan, one of the friends of the garden pledge, now governor and head of a band of assassins.

A Christian slave, escaping from the assassins, finds his way into the home of Omar, meets his daughter, and turns the entire course of events of all their lives. His presence in Omar's house being discovered, Omar, his daughter, and the slave are thrown into prison—but their arrest brings together, after eighteen years, Omar and Shireen, his sweetheart of the garden.

Omar is sentenced to death for aiding the slave, but the third of those to take the pledge in the garden steps in in the person of Nizam-ul-Mulk, and Omar is restored to good standing. The epilogue closes on a scene in the original garden many years later as Omar and his wife, Shireen, talk over the scenes of other days.

Much of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyám is brought into the play, especially in the first and second acts, when Omar, under the influence of wine, taunts the Holy Men with his philosophy.

Guy Bates Post is at his very best as Omar. His love scene with Shireen at the window of her room as he pleads his case is a masterpiece, and again, as he faces the Holy Men eighteen years later and taunts them as he talks to his little wine jug, he is superb.

## The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum bill for next week will be headed by Gladys Clark and Henry Bergman in "The Society Buds," the book and lyrics of which are by William Le Baron and the music by Robert Hood Bowers. It is produced by Frank Smithson. The girls who personate "The Society Buds" possess beauty and ability, and their costumes are said to be the last word in Paris fashions. The fox trot will be rendered in a novel manner by Mr. Bergman and the "Buds" in an interesting number called "The Chained Ankle Glide." All the girls' ankles are linked with silver chains, allowing them only a small space in which to manipulate the peculiar steps of the dance. Supporting Miss Clark and Mr. Bergman are the popular English comedians, Vincent Earl and Jack Claire.

Foster Ball and Ford West will present a character study entitled "Since the Days of '61." The act is a skillful combination of humor and pathos, with Mr. Ball in the rôle of a typical Civil War veteran and Mr. West in an enjoyable straight part.

Mike Bernard and Sidney Phillips, "like good wine need no bush." Bernard is one

of the foremost pianists in vaudeville, and it is difficult to conceive how Phillips can be improved upon as a singing character comedian.

The Three Steindel Brothers, Ferdinand, Max, and Albin, will present a short recital of the best classical, operatic, and popular music. The trio has met with great success on the concert platform, and is now making the first venture in vaudeville. The performers play respectively on the piano, cello, and violin, and each is a master of his particular instrument.

The Gaudsmids, eccentric clowns, who are ably assisted by two Spanish poodles, indulge in an acrobatic routine which is enjoyable because of its skill, novelty, and genuine humor.

The remaining acts will be Jackson and Wahl in "Before the Theatre," and William Morris and his company in "Mrs. Temple's Telegram."

## Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre.

The four Hanlon Brothers, world-famous "Superba" artists, and Bothwell Browne and his stunning company of showgirls in "The Green Venus," will divide the headline honors on the new bill which opens at the Pantages on Sunday.

The Hanlon brothers are unquestionably the greatest exponents of the art of pantomime before the public today. In "The Haunted Hotel," which is the name of their silent comedy offering, the brothers specialize in droll antics, introducing several wonderful novelty effects in mirror dances and trick acrobatic performance.

Bothwell Browne and his company are popular favorites with the Pantages audiences, and in "The Green Venus" the producer has conceived an original and daring idea in musical-comedy shows. The opening scene of "The Green Venus" introduces a gorgeous dancing spectacle, entitled "The Seasons," after which the company whirls into a rollicking farce playlet with a genuine plot of ludicrous complications. Besides Browne, Francis Young, the inimitable German comedian, and Alice Mason, a handsome young actress, will have strong rôles.

Edith Helena, who is said to possess "the highest soprano singing voice in the world," and for several years associated with the Metropolitan Grand Opera Company of New York, is the special added feature.

Other well-known attractions will be Kinner, Haynes, and Montgomery, "Swells at Sea"; Barto and Clarke, "The Actor and the Italian"; Kelly and Galvin in "Marooned," and the Morton Brothers, paper-tearers and harmonica experts.

## Margaret Anglin at the Greek Theatre.

The general public sale of seats for Margaret Anglin's performances of three Greek plays in English at the Greek Theatre, Berkeley, will open on Monday morning, August 9th. The "Iphigenia in Aulis" of Euripides will be given on Saturday evening, August 14th; the "Medea" of Euripides will be the second performance, on Saturday evening, August 21st, and the festival will close with the "Electra" of Sophocles on Saturday evening, August 28th. The seat sale will be at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, San Francisco and Oakland, and at Tupper & Reid's, Morse & Geary's, The Sign of the Bear, and Sadler's in Berkeley.

Miss Anglin has arranged for the most effective lighting and scenic and costume equipment, which will enhance the grandeur of the theatre to which she brings her mature and superb art. That the costumery will be accurate is guaranteed in the circumstance that they were designed by Livingston Platt, the artist-archaeologist. The stage management is in the capable hands of Gustave von Seyffertitz and under the immediate direction of Miss Anglin.

Musical settings have been especially composed for the plays by Mr. Walter Damrosch, who has come from New York to prepare and rehearse the scores. Fifty instrumentalists selected from San Francisco musicians will interpret the music at each performance under Mr. Damrosch's personal direction. The chorus will number twenty persons and two well-known singers will render the solo numbers.

Miss Anglin's company embraces many notable classic actors. The principals are Fuller Mellich, Lawson Butt, Ruth Holt Boucicault, Alfred Lunt, Howard Lindsey, Pedro Cordova, Ralph Kemmet, Saxone Morland, and a score of others. There will be upwards of 150 supernumeraries employed in the "Iphigenia."

Rachmaninoff and Gretebaninoff have both added to the repertory of church music. In Russian churches all music is a capella, neither organ nor orchestra being allowed by the rules of the church. The first-named master composed a series of twelve separate anthems for a recent "Vigil," used for his themes the early Christian church melodies, which are impregnated with the same spirit as the ancient folklore. Whilst preserving the mysticism of the ancient themes, the com-

poser has nevertheless laid out his work for modern choir with great success. The work was given five times by the Synod College choir under N. Danilin. Gretebaninoff, in his new cantata, has also gone to the early Christian era for his themes, but, unlike Rachmaninoff, he has used both organ and orchestra in his work.

Lilli Lehmann does not yet consider her labors of love on behalf of Mozart completed. Not content with seeing her dreamed-of shrine for her special idol embodied in the recently inaugurated Mozarteum in Salzburg as the result of her summer Mozart festivals in the beautiful white town in the Salzkammergut and the general propaganda she has carried on, she now announces that from next year on she will devote two months every summer to coaching gifted singers in the art and traditions of Mozart singing at the Mozarteum.

## THE MUSIC SEASON.

## The Beethoven Festival of Music.

All is in readiness at the Civic Centre Auditorium for the three performances of the Beethoven Festival of Music, Friday and Saturday nights at 9 o'clock and Sunday afternoon at 3:15 o'clock.

Of real artistic significance and of gigantic proportions, the Beethoven Festival of Music will fill the immense seating capacity of the Auditorium. Orders for seats come from points as far East as Winnemucca, Nevada, and every portion of California will be represented in the audience.

The musical masterpiece of the festival will be the performance of the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven, with the assistance of the symphony orchestra of 100 musicians, conducted by Alfred Hertz, and assisted by the vocal quartet: Marcella Craft, soprano; Ernestine Schumann-Heink, contralto; Paul Althouse, tenor, and Arthur Middleton, bass-baritone.

The Beethoven Festival sets a record for the low price of admission, considering the financial cost. More than \$20,000 will be spent, and the "gate" of \$2, \$1.50, and \$1 is made possible only by the large seating capacity of the Civic Centre Auditorium.

The consulting architects of the board of public works have recently made the Auditorium acoustically satisfactory to the Exposition Company, having employed the John-Manville Company of acoustic experts.

Unlike the big festivals of the East, all of the great stars—Marcella Craft, Schumann-Heink, Althouse, and Arthur Middleton—will appear on every programme. Roderick White, the violinist, will be heard on Sunday afternoon only.

The crowning number will be the "Ninth Symphony" of Beethoven. Hertz will also conduct all of the orchestral numbers, while paying Concertmaster Adolph Rosenbecker the compliment of inviting him to conduct for the soloists, except Schumann-Heink, whose numbers will be conducted by Toni Hoff. Siegfried Hagen, Herman Schoenfeld, and F. G. Schiller will conduct the chorus numbers.

The box-offices and doors of the Auditorium will open two hours in advance of the concert time. Seats and programmes may be obtained now at the box-offices of Sherman, Clay & Co. and Kohler & Chase.

## The Bohemian Club Concert.

The concert of the midsummer music of Bohemia, to take place at the Cort Theatre next Tuesday afternoon at 3:15 o'clock, is eagerly anticipated by the members of the Bohemian Club, their ladies, and friends. These annual affairs are always of supreme interest and this year's concert will be made additionally interesting, from a vocal standpoint, from the fact that George W. Hamlin, the tenor, and Clarence Whitehill, the basso, will be heard in solos and a duet from the Grove Play of 1915, "Apollo," book by Frank Pixley and music by Edward F. Schneider.

There will be an orchestra of eighty, and the first part of the programme will be opened with the prelude and dance from "The Hamadryads," the Grove play of 1904, and conducted by the composer, William J. McCoy. Then will follow a group of three campfire songs, sung by the Bohemian Club double quartet and including "Farewell to the Forest," by Mendelssohn; Caro Roma's "Can't You Hear Me Calling, Caroline," and "Embers," by Joseph D. Redding. The prelude to "St. Patrick of Tara," the Grove play of 1909, and directed by the author, Wallace A. Sabin, is an always welcome number, and will complete the initial portion of the afternoon's entertainment.

Excerpts from "Apollo" will comprise the second part of the programme, and the lyrics are written in Frank Pixley's happiest vein. The action takes place in the sacred grove of Apollo at the base of Mount Olympus. Its theme is the attempt of Maleficus, the Spirit of Evil, to overthrow the gods. He directs his attack first against Apollo, whom he subjects to a series of temptations, all of which fail. Pan, a shepherd boy transformed

into a half goat, bemoans his fate because he is debased from human society and love, and in pleading his cause he explains to Apollo, who knows nothing about human emotions and passions, the meaning of love.

The instrumental numbers will include the "Prelude," "Dance of the Elves," a scene between Apollo and Clytie, "March of the Gods," "Storm," and the finale. As Apollo, Clarence Whitehill will have a glorious solo and George Hamlin, as Pan, will be heard to splendid advantage in a single song. Both of these singers will be heard in a duet, "Oh, Love Divine." Edward F. Schneider, who also composed "The Triumph of Bohemia," a Grove play of former years, will of course conduct the "Apollo" music.

Reserved seats will be \$2 and \$1, and may be obtained at the box-office of the Cort Theatre on Monday and the day of the concert.

## AMUSEMENTS

## THE BEETHOVEN FESTIVAL OF MUSIC

CIVIC CENTER AUDITORIUM  
FRIDAY, Aug. 6, at 9 p. m.  
SATURDAY, Aug. 7, at 9 p. m.  
SUNDAY, Aug. 8, at 3:15 p. m.

## Symphony Orchestra of 100

ALFRED HERTZ, Conductor  
2000 CHORUS SINGERS  
5—WORLD'S FAMOUS SOLOISTS—5  
MARCELLA CRAFT, Soprano  
SCHUMANN-HEINK, Contralto  
PAUL ALTHOUSE, Tenor  
ARTHUR MIDDLETON, Bass-baritone  
RODERICK WHITE, Violinist  
Reserved seats, \$1.50, \$2. Admission, \$1.  
Programmes and Seats at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's

## Cort Theatre—Special

TUESDAY AFTERNOON, August 10, at 3:15

## CONCERT OF

## The Midsummer Music of Bohemia

Given by the Bohemian Club  
Performed by an Orchestra of 80 and  
Members of the Club  
Soloists—George W. Hamlin and Clarence Whitehill.  
Reserved seats, \$2 and \$1, at Cort Theatre Monday.

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## VANITY FAIR.

It is eminently proper that the wives and children of soldiers who have died on the field of battle should be cared for by the state. There will be no dispute about this, and certainly none in America, where even deserters under fire are allowed to take their place among the ranks of those whom the nation delights to honor.

But consider the difficulties of the French government, which is just as anxious as ours to bestow the military pension with a generous hand. It seems that the Senagalese soldiers are bequeathing, not one wife only, but many, to the tender commiseration of a grateful country. The pension commissioner, eager to do his whole duty by the bereaved, finds himself face to face with a dozen or so of wives, all of them mourning a common husband, a very common husband, and surrounded with a progeny upon which race suicide has never laid its restraining hand. There is said to be an instance where twenty widows and over one hundred children constituted the family of a single warrior, who may reasonably have thought that it was better to die than to live, and that even the bloodiest trench was preferable to a home circle of such extraordinary dimensions and such formidable responsibilities. Certainly it is a fortunate thing for America that she has no Mohammedan soldiers. Not only would the consequences to the pension list be of a ruinous nature, but we can imagine the outpourings of the woman's purity leagues on the discovery that plural marriages were receiving the financial sanction of the government. But on the other hand think of the applause of the feminists.

Among the weapons usually to be found in the feminist armory is the bland and confident assertion of the things that are not so. But the weapon is not exclusively a feminist one. It is commonly used by the champions of all bad causes, who contrive to give an air of verisimilitude to the most atrocious falsities by some such simple prefix as "every one now knows," or "it is generally admitted," or "it has now been proved." We are all more or less susceptible to what may be called the spell of simple assertiveness.

Thus we find a lady physician who writes to the New York *Evening Post* and asserts blandly that "women have become illustrious in all branches of medicine." The average mind is always willing to be guided and led. It is the most amenable, one might say the most abject, of all God's creatures. Unable itself to be definite, positive, or assured about anything, it acquiesces instantly whenever these capacities are displayed by others. And so there were probably thousands of persons who read this placid statement that "women have become famous in all branches of medicine" and who immediately added it to the cargo of misinformation which is the only mental equipment that they possess. Now as a matter of fact women have not become famous in all branches of medicine. They have not become famous in any branch of medicine. A rapid survey of the field leads to the opinion that there has never been a famous woman doctor, that is to say a woman doctor who has been recognized as famous by her own profession. But a fact is quite helpless against an assertion.

It is a curious fact that women have always shown mediocrity in the departments of life that are supposed peculiarly to belong to them. Practically every labor-saving device for domestic use was the invention of a man. It was a man who suggested the sterilization of milk for the use of babies, and so saved innumerable baby lives. It was a man who introduced pasteurization, and it was another man, Nathan Strauss, who enforced it. The well-appointed nursery is filled with men's inventions. So is the well-appointed kitchen. The hand of the woman is visible nowhere so far as improvements are concerned. When a woman wants the perfection of the dressmaker's art she goes to a man. When she wants the perfection of the culinary art she goes to a man. She accepts her fashions from men. And it is our own private conviction that men would make the best possible nursemaids, and but for the obvious proprieties they would be in demand as ladies' maids.

The constant references to woman's sphere are usually moonshine. If I should say that my particular sphere is blacking boots I should wish it to be inferred that I blacked boots with a peculiar skill, that I had reduced bootblackening to something like an art, that I was able to black boots better than I could do anything else. It would be absurd for me to claim the blacking of boots as my peculiar sphere and at the same time to be obviously unable to black boots at all. But women are doing something very much like this. They announce, for example, that the management of the home is their peculiar sphere, and it is now evident that the home is one of the distinct failures of civilization, one of the worst managed institutions in the world. They proclaim that their long suit is having children and training them, and now

we find that they are not having many children and that those they do have are not at all well trained. If women had known anything about the training of children it is evident that the present generation of men would have been of a much higher order than it is and that it would be quite easy by this time to find men capable of showing a spark of intelligence. It is evident that the sphere of the woman is not to be found either in the kitchen, or the nursery, or the school. There have been very few women artists, or poets, or philosophers.

And so if we are to determine the sphere of the woman by observing the things that she has done supremely well we shall find that we are reaching some curious conclusions. We may have to decide that the sphere of the woman is war and government. France never made so magnificent a military showing as when her armies were led by Joan of Arc, who seemed to know more about war than all the generals of her day. England was never so successful at sea as when she was inspired by the genius of Elizabeth, who is said herself to have devised the attack upon the Armada. Catharine of Russia was perhaps the greatest of Russia's rulers, and it was Queen Louisa who saved Prussia from Napoleon. Women have never been supremely great in anything except war and government, and so we may express the firm conviction that if either of the nations now at war were to appoint a woman as commander-in-chief it would be the prelude to speedy victory. But at least let us stop the supremely silly habit of allotting to women just those particular spheres in which she has always been a failure.

Our venerated friend, Dr. Pease (says the New York *Sun*), whom it is always a pleasure to watch as he flames and smokes against smoking, has just held in San Francisco, the present navel of the world, a "large and enthusiastic" convention to denounce and destroy the holy herb nicotine. The other member of the assemblage was a woman of strength and spirit, who attacked the de-throned tyrant Man in the bowels of his own, or formerly his own, citadel. "Wives," so said in effect this admirable lady, "drive your husbands out if they try to smoke at home! No smoking in the home!"

This able device for keeping husbands at home will be singularly appreciated by some members of that profession. They would love, more than anything else, to be driven out.

But, speaking with the gravity proper to the staid, grave, and thoughtful deity Tobacco and leaving the special question of cigarettes to Miss Luey Page Gaston and the "husky" truckmen and longshoremen whose constitutions are being sapped by those engines of woe, why should anybody object to anybody else's drinking of Sir Walter's weed? It is a stimulator of thought, a mother of fancies, companion of the solitary, an added charm of social life. Not wine, but tobacco, is the true convivialist, the brightener, the tranquilizer, the consoler. What is the most visible expression of old friendship and communion between men? The pipe, cigar, or cigarette, smoked mostly in silence, with only occasional fitful spoken words. Tobacco is a speech profounder and more intimate than other language. What airy dialogues, what unwritten poems, what astounding paradoxes and flames of wit we are too lazy to give tongue to, what a world of retrospection without regret and prospectation radiant with hope, springs perennially from those blessed, flavorful leaves!

They met in the narrow corridor of the Hotel De-Luxe-sur-Mer.

With a polite bow he stepped to the right to let her pass.

She stepped to her left, squarely in his way.

Gallantly he sprang to the opposite wall, but again she blocked his path.

Angrily he seized her in his muscular arms and hurled her past him, spinning her dizzily down the hall.

Recovering her balance, she moved toward him with purpose in her eye.

"I beg pardon for my seeming rudeness," he hastened to apologize, "but there seemed to be no other way."

"Don't mention it," she replied, smiling brightly. "Perhaps it is discourteous for a gentleman to lay violent hands upon a lady who is a perfect stranger to him, but I can easily overlook that, for, you see, sir, we have unconsciously invented a new dance."

That evening in the ballroom of the Hotel De-Luxe-sur-Mer the now popular Corridor Collide was first demonstrated before the dancing public.—*Newark News*.

Prince Herbert Bismarck at a royal reception once bumped roughly against an Italian prelate, who looked at him indignantly. "You evidently don't know who I am," said the prince, haughtily. "I am Herbert Bismarck." "Oh," answered the prelate, "if that doesn't amount to an apology, it is certainly a perfect explanation."



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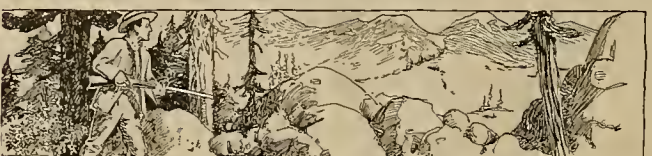
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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The young women present were discussing their ages. And one of the girls said: "I don't know what it is about my appearance, but everybody always guesses me a lot younger than I really am." And another of the girls answered, oh, so sweetly: "Oh, that's after they have heard you talk, isn't it, dear?"

A "cub" reporter on a New York newspaper was sent to Paterson to write the story of the murder of a rich manufacturer by thieves. He spread himself on the details and naively concluded his account with this sentence: "Fortunately for the deceased, he had deposited all of his money in the bank the day before, so he lost practically nothing but his life."

A sudden rich, but ignorant Kansan was on the beach at Atlantic City watching a very fat bather disporting himself in the surf. He knew nothing of tides, and he did not notice that each succeeding wave came a little closer to his feet. At last an extra big wave washed over his shoe tops. "Hey, there!" he yelled at the fat bather. "Quit yer jumpin' up and down! D'ye want to drown me?"

The much-traveled young man had just returned from foreign climes, and, of course, he must entertain his rich old aunt (with whom he was in favor) with stories of the wonderful sights he had seen. "Yes," he said, in the course of his remarks, "there are some spectacles that can never be forgotten." "Dear me," exclaimed the absent-minded old lady; "I do wish you would get me a pair of them, John."

Richardson, the painter, used to speak of an open, honest country gentleman who one day asked him to come to his house, adding, "I wish very much to see you, for I have just purchased a picture by Rubens. It is a rare good one. Brown saw it, and says it is a copy. A copy! If any man living dares to say it is a copy I will break every bone in his skin! Pray, call on me and give me your opinion."

It was a time when Tim should have been in active service that he was discovered by his sergeant in a hole well out of the way of even a stray bullet. "Get out of that hole!" commanded the sergeant sternly. "Get out of it immediately!" The usually good-natured Irish face looked up at him with stubborn resistance written on every feature. "You may be me superior officer," he answered boldly, "but all the same O'im the wan that found this hole fir-r-st."

On his return from a long tour of the West the business man's wife was narrating to him the delightful times she had while he was away. "One night I was invited to a dinner party at a smart café," she said, "and one of the guests was the Turkish ambassador. He was well informed on every subject and was one of the most entertaining dinner companions I ever knew." "Did he wear a fez?" asked the husband. "No, indeed," she replied. "He was clean-shaved."

McTavish was accused of having illicit whisky in his possession. A reluctant witness admitted that he knew of a suspicious barrel going to the accused's. "Now," said the prosecuting counsel, "remember, you are on oath. What was in the barrel?" "Weel," replied the witness, "there wis 'McTavish' marked on a'e end of the barrel, and 'whusky' on the ither, but being on oath, your honor, I couldna say whether it wis whusky or McTavish that wis in the barrel."

Uncle Eph, an old colored man, was up in court, accused of stealing a watch. He pleaded not guilty, and, moreover, brought against the complainant a counter charge of assault. The man, he declared, had tried to kill him with an iron kettle. During the cross-examination the attorney, Lawyer Bennet, demanded, "Dare you say that my client attacked you with an iron kettle?" "Dat what he done, sah," replied Uncle Eph, with a nervous gulp. "With an iron kettle, eh?" sarcastically reiterated the lawyer. "That's a fine story for a big, strong fellow like you to try to impose upon this honorable court! And had you nothing with which to defend yourself?" "Only de watch, sah," was the unwary reply; "but whut's a watch agin an ron kettle, sah?"

In certain parts of the West, where without irrigation the cultivators of the land would be in a bad way indeed, the light rains that during the growing season fall from time to time are appreciated to a degree that is unknown in the East. One summer a fruit-grower who owns fifty acres of orchard was rejoicing in one of these precipitations of moisture, when his hired man came by the

house. "Why don't you stay in out of the rain?" asked the fruit man. "I don't mind a little dew like this," said the man. "I can work along just the same." "Oh, I'm not talking about that," exclaimed the fruit man. "The next time it rains you come into the house. I want that water on the land."

Franz Abt, the song-writer, long since passed to the beyond, was a surprising gourmand. "A goose," he used to say, "is a very pretty bird, but it has one great fault; it is a little too much for one, and much to little for two." Coming out of a restaurant one day, looking supremely happy, "Herr Kappelmeister," said a friend to him, "you seem to have dined well." "Yes, I had a fair dinner; it was turkey." "And was there a good company around the board?" "Yes, good—but small; just two, indeed, the turkey and myself."

A sporting member of Parliament, who knew more about the race-course than the House, was once asked, out of pure mischief, by one of his constituents if he would vote for the abolition of the Decalogue. In vain the questioned one tried to solve in his mind what the object referred to was, as to him the Decalogue might be anything from a *regium donum* grant to a settlement in the Straits of Malacca; but failing in this, and in order to sustain his own consistency, he replied: "I won't pledge myself, but I'll give it my consideration."

After the accident he was taken to a hospital blinded. The surgeons worked long and hard, and the bandages were at last placed in position. His nurse had the softest, sweetest voice in the world and the softest, coolest touch. She also read to him. He knew that she was uncommonly pretty. When the bandages were removed his sight was still very dim, but gradually his vision grew stronger. One morning the doctor came in cheerily. "Well, John, are the eyes still improving?" he asked. "They are that." "Seeing better every day? Can you see your nurse?" "Sure I can. She gets plainer and plainer every time."

The Reverend John McNeill, the Scotch preacher, who has been conducting revival meetings in San Francisco of late, is never at a loss for an answer. Once in his career a smart young man, thinking to perplex him, sent up the following note, requesting a public reply: "Dear Mr. McNeill—If you are seeking to enlighten young men, kindly tell me who was Cain's wife." Mr. McNeill read the note, and then, amid breathless silence, said: "I love young men—inquirers for truth especially—and should like to give this young man a word of advice. It is this: Don't lose your soul's salvation inquiring after other men's wives."

THE MERRY MUZE.

The Epicure and the Vegetarian.  
Brown is no tenuous  
Nibbler—a strenuous  
Night of the Platter we found him.  
Far from luxurious,  
Jones is penurious—  
Fears of extravagance hound him.  
"Stroll up the avenue,"  
Jones said: "We have a new  
Cook who is surely a winner."  
Brown said, "You bet your eyes!  
Here's where I Fletcherize."  
Soon they were seated at dinner.  
"Now," said our Sybarite,  
Tucking his bib aright,  
"Bring on the food—I'm your man, sir."  
Given to gluttony,  
Soup and roast mutton, he  
Reckoned a requisite answer.  
Horrors! His rapture dies!  
Fronting his captured eyes  
Glowered a motto too hateful,  
"From food carnivorous  
Heaven deliver us."  
Such was the message ungrateful.  
Dinner came on—oh me!  
Blissful economy—  
Filet de peanut au brisket,  
Flanked by a slice or two  
(Some say it's nicer, too),  
Fricassed chickweed with biscuit.  
"Now, though I am in a  
Fix, I'll show stamina  
Worthy a Brown's reputation."  
Thus spoke his vanity—  
Brown's mortal sanity  
Yielded to bitter starvation.  
Reft of mentality,  
Clutching his palate he  
Fractured the ominous quiet;  
Then, like a martyr, he  
Severed an artery,  
Crying, "I die for my diet!"  
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mr. Goltrox—My daughters, young man, are both worth their weight in gold. *Suitor*—Then the fact that I am asking you for the smaller one proves, at any rate, that I am not mercenary.—*Boston Transcript.*



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Deposits.....57,362,894.35  
Capital actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000.00  
Reserve and Contingent Funds..... 1,958,443.69  
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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The wedding of Miss Aileen Code and Mr. John C. Wilson took place Saturday at St. Luke's Church. Miss Helen Hamilton was the bride's only attendant. Upon their return from their wedding trip the young couple will reside in this city.

The wedding of Miss Isabel Beaver and Mr. John Cushing will take place Saturday afternoon, August 21st, at the home on Webster Street of Miss Beaver's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hope Beaver. It will be a quiet affair and only relatives and a few intimate friends will be present.

News comes from Kansas of the announcement of the engagement of Miss Marcia Murdock to Lieutenant Harvey Delano, U. S. N. Miss Murdock is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Victor Murdock of Wichita, Kansas. The wedding will take place August 28th and the young couple will sail for Shanghai, where Lieutenant Delano will be on the staff of Admiral Winterhalter, U. S. N., of the Asiatic fleet.

Miss Ida Ross was hostess Thursday at a tea at her home in Santa Barbara in honor of her house guests, the Misses Leonore Mejia and Aileen Doyle.

Mrs. Felton Elkins entertained a number of friends Wednesday at a luncheon at the Santa Barbara Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Gade gave a dinner at the Burlingame Club Thursday evening in honor of Mr. Gade's brother, Mr. John Gade.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Van Coenen Torchiana entertained a number of friends over the weekend at their home in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Miss Marie Withrow was hostess Monday afternoon at a tea at her studio in honor of Miss Marie Tempest.

Miss Marie Louise Tyson entertained a number of friends over the weekend at her home in Saratoga. The affair was in honor of her house guest, Miss Edith Rucker.

Miss Leslie Brown was hostess at a yachting party Sunday, when a dozen friends enjoyed her hospitality.

Mrs. Dent Robert gave a luncheon Friday at her home on California Street.

Miss Einnim McNear entertained a number of friends at a dinner Wednesday evening at the home on Pacific Avenue of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George McNear. Later Miss McNear accompanied her guests to the theatre.

Mrs. William E. Dargie was hostess at a luncheon at the Fairmont Hotel Tuesday, when a score of friends enjoyed her hospitality.

Mrs. William Post entertained a number of friends Tuesday at an informal luncheon at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Horace D. Pillsbury gave a luncheon Thursday at her home on Pacific Avenue in honor of her mother, Mrs. Charles Taylor of Boston.

Mrs. James Howell entertained a number of friends Tuesday at a luncheon at the Francisco Club in honor of several Eastern visitors.

Mrs. C. Augustus Spreckels was the complimented guest Monday evening at a theatre and supper party given by Mr. and Mrs. William Henry Pool.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith gave a dinner Friday evening at their home on Pacific Avenue in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Thayer of Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard were host and hostess Tuesday evening at a dinner at their home on Broadway.

M. and Mme. J. G. Lambert entertained a number of friends Thursday evening at a dinner at the Fairmont Hotel.

Judge William W. Morrow was host Tuesday at a luncheon at the Pacific Union Club in honor of Admiral William F. Fullam, U. S. N.

The Misses Norma and Harriet Mack were the guests of honor at a house party given by Miss Josephine Moore at her home near Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl were host and hostess recently at a dinner at their home at Lake Tahoe. The affair was to celebrate Mrs. Kohl's birthday.

Judge Alton Parker was the guest of honor Thursday evening at a dinner given by Mr. Norman E. Mack at the New York State building.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young entertained a number of friends Wednesday evening at a dinner-dance at their home on California Street.

Lord Richard Plantagenet Nevill was the complimented guest Wednesday at a luncheon given by Judge William Bailey Lamar at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Philip E. Bowles was hostess Wednesday at a luncheon at her home, The Pines, in Oakland. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Charlemagne Tower, who was the complimented guest

Friday at a similar affair given by Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor at the Francisco Club.

Professor Raphael Altamira of Madrid, Spain, was the guest of honor Monday evening at a dinner given by Mrs. Eleanor Martin at her home on Broadway.

Major-General George Barnett, U. S. A., and Mrs. Barnett were the complimented guests Thursday at a garden party given by Captain Lincoln Karmany, U. S. N., and Mrs. Karmany at their home at Mare Island.

Captain Frederick Ramsey, U. S. N., and Mrs. Ramsey gave a tea-dance Tuesday afternoon on board the U. S. S. Oregon.

Captain John Barneson, U. S. N., was host at a luncheon at the Bohemian Club Tuesday in honor of Lord Nevill.

Miss Emily Bertsch entertained a number of friends Thursday evening at a dance at her home at Fort Mason. The affair was in honor of the Misses Katherine and Sara Shanks.

Mrs. E. Graham Parker was hostess Friday at a luncheon at the home on Clay Street of her mother, Mrs. Daniel Howell.

Captain Walter Cotchett, H. M. A. (retired), and Mrs. Cotchett entertained a number of friends Friday evening at a dinner at their home on Devisadero Street. The affair was in honor of Mme. E. V. Eliasko of Greece.

Mrs. Arthur Murray gave a luncheon at her home at Fort Mason Thursday, when a dozen friends enjoyed her hospitality.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer and their little daughter, Miss Lawton Filer, will spend the winter in this city. They have taken an apartment at Stanford Court.

Mr. and Mrs. Christian de Guigné have returned from Santa Barbara, where they have been spending the past two months.

Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker and their two little sons are again at their home in Woodside. They returned Monday from Santa Barbara. Mr. and Mrs. Walker, Miss Marian Zeile, and Mr. Frank Jones will soon leave for a motor trip to Crater Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard C. Chamberlin and Mrs. Charles N. Keesey have returned from Miramar and have moved into their new home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels returned Tuesday to Sobra Vista after a brief visit in town.

Mrs. Charles Taylor of Boston is the guest of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Davis Pillsbury, in this city. Mrs. Taylor came west with Mrs. Pillsbury when she returned recently from a visit with her family.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Pool departed last week for their home in the East after a visit of several weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Henry William Pool.

Mr. and Mrs. William P. Fuller, Jr., Mr. George Barr Baker, and Miss Dorothy Williams returned Sunday from a two weeks' motor trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson have been spending the past week at Lake Tahoe, where they have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. George Almer Newball.

Lord Arthur Herbert and Lady Herbert, with their son, are here from England and are guests at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Stotesbury and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Brooks spent a day in town last week en route from the Yosemite Valley to their home in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Frederick W. Sharon is planning to go East to spend several weeks with relatives.

Mrs. Ferdinand Theriot and her daughters, the Misses Celeste and Matilde Theriot, and Mrs. B. W. Franklin are here from New York and are guests at the Clift Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry H. Scott have returned from Medford, Oregon, where they have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Frank Preston.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Carruthers have returned from their wedding trip to the Canadian Rockies and are settled in a bungalow, Clifton Lodge, in Sausalito. Mrs. Carruthers, who was formerly Miss Nan Vail, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Vail and a niece of Mrs. Charlemagne Tower.

Mr. Douglas Alexander has returned from a week's visit at the Webber Lake Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Hennen Jennings have arrived from Washington, D. C., and will spend a month in this city at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. Rockwell King has arrived from his home in Chicago and is visiting his brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Gade, who are occupying the home in San Mateo of Mr. and Mrs. William Pringle.

Mrs. William Post of New York spent the weekend with Mrs. William G. Irwin at her home in Burlingame.

Mrs. R. P. Schwerin and Mr. John Ellicott are

anticipating a visit from their brother, Mr. William M. Ellicott, who is coming from Baltimore to spend several weeks. Mr. Ellicott will be accompanied by Mr. Walter de C. Poultney.

Miss Jennie Sherwood and her brother, Mr. Frank P. Sherwood, have arrived from New York for an Exposition visit.

Mr. Spencer Eddy has recovered from an illness at the Adler Sanatorium and returned Wednesday with Mrs. Eddy to their home in San Mateo.

The Misses Emelie and Barbara Parrott and Miss Dulcie Plowden of London are in Santa Barbara for an indefinite visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurance Irving Scott and Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Murphy motored to Lake Tahoe, where they joined a number of friends at the Tavern.

Mme. Constantino Eliaski, wife of the Greek minister at Constantinople, has been spending the past week as the guest of Captain and Mrs. Walter V. Cotchett at their home on Devisadero Street.

Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler and Mrs. Wheeler left last week for a visit in Monterey. They were accompanied by Dr. Altamira, a member of the faculty of the Royal University of Madrid, Spain.

Mr. and Mrs. Felton Elkins have returned from Santa Barbara and will be in town for several days.

Dr. William J. Younger and Mrs. Younger, who formerly resided in this city, are here from Paris for an indefinite visit.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Kelham and their little son, Bruce Kelham, have returned from a month's outing in Bolinas.

Major-General George Barnett and Mrs. Barnett, who arrived recently from Washington, D. C., have departed for Bremerton, after a brief visit in this city.

Mrs. Claude Brigham, wife of Captain Brigham, U. S. A., has come from her home at Fort Monroe, Virginia, to visit her relatives. Mrs. Brigham, who was formerly Miss Elsie Dorr, is a daughter of Dr. L. L. Dorr and Mrs. Dorr of this city.

Mrs. Frederick Kellond, with her children, has arrived from Salt Lake, where Captain Kellond is stationed, and is visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Selfridge.

Lieutenant Kirkwood Donavin, U. S. N., who is attached to the U. S. S. Missouri, accompanied the Naval Academy midshipmen from Annapolis to this city. Mrs. Donavin was formerly Miss Dorothy Drake of this city. Lieutenant Hilary Williams is also with the Missouri.

Lieutenant John William Lewis, U. S. N., and Mrs. Lewis have returned from a six weeks' visit in the East, and are again established at Mare Island.

Lieutenant Howard Douglas Bode, U. S. N., and Mrs. Bode, who arrived recently on the Sonoma, have gone to Mare Island, where they will reside. Mrs. Bode was formerly Miss Helen Spalding of Honolulu.

Captain F. L. Perry and Mrs. Perry have gone to Mountain View, where they will spend two weeks, hoping the change of climate may prove beneficial to Captain Perry, who is recovering from appendicitis.

## An Institution of Merit.

Having accomplished much good to the community since it began operations, in its efforts to give worthy borrowers relief from the "loan sharks," the San Francisco Remedial Loan Association, Selah Chamberlain, president; M. H. Robbins, first vice-president; Mrs. Leon Sloss, second vice-president; Henry Sinheimer, treasurer; Fred Dohrmann, Jr., secretary, offers for subscription \$500,000 capital stock at the par value of \$50 a share. The association is paying six per cent on its capital stock. Banks and financiers of the city recommend the stock as a desirable and sound investment. The association has just closed its second year, and has increased its earnings materially. Having thoroughly proved itself, it now desires to enlarge its field of operations, as the additional capital will enable it to finance its large and growing demands with but a small addition to its overhead expense. The soundness of the investment, the protection of the capital, and the surety of interest are cardinal principles which appeal to capital seeking investment. The authorization of this issue of shares is made by the commissioner of corporations. The stock is payable either in full or by installments.

"The Order of Fools," contrary to its name, was a serious body, founded by Adolphus, Count of Cleves, in 1331. It was formed for humane and charitable purposes, and the membership was largely composed of noblemen and gentlemen of high rank. The insignia was the figure of a fool, embroidered in brilliant colors on the left side of the mantle or coat. They held a grand conclave at Cleves every year, lasting an entire week. At these annual meetings the business of the organization was transacted, and plans laid for future work. But business did not absorb the entire attention of the members. Between sessions they had a general good time. All distinctions of rank were laid aside for the time being, and perfect equality reigned. The organization was kept up till well on into the sixteenth century, but the original objects were gradually lost sight of, and the order became extinct.

Augustus Thomas has been chosen to be the art director of the Frohman dramatic enterprises. There is no better judge of good plays in this country.

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BREAKFAST, 7 to 11,  
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Supper Dance in the Rose Room every evening, except Sunday, from 9 o'clock.

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

The park commissioners have formally accepted the Arabella Huntington block at California and Taylor Streets, named it Huntington Park and instructed Superintendent McLaren immediately to start the parking of the land. The site adjoins the Pacific Union Club, on Nob Hill, and commands one of the most slightly views of bay, ocean, and surrounding hills and the city proper. The block was donated to the city by Mrs. Arabella Huntington.

Frank J. Jaynes, for many years general superintendent of the Western Union Telegraph Company on the Pacific Coast, died on Friday of last week in Palo Alto at the age of seventy-two, after an operation which was believed to have been successful. Jaynes was widely known along the Pacific Coast, having moved to California in 1862. He had lived most of his life in San Francisco, and had been connected with the Western Union for fifty years. Three years ago he retired.

The appointment of Rev. John J. Cantwell to be vicar-general of this Catholic diocese became effective last Saturday. The elevation of Father Cantwell by Archbishop E. J. Hanna comes as a reward for faithful service extending over many years. Father Cantwell formerly was secretary to the archbishop. He is succeeded by his brother, Father James Cantwell. For years Father John J. Cantwell was associated with the late Archbishop Riordan.

The American Association for the Advancement of Science opened its week's convention at the Scottish Rite Auditorium at 10 o'clock on Monday. The scientists spent Wednesday at Stanford University. There were public meetings at the Scottish Rite Auditorium on Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings.

Buddhists from all parts of the United States and from far-away India attended the opening session of the International Buddhist Congress on Monday in the Civic Auditorium. Ven. Rt. Rev. Sri Mazziniananda Maha Thero

of the Buddhist Church of this city and president of the congress delivered an address of welcome.

German-American Week is being celebrated this week, with 500 delegates from all over the country in attendance, assembled at the German House. Tuesday night the big banquet of the week was held in the German House, with Dr. C. J. Hexamer as the principal speaker. Dr. Hexamer is the president of the German-American National Alliance.

The United Railroads has filed with the railroad commission a complaint against the Peninsula Rapid Transit Company, which operates in competition with the San Mateo suburban line, asking that it be subjected to the regulations of a common carrier. The complaint asks that the auto bus company be required by the commission to file a schedule of rates, fares, charges, and classifications as prescribed by the Public Utilities Act, that the auto bus company obtain from the commission a certificate of public convenience and necessity and that it be subjected to all other provisions of the Public Utilities Act. The complaint cites that franchises for the operation of the autos have not been secured either from the San Francisco or San Mateo authorities.

The last sailing of the Pacific Mail Company's transpacific ships has been set for November 2d. The steamship *Mongolia* will sail on this date, its departure being advanced from November 13th in order to obtain clearance before the seaman's law goes into effect on November 4th. The *Mongolia* will carry its American officers and Asiatic crew and will omit Honolulu as a port of call. The company has announced that it will be unable to maintain its ships in service under the requirements of the La Follette law.

NOTES OF THE EXPOSITION.

Friday of last week was China Day. A programme was rendered under direction of the Chinese Nationalist League of America. The festivities began with an automobile pa-

rade to the Exposition grounds from Chinatown at 1 o'clock. Chinese delegates to the convention from all parts of the world participated. Exercises were held in Festival Hall at 2 o'clock, and were open to the general public. A banquet of 400 delegates in Old Faithful Inn on the Zone was given. Wong Bock Yue, vice-president of the league, presided. The master of ceremonies for the day was Lim Sun, who was the first Speaker of the Chinese National Assembly at Nanking.

American composers had a day to themselves last Sunday, the occasion being known as Composers' Day. Festival Hall was the scene of the gathering, and the programme attracted a large audience, selections from the works of seven composers being heard.

Silvio A. Pettriossi, a South American aviator, has arrived in San Francisco from Buenos Aires. Pettriossi probably will succeed Art Smith as the Exposition aviator when Smith leaves on August 9th. Pettriossi is considered one of the best monoplanists in the world and has given exhibitions in all parts of Europe. The South American will make his first flight August 10th.

The Daughters of California Pioneers celebrated last Monday, more than fifty members of the society being welcomed by the Exposition officials. The programme was commemorative of the pioneers' work in California. Mrs. William A. Limbaugh was chairman. She opened the ceremonies with a brief speech. The bear flag was unfurled by Mrs. Kathryn Boyns, president of the Daughters of California Pioneers Society.

A reception was tendered Mme. Maria Montessori on Monday at the Palace of Education. Dr. Augustus S. Downing, commissioner of higher education of New York, and Dr. Adelaide Brown of San Francisco, member of the advisory committee of the Montessori demonstration, extended welcome to the educator.

Every county of the San Joaquin Valley will be represented at the San Joaquin Valley Day, August 14th. C. H. Edwards of the Valley Counties Association has just completed a tour of Fresno, Kings, Merced, Madera, Tulare, Kern, Stanislaus, and San Joaquin counties.

Wenatchee Valley Apple Day was celebrated on Wednesday in the State of Washington building. Miss Ino Hayden, as Princess Wenatchee, presided, attended by her maids, Miss Minna Beirnhemer and Miss Lillian Grant. Large quantities of apples from the Wenatchee orchards were distributed during the day.

Sentiment and melody predominated in the Court of Abundance on Wednesday night, when Old Songs Night was celebrated. Among the songs which were sung by Misses Dorothy Pelletier and Pauline E. Turner and Mrs. Lily Schlessinger were "Mother Macree," "The Last Rose of Summer," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Tenting Tonight," "Annie Laurie," "Dixie Land," "Perfect Day," "Ben Bolt," "Silver Threads Among the Gold," and "Sawannee River." A half-hour instrumental concert, commencing at 7 o'clock, preceded the songfest.

Mme. Maria Montessori, the noted Italian educator, opened her demonstration school in the Palace of Education at 9 o'clock on Thursday morning.

How a Great Industry Began.

An experimenting chemist, endeavoring to produce artificial quinine, using a base known as aniline, not only obtained coloring matter called mauve, but laid the foundation for the coal tar color industry, which has developed until today almost every color and shade of color is derived from aniline. Aniline had been obtained previously from the indigo plant "anil." The discovery of mauve created a large demand for the artificial aniline base, and gave unexpected value to benzine. It yielded aniline by being treated with nitric acid and with the borings of cast iron powdered into dust. Having done its work in the aniline still, the dust was used by the gas maker to cleanse his coal gas from sulphur, and then it passed to the manufacturing chemist, who burned the sulphur out of it and produced a sulphuric acid—a cycle of operations whose beginning and end was the utilization of waste. This method of producing color was responsible for the desolate madder fields of France and Holland and for the loss to the Hindus of their long-cherished indigo cultivation. Anthracene, one of the heavier oils of coal tar, caused the fall of the madder-growing industry. The madder produced violets, reds, blacks, purple, and dark browns. Anthracene was sold very cheaply for lubricating purposes until certain chemists heated it with zinc filings and produced alizarin, and then the secret of the madder plant



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was discovered. In this way chemistry displaced agriculture, one pound of alizarin having the coloring power of ninety pounds of madder, and the lubricating oil sold at a trifle as waste became a valuable coloring matter.

DELINQUENT SALE NOTICE.

THE LUTHER BURBANK COMPANY.  
Location of Principal Place of Business,  
San Francisco, California.  
Notice—There is delinquent upon the following described stock on account of assessment levied on the 29th day of June, 1915, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective stockholders, as follows:

| Name.                 | No. of Certificate. | Shares. | Amount. |
|-----------------------|---------------------|---------|---------|
| F. H. Crosby.....     | 136                 | 40      | \$40.00 |
| F. H. Crosby.....     | 137                 | 8       | 8.00    |
| F. H. Crosby.....     | 321                 | 3       | 3.00    |
| F. H. Crosby.....     | 379                 | 51      | 51.00   |
| J. Y. Eccleston.....  | 134                 | 20      | 20.00   |
| J. Y. Eccleston.....  | 338                 | 24      | 24.00   |
| J. Y. Eccleston.....  | 377                 | 364     | 364.00  |
| J. Y. Eccleston.....  | 464                 | 100     | 100.00  |
| L. C. Haverford.....  | 463                 | 418     | 418.00  |
| Jesse I. Jewell.....  | 110                 | 40      | 40.00   |
| Jesse I. Jewell.....  | 212                 | 8       | 8.00    |
| Jesse I. Jewell.....  | 275                 | 40      | 40.00   |
| Jesse I. Jewell.....  | 303                 | 6       | 6.00    |
| Jesse I. Jewell.....  | 371                 | 94      | 94.00   |
| Paul F. Kingston..... | 92                  | 40      | 40.00   |
| Paul F. Kingston..... | 104                 | 8       | 8.00    |
| Paul F. Kingston..... | 298                 | 3       | 3.00    |
| Paul F. Kingston..... | 262                 | 51      | 51.00   |
| Chas. E. Knox.....    | 182                 | 100     | 100.00  |
| Chas. E. Knox.....    | 305                 | 7       | 7.00    |
| Chas. E. Knox.....    | 396                 | 107     | 107.00  |
| Ida M. Lackey.....    | 262                 | 8       | 8.00    |
| Ida M. Lackey.....    | 311                 | 1       | 1.00    |
| Ida M. Lackey.....    | 403                 | 9       | 9.00    |
| Mason-McDuffie.....   | 501                 | 10      | 10.00   |
| Mason-McDuffie.....   | 502                 | 20      | 20.00   |
| L. N. Ostwald.....    | 242                 | 60      | 60.00   |
| L. N. Ostwald.....    | 336                 | 4       | 4.00    |
| L. N. Ostwald.....    | 400                 | 64      | 64.00   |
| W. Garner Smith.....  | 141                 | 100     | 100.00  |
| W. Garner Smith.....  | 142                 | 60      | 60.00   |
| W. Garner Smith.....  | 196                 | 600     | 600.00  |
| W. Garner Smith.....  | 197                 | 31      | 31.00   |
| W. Garner Smith.....  | 199                 | 200     | 200.00  |
| W. Garner Smith.....  | 227                 | 27      | 27.00   |
| W. Garner Smith.....  | 230                 | 2       | 2.00    |
| W. Garner Smith.....  | 276                 | 20      | 20.00   |
| W. Garner Smith.....  | 309                 | 81      | 81.00   |
| W. Garner Smith.....  | 342                 | 9       | 9.00    |
| W. Garner Smith.....  | 360                 | 1230    | 1230.00 |
| W. Garner Smith.....  | 443                 | 52      | 52.00   |

And in accordance with law and an order of the Board of Directors, made on the 29th day of June, 1915, so many shares of each parcel of stock as may be necessary will be sold at public auction at the office of the Company in the northeast corner room on the second floor of the Burbank Building, which is located at the southwest corner of Market and Beale Streets, San Francisco, California, on the 21st day of August, 1915, at ten o'clock a. m., to pay said delinquent assessments thereon, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

ROSE THOMPSON,  
Assistant Secretary and Acting Secretary of the  
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Office of the Company, Burbank Building, Market and Beale Streets, San Francisco, California.

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The Fairmont

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|  |  |
|--|--|
| \$ 5.00 per share (with subscription)      | \$10.00 per share on or before July 15, 1916 |
| 5.00 per share on or before Oct. 15, 1915  | 10.00 per share on or before Jan. 15, 1917   |
| 10.00 per share on or before Jan. 15, 1916 | 10.00 per share on or before July 15, 1917   |

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### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"What's become of Bill?" "Oh, he opened a store." "Doing well?" "Naw; doin' time." —*Boston Transcript*.

"Where have you been?" "To the cemetery." "Any one dead?" "Sure; every one of them." —*Punch Bowl*.

"Don't you want to see so many of these clever, talky women at the polls?" "Yes, North and South." —*Life*.

Patient—Doctor, I feel like the devil. Doctor—Ah, hut you're not. If you were you'd feel like a saint.—*Le Ric*.

"What did 'Rastus git married for?" "Lawd only knows, chile. He keeps right on workin'." —*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

Johnny—Papa, what is a "philosopher" Pa—A man with a good liver, heart, stomach, and bank account.—*Chicago Daily News*.

Ted—What do you do when a man tries to kiss you? Marjorie—Oh, that's something you'll have to find out for yourself.—*Life*.

She—Dancing is fine for people, don't you think? He—Yes; it exhausted Smith's wife so that she's gone into a sanitarium for a year.—*Life*.

Mrs. Bilton—I think you're the dearest, sweetest man that ever was. Bilton (suspiciously)—Were you at some millinery opening today?—*Judge*.

Illager—An' did ye find many dead Germans after the battle? Irish Tammie—Dead Germans? Sure an' the whole hillside wuz alive wid 'em.—*Judge*.

"I 'ear some blokes sayin' the puhs orter he shut up till the war's over ter make 'em eagerer ter defend the country." "W'y, the country wouldn't be worth defendin'!" —*Sydney Bulletin*.

"You didn't write your wife for five years, and yet you express surprise that she got a divorce." "Well, I dunno as I oughter he surprised. She allers was hasty." —*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Her Fother—You've been calling on my daughter for some time, young man. Why don't you come down to husiness? Suitor—Very well. How much are you going to leave her?—*Boston Transcript*.

Lawyer—Judge, I want you to fine this man who was knocked down by my client's car. Judge—Fine him? Why? Lawyer—He had a nail in his clothes and it punctured a new tire.—*Topicko Journal*.

Fot Mon in Tramecar—Why don't one of you young gentlemen get up and let one of these ladies sit down? One of the Young Gentlemen—Why don't you get up and let them all sit down?—*Punch*.

The Codd—I don't see how you can read Chaucer so readily. The spelling is so queer. The Professor of English—I've had lots of experience while examining the sophomores' papers.—*Harvard Lampoon*.

Mon with paper—Here's a preacher in Syracuse, New York, declares that the time will come when there will be no liars in the world. Pessimist—Well, the world is due to end sometime.—*Canadian Courier*.

Visitar—Do you know what regiment it was passed by just now? Native—I don't know, sir; I think 'twas the West something. Visitar—West Riding? Native—No, sir; they was a-walking—wasn't un, Jarge?—*The Tailor*.

"Happiness," declaimed the philosopher pompously, "is only the pursuit of something, not the catching of it." "Oh, I don't know," answered the plain citizen. "Have you ever chased the last car on a rainy day?" —*Dallas News*.

"Of course, your wife favors votes for women?" "Yes," replied Mr. Meekton; "but I suspect she'll find it hard to approve of any plan that allows some of the women she knows to vote just the same as she does." —*Washington Star*.

"That second speaker was quite extraordinary," "I thought his speech was about the dullest I ever heard." "His speech didn't amount to anything, hut he failed, when he got up, to say that the toastmaster's introductory remarks reminded him of a story." —*New York Sun*.

Doro—And so you quarreled? Lollie—Yes, and I returned all his presents, and what do you think he did? Doro—Something horrid, I'm sure. Lollie—He sent me half a dozen boxes of face powder, with a note, explaining that he thought he had taken as much as that home on his coat since he first met me. —*New York Globe*.

"That Mrs. Smarte is getting too clever," growled the butcher. "What's the matter?" asked his wife. "When she came in just now she told me I ought to rename my scales the Ambuscade brand." "Well, why—" "I've just looked up the word," went on the in-

furiated man, "and the dictionary says that ambuscade means 'to lie in weight.'" —*Chicago Herald*.

"My husband has found a way by which he says I am of the greatest help to him in his literary work." "How nice that must be for you, my dear! But how are you able to do it?" "As soon as I see him at his desk I go into another room and keep perfectly quiet until he has finished." —*New York Globe*.

"I don't know why we came in here," said Mrs. Bored, as she settled herself down in a restaurant. "I'm not a bit hungry." "That's

all right," said hubby. "Just you sit here and wait." "Wait! But why? I'm not hungry, as I said before." "Never mind, dear. You will be by the time the waiter brings us our food." —*Philadelphia Record*.

Mr. Slimpurse (feeling his way)—Your charming daughter tells me that she is an excellent cook and housekeeper. Old Lady (calmly)—Yes, I have had her carefully taught, for I have always held that no lady who does not understand housekeeping can properly direct a retinue of servants.—*New York Weekly*.

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## THIRTY-NINTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### Vaudeville Religion.

The Argonaut is tempted to forgive Mr. A. A. asked the many precipitancies of his own taste and judgment in respect of the perfect job he has made in characterization of "Billy" Sunday. It came prompt upon the hour and in perfection of form. Nothing prettier in the way of deserved castigation has been done in these parts since the day of Mr. Pixley. "Billy" Sunday is a common blatherskite, skilled in the argot of slumdom, unrestrained by any sense of propriety or reverence. He professes to interpret the religion of Jesus Christ to the man in the street. What he really does is to degrade the service of religion to the level of Barbary Coast vaudeville. Because he draws crowds and stirs in many unregenerates the moans and groans of an emotional and transient repentance, he is assumed to "get results." Of course men of sense know that such results are worse than none at all, that the ultimate effect is a cheapening of the standards both of religion and of morals, with a practical let-down of the vital powers of religious influence. Religion, bereft of reverence, is as anomalous a quantity as womanliness without sympathy. Religion and vulgarity are oil and water which no art may combine. In the process the one loses its spirit, the other its

vitality. The surprising thing is that men of sincerity and of a wholesome personal sense of decorum should give countenance and support to a clerical hoodlum. Is the cause of religion in such need of new inspiration that it must accept such questionable aid as it may find at the hands of this coarse mountebank?

### Time to Fish or Cut Bait.

A hundred incidents have indicated within recent months that Mr. Roosevelt wishes to get back into the Republican party. He declined participation in a late Progressive conference in New York. In advance of his recent trip to the Panama-Pacific Exposition he gave out that he would not in his public addresses or in newspaper interviews discuss political matters. Although eagerly importuned to speak for the "cause" while here, he persistently refused to do it. While in California he permitted his friends to understand that he was "coming back" in a political sense. Upon his return to New York he declined to discuss politics in a detailed way, but gave out a statement which was clearly intended as a sanction on his part of return of any of his followers who might be inclined to do so, to the old party allegiance. At the same time he declared that he himself would register as a Progressive. A week later—some ten days ago—when interviewed on the anniversary of the launching of the Bull-Moose movement, he "had nothing to say."

Concurrently Governor Johnson, Mr. Roosevelt's associate on the Bull-Moose ticket in 1912, is being exploited through the Roosevelt publicity bureau as a possible Bull-Moose candidate for the presidency. Again, concurrently, Mr. George W. Perkins, the financial "angel" of Mr. Roosevelt's recent political enterprises and his closest political associate, gave out a statement that the Progressives would have a ticket in the field in 1916, probably with Mr. Roosevelt as the presidential candidate. In the meantime it has been permitted to leak out that the Colonel has broken in a political sense with the Pinchots and other leaders of ultraprogressivism; and it is understood privately that friends of the Colonel have been undertaking to patch up for him certain old friendships lost in the 1912 movement.

There is no mistaking these tactics. They reek of political strategy. They imply an intention on Mr. Roosevelt's part to rejoin the Republican party, but at the same time to trade upon the wreckage of the Progressive party. He will, if he can manage it, so use his authority with what is left of Progressivism as to make a good bargain for himself with the Republicans. His surrender, as he plans it, will not be absolute, but conditional. He wants to get back on something like the old basis, and he proposes to use the all-but-defunct Progressive party as a pawn in the deal. Subtly involved in the scheme is a threat that if the Republicans will not accept him as a leading and controlling force, he will sustain another opposing movement and again bring about the defeat of Republican plans.

On the part of a Barnes or a Penrose this sort of dealing might be expected. It belongs to the kind of politics which puts personal interest before all other considerations and which makes a fine art of double-dealing. But it is not a kind of politics matching Mr. Roosevelt's professions. Bull-Mooseism, if we could believe its sponsors and champions, is first and foremost a protest against just this sort of thing.

It is time that Mr. Roosevelt should declare himself, in the spirit of his virtuous pretensions, one way or the other. Either he should be what he declares himself to be, a champion of ideals in politics, or he should frankly confess himself a political bargainer standing out for his price. Even so adroit a demagogue may not at one and the same time claim charac-

ter as a professor of political virtue and seek personal advantage in the practice of political arts.

### A Soldier's Mother.

It is fortunate that the winds of chance bring an occasional corrective to the flood of sickly and sordid sentiment about war which now threatens to submerge us. From every part of the country come assurances from a small but noisy minority of persons, not of the glorious, but of the inglorious part that they are prepared to play in the event of a threat to the peace of the country. With that curious lack of moral equilibrium that seems to grow more marked with the passage of time we are invited to believe that war is a greater calamity even than the loss of honor and of freedom. War, we are told, is the one culminating catastrophe without possible parallel or conceivable compensation, and that such a doctrine of cowardice should find anything like a popular acceptance is a sign of the times upon which we should do well to look with some misgiving.

Most of this outcry comes, of course, from women, whose sentiments are epitomized in the fatuous refrain, "I did not raise my boy to be a soldier." That they have all too often raised their boys to be thieving politicians or shady financiers has so far called forth no particular protest, at least no protest worthy to be sanctified by doggerel or glorified in vaudeville.

And so it is with a peculiar gratification that the Argonaut presents its readers with a letter written to a relative by a California woman whose son, twenty years old, has been fighting for nearly a year. Here at least is one mother who certainly did not "raise her boy to be a soldier," but who is none the less proud that he is a soldier, and who will still be proud if the gods should will that he die as a soldier. It does not matter to which army he belongs, since she herself gives her benediction to all good men in all armies, and her applause to all well done duty. But the letter, with a few domestic references excised, may speak for itself:

It is good of you to write to A. and send him cigarettes. You may be sure they will both be appreciated. I hope he will answer your letters, but he says he has very little time for writing. They are either in the hateful trenches, where they just seem to be dodging shells all the time, or when they are out they are too tired to do much. His last letter—this week—was very short. He was right back from the firing line at headquarters. He is a telephonist now, and one of his jobs is crawling out of the trench to mend the wires when they are severed by shot, a mark for the snipers of the enemy, but he says outside the trench is not much more dangerous than inside. He writes quite cheerfully and philosophically. I think those boys are just splendid, the way they hear things so patiently, so bravely, so unselfishly. Of course one does a lot of thinking now and puzzling things out. Life seems a good deal of a muddle, but with all the misery and anxiety and horror, somehow it feels good. It is real, it isn't just the frivolous, purposeless drifting kind of existence. You speak of how useless you are feeling, how you are longing to help. I felt just like that for some time, as though I just couldn't bear it, but I think a good many feel like that and I am sure it is a mistake we are making. I read a very fine article by a man a few months ago. He was no use to fight; he had no money; he couldn't do anything at all; he was a poor clerk and just had to grind at his job. Suddenly he knew (inside somehow) that he could help by doing his own dull work extra well—every little thing that came along, no shirking of the least tiny thing, and afterwards he felt that if he failed ever so little that he had contributed to the defeat of the men at the front. If he stood firm he had helped them to stand firm, and it seems to me that he was entirely right, that one can't do anything with sword or rifle, or even with bandages, but inside one can help, and give the best kind of help, too. We know that there is such a thing as an inside oneness, that people can catch cowardice and bravery, etc., from each other, and that we can help or hinder people just by our attitude without doing anything or saying a word, and I am somehow quite sure that we poor little useless women, 16,000 miles away and eating our hearts out with longing, can give the very best kind of help. And it is fighting of a pretty tough kind. Keep calm and serene and confident and strong. I am sure



this isn't just an ordinary war with guns and cannon; it is might against right, evil against good, and don't you think that every man in all the armies who is fighting from a sense of duty and who is doing his best in every way is on the right side, and that the cowards and slackers and careless and cruel on whichever side are on the side of the wrong? The material fighting seems just the part that shows. I don't think the shots A. fires are half so important in the final winning as the patience and good temper and endurance that he is showing. It is hard to explain, even to one's self, and almost impossible to any one else, but I have a very clear idea in my own mind. If we could he any use there I believe we would be there, but I am sure we have a part to play here. . . . One feels so proud of them all and so proud to be one of them. The big things seem on top, and it's good to be living in these times when there is something real to do. You wonder how I can hear the thought of A. there. It's pretty hard sometimes, and of course he is never out of our thoughts for one moment, but somehow, with all the horrible danger, it is better for him than the life he was living before. He went from a sense of duty and he seems to be doing his duty thoroughly. Do you know the letters we used to have from him had a grumble in each one. Since he joined just a year ago (August 6th) there has not been one. He has had very rough times, hard work, uncongenial companions, but he has laughed at it all and has behaved like a man, and his character has grown more in the last year than it would have in fifty of the other kind of years, and even if we never see him again, we shall know that he has *lived* as he never could have in the old kind of life. I don't pity any of those men, not those who are killed or the horribly disabled. I am sure they know it is worth while. We don't pity miners who go into a mine to rescue their mates, even if they are killed doing it, and most of these boys have gone into the war in exactly the same spirit. So let us cheer up and do our bit with the rest. Now I am going to stop and go to bed. I believe this is a kind of sermon letter, but it helps one to say things to some one else, don't you think? Very many thanks again, dear, for your sympathy, which *does* help.

Now there is no adequate comment that can be passed upon such a letter as that, but it may serve to present a view of war that is taken by one who has more at stake than kings and emperors, and certainly more at stake than those who clamor their hysterias in our ears and to whom the agonies of suspense and bereavement are mere profitable theories. They would do well to be silent before an experience that has brought heroism instead of either despair or cowardice.

There will be no disposition anywhere to minimize the horrors of war. They are hideous, monstrous, infernal. But there is another side to the picture. Today in Europe there are some twenty millions of men who are giving their lives without the faintest hope of reward or profit, without the dimmest illusion of personal recompense or advantage. That most of them are conscripts matters not at all, since they are willing and enthusiastic conscripts. It is a tragical fact that nothing but war can produce such a volume of self-forgetfulness and self-surrender, but it is none the less magnificent. Indeed it is so magnificent as to shine with a light more enduring than the light of blazing towns or the glare from great guns. And that unnumbered women in Europe should ask nothing of these men but that they do their duty, that they should be willing to face the greater agony of suspense, indeed proud to face it as their share of the sacrifice, is a fact so sublime as to mitigate the force of the cataclysm and even to persuade us that "all's well with the world."

#### Coming—A Federated Britain.

In the House of Commons last week Mr. Bonar Law remarked that a time is coming when the outlying factors of the British Empire must hold a responsible part in the imperial government. This utterance, while incidental to another issue, was evidently considered, and manifestly reflective of a fixed and definite idea. It may be taken as forecasting one of the larger consequences of the pending war.

It is, we believe, a fact that the "outlying factors" of the empire, despite distance from the scene of conflict, have proportionately contributed more largely to the activities of the war than Britain herself. Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa—and above all Ireland—are contributing men, munitions, money up to the limits of their capacity. They are, too, contributing an inspiring enthusiasm beyond anything developed in the home country. They are exhibiting the fact that the strength of Imperial Britain lies largely in the loyalty of what were once called her dependent countries. These countries are no longer dependent. It is not too much to say that in proportion to numbers they are the most vital force in the British world.

The eye of statecraft—even the eye of common

sense—must see the imperative necessity of bringing to the support of British imperialism the vital and patriotic spirit of these newer England. We say the necessity, and it is even so, since these countries can not longer be held in the attitude of detached and subordinated provinces. Strength may for a time yield to tradition, but it will not permanently yield to weakness. It is now evident that England can not hold any one of her "outlying factors" against the will and spirit of its people. One and all, with the possible exception of Dutch South Africa, they are predominantly British in sentiment. But they have learned their power and they will not permanently accept a status which tends to nullify patriotic spirit.

Federation of the British countries is the one thing essential to a sustained British Empire. If the "tight little isle" is to have a future comparable with her glorious past she must invite her younger members into full partnership in relation to the initiatives and the responsibilities of imperial government. That this fact is dawning upon the British mind is evident by the utterance already alluded to on the part of Mr. Bonar Law.

#### Washington Topics.

An incident connected with the inside organization of the State Department under Secretary Lansing exhibits President Wilson's all-pervading habit of domination. It tends, too, to illustrate the character and status of Mr. Lansing, along lines suggested by the *Argonaut* some weeks back in commenting upon his appointment—to the effect that he would be, not the Secretary of State, but a sort of assistant to the President in the work of the State Department. Let us premise by saying that the public official who lets some one else choose his private secretary lays up trouble for himself and promises himself bad service. One should choose a private secretary as one chooses a wife. Few private secretaries have made their chiefs; any private secretary may ruin his chief. And a private secretary who is "wished on" can not, in the very nature of things, be a helpful and loyal private secretary.

Now Secretary Lansing has permitted a private secretary to be selected for him by the President. The young man is Richard Crane, and Mr. Lansing is on record as saying that personally he knows little or nothing of the young man. Of course everybody has heard of Charles R. Crane, father of Richard; how President Taft appointed him minister to China; how he left a trail of loose talk behind him from Chicago to San Francisco; how Secretary Knox recalled him as he was about to sail from San Francisco and told him he was not minister to China any more. Since then Mr. Crane has been a Progressive with Democratic leanings, actively and resentfully opposed to all such stand-patters and reactionaries as William H. Taft and Philander C. Knox. It is of record, we believe, that in 1912 Mr. Crane gave \$10,000 to the Wilson cause and \$10,000 to the Roosevelt cause, thus demonstrating an invincible neutrality. The younger Crane, who is now to be private secretary to the Secretary of State, is of course rich. He is thirty-one years old, and it is not in evidence that he has ever distinguished—or disgraced—himself in any particular fashion. No doubt there are some things he can do as private secretary very much better than any one of the seven private secretaries Mr. Bryan had during his two and a quarter years of official life. It is not likely, for example, that he can ever equal the breezy vulgarity of the eminent M. M. Wyvil, Bryan's first private secretary, who after having left the Japanese ambassador in the reception room twenty minutes, rushed out and shouted at the messenger, almost in the face of the ambassador, "Has the Jap gone yet?" This, by the way, was one of the brilliant stunts which gained for its hero the title of Boll Weevil. No doubt Mr. Lansing, being entirely a human creature, would have liked to select his own secretary. But Mr. Lansing is a man of peace, and he has submitted to the President's choice. At the same time we suspect that Secretaries Jefferson, Webster, Hay, and Root would have chosen for themselves or quit the job. It would have been a bold President who would have suggested to any one of these eminent officials that he had chosen his private-secretaryship as a means of paying off a political debt.

There are in the Department of State The Assistant

Secretary, to give him his official title, although he is usually spoken of as the First Assistant Secretary; the Second Assistant Secretary, and the Third Assistant Secretary. These are now in their order John E. Osborne, a very successful sheepman, formerly governor of Wyoming; Alvey A. Adee, who is not an Assistant Secretary at all, but an institution, upon whom every one depends as one does upon the dictionary and the encyclopaedia, and with no more thought of acknowledging dependence; and William Phillips. Ranking the others, be it observed, is Mr. Osborne. Ordinarily in the government department The Assistant Secretary is a very important functionary, the Secretary's right-hand man. Not only ordinarily, but invariably, until this Administration. But as it will be remembered, when the Administration took stock of itself after the appointment to the Department of State had been passed around somewhat loosely, a hurry call was sent to Congress for special legislation, giving the Counselor of the Department of State—the same being John Bassett Moore—rank over the Assistant Secretaries and providing that he should be Secretary of State in the absence of his chief. Prior to that time the job of Counselor had not ranked very high. Having started that way, the system persists. Those who have business at the department rarely hear of the First Assistant Secretary. When Mr. Lansing is applied to for particular information he usually says, "See Mr. Phillips; he is handling that matter." Mr. Phillips, next to Mr. Lansing, is the man of the department. Mr. Osborne, however, is industrious. He is punctual in arriving at the department on time, and he never beats the clock. But all he does is to supervise the accounts. He does this very well. But it was not to scrutinize expenditures that the position of The Assistant Secretary of State was created.

Dr. Adee occupies a position all his own and has his own particular work to do. He is an expert in the writing of diplomatic papers, treaties, instructions to diplomatic representatives abroad, and the like. He does an immense amount of non-spectacular work, but he is not presumed to take the initiative in anything. The situation is that The Assistant Secretary is doing a clerk's work, while the Third Assistant Secretary is the Secretary's right-hand man.

As a matter of incidental interest it may be noted that Major Dickinson, associated with the Bryan régime and used by Bryan as a kind of private gumshoe man to keep him informed respecting inter-Administration intrigues, lost his job just before Bryan went out. Dickinson was not carried on the rolls of the department, but was paid out of the Panama-Pacific Exposition appropriation, his nominal duty being to represent the Fair before the diplomatic corps of Washington. Of course the job was a sinecure. Perhaps the money ran out. Anyhow Dickinson is gone, and, following the example of his late chief, is somewhere out in the alfalfa belt delivering lyceum lectures.

Hot though the summer is at Washington there are more people remaining in town this season than ever before. Most of the big houses are closed—officially: that is, the front doors and windows have their wooden masks on, but this does not necessarily mean that the family is away. It is a year of economies and watchfulness. Many incomes have been sharply reduced. Then the automobile and the country club help to keep many people at home. Despite the professed poverty of every one, however, there is much talk of a lively social season during the coming winter. The recent little tea at the President's country place at Cornish gave a hint that the White House is to be opened for entertaining during the coming winter possibly, but not certainly. Official mourning has been helpful to the President's bank account; he can afford to open up a bit. "What does he do with his income?" is a stock question. As Washington sees it, he can not be spending more than a quarter of it. He is saving far more than either Roosevelt or Taft saved. The former, being notably "tight," is presumed to have put away a considerable sum. Taft, naturally prodigal, saved because he had to. Brother Charlie took it away from him as fast as it came in, put it in sound investments which increased in value, and turned over to Brother Will some \$200,000 when he went out of office. Nobody takes it away from W. W. to save it for him. He has no financial manager; he looks after his banking business in person, not even letting



Tumulty have a look-in. The Scotch strain is strong in Mr. Wilson.

### An Old, Old Story.

There is just now going on in our neighbor-city across the bay a process illustrative of the futility of mere laws unsupported by a public sentiment both determined and aggressive. Among important recent developments in the civic life of Oakland is a municipal civil service system. It came into existence a few years ago under the administration of Mayor Mott, an administration notable and admirable on many accounts. It was a time of stimulated civic sentiment, and the civil service idea had for the moment an enthusiastic popular support.

For a long time everything went well. An able and enthusiastic commission, supported by the municipal government, put the Oakland civil service upon an excellent basis. It grew into one of the things of which Oakland was justly proud. It contributed mightily to the elimination of graft. It spoiled the business of the political boss. It gave to the municipality an expert service. But as these blessings grew familiar they were taken as a matter of course. Public sentiment in relation to the civil service became relaxed. That vigilance which is not only the price of liberty, but of many other excellent things, was lost.

Something less than two months ago the administration of Oakland passed into new hands. One John L. Davie, a noisy blatherskite, contrived to get himself elected to the mayoralty. His supporters were largely of the familiar hungry type. They wanted the offices, large and small, and Mr. Davie, after the manner of political blatherskites, had made many promises. Now he is surrounded by a ravenous horde of job hunters and he is doing what he may to satisfy them.

Theoretically the municipal service is still under civil service rules. Places have been assigned subject to fixed rules and upon the theory of continuing employment. It was all supposed to be fixed and definite, above the reach alike of manipulating politicians in office and of hungry job chasers seeking office. But the resources of blatherksite government are equal to the situation. Week after week, as the "reformed" municipal council meets, it passes ordinances nullifying certain departments or bureaus of the municipal system. This has the effect of throwing out the employees connected with it. Then at the next meeting the eliminated department is restored, and this gives opportunity for the appointment of a new clerical force—made up, of course, of the political friends and supporters of the "reformed" government. Within a month some thirty or more minor functionaries, presumably under the protection of the civil service rules, have been thrown out and their places filled by political henchmen. It is not a pretty spectacle.

The incident, as we have already said, exhibits the futility of mere laws and regulations when left without the support of an active public sentiment. No matter how good your laws may be, if there be not behind them an eternally vigilant public will, they soon become non-effective.

### Editorial Notes.

Since the *Eastland* disaster the Steamboat Inspection Service, connected with the Department of Commerce, has come in for a lot of criticism. Old George Uhler, supervising inspector of that service, is a very good man. If he had the chance he would be an admirable official. But he works under many handicaps. Local inspectors are chosen chiefly for political reasons. It was in this way, if the truth be told, that Uhler himself got in, under a Republican administration. But he has made good. His predecessor once commanded a tugboat on the Hudson River and thus qualified for the work. Most local inspectors are broken-down old steamboat captains and engineers with a pull. Here and there may be found an efficient man, but efficiency is the exception, not the rule. Examinations for local inspectors are farcical; and the examinations the inspectors give to applicants for licenses are usually worse than farcical, the law leaving pretty much everything to their discretion. Few of the inspectors know even the elements of naval construction. The *Eastland* case shows how unfit the system is to determine the stability and general fitness of a vessel.

Out of the current discussion with respect to the *Eastland* case there has developed at Washington the suggestion of detailing naval officers as inspectors,

giving them limited tours of duty, thus getting away from political influences and local interests. It isn't a bad suggestion, but we educate naval officers for military duty, and service as steamboat inspectors will not help them to discharge these duties, qualified though they may be for the work. A more practical suggestion, and one likely to be put before Congress next winter, is to turn over the steamboat inspection service to the coast guard service, formerly the revenue cutter and the life-saving services. Charged with enforcing the navigation laws afloat, they now inspect vessels at sea, while the primary inspecting is done by the steamboat inspection service ashore. Why not have these revenue cutter officers—now coast guard—do all the inspecting? Among these officers are many skilled constructors, since part of their course at the Coast Guard Academy is in naval construction. Let the regular navy stick to its military duty, but let the civilian navy, the coast guard service, do this particular work in connection with its other work of enforcing the navigation laws.

### THE THEATRE OF WAR.

It now seems clear that the Russians have extricated the main body of their army and that it is well on its way eastward. It may be that a certain number of men will be cut off, but this was probably foreseen. It might be well worth while to exchange a hundred thousand men or so for the advantage of resisting the passage of the Vistula and so delaying the actual occupation of Warsaw. Moreover, an army that is crossing a river loses far more men than the army that is defending the banks. The bridges, we are told, were destroyed, but none the less the Germans succeeded in crossing upon pontoons, a magnificent military feat, but one that must have been costly. Any one who has seen the Vistula at Warsaw will appreciate the magnitude of making pontoon bridges even without resistance, but to make them under artillery fire is an achievement of which perhaps only the Germans would be capable. From another part of the vast eastern field we have descriptions of the German commissariat, which includes droves of cattle driven in the rear of the armies, and we read of three substantial meals a day served to the troops. Without in any way minimizing the courage of the individual German soldier we may none the less detect in the commissariat the secret of much of the German success. Courage can never take the place of commissariat, but the two in combination may well prove to be almost irresistible.

The crossing of the Vistula seems to have been effected by a clever ruse. Russian aviators reported that there were no signs of a crossing, but that there were large numbers of wagons laden with straw approaching the western bank. These wagons actually contained pontoon material, and the construction of four bridges was well in progress before the Russians discovered the trick. A terrific fire was opened, but the pontoons were ready for use in less than thirty-six hours.

The contending armies now form a rough equilateral triangle with Warsaw for its apex. From Warsaw the Teuton lines run northeast through Ostrolenka and Lomza to Ossosvietz and southeast through Praga, Ivangorod, and Leczna to Cholm and Sokal. The Russian army forms the base of the triangle from Sokal to Ossosvietz. The main railroad from Warsaw to Petrograd crosses the Russian line at Bielostok, and if this line should be cut the Russians would have to fall back still further eastward. The present German plan seems to be to approach the northern and southern extremities of their lines with a view to cutting the Petrograd communications and so to compress the Russian line from its two ends.

It is generally assumed that we may now expect another great assault upon the western lines, and indeed there seems to have been some heavy fighting around Verdun as well as along the British front. But it is still far too early to assume that the German armies in the east are about to be liberated for service in the west. Indeed it is rather early even to make guesses without some definite information as to the condition of the Russians and their ability to make a stand at Brest-Litovsk. But let us suppose that the current impression proves to be a correct one and that the Russian armies are in fair order. Now if the Germans should decide to continue the offensive and to push home their advantages then we may take it as certain that there will be no Germans at all to be released, and that they will have to retain every available man for the eastern campaign. But it is quite possible that the Germans will not continue the pursuit beyond a certain point. It is not easy for so large an army to push its way through a devastated country with a constantly lengthening line of communications, over roads that are always bad and that will soon be growing worse, and incessantly harassed by Cossacks. Under such circumstances the lines of communication are the chief and most serious consideration, and this is easy to understand when we realize what it must mean to supply millions of men with every human need down to buttons and boot laces, and practically without the aid of railroads. Now there is only one alternative to a continuation of the offensive. The Germans may decide to fortify a line to the east of Warsaw and to be content with holding what they have taken. But such a line would be from five to six hundred miles in length, and it would take at least a million men to make it at all secure.

And even a million men would prove a scanty allowance if the Russians should presently find themselves rich in ammunition and should come flooding back to the attack. And this is what they will certainly do sooner or later. If it should presently become certain that the Russians have retired in good order and with their morale unbroken, then we must count the whole German move as a failure from the standpoint of the higher strategy. An unqualified German success would have meant only one thing, the complete envelopment and surrender of the Russian army and the elimination of Russia from the war.

It is thus evident that the assault on the western lines will depend for its success upon the number of men that Germany can release from the east, and this again depends on the number of men that she now has in the east. A recent report from Petrograd spoke of seventy divisions of Teutons, and this would be 1,400,000 men. Let us call it a million and a half of men, and this is probably a liberal estimate in view of the enormous casualty lists of the last month. Now if Germany should decide to continue the offensive she will need all these men and more, since lines of communication must be heavily guarded. If she does not intend to pursue the retreating Russians, but to stand on the defensive, she will need at least a million men for that purpose. This would allow her to liberate half a million men to reinforce her western armies. And we may find that about half a million men are coming west for that purpose.

The total German force in the entire field is now probably about four and a half million men. Deducting a million and a half for the eastern field, this would leave three million men now in Belgium and France. With a possible reinforcement from the east of half a million men this would give her three and a half million men for whatever she intends to do in the west. The French army may be supposed to be about two and a half millions, and it seems that the British have not more than 750,000 men actually at the front, but there are probably double that number who could very soon be at the front. This would give a decided preponderance to the Allies of about half a million, and moreover they would be acting on the defensive, which would be to their advantage. No one can foresee the result of such an attack, but from the point of view of normal military operations there seems no reason why it should succeed, since it has already failed several times under conditions more favorable to the Germans than any that now exist.

If Germany should have any men to spare for operations elsewhere it is by no means certain that they would be sent to the west. They might be sent into Serbia, not so much for the sake of pursuing the war against Serbia as for the purpose of compelling Serbia to give transit to supplies for the Turkish armies. It is to be remembered that both Serbia, and Roumania are gateways to Turkey. Roumania refuses to open her gate for such a purpose, and it would hardly be worth while to make war upon her for the purpose of forcing her to do so. But a new attack upon Serbia would be quite a different matter, and that this is quite upon the cards is shown by the fact that British troops and artillery have been sent to Serbia. The main hope of forcing the Dardanelles, evidently lies in the shutting off of Turkish supplies, and this would be frustrated by the opening either of Serbia or Roumania.

A correspondent suggests a reason for the discrepancies often to be found in the published statements of German casualties. He says: "German casualty lists give the names of the killed, the wounded, the prisoners, too, I think, but also the names of those who have died of their injuries, and whose names therefore had already appeared on the list of the wounded. This will show you that the practice of counting the numbers of names on the lists and then adding these totals together will not give the total casualties, many names appearing twice on the lists for the above reasons. This, no doubt, is responsible to a large degree for the excessive loss figures sometimes published in American papers for the German armies. The German soldier is taught to take pretty good care of himself. When wounded his chances for recovery are better than in any other army, and as a rule the word surrender does not figure in his vocabulary, which is probably the reason that I have never seen any figures published relating to the number of German prisoners captured in the west." This may also explain the recent German official prohibition of the publication of casualty totals. The number of German prisoners of war has never been published by any of the Allies. At the same time there have been innumerable photographs of German war prisoners in uniform and questions as to their treatment have been asked in the British House of Commons.

Canada has now about 80,000 men at the front, an army greater than Wellington commanded at Waterloo, and about twice the size of the British army in the Crimean war. But Canada has actually raised a total force of about 150,000 men. Of these about 12,000 have been killed or wounded, 80,000 are in France and Belgium, and the remainder are on their way or about to start. After the first force had been sent the enlistments were very slow, and it was not until the casualty lists began to come in from Ypres that the people of the Dominion woke up to the fact that the war was a real one. Since then the enlistments have been very brisk, and there are no better soldiers in the field if one excepts a certain tendency to insubordination which seems indigenous to the Western Hemisphere.

Most of the present combatants seem to have done



thing in the way of violations of neutrality, although in some cases the violations have been more or less trivial or accidental and have been apologized for. Belgium and Luxemburg have been occupied by the Germans. Russia attacked a German ship in Swedish waters. British submarines passed through Swedish and Danish waters on their way to the Baltic. The Japanese invaded Chinese territory in order to reach Kiao-Chao. Russians and Turks have invaded Persia. The *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* was sunk in Spanish waters, and the *Dresden* was sunk in Chilean waters. At a time when there is a clamor for new rules of warfare and for international agreements based on modern weapons, it is perhaps worthy of note that no one takes the least notice of such rules and agreements when they are made. But human credulity as to the efficacy of pieces of paper bearing signatures seems to be limitless. Certainly the value of the pieces of paper is not in any way enhanced by the signatures.

The law of contraband and of the continuous passage relied upon by Great Britain depends largely upon the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the case of the *Springbok*. The *New York Evening Globe* summarizes the contention in the following paragraph: "The *Springbok* was a vessel proceeding from a British port to the port of Nassau in the Bahamas. Her cargo was chiefly non-contraband. She was seized by one of our cruisers before her arrival at Nassau and brought before a prize court. This court condemned both vessel and cargo on the ground that the cargo was in fact destined for some Confederate port. On appeal the Supreme Court released the ship on the ground that conceivably her owners did not know the ultimate destination of the cargo. But the condemnation of the cargo was upheld. In the flattest way the Supreme Court asserted that if the ultimate destination of the cargo was a Confederate port it was seizable anywhere on the high seas. On the strength of this precedent the British foreign secretary argues that we may not complain if the British Admiralty similarly stops cargoes from going to or coming from Germany via neutral countries."

Among the implements of ancient warfare which have recently made their reappearance must now be included the helmet which has been adopted by the French army. It is made of heavy steel with a large rim, and it can be worn forward to protect the eyes or at the back of the head in order to protect the base of the skull. It is far too heavy to use in the field, but for trench fighting and as a shield against shrapnel which strike from above the new helmet is said to be eminently satisfactory. Dr. Devraigne, writing in the *Lancet*, says that he examined fifty-five cases of head injury and that in forty-two cases the wounded men had no helmets and that thirteen wore helmets. The *Lancet* says: "These figures do not, of course, prove that the calotte is an absolute safeguard against fractures of the skull by bullet wound or shell wound in the trenches, but, as a matter of fact, in the series of cases studied there was not a single fracture of the skull among the protected men, and Dr. Devraigne concludes that the value of the metallic headpiece has been absolutely demonstrated and that it should be much more generally employed."

Germany denounced Roumania for having laid an embargo on arms and she denounces America because she does not lay an embargo on arms. It is true that the embargoes are of a somewhat different nature. Roumania refuses to allow any arms to pass across her territory for the supply of the Turks. America refuses to prevent the manufacture of arms for the French and British, and of course it is far less serious merely to permit the passage of arms than actually to make them. None the less it would seem that Roumania and America can not both be wrong.

Warsaw has had a stormy career since becoming the Polish capital in 1609. It was taken by Charles X of Sweden in 1655 and retaken by the Poles in the following year. The Swedes promptly recaptured it, but in 1657 it was again taken by the Poles. Charles XII of Sweden entered the city in 1702, and the Russians occupied it in 1764. It was taken by the Poles in 1794 and again by the Russians in the same year. The year 1795 saw Warsaw in the possession of Prussia, and in 1806 it was taken by the French, and it became the capital of the new Duchy of Warsaw in the following year. Six years later it was again occupied by the Russians, who were driven out in 1830, but who regained possession in 1831. And now after eighty-four years it is once more in German hands.

SIDNEY CORYN.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 11, 1915.

Since 1897 developments in the rubber industry in Malay have been enormous. In 1897 about 350 acres were planted to rubber. Year after year more jungle was cleared and the acreage increased rapidly. A tremendous development was felt in 1906. Demand for rubber the world over taxed the supply, and speculators rushed to put land under cultivation. It is stated that in this year alone 150,000 acres were alienated for rubber cultivation. In 1912 there were 621,621 acres under rubber, and at the end of 1912 there were 1055 rubber estates of over 100 acres in extent, the average yield per acre being 250 pounds.

A young Japanese in Hyogo is reported to have invented artificial coffee almost equal in every respect to natural Brazilian coffee. As the result of chemical analysis by experts it is said that the goods now manufactured by the young inventor are more wholesome than the natural bean, while retaining all its flavor and quality.

## FOOD OF THE GODS.

Served by Montezuma in Golden Goblets—The Primitive Method of Manufacture.

In a seeming endeavor to keep pace with the necessities of man, Nature is found annually yielding larger quantities of certain products, and nowhere, perhaps, is this more noticeable than in the production of chocolate, now so universally consumed. During the first five months of 1914 the total consumption amounted to 134,549 tons, a great increase over the same period in the preceding year. In point of production, Ecuador takes first rank, followed by Brazil, Trinidad, and Venezuela. The United States has been the largest consumer.

Columbus is said to have introduced the delightful beverage into Europe, for cacao is indigenous to the tropical regions of the Americas, and prior to the discovery of the Western world it was elsewhere unknown. Chocolate, as it was called by the Aztecs, formed the favorite beverage of the luxurious Montezuma and his household, for according to Prescott, "the emperor took no other beverage than the chocolate, a potation of chocolate flavored with vanilla and other spices, and so prepared as to be reduced to a froth of the consistency of honey, which gradually dissolved in the mouth. This beverage, if so it could be called, was served in golden goblets, with spoons of the same metal or of tortoise shell finely wrought. The emperor was exceedingly fond of it, to judge from the quantity—no less than fifty jars or pitchers being prepared for his own daily consumption. Two thousand more were allowed for that of his household."

The Incas of Peru were also large consumers of the finished product of the cacao tree, for Pizarro and his followers saw "hillsides covered with the yellow maize and the potato, or checkered with the blooming plantations of cacao in the lower levels." And just how long cacao had been used for eating and drinking purposes by the Incas, who traced an unbroken line of kings back for 1000 years before the coming of the Spaniards, tradition does not state.

The tree usually grows to a height of sixteen or eighteen feet when cultivated, but in its wild state often exceeds that height. The fruit when ripe is pod-shaped like a cucumber, and has a thick, leathery rind varying in color from yellow to red and purple. The interior of the pod is divided into five long cells, in each of which is a row of from five to ten seeds imbedded in a soft, pinkish acid pulp which is edible. Trees come to maturity in ten years, and if properly cared for will continue to bear for nearly fifty years. Picking on the large plantations generally takes place twice a year, although there are no regular seasons—the trees frequently having buds, flowers, and fully ripened pods on them at the same time.

After picking, the pod is broken open and the beans taken out by hand. In the producing countries the greater portion is sun-dried, the most common method being the level wooden floor with movable roof to protect against rain. After cleaning and sorting the beans, the drying hands cover the floor with a layer of the wet beans. The duties of the drying staff during the first two days is to turn the cacao lying upon the floor evenly and frequently, so that all the beans may obtain the same amount of exposure. This is effected by the men walking barefooted in straight lines from end to end, using their feet alternately to throw the cacao into small ridges between their two feet, each man taking half of the previously made ridge, right and left, to form the new ridge he leaves. There is no contact between the part of the bean consumed and the feet of the laborers, as the whole skin of the bean comes off in the roasting process which it undergoes previous to being made into any of the forms to which manufacturers devote it.

Next comes the operation commonly known as "dancing." The cacao is shoveled together into heaps of about two barrels each at suitable distances from each other, and workmen of light build are chosen for dancing, who usually weigh not more than 112 to 130 pounds. These men tread or dance on the top of the heap barefooted as before, while women and children sitting around the base throw up the beans as fast as they are thrown down by the dancer. As the operation proceeds the appearance of the beans must be carefully watched, until they are seen to assume a surface like that of a piece of polished mahogany. The heap is then opened out and the drying allowed to proceed as rapidly as possible. The following day the heaps are again danced, opened out thinly on the floors, and allowed four or five hours of continuous sun heat, which, by rapidly drying the exterior and interior, tends to fix the polish upon the skin of the bean.

A rather primitive method of manufacturing chocolate is followed in the producing countries, after roasting the bean in a cylinder over a slow fire. When browned sufficiently the testa, or skin, easily separates from the inner portion of the seed, and can be cracked off and fanned away as soon as the beans are cool enough to handle. The beans must be ground quickly after roasting, otherwise the cacao soon loses its flavor and aroma. The grinding is done by placing the "nibs"—as the beans are called after being roasted—upon a clean piece of freestone about two feet

square, perfectly smooth, and another stone, somewhat rounded, is used as a grinder. The beans are thus mashed and rubbed until they are reduced to a paste, the fat they contain assisting the operation, and the grinding being continued until the paste becomes perfectly smooth and even. If sweet chocolate is desired, sugar is added and ground up with the paste. If unsweetened is wanted, nothing further is to be done except to make up the paste into the form and size desired, generally in small blocks, rolls, or balls. These are then allowed to set or harden, which they do in a few hours' time in dry weather, and the product is then ready to be used.

The man who sips his morning cocoa may know nothing of the manner of its manufacture, and might be surprised to learn that up to the point where paste is produced all products of the cacao bean are about the same. If what is known as "cocoa" is desired, the paste is placed between sheets of fine cloth and then put into presses and the fat or "butter" expressed from the mass. After the butter is thus extracted the cacao can be dried and reduced to a powdered form. In other words, chocolate is cacao with the fat left in, while cocoa is cacao with the fat extracted.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Dr. Yamei Kin, who has come to this country to study American hospital methods, is head of the women's government hospital at Tientsin, China. She will remain a year, conducting her investigations with a view to the introduction of the best features of American hospitals into the institution at Tientsin.

D. Alfred Charles True of the Department of Agriculture is the chief of the new bureau of the states relation service, which will take over the work of farmers' cooperative demonstrations, agricultural schools, farmers' institutes, and the maintenance of agricultural stations in Alaska, Hawaii, Porto Rico, and Guam. Since 1893 he has been editor-in-chief of the *Experiment Station Record* and *Expert Station Work*. He is also agricultural editor of the "New International Encyclopedia and Year Book."

Rear-Admiral Charles Johnston Badger, who retired last week, having reached the age limit, because of his special qualifications will continue on duty indefinitely in connection with the army and navy joint board and the navy general board, which are working out national defense problems. He is a native of Rockville, Maryland, and was appointed to the United States Naval Academy at-large by President Grant in 1869. In 1907 he was promoted to a captaincy, and for the next two years was superintendent of the Naval Academy. He was made a rear-admiral in 1911 and was later commander-in-chief of the Atlantic fleet.

General Beneckendorff von Hindenburg, who planned the great Russian campaign and has since been leading a command, was born in Posen in 1847, and spent his boyhood in the small garrison towns of Pinne and Glogau, until he went to the Cadet School. He first saw active service in 1866. At Rosberitz he was wounded in the head. It is said of him that he was ever most abstemious, seldom smoked, and never touched a card. He felt something for art and for all questions of moment. There are said to exist water-color sketches from his hand which show great promise. Nevertheless the military element prevailed. As a teacher of tactics at the Military School he always dealt most fully with the chapter on the Masurian Lakes.

Dr. Richard Pearson Strong, having quelled the epidemic of typhus fever in Serbia, thereby saving countless thousands of lives, now returns to this country to resume his place as professor of tropical medicine at the Harvard Medical School. He had previous plague experience in the Philippines and China. Dr. Strong was born in Fortress Monroe, Virginia, March 18, 1872. It is said that even as a child he was attracted to medicine as a profession, and that the medical officers at the fort were his chosen friends. He graduated from the medical school at Johns Hopkins, winning his M. D. in 1897. Then came a year as resident house physician at the Johns Hopkins Hospital. He entered the army July 23, 1898, as assistant surgeon. After his splendid work in China he was induced to attach himself to Harvard University, where he has operated along research lines.

Dr. Samuel Gibson Dixon, who has been awarded a gold medal for his work along health and sanitation lines by the superior jury of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, is the state commissioner of health for Pennsylvania, an office which he has filled for many years. He is a native of Philadelphia, where he graduated from the Mercantile College, studied law, and was admitted to the bar. In 1886 he graduated from the University of Pennsylvania, receiving his degree as an M. D. Later he went to England, graduating from the department of bacteriology, King's College, London. A course at Pettenkofer's Laboratory of Hygiene, Munich, followed. Since 1890 he has been professor of bacteriology and microscopic technology at the University of Pennsylvania. He is the author of the work, "Physiological Notes," and has also written many articles for medical journals.



## THE ENCHANTED SHIP.

## The Stirring Legend of the Turkish Flying Dutchman.

My father kept a little shop in Balsora. He was neither rich nor poor, but was one of those people who dare not venture from fear of losing the little they have. He reared me plainly and well, and I soon became able to assist him in business. When I was eighteen years old, and he had just made his first great speculation, he died, apparently from worry over having risked a thousand gold pieces in commerce.

But this certainly did not discourage me. I turned all my father had left into ready money, and set out to seek my fortune among strangers, accompanied only by a servant of my father, Ibrahim, who from old attachment would not leave me.

We sailed from Balsora with favorable winds. The ship was bound for India. We had followed the usual track for fifteen days, when the weather began to threaten a storm. The captain looked very grave, for he knew very little of the sea coast and its rocks and reefs. Our sails were all furled, and we sped on with the increasing gale as the night came on. As we moved through the waves, all at once a ship, unseen before, appeared within hailing distance. Wild shouts and cries came from its deck, at which, in this anxious hour, I wondered. But the captain beside me turned white as death.

"We are lost!" he exclaimed. "Yonder sails Death!"

Before I could question him the sailors set up a terrible howling and shrieking.

"Have you seen it?" they cried. "It is all over with us now!"

The captain had passages read from the Koran, and went himself to the helm. All in vain! The gale became more furious. We were at the mercy of a hurricane. On we whirled toward a coast of rocky cliffs, powerless to control our frail vessel. Suddenly the ship stopped with a horrid grating, and the waves crashed in between breaking timbers. We all took to the small boats. Scarcely had the last man left, when the ship went down. The waves towered fearfully above us, and the tiny boats were flung hither and thither in the trough of the sea. Just at daybreak the wind rose with renewed wildness, and the boat containing my servant and myself capsized. The sailors were drowned, but my servant clutched the upturned keel of the boat and pushed me above him. Finally we both crawled up, and hung on for our lives. As the sun rose the gale subsided. After drifting several hours we discovered in the distance a sail, and soon after there came into view a large vessel. Toward this we gradually floated.

As we approached I recognized the same craft which had sailed near us in the night and so terrified the captain. As we came up alongside, we shouted aloud, but no one answered.

From the anchor chains a long rope hung down. With hands and feet we paddled toward it, and finally succeeded in grasping the end. We clambered up the side over the bulwarks. But horrors! what a spectacle met my eyes as I stepped upon the deck. It was red with blood. Thirty corpses in Turkish costume lay there. At the mainmast stood a man richly dressed, sabre in hand, but with pale and distorted face; a great spike through his forehead nailed him to the mast. We stood transfixed with fear. I scarcely dared to breathe. With an involuntary prayer, we ventured forward, looking about us at each step for new terrors.

At last we reached the main hatchway leading down into the hold. Involuntarily we stopped and looked at each other, neither daring to express his thoughts.

"Master," said my servant, "some dreadful crime has occurred here, but if the ship is full of murderers down below, I had rather give myself up to them, for good or bad, than stay any longer among these dead men!"

I thought the same. We took heart and descended, full of expectation. But it was still as death here also, excepting the sounds of our footfalls on the stairs. We stood at the entrance to the captain's room. I put my ear to the door and listened; nothing was heard. I opened it. The cabin was in disorder; clothes, weapons, and other movables in confusion. The crew, or at least the captain, must have been lately carousing. We continued our exploration, and found a splendid treasure in silks, pearls, sugar, etc. I was beside myself with joy at this sight, for I considered myself entitled to it all, seeing there was no living owner. But Ibrahim reminded me that we were still far from land, which we could not reach without human aid.

We refreshed ourselves with the food and drink, of which we found a great store, and finally went upon deck again. But the sight of the corpses made our flesh creep. We decided to get rid of them by throwing them overboard, but were startled to find that by some mysterious power they were immovably fastened to the deck. The planks would have to be raised, and for this we needed tools. Neither could the captain be loosened from the mast, nor could we wrest his sabre from his stiffened hand.

We passed the day in sad contemplation of our situation. As night came on, I permitted Ibrahim to go to sleep. I myself wanted to wait on deck to look out for rescue. Yet, when the moon rose and I reckoned

by the stars that it was twelve o'clock, an irresistible sleep so overpowered me that I involuntarily fell back behind a barrel which stood on deck. Yet it was more stupor than sleep, for I plainly heard the waves rippling against the sides of the ship, and the sails creaking and whistling in the wind.

All at once I became conscious of voices and men's steps on deck. I attempted to rise, but an irresistible power fettered my limbs. I could not open my eyes. The voices grew more distinct. It seemed to me as if a merry crew ran about the deck. Sometimes I thought I heard loud commands, and I distinctly heard ropes and sails drawn up and down. By degrees consciousness left me, I sank in a deep sleep in which I yet fancied I heard the clash of weapons, and only awoke when the sun stood high in the heavens.

Wondering, I looked about me. Storm, ship, the dead, and what I had heard in the night came back to me like a dream; but, as I looked around, I found everything the same. The dead lay motionless. The captain was immovably bound to the mast. I smiled at my dream, and arose to seek my servant. He was sitting, very thoughtful, in the captain's room.

"Master!" he cried as I entered, "I had rather be at the bottom of the sea than pass another night on this enchanted ship!"

To my questions he answered: "I had slept some hours when suddenly I was awakened by hearing people running to and fro overhead. I thought at first it was you, but there were at least twenty men, and I heard shouts and groans. At last heavy steps came down the stairs. Then I knew nothing more except in occasional moments of consciousness, when I saw the same man who is spiked to the mast above sitting at that table yonder, singing and drinking; but the man in scarlet clothes, not far from him on deck, sat next to him and drank with him."

So it was no delusion. I had really heard the dead men. It was terrible to me to sail in such company. Ibrahim was absorbed in thought.

"I have it now!" he exclaimed, at last.

He recalled a charm which his grandfather, an experienced and traveled man, had taught him, and he declared we could keep from falling asleep the next night if we zealously repeated verses from the Koran. His suggestion pleased me. With dread we saw night approach. Next to the captain's cabin was a closet, where we decided to stay. We bored several holes in the door, large enough to see the whole cabin, and fastened the door as firmly as possible from within. I wrote the name of the Prophet in all four corners. Then we awaited the terrors of night.

About twelve o'clock sleep began to overcome us. Ibrahim begged me to repeat verses from the Koran, which helped me keep awake. Suddenly the brawl began above, the cordage creaked, steps passed overhead, and many voices were plainly distinguished. We stood motionless in strained attention. Then we heard some of them coming downstairs. When the old man heard this he began to recite the charm his grandfather had taught him.

I will confess that I had no faith in this charm, and my hair stood on end as the door flew open. Here came the tall, majestic man I had seen nailed to the mast. The spike still pierced through the middle of his brow, but he had sheathed his sword. Behind him came another, less richly dressed. I had seen him also lying above. The captain, as he evidently was, had a pale face, a great black beard, and wild, rolling eyes.

Both sat down at the table in the centre of the cabin, and talked loudly, almost yelling, in an unknown language. The conversation grew louder and fiercer, till finally the captain struck the table a thundering blow with his clenched fist. The other, laughing wildly, sprang up and beckoned the captain to follow him. The captain rose, tore his sword from its sheath, and both left the room.

We breathed more freely when they were gone, but our anxiety was not over. The noise on deck increased. There was a hasty running to and fro, and shouts, laughter, and yells. At last there was a hellish outburst, so that we thought the deck would fall in on us, then a clash of weapons and cries—then all at once deep silence.

When we ventured, some hours later, to ascend, we found everything as before—not one had changed his position; all were like stones.

Thus we passed many days upon the ship; she always sailed eastward, where, according to my reckoning, land must lie; but, if she gained by day, at night she seemed to return, for we always found ourselves at the same place at sunrise. We could not explain this, unless the vessel sailed back each night against the wind. To guard against this, we furled all sails before night, and wrote the name of the Prophet upon several pieces of parchment, also the charm, and bound them to the yards. In our little room we anxiously awaited the result. This time the uproar was worse yet; but next morning the sails remained furled as we had left them.

Through the day we put on only so much sail as necessary, and so in five days made good headway. Finally, on the morning of the sixteenth day, we sighted land; and thanked Allah and his prophets for a wonderful deliverance. That day and the following night we sailed along the coast, and on the seventeenth morning we thought we could make out a town not far off. We dropped anchor, lowered a small boat,

and rowed with all our might for the town. In half an hour we reached a river emptying into the ocean, and landed on shore.

At the city gates we inquired what place it was, and learned that it was an Indian city not far from the region I had first shipped for. We went to a public house and refreshed ourselves. I inquired for some wise man who understood something of sorcery, and was led to an insignificant house in a retired street and told to ask for Akbar. An old, gray-haired, long-nosed man came to the door and asked my business. I told him I sought the wise Akbar. He replied that he was that person. I asked his advice as to what I should do with the dead, and how I should get them off the ship. He answered that they had probably been bewitched at sea on account of some crime. He believed that the spell would be broken if they were brought ashore, but this would not happen unless the boards on which they lay were taken up. Ship and cargo belonged to me because I found them, yet I ought to keep it secret, and for a small gift from my abundance he would, with his slaves, aid me in removing the dead men. I promised to reward him richly, and we started with five slaves provided with saws and axes. On the way Akbar could not sufficiently praise our idea of winding the sails with lines from the Koran; he said it was the only means of saving us. It was still early in the day when we reached the ship. We all set to work, and in an hour four lay in the boat. Some of the slaves rowed them ashore for interment. When they returned they said the corpses had spared them the trouble of burial, for as soon as they were laid on the earth they had fallen to dust.

We continued the work, and before night all the crew were taken ashore. There only remained the man nailed to the mast. We vainly tried to withdraw the spike; no force could displace it a hair's breadth. I did not know what was to be done. We could not hew down the mast to set him ashore. But Akbar helped us out of this difficulty. He sent a slave ashore to bring a pot of earth. When it arrived the sorcerer spoke some mysterious words over it, and shook the earth over the dead man's head. He immediately opened his eyes, drew a deep breath, and the wound in his forehead began to bleed. The nail came out with little difficulty now, and the captain fell into the arms of one of the slaves.

"Who brought me here?" he asked, when he seemed a little recovered. Akbar pointed to me, and I approached him.

"You have my gratitude, O youth, for you have rescued me from torment. For fifty years my body has sailed these waters, and my spirit was condemned to return to it each night. But now my head has touched earth, I am freed, and can go to my fathers."

I begged him to tell us how he came into this terrible situation, and he said:

"Fifty years ago I was an influential man of high repute, and dwelt in Algiers. Greed of money drove me to piracy. I had been some time in this business when I took on board as passenger a dervish who wanted to travel free. My comrades and I were rough people and did not respect the man's sanctity. I made sport of him. But once, when in pious zeal he condemned my sinful course of life, I was greatly enraged. That night, while drinking with the first mate in my cabin and brooding over what the dervish had said—words which I would not have allowed a Sultan to use to me—I rushed on deck and plunged my dagger in his breast. Dying he cursed me and my crew; we were not to die nor live till our heads touched the earth. The dervish died and we cast him into the sea and laughed at his threats; but that very night his words were fulfilled. Part of my crew mutinied. There was fearful strife till my adherents were conquered and I was nailed to the mast. But the mutineers died of their wounds, and soon my ship was only a floating tomb. My vision failed, my breath stopped, and I thought I died. But it was only a torpor which held me. The next night, at the same hour in which we had thrown the dervish into the sea, I awoke, and all my companions revived; but we could do or say nothing but what we had done or spoken on that terrible night. So we have sailed for fifty years. If treasure can reward you, take my ship as token of my gratitude."

When the captain had spoken his head sank upon his breast, and he expired shortly after. Like his companions, he crumbled at once to dust. We collected this in a box, and buried it on land. I took workmen from town who repaired my ship. After profitably exchanging the wares on board for others I hired sailors, presented Akbar with rich gifts, and sailed for my own country. But I went a roundabout way, landing at many islands and ports, disposing of my wares. The Prophet blessed my undertaking. In nine months I ran into Balsora twice as rich as the captain had made me. Now I live quietly and in peace, and every five years journey to Mecca to thank Allah for his blessing, and to beg that He will at last take the captain and his crew to Paradise.

Dr. Maude Slye, the University of Chicago medical research worker, who recently established the theory that cancer is inherited and not contagious, as a result of ten years' experiments with mice, has been awarded the Howard Taylor Hacketts prize by the faculty of the university medical school.



## AEROPLANES AND DIRIGIBLES.

Frederick A. Talbot Describes Some Features of Modern War in the Air.

A spirited contest in the air is one of the grimmest and most thrilling spectacles possible to conceive, and it displays the skill of the aviator in a striking manner. Daring sweeps, startling wheels, breathless volplanes, and remarkable climbs are carried out. One wonders how the machine can possibly withstand the racking strains to which it is subjected. The average aeroplane demands space in which to describe a turn, and the wheel has to be manipulated carefully and dextrously, an operation requiring considerable judgment on the part of the helmsman.

But in an aerial duel discretion is flung to the winds. The pilot jams his helm over in his keen struggle to gain the superior position, causing the machine to groan and almost to heel over. The stern stresses of war have served to reveal the perfection of the modern aeroplane together with the remarkable strength of its construction. In one or two instances, when a victor has come to earth, subsequent examination has revealed the enormous strains to which the aeroplane has been subjected. The machine has been distorted; wires have been broken—wires which have succumbed to the enormous stresses which have been imposed and have not been snapped by rifle fire. One well-known British airman, who was formerly a daring automobilist, confided to me that a fight in the air "is the finest reliability trial for an aeroplane that was ever devised!"

In these desperate struggles for aerial supremacy the one party endeavors to bring his opponent well within the point-blank range of his armament; the other on his part strives just as valiantly to keep well out of reach. The latter knows fully well that his opponent is at a serious disadvantage when beyond point-blank range, for the simple reason that in sighting the rifle or automatic pistol it is difficult, if not impossible while aloft, to judge distances accurately, and to make the correct allowances for windage.

If, however, the dominating aviator is armed with a machine gun he occupies the superior position, because he can pour a steady hail of lead upon his enemy. The employment of such a weapon when the contest is being waged over friendly territory has many drawbacks. Damage is likely to be inflicted among innocent observers on the earth below; the airman is likely to bombard his friends. For this very reason promiscuous firing, in the hope of a lucky shot finding a billet in the hostile machine, is not practiced. Both parties appear to reserve their fire until they have drawn within what may be described as fighting distance, otherwise point-blank range, which may be anything up to 300 yards.

Some of the battles between the German and the French or British aeroplanes have been waged with a total disregard of the consequences. Both realize that one or the other must perish, and each is equally determined to triumph. It is doubtful whether the animosity between the opposing forces is manifested anywhere so acutely as in the air. In some instances the combat has commenced at 300 feet or so above the earth, and has been fought so desperately, the machines climbing and endeavoring to outmaneuver each other, that an altitude of over 5000 feet has been attained before they have come to close grips.

The French aviator is nimble, and impetuous; the German aviator is daring, but slow in thought; the British airman is a master of strategy, quick in thought, and prepared to risk anything to achieve his end. The German airman is sent aloft to reconnoitre the enemy and to communicate his information to his headquarters. That is his assigned duty and he performs it mechanically, declining to fight, as the welfare of his colleagues below is considered to be of more vital importance than his personal superiority in an aerial contest. But if he is cornered he fights with a terrible and fatalistic desperation.

The bravery of the German airmen is appreciated by the Allies. The French flying-man, with his tradition love for individual combat, seeks and keenly enjoys a duel. The British airman regards such a contest as a mere incident in the round of duty, but willingly accepts the challenge when it is offered. It is this manifestation of what may be described as acquiescence in any development that enabled the British flying corps, although numerically inferior, to gain its mastery of the air so unostentatiously and yet so completely.

All things considered, an aeroplane duel is regarded as a fairly equal combat. But what of a duel between an aeroplane and a dirigible? Which holds the advantage? This question has not been settled, at any rate conclusively, but it is generally conceded that up to a certain point the dirigible is superior. It certainly offers a huge and attractive target, but rifle fire at its prominent gas-bag is not going to cause much havoc. The punctures of the envelope may represent so many vents through which the gas within may effect a gradual escape, but considerable time must elapse before the effect of such a bombardment becomes pronounced in its result, unless the gas-bag is absolutely riddled with machine gun-fire, when descent must be accelerated.

On the other hand, it is to be presumed that the

dirigible is armed. In this event it has a distinct advantage. It has a steady gun platform enabling the weapons of offense to be trained more easily and an enhanced accuracy of fire to be obtained. In order to achieve success it is practically imperative that an aeroplane should obtain a position above the dirigible, but the latter can ascend in a much shorter space of time, because its ascent is vertical, whereas the aeroplane must describe a spiral in climbing. Under these circumstances it is relatively easy for the airship to outmaneuver the aeroplane in the vertical plane, and to hold the dominating position.

But even should the aeroplane obtain the upper position it is not regarded with fear. Some of the latest Zeppelins have a machine gun mounted upon the upper surface of the envelope, which can be trained through 360 degrees and elevated to about 80 degrees vertical. Owing to the steady gun platform offered it holds command in gun-fire, so that the aeroplane, unless the aviator is exceptionally daring, will not venture within the range of the dirigible. It is stated, however, that this upper gun has proved unsatisfactory, owing to the stresses and strains imposed upon the framework of the envelope of the Zeppelin during firing, and it has apparently been abandoned. The position, however, is still available for a sniper or sharpshooter.

The position in the sky between two such combatants is closely analogous to that of a torpedo boat and a dreadnought. The latter, so long as it can keep the former at arm's, or rather gun's, distance is perfectly safe. The torpedo boat can only aspire to harass its enemy by buzzing around, hoping that a lucky opportunity will develop to enable it to rush in and to launch its torpedo. It is the same with the aeroplane when arrayed against a Zeppelin. It is the mosquito craft of the air.

How then can a heavier-than-air machine triumph over the unwieldy lighter-than-air antagonist? Two solutions are available. If it can get above the dirigible the aeroplane may bring about the dirigible's destruction by the successful launch of a bomb. The detonation of the latter would fire the hydrogen within the gas-bag or bags, in which event the airship would fall to earth a tangled wreck. Even if the airship were inflated with a non-inflammable gas—the Germans claim that their Zeppelins now are so inflated—the damage wrought by the bomb would be so severe as to destroy the airship's buoyancy, and it would be forced to the ground.

The alternative is very much more desperate. It involves ramming the dirigible. This is undoubtedly possible owing to the speed and facile control of the aeroplane, but whether the operation would be successful remains to be proved. The aeroplane would be faced with such a concentrated hostile fire as to menace its own existence—its forward rush would be frustrated by the dirigible just as a naval vessel parries the ramming tactics of an enemy by sinking the latter before she reaches her target, while if it did crash into the hull of the dirigible, tearing it to shreds, firing its gas, or destroying its equilibrium, both protagonists would perish in the fatal dive to earth. For this reason ramming in mid-air is not likely to be essayed except when the situation is desperate.—From "Aeroplanes and Dirigibles," by Frederick A. Talbot. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company.

Once considered a myth, "Grasshopper Glacier," at the headwaters of the East and West Rosebud rivers in the Beartooth Mountains of Montana, is now established for a verity. It derived its name from the myriads of grasshoppers imbedded in the perpetual ice of that neighborhood. Many of the specimens are as perfect as if preserved in alcohol for exhibition. In the opinion of scientists who recently made a first-hand study of the fabled glacier the insects were caught in a periodic southward flight and succumbed to the cold in their attempt to cross the mountain range. The huge ice mass, under whose crust the grasshoppers are buried, is virtually under the shadow of Granite Peak, 12,842 feet high, the highest in Montana. Only recently has its existence as a perpetual glacier been verified, though as long as forty years ago it was traditionally known in early Montana mining camps and mountain towns. It was considered then merely a fanciful tale of pioneer prospectors and fur trappers who had penetrated to the upper reaches of this branch of the rugged Rockies.

An effort is being made to develop in the Philippine Islands an industry in the dried juice of the papaya (*Carica papaya*) for medicinal use as a substitute for pepsin. The preparation of this product is represented by the bureau of health officials, who are endeavoring to stimulate its production, as very simple. The fruit is hung above a bowl, and longitudinal cuts are made in the fruit from which the juice drips, hardening soon after falling in the bowl. After being thoroughly dried in the sun it is put in sealed cartons for shipment. Papayas may be grown in almost every part of the islands.

Marihuana, a narcotic derived from a Mexican hemp, is stronger than opium and corresponds to the hashish of the Far East. A horticulturist recently found the plants in large numbers growing in a San Antonio, Texas, cattle corral.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## The Bridge of Sighs.

One more Unfortunate  
Weary of breath  
Rashly importunate,  
Gone to her death!  
Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care;  
Fashion'd so slenderly,  
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments  
Clinging like cerements;  
Whilst the wave constantly  
Drips from her clothing;  
Take her up instantly,  
Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully,  
Think of her mournfully,  
Gently and humanly;  
Not of the stains of her—  
All that remains of her  
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny  
Into her mutiny  
Rash and undutiful:  
Past all dishonor,  
Death has left on her  
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,  
One of Eve's family—  
Wipe those poor lips of hers  
Oozing so clammily.  
Loop up her tresses  
Escaped from the comb,  
Her fair auburn tresses;  
Whilst wonderment guesses  
Where was her home?

Who was her father?  
Who was her mother?  
Had she a sister?  
Had she a brother?  
Or was there a dearer one  
Still, and a nearer one  
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity  
Of Christian charity  
Under the sun!  
Oh! it was pitiful!  
Near a whole city full,  
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,  
Fatherly, motherly,  
Feelings had changed:  
Love, by harsh evidence,  
Thrown from its eminence;  
Even God's providence  
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver  
So far in the river,  
With many a light  
From window and casement,  
From garret to basement,  
She stood with amazement,  
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March  
Made her tremble and shiver  
But not the dark arch,  
Or the black flowing river:  
Mad from life's history,  
Glad to death's mystery  
Swift to be hurl'd—  
Any where, any where  
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,  
No matter how coldly  
The rough river ran,—  
Over the brink of it,  
Picture it—think of it,  
Dissolute Man!  
Lave in it, drink of it,  
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care;  
Fashion'd so slenderly,  
Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly  
Stiffen too rigidly,  
Decently, kindly,  
Smooth and compose them,  
And her eyes, close them,  
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring  
Thro' muddy impurity,  
As when with the daring  
Last look of despairing  
Fix'd on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,  
Spurr'd by contumely,  
Cold inhumanity,  
Burning insanity,  
Into her rest.  
—Cross her hands humbly  
As if praying dumbly,  
Over her breast!  
Owning her weakness,  
Her evil behavior,  
And leaving, with meekness,  
Her sins to her Savior.—Thomas Hood.

Dr. Frank Billings, who for ten years has been professor of medicine in the University of Chicago, recently received from Harvard University the honorary degree of Doctor of Science. Professor Billings has been dean of the faculties of Rush Medical College for the last fifteen years, has been president of the American Medical Association, and president of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis.



## CONTEMPORARY PORTRAITS.

## Frank Harris Talks Interestingly of Some of the Great Men He Has Known.

We think of Frank Harris as being very much of the present young generation of writers—of the moderns; so it is a bit startling to find his volume of literary reminiscence and criticism, "Contemporary Portraits," commencing with an account of the author's acquaintance with Thomas Carlyle. "Ah, did you once see Shelley plain?" we think; and then turning to Mr. Harris's sketch we find this quotation on his first page. Possibly it is because the young Mr. Harris took this attitude of reverent hero-worship at the time of his first meeting with Carlyle that the mature and critical Mr. Harris still remembers vividly the colors and incidents of his intercourse with the great Scotch giant of literature. It is as a maimed giant that he is pictured to us, a Cyclops, towering in stature over the heads of other men, but blinded to half of men's visions because he was not all a man. Froude told us his friend's tragical secret, which Harris knew and which he gives in part to us in Carlyle's words, as he recollects them:

"The body part seemed so little to me," he pleaded; "I had no idea it could mean much to her. I should have thought it degrading her to imagine that. *Ay di me, ay di me.* . . . Quarter of a century passed before I found out how wrong I was, how mistaken, how criminally blind. . . . It was the doctor told me, and then it was too late for anything but repentance. My poor love! She had never told me anything; never even hinted anything; was too proud, and I, blind, blind. . . . When I blamed myself to her I saw the doctor was right; she had suffered and I—ah God, how blind we mortals can be; how blind!

"It was as if I had been operated on for cataract and sight had been given me suddenly. I saw the meaning of a hundred things which had passed me unexplained; I loved her so that I realized even wishes unconfessed to herself, realized that she would have been happier married to Irving, and that she had felt this. Speaking once of his pretended gift of tongues, she said 'he would have had no such gift had I married him.' I understood, at length, that she had wanted him. Physically he was splendid, and she had felt his attraction. . . . I loved her so, I could have given her to him, and I did nothing but injure her and maim her life, the darling! who did everything for me and was everything to me for forty years. . . .

"And the worst of it all is, there is no other life in which to atone to her—my puer girl! it's done, and God himself can not undo it. My girl, my puer girl! . . . Man, man, it's awful, awful to hurt your dearest blindly, awful!" and the tears rained down the haggard old face and the eyes stared out in utter misery.

It seems desirable here to refer back to Mr. Harris's introduction and to quote his own words on the stand he has taken as artist rather than merely as reporter:

. . . When telling of the great men he has met and known the artist-reporter is a prey to conflicting duties. As a reporter he is intent on giving an exact likeness, scrupulously setting down just what his subject said; as an artist he wants to make the portrait a picture and therefore he elaborates and arranges—exaggerating or diminishing this or that feature—in order the better to express the very essence of his sitter's soul. And the sitter is never a fixed quantity; he is always changing, and whether developing or fossilizing has always possibilities in him, the infinite interest of what might have been or may yet be.

The obligation on the artist is to create—to make the greatest work of art possible, and there is no other. But still the questions tease: When and how far should one sacrifice truth to beauty, the actual to that which is in process of becoming, the real to the ideal? It seems to me that in proportion as the subject is great, one is bound to adhere more closely to the fact. Truth is needed by the artist in order to make great men credible and their greatness comprehensible. Men of little more than ordinary stature may be handled with greater freedom.

One warning must be given here. When I reproduce conversations in this book and put the sayings of my contemporaries in inverted commas, it must not be assumed that these are literally accurate; they are my recollection of what took place. The reports are perhaps more exact than most memories would be for this reason: that from the moment of the talk I have been accustomed to tell the story of my meeting and conversation with this or that distinguished man almost as fully as I have set it down here. And once told, the tale was not afterwards altered by me, at least not consciously, and my verbal memory is unusually good. But I am always artist rather than reporter, and pretend to spiritual divination and not to verbal accuracy.

I put these portraits forth, therefore, as works of art. "Here," I say to my readers, "are some of the most noteworthy of my contemporaries as they appeared to me."

The "portrait" of Renan, then, we are prepared to find after this to be a piece of subjective art, and Renan himself used merely as the dummy model upon which Harris has draped his splendid garment of comment and criticism. The exterior Renan that we are shown is a fussy, conceited little priest with an inexhaustible appetite for flattery. He appeared—

. . . a short man, not more than five feet three or four in height and very stout. Fat had swamped all the outlines of his face except the forehead, which appeared narrow in comparison with the large jaws and porky jowl. Yet looked at by itself the forehead was not narrow, of fair size indeed and shapely, and the eyes, which at first seemed small and watchful, were more than usually intent and a little sad, as of one who had had his share of life's disappointments and disillusion. The nose was of good form, but thick and fleshy, suiting the face. The mouth was a better feature; a little small, the upper lip firm, the lower sensitive and sinuous—the mouth of a horn orator and artist. The voice was more than worthy of the lips, a sweet, clear tenor, pleasant and supple, with myriad graceful inflections in it and significant pauses—the soul of the man to me was in his charming, light, flexible voice.

As Renan sat on the edge of the chair, his pear-shaped stomach appeared to keep his short legs apart; he had a trick of planting his hands palm downwards on his stout thighs, or of interlacing his fingers across his paunch, while twirling his thumbs. His nails were ill-kept, and the front of his frock-coat had grease stains on it; his hair, worn in long locks

and fringing his collar behind, was dirty grey in color, and looked untidy.

Altogether he was the very type of a French village priest; easy-going and good-natured, careless of cleanliness and neatness as if lax conduct had been further relaxed by years of self-indulgence. Nothing distinguished in his appearance; nothing beyond fair intelligence and much patience in the brooding regard; hardly a trace of will-power to be found; but plenty of fat kindness and ample tolerance, and a shrewd reading of facts and men with the searching, intent eyes.

The chapter, "Whistler: Artist and Fighter," is a brilliant sketch of the eccentric genius, whom Harris first came to know through his literary talent and wit, rather than his art as a painter, for Harris was then wholly absorbed in the art of the pen. Harris profited by his peculiar viewpoint on one occasion when Whistler was baiting him in a particularly nasty way on his appointment as editor of the *Fortnightly*:

At length anger gave me better counsel.

"Strange," I said, "how your views of art, Master, are echoed in Paris. I was talking with Degas the other day; you know he, too, is a great painter with a tongue like a whip. I asked him what he thought of English painters, and he made fun of them; he wouldn't hear of Leighton, or Millais, or any of them, and at last I said, 'But what do you think of Whistler? Whistler surely is a master?'"

"Vistlaire?" he repeated, "connais pas: Jamais entendu ce nom-là. Que fait-il?"

"Of course I tried to explain how great you were, Master; described your marvelous color schemes, amazing arrangements: impressions like Hokusai; but Degas only shrugged his shoulders: 'Connais pas—Vistlaire, connais pas du tout!'"

"So at last in despair I told him that you, too, were a wit, as he was, with a hitter tongue, an extraordinary talent of speech, the wittiest talker in England."

"Domage," Degas broke in, "he should paint with his tongue, then he might be a genius."

"But it was some time," Harris finishes, "before the cordial relations between Whistler and myself were restored." Another butt of Whistler's wit, Oscar Wilde, is portrayed in one of Harris's chapters. We are told that the sketch is based on a twenty years' friendship with the unfortunate aesthete. Harris also notes that he has written a book on Wilde's life in which he has gone deeper into the serious aspects of the man. His present sketch deals only with the surface. He describes his unpleasant first impression:

He looked like a Roman emperor of the decadence; he was over six feet in height, and both broad and thick-set. He shook hands in a limp way I disliked; his hands were flabby; greasy; his skin looked bilious and dirty. He had a trick which I noticed even then, which grew on him later, of pulling his jowl with his right hand as he spoke, and his jowl was already fat and pouchy. He wore a great green scarrah ring on one finger. He was overdressed rather than well dressed; his clothes fitted him too tightly; he was too stout. His appearance filled me with distaste. I lay stress on this physical repulsion because I think most people felt it, and because it is tribute to the fascination of the man that he should have overcome the first impression so completely and so quickly. I don't remember what we talked about, but I noticed almost immediately that his gray eyes were finely expressive; in turn vivacious, laughing, sympathetic; always beautiful. The carven mouth, too, with its heavy, chiseled, almost colorless lips, had a certain charm in spite of a black front tooth which showed ignobly.

The likenesses of John Davidson and Richard Middleton are among this gallery of celebrities—two extraordinarily gifted ones who rejected voluntarily a world which received in so shabby and perfunctory manner their radiant bestowals. Davidson's "The Last Journey" Harris calls "the finest poem of the sort in English literature, though both Browning and Arnold have treated the same subject." We quote the last verses, which he gives:

My feet are heavy now, but on I go,  
My head erect beneath the tragic years.  
The way is steep, but I would have it so;  
And dusty, but I lay the dust with tears.  
Though none can see me weep: alone I climb  
The rugged path that leads me out of time—  
Out of time and out of all,  
Singing yet in sun and rain,  
"Heel and toe from dawn to dusk,  
Round the world and home again."

Farewell the hope that mocked, farewell despair  
That went before me still and made the pace.  
The earth is full of graves, and mine was there  
Before my life began, my resting-place;  
And I shall find it out and with the dead  
Lie down forever, all my sayings said—  
Deeds all done and songs all sung.  
While others chant in sun and rain,  
"Heel and toe from dawn to dusk,  
Round the world and home again."

Harris places Davidson among the greatest of England's men of genius:

Davidson, in my opinion, was quite as big a man as Whistler, a nobler character, indeed, with just as deep and fair a mind, just as splendid an artistic endowment; his courage, too, was as high; but the test he was put to was a thousandfold severer. Whistler often earned fifty pounds in an afternoon: he lived habitually at the rate of a couple of thousand pounds a year, whereas Davidson could hardly earn a tenth of that sum. There were always people of great position who were eager to ask Whistler to lunch or dinner. At forty he was one of the personages in London; men pointed him out as he passed in the street, there was a "legend" about him. Davidson, on the other hand, was as little regarded as a butler or a bootblack. One of the rarest and most superb flowers of genius of our time, he was almost totally neglected; the fact does not say much for the garden or the gardeners.

Middleton reiterated wonderingly and sadly that there was "no demand for poetry—no demand at all"—and in these commercial-sounding words lies the tragedy of lives like his and Davidson's. They would give up the very essence of their lives for the world, but the world takes no heed of them, will not even barter with those who should be honored guests. Har-

ris makes a strong plea that we will not despise our prophets. What he says to England is equally for us of America:

Davidson and Middleton, the one about fifty, the other at thirty, threw away their lives as not worth living, as impossible to be lived, indeed. Two of the finest spirits in England allowed practically to starve, for that is what it comes to: such a catastrophe never happened before even in England. Under the old hidebound aristocratic régime of the eighteenth century young Chatterton killed himself, and his death was regarded with a certain disquietude as a portent. But Chatterton was very young and stood alone, and the singularity of his fate allowed one to pass it over as almost accident. But here we have two distinguished men killing themselves after they have proved their powers. What does it mean?

It means first of all that the present government, judged in the most important of all functions, is the worst government yet known even in England; judged by the highest standard it must be condemned pitilessly, for the first and highest object of all governments is to save just these extraordinary talents, these "sports" from whom, as science teaches, all progress comes, and to win from them their finest and best.

The same government and the same people that allowed Davidson and Middleton to starve got only a half product from Whistler and punished Wilde with savage ferocity, while ennobling mediocrities and millionaires, the dogs and the wolves, and wasting a thousand millions of pounds on the South African war. Surely their houses are insecure!

Fancy giving every judge three thousand pounds a year retiring pension, and allotting Davidson a hundred and Middleton nothing! The handwriting on the wall is in letters of fire.

"What would the England of today, the England of the smug, uneducated Philistine tradesman, make of a Raleigh if they had one?" Harris asks, continuing in somewhat the same strain when he takes up the subject of Richard Burton. Burton he ranks with Carlyle as potentially the "greatest governors ever given to England" . . . "two more prophets whom England did not stone, did not even take the trouble to listen to." He continues:

I have found fault with Carlyle because he was a Puritan, deaf to music, blind to beauty. Burton went to the other extreme: he was a sensualist of extravagant appetite learned in every Eastern and savage vice. His coarse, heavy, protruding lips were to me sufficient explanation of the pornographic learning of his "Arabian Nights." And when age came upon him, though a quarter of what he was accustomed to eat in his prime would have kept him in perfect health, he yielded to the habitual desire and suffered agonies with indigestion, dying, indeed, in a fit of dyspepsia brought on by over-eating. And with these untamed appetites and desires he was peculiarly skeptical and practical; his curiosity all limited to this world, which accounts to me for his infernal pedantry. He never seemed to realize that wisdom has nothing to do with knowledge, literature nothing to do with learning. Knowledge and learning, facts, are but the raw food of experience itself. A child of the mystical East, a master of that Semitic thought which has produced the greatest religions, Burton was astoundingly matter-of-fact. There was no touch of the visionary in him—the curious analogies in things everywhere disparate, the chemical reactions of passion, the astounding agreement between mathematical formulae and the laws of love and hatred, the myriad provoking hints, like eyes glinting through a veil, that tempt the poet to dreaming, the artist to belief, were all lost on Burton. He was a master of this life and cared nothing for any other; his disbelief was characteristically bold and emphatic. He wrote:

The shivered clock again shall strike, the broken reed shall pipe again,  
But we, we die, and Death is one, the doom of Brutes, the doom of Men.

But, with all his limitations and all his shortcomings, Burton's place was an Eastern throne, and not the ignoble routine of a petty consular office.

Harris is particularly concerned with exotic types. He seems to have an abnormal interest in the abnormal, and even in the normal to search out relentlessly the imperfection that is seldom missing somewhere. Therefore his reaction to men like Robert Browning and Matthew Arnold is neutral. The former he found less interesting than his poetry, the latter he claims was stunted in growth by his environment. He writes warmly, however, of George Meredith as man, artist, and friend. His depiction of his personal appearance is interesting and colorful:

I was naturally eager to see the king of contemporary writers and jumped at the opportunity. As Meredith got up from the arm-chair to greet me, I was astonished by the Greek beauty of his face set off by wavy silver hair and the extraordinary vivacity of ever-changing expression; astonished, too, by the high, loud voice which he used in ordinary conversation, and by the quick-glancing eyes which never seemed to rest for a moment on any object, but flitted about curiously, like a child's. The bright, quick eyes seemed to explain Meredith's style to me, and give the key to his mind. The good fairies had dowered this man at birth with a profusion of contradictory gifts—beauty of face and strength of body and piercing intelligence. They had given him artistic perceptions as well as high courage; generosity and sweetness of soul together with great self-control—all the enthusiasms and idealisms, and yet both feet steadfast on Mother Earth in excellent balance. But the had fairy, who couldn't prevent him seeing everything, could hinder him from dwelling patiently on insignificant things, or what seemed insignificant to him; the eyes flitted hither and thither butterfly fashion, and the style danced about for sanity's sake to keep the eyes company.

Swinburne, Verlaine, De Maupassant, Fabre, Maeterlinck, Rodin, and Anatole France have each a chapter in Harris's book, and there is one other who figures shadowily in each one of the sketches, but who in the aggregate is fully sketched—this is the author himself. His volume is a revelation of more personalities perhaps than he intended. We are not surfeited with him, however, and could do with another volume, of which he gives promise by occasional hints of having material for—perhaps of others among the great painters.

CONTEMPORARY PORTRAITS. By Frank Harris. New York: Mitchell Kennerly; \$2.50.



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## The Jewel City.

When the Exposition is a thing of the past the books that have been written about it will remain, and we shall therefore do well to choose them with care. Mr. Macomber's book appears somewhat late in the day, but this may reasonably be considered as an advantage, since it permits the inclusion of such features as the fine arts awards. Moreover, it presents its topic from the standpoint of entire perfection and completion, and with nothing either to be added or amended.

Indeed no more satisfactory volume of its kind has yet appeared nor is likely to appear. It gives the whole story of the Exposition in language of an admirable dignity, free from technicalities and without the exaggerations that are horn of an untempered enthusiasm.

No lover of beautiful books who is acquainted with Mr. Williams's own works, published by himself, or with the definitive edition of Winthrop's "Canoe and Saddle," which he edited and brought out in delightful shape, will need to be told that this new volume is well worth possessing. It shows evidence of an expert hand, both in its editing and in its fine illustrations. Mr. Williams has proved, in book after book, the value of culling thousands of photographs in order to obtain the few that tell precisely the story of the grandest works of nature on this continent. In the present volume he gives us by far the best and most abundant illustrations of the Exposition yet put into a book—pictures that tell truthfully the story of this greatest American work of art. The frontispiece, showing the Arch of the Setting Sun, is a capital hit of Exposition color. Many of the seventy-five other illustrations are from photographs made especially for the book. They show architecture, landscape gardening, sculpture, murals, the great exhibit palaces, state and foreign pavilions, aviation scenes, and the like. Both in text and in illustrations "The Jewel City" is a charming handbook for immediate study of the Exposition, and it will doubtless be widely circulated, read with pleasure everywhere by art lovers, and find a permanent place in many libraries.

THE JEWEL CITY: Its Planning and Achievement; Its Architecture, Sculpture, Symbolism, and Music; Its Gardens, Palaces, and Exhibits. By Ben Macomber. San Francisco: John H. Williams; \$1 net.

## Sons and Lovers.

Novels that convey a photographic impression of a social stratum, of the way in which people live, have always a value, and this one has not only a value, but an opportune value, since it describes the life of the English coal miner. Morel, who is actually the centre of the story, has married a wife far superior to himself, and as a result their children learn to despise the father, who is always black from the coal pits and whose only conception of pleasure is drink and sports. It is a telling picture, this of the refined and sensitive wife and the handsome, hectoring, grimy husband who are gradually forced apart by conflicting temperaments, tastes, and ideals.

The author has cast his work into the form of a novel, but actually it is an elaborate study of a social state. We see the life of the coal miner from day to day and almost from hour to hour, its rewards, and emoluments, and dangers, as well as the collective class consciousness in which it results. No better piece of work of its kind has been done, and it bears every mark of accuracy and competence.

But the story itself is by no means in-

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significant. Whether there were ever such people as the children of the Morels, with their intelligence and their immorality, must be left for individual determination, but certainly they seem to be portraits. There are few things in fiction more horrible than the way in which they deliberately poison their mother to save her from the pain of a fatal malady and the ruthlessness with which they watch the results, and perhaps the author might have spared us some of the realism with which he describes the young hero's calculated falls from virtue. It is all very minute and very photographic, and perhaps it is not inappropriate that the prevailing hue of such a story should be a grimy one.

SONS AND LOVERS. By D. H. Lawrence. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$1.35 net.

## The City of Domes.

Mr. John D. Barry's book on the Exposition may be confidently recommended to visitors who wish not only to see, but to understand, not only to admire, but to know why they admire. There are few who would miss an opportunity to walk through the grounds and courts under the guidance of the artists who planned and executed them, and it is the best possible substitute for such an excursion that Mr. Barry provides. He has cast his book somewhat in the form of question and answer, or rather of colloquy, and he has done this in a thoroughly competent and pleasing way. Nothing escapes him that is worthy of attention, and his explanations are invariably what they should be and intelligently addressed to intelligent minds. The introduction is devoted to an account of the early development of the Exposition project—a most satisfactory feature—while the numerous illustrations are well selected and well executed.

THE CITY OF DOMES. By John D. Barry.

## The Red Laugh.

Never was there a more gruesome war sketch than this, nor one that better helps us to understand why insanity should dog the footsteps of armies on the march. It is told by a Russian officer who speaks kindly to a young volunteer who has brought him a message from the general. And then:

His lips twitched, trying to frame a word, and the same instant there happened something incomprehensible, monstrous, and supernatural. I felt a draught of warm air upon my right cheek that made me sway—that is all—while before my eyes, in place of the white face, there was something short, blunt, and red, and out of it the blood was gushing as out of an uncorked bottle, such as is drawn on badly executed signboards. And that short red and flowing "something" still seemed to be smiling a sort of smile, a toothless laugh—a red laugh.

Perhaps there can be no better tribute to the horror of this story than to say that it reminds us of Poe.

THE RED LAUGH. By Leonidas Andreief. Translated from the Russian by Alexandra Linden. New York: Duffield & Co.

## Gossip of Books and Authors.

The Century Company announces the early publication of "A History of American Literature Since 1870," by Fred Lewis Pattee, professor of English in the Pennsylvania State College. The date, 1870, was chosen as a beginning point, it is said, because the author holds that only then, with the consolidation of national sentiment following the Civil War, and with the shifting of population throughout the remaining unoccupied spaces of our territory, did a really national literature begin. The book will consider all the significant American literary figures of the last forty years, not excluding authors still alive.

Eric Fisher Wood's "The Note-Book of an Attaché," which is a pretty general survey of Europe at war during the first seven months, has gone into a second printing within a month of its publication.

D. W. Starrett, author of "The Last Lap," a new novel published by Sherman, French & Co., lives in Oakland, California.

Richard Matthews Hallett, the author of "The Lady Aft" (Small, Maynard & Co.) and several short stories now running in *Everybody's Magazine*, has been all over the world. There is hardly a country which he has not visited in search of adventure. He never travels in the conventional manner, but prefers, just for the joy of it, to work his way.

The great novelty and great effectiveness of "The Nurse's Story" lie in the fact that the truthful account of actual happenings is imbedded in a romantic story of great human and heart interest. The narrator is the heroine; the English captain she meets under thrilling circumstances when they cross on the *Lusitania* is the hero. In the simplicity of its narration and in its charming self-revelation it reminds one of that success of a few years ago, "On the Branch." It is published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

In "A Complete Guide to Public Speaking" Greenville Kleiser has covered every possible

phase of the public speaker's art. He draws upon the capitalized intelligence of the world, and quotes the best thoughts of history's greatest thinkers on all phases of his subject. For the educated, and for the uneducated, this book will long serve as a constant source of help and inspiration. It is published by Funk & Wagnalls.

Harper & Brothers recently put to press for reprintings the following books for younger readers: "Mr. Wind and Madam Rain," by Paul de Musset; "The Talking Leaves," by William O. Stoddard; "The Little Lame Prince" and "The Adventures of a Brownie," by Dinah M. Mulock, and "The Fur-Seal's Tooth," by Kirk Munroe.

Eleanor Atkinson's recently published book, "Johnny Appleseed," has influenced a certain Indianapolis newspaper to search out the grave of Johnny Appleseed in the old Archer burying-ground of Fort Wayne. It is known that Jonathan Chapman, the real name of that interesting figure of pioneer days, was buried there, but the exact spot has never been marked. A movement is now on to put an iron railing around the grave, and to erect a boulder monument in Fort Wayne in October.

Dr. Chalmers Mitchell in his volume entitled "Evolution and the War," recently issued by E. P. Dutton & Co., sets out to present in a more or less popular and topical form some of the insistent problems of biology, and shows in what way the so-called laws of nature apply to and are illustrated by the war.

Harper & Brothers on August 12th published Zane Grey's new novel, "The Rainbow Trail." The setting of this new story is much the same as that of Mr. Grey's earlier novel, "Riders of the Purple Sage"—that is, the cañons of Colorado and Arizona.

Henry Holt & Co. announce for publication about August 28th Carroll Watson Rankin's "The Cinder Pond," the first book by her that they have published during the last four years. Her earlier books are in constant demand, and they announce they have just had to reprint her "The Adopting of Rosa Maria" for the seventh time, while her famous "Dandelion Cottage" is already in its fifteenth printing.

Already plans are being made for the one authentic and accepted history of the part which airships have played—and will have played—in the great war. This book, by no less authorities than Claude Grahame-White and Harry Harper, will be called "The Aerial History of the War." Though it is now and will continue to be under preparation, it will not be published till the conclusion of the war, no matter when that comes.

Following his successful book, "Education Through Play," Henry S. Curtis gives in "The Practical Conduct of Play," recently published by the Macmillan Company, a volume of value to all who are preparing themselves for playground positions or who have to do with the organization of play, either as parents, teachers, playground directors, or supervisors.

It may be that the natural reaction from the grim horror of war has driven many to seek refuge in the high idealism of Romain Rolland's novel trilogy and about an imaginary composer, "Jean Christophe." At any rate Henry Holt & Co. announce that they are just having to send to press at the same time "Jean Christophe" for a tenth printing, "Jean Christophe in Paris" and "Jean Christophe: Journey's End" each for a sixth.

One great service rendered by teachers is that they save one a great deal of useless trouble. This truth is strikingly brought out by Professor John Adams in his stimulating volume, "Making the Most of One's Mind," published by the George H. Doran Company.

## New Books Received.

THE WEALTH AND INCOME OF THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES. By Willford Isbell King. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

A solution of some of the economic questions of the day.

NATION OF NATIONS. By Alfred Owen Crozier. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company.

"The way to permanent peace. A supreme constitution for the government of governments."

OUTLINES OF SOCIOLOGY. By Frank W. Blackmar, Ph. D., and John Lewis Gillin, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.

A comprehensive outline for student and general reader.

AEROPLANES AND DIRIGIBLES OF WAR. By Frederick A. Talbot. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25 net.

The mechanics, navigation, tactics, and uses of the aircraft now employed in war.

THE PRIVATE PAPERS OF HENRY RYECROFT. By George Gissing. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; 40 cents.

Issued in the Wayfarers' Library.

GERMANY'S POINT OF VIEW. By Edmund von Mach. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.50.

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in their interpretation of the relative merits of the causes of the several belligerents.

THE NURSE'S STORY. By Adele Bleneau. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.25 net. "In which reality meets romance."

PROPHETS, PRIESTS, AND KINGS. By A. G. Gardiner. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; 40 cents net.

Issued in the Wayfarers' Library.

THE LORE OF THE WANDERER: AN OPEN-AIR ANTHOLOGY. By George Goodchild. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; 40 cents net.

Issued in the Wayfarers' Library.

THE WIDOW WOMAN. By Charles Lee. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; 40 cents net.

Issued in the Wayfarers' Library.

THE NEW INFINITE AND THE OLD THEOLOGY. By Cassius J. Keyser, Ph. D., LL. D. New York: Yale University Press; 75 cents net.

A view of theology from the standpoint of the mathematician.

WHAT IS BACK OF THE WAR. By Albert J. Beveridge. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$2 net.

An account of a personal inquiry conducted on the spot.

PENelope's POSTSCRIPTS. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1 net.

An account of a journey.

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1914 IN FRANCE AND BELGIUM. By G. H. Perris. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.50 net.

A narrative of the land war in the West, from the siege of Liège to the end of the first battles in Flanders; with much new information as to the plans of campaign and the more important engagements.

KLEISER'S COMPLETE GUIDE TO PUBLIC SPEAKING. Compiled and edited by Greenville Kleiser. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company; \$5 net.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

California Names.

The whole of the history, the romance, and the sentiment of California lies hidden in her place names, a fact obvious enough to reflection, but well worthy of such elaboration as we have here. The author, who is abundantly qualified for her task devotes 443 pages to a consideration of these names. She tells us what they mean, how they came into use, how they should be pronounced, and then she gives us a final list and index which includes a number of the less important names. The book with its excellent illustrations is almost a history of the state. Certainly its possession would add largely to the pleasure of a journey.

SPANISH AND INDIAN PLACE NAMES OF CALIFORNIA. By Nellie Van de Grift Sanchez. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson; \$2 net.

Merry-Andrew.

Here we have another of those stories that are so well written that we wonder at the lack of real value in the plot, but perhaps we must not expect too much of an author who has already written thirteen novels, nine volumes of essays and sketches, and eleven plays.

The story is simply a page torn from the life of a rather commonplace young man who fails at the university, loses the support of his rich relatives, and so goes to London to make his fortune as a journalist. We all know what must happen in the way of disillusionment, and it happens here. No one wants a university man. No one ever does, and so we see this unfortunate youth, first as a hack writer, then driven to teaching, and finally hack again in the newspaper world and mounting step by step the most painful

of all ladders. But it must be admitted that Andrew has grit, and when at last fortune smiles upon him we are unfeignedly glad and glad also for the girl he left behind him in his country home and who has actually been the inspiration of all his struggles.

MERRY-ANDREW. By Kettle Howard. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.35 net.

The Landloper.

Mr. Holman Day begins his story in what may be called a Don Quixote vein. His hero gives aid to an aristocratic automobile party and gets a growl from the man and a smile from the girl, so that we may regard the foundations of his story as well and truly laid. Then we find him in company with an eccentric Quaker who wears a coat of mail and sets forth to save the world.

Then we discover that we are immersed in a muckraking story. There is a water corporation that supplies the town from a polluted river and so causes an outbreak of typhoid. There is the usual campaign against the higher-ups, with Michael and the Dragon in their customary combat, and of course beauty looks on from the balcony. It is a page of ancient history and of a dubious veracity, but then Mr. Holman Day can make us believe anything. He has force, wit, and good temper, and his story, if not *vero*, is at least *ben trovato*.

THE LANDLOPER. By Holman Day. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.35 net.

Social Usage.

This substantial volume of advice as to the deportment suited to all occasions might have been much smaller with advantage. Like most books of the kind, it includes a large amount of information needed only by savages and the feeble-minded. Moreover,

an excessive formalism is the worst of bad manners. Only Digger Indians need to be told not to point with the fork, or to strike the fork against the teeth, or to use a piece of bread as a "pusber." An ordinarily decent good feeling needs a minimum of advice, and where a decent good feeling is lacking we may suppose that advice is wasted. At the same time the author is usually reliable, and we fail to recall any social emergency for which she does not provide.

THE CYCLOPEDIA OF SOCIAL USAGE. By Helen L. Roberts. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Briefer Reviews.

The Thomas Y. Crowell Company has published a volume of "Christmas Plays for Children," by May Pemberton, with music and illustrations by Rupert Godfrey Lee (\$1 net). The plays and pageants are well written and of many varieties, with practical suggestions for staging and costumes.

"The Star of Gettysburg," by Joseph A. Altsheler (D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.30 net), is the fifth volume in the series of Civil War stories and in which Harry Kenton reappears. The three great battles—Fredericksburg, the Wilderness, and Gettysburg—are described with accuracy, and there are also competent character sketches of Jackson and Lee, and of many other of the great figures of the war.

Among the smaller stories that do not very much matter, but that yet are charming, is "Sicily Ann," by Fannie Heaslip Lea (Harper & Brothers; \$1 net). Sicily Ann is a Southern girl who is sent on an Oriental trip mainly in order to escape the attentions of a young man who has committed the unpardonable social offense of having a father who sold hardware. Of course the swain follows

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"FRAMERS OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE U.S.A." No. 10

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IT HAS BEEN SAID the three very great men of our War for Independence were Washington, Franklin and Morris. In the history of mankind no man ever had a more arduous commission than did Morris in financing the armies of Washington. The credit of the nation was practically valueless, and time after time it was the personal credit of Morris which brought forth the money. The financial means raised from his own private resources made the victory at Trenton possible. When Washington proposed the capture of Lord Cornwallis and his entire army, it was from Morris, the patriot and private citizen, and not from the treasury of the Confederate States from which the money came. Thus Washington's last great victory was made possible, and the long and bloody struggle for National Independence brought to an end. Morris was the first to suggest our present system of National banks—the best banking system that any nation has ever known. He was the first American to send a ship forth flying the Stars and Stripes. Like Franklin he signed both the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. He was very hospitable, and whenever Washington visited Philadelphia he was the guest of Morris. He was ever a moderate user of light wines and barley brews, and opposed Prohibition Laws, which make the many suffer for the faults of the few. For 58 years Anheuser-Busch have been brewing the kind of honest barley-malt and Saazer hop brews which the wisdom of Morris knew make for real temperance. To-day at the home of BUDWEISER 7500 people are daily required to meet the natural public demand. BUDWEISER'S ever-increasing popularity comes from quality, purity, mildness and exquisite flavor. Its sales exceed any other beer by millions of bottles.

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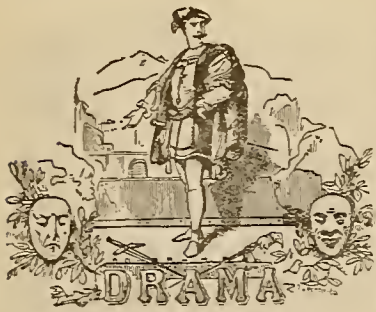


# Budweiser

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### THE BOHEMIAN CLUB CONCERT.

The Bohemian Club's annual musical affair took place with the usual accompaniments: a full house, rustling with feminine finery, and bright with the heamy-eyed pride of admiring friends and relatives. It certainly is a goodly sight to see a lot of husky youths contributing in some way to the cultivation of the literary and artistic talent inherent in themselves or their fellow-members.

Selections from the works of three San Francisco composers were represented, the programme of the second part being given over entirely to notable excerpts from "Apollo," the Grove play produced at the club's summer rally of 1913. The composers were present to lead during the execution of their selections by the club orchestra, numbering eighty; thus we heard William J. McCoy's "Prelude" and "Dance" from the "Hamadryads," the Grove play of 1904. Beautiful selections they are, thoroughly infused with the woodland spirit; even in its gayest measures one detected that pastoral quality to the music. Would that some fruit of Messrs. McCoy and Schneider's union with the woodland muse could displace some of the superficial music we hear so often from the local stage.

In the selections from "Apollo" we also heard the Schneider "Prelude"; another delightful composition which brought to our ravished ears suggestions of musical forest murmurs and the leafy rustle that follows the fitting of woodland elves. In "The Storm" the composer does not make the mistake of being too descriptive, but the musical motive contains a delicacy yet clarity of suggestion that is instantly welcomed by the alert imagination. There was a spiritual force behind all that clamor of the elements and in the coming peace suggested by the falling gusts of the dying wind. How charming was that "episode" following the storm—played, by the way, most delicately by the orchestra—which performed the miracle of lending vision to our ears; for we saw the tiny flicker of fireflies, while we could but imagine the faint twitter of the reassured birds and the straightening of storm-heaten forest growths.

Messrs. Clarence Whitehill and George W. Hamlin acquitted themselves brilliantly in several vocal selections from "Apollo," the fine baritone of Mr. Whitehill flowing out with the calm certitude of a mighty river, while Mr. Hamlin's ringing tenor is allied to an eagerness and energy of temperament that greatly enhance the charm of his vocal exploits.

Mr. Wallace Sahin led during the rendition of two selections from his "St. Patrick of Tara," the Grove play of 1909, supplying the pleasure of contrast between his "Prelude," the third of its kind on the programme, and like, the others, very eloquent with woodland witchery. The "Jig," with its progressive and contagious movement and merriment and its rollicking Irish color, captured the fancy of the audience particularly.

The Bohemian Double Quartet and a chorus of twenty-five in number rendered several vocal selections with the fresh, unworldly voices of the non-professional and the serene certainty of men who are practiced in concerted singing. It was rather remarkable, after all the musical feasts we have been having, that this concert, principally by men in private life, should be so successful, and furnishes agreeable testimony to the artistic abilities developed by the unique customs of a unique club.

#### "SEARCHLIGHTS."

It has been said recently of great wars that they have a paralyzing effect on the literary impulse. No doubt the great artists, writers, and thinkers generally who are not in the trenches are unable to attain to that condition of artistic detachment which favors achievement. It will take the perspective of time to set inspiration free; and while the war correspondent, so called, writes intensely interesting matter—and incidentally keeps greater writers busy reading it—an impression of the prevailing features left upon the mind by this hideous war consists of destruction, stench, mutilation, physical agony, and deaths by the million.

Horace Annesley Vachell is an Englishman,

and although England is uninvaded, his compatriots are in a state of high emotional tension. He has set out to write a play which would give some slight reflection of England's life as it is at present; a brave young officer returned disabled to the arms of his pitying mother and sweetheart; an Anglicized German "more English than the English themselves," losing his German gold simultaneously with his acquisition of a new British name; an estranged husband and wife learning the hard lesson of forgiveness.

But the would-be creator has failed in his task. His touch is strangely faltering. There is no spiritual essence to the play in this solemn day and hour when all nations involved, and many that are not, are learning how much firmer and stronger and more unassailable is spirit than flesh. Only the faintest emanation from the heroic soul of the young soldiery of Europe reaches us from Mr. Vachell's play; only the palest ray from those "searchlights" whose penetrating beams are revealing of what fibre a national consciousness is woven. In the midst of the great tragedies of life the tribulations of dramatic stars in desperate search of new plays look very small, but they are none the less real. "Searchlights," no doubt, looked promising in manuscript. The stories attached to the successes of many prominent modern plays tend to show how faulty is the judgment of expert readers and managers in passing verdict upon a play in manuscript.

In "Searchlights" the author leaves it problematic for two full acts, and nearly three, whether or not the three Blaines are fish, flesh, fowl, or good red herring. The sympathies, looking around for something to attach themselves to, waver to and fro helplessly, like vine tendrils in need of a friendly support. The character of the Anglicized German is also sketchy, and the fact that it is merely an atmospheric suggestion is not made patent at once. There is no freedom either in action or expression, the author endeavoring, but failing, to let the scanty British vernacular express the reserved but throbbing British heart.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell appears as Mrs. Blaine, a lady of high position in English society who has had an episode in her past which complicates the apparent paternity of her husband to their only child, Harry. Harry is a graceless youth, a guardsman of had manners and huge debts. When he finds, through "the purging of battle," that he genuinely loves the sweet little girl he had intended to marry for her money, the words of the author and the manner of the actor expressed a displeasing condescension. When the husband learns of his wife's past deception, his frozen calm penetrated to the audience, which, up that time, had, on the whole, been quite interested in George Frederick's impersonation. I suppose that now, as nearly everybody knows it, we may as well break the genteel silence that prevails and speak of this interesting personage by his real name, which is more readily recognizable when we call him Mr. —or Colonel, rather—Cornwallis West. Mrs. Campbell, except for a few brief weeps, had no opportunity to show her histrionic ability. I think her principal sentiment was resignation. However, I freely admit that I would prefer to see these people in a dim, pointless, ineffectual play than in none at all. The graceful way in which they demean themselves upon the stage, chat, attack the sacred afternoon tea rite, and deliver themselves of remarks in the language that we daily hear so malphoniously abused, is worth while. They are experienced in their profession, refined, agreeable, interesting, and very English. Mrs. Campbell has long been one of the lights of the English stage; her husband is a personage both from the social and the military point of view, and I think it probable that the members of the company have rubbed elbows with the only Shaw during their stage preparation of "Pygmalion." There are hopeful moments in the play that, however, do not materialize. Mrs. Campbell wears some beautiful dresses; Madeleine Meredith, although she is always the same, is always attractive; Esther Evans is an attractive little Phoebe—and would have been more so if the author had put more nerve and verve in his play—and Edgar Kent and J. W. Austin were quite faithful and precise in following the author's intentions. The trouble with the play, however, is that it consists principally of intentions; with not a single character firmly and consistently rounded out and with none of the wavering action sufficiently informed with adequate motivation.

#### BEETHOVEN FESTIVAL OF MUSIC.

Proud as San Franciscans felt during their three days' musical festival over the fact that the mighty seat spaces of the Civic Auditorium were actually covered—or approximately so—with humanity, we must pause to remind ourselves that there were many thousands of strangers in the city, and that it was also German-American week at the Exposition. Symphony lovers turned out at the first of the three performances, which was on Friday night. In comparison to the pro-

gramme of that occasion one might justly term the two other programmes popular; consequently Saturday's audience was noticeably larger than Friday's, and Sunday's than Saturday's.

The huge, staring, echoing hall actually looked cheerful, for the audience faced a vast stage and choral tiers all covered and decorated with blue and gold, and brightened with flowers, vines, plants, and foliage. Boxes were improvised also near the two extremes of the stage and similarly decorated, but they were a failure, their occupants leaving them in droves during the performance to capture unfilled seats in the front rows.

Beethoven's famous No. 9 choral symphony, which can only be adequately and completely rendered during a music festival, brought to the admiring appreciation of the audience the work of a splendid chorus in the thrilling harmonies of the choral finale, the inspiring words of which are Schiller's "Hymn of Joy." Four fine vocalists were heard in the quartet, as well as the magnificent chorus trained by Josiah Zuro. One number on the programme was Schubert's "The Almighty," sung by Mme. Schumann-Heink. But in spite of all the attractive elements, the sensation and the star of the occasion was Alfred Hertz, who is to be the new leader of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. From the moment that we heard the thin silver strain of the "Lohengrin" prelude, hushed to an infinite holiness of religious awe, we felt the presence of a master. For that matter we had felt it before, felt it when we saw how absolutely he seized and controlled the great body of musicians before a note was struck. True, upon first seeing this human dynamo in action, one's attention is apt to be a little distracted from the music. One must pause to smile at the fiery energy with which Mr. Hertz conducts, the passionate abandon of his gestures, the frenzy with which his baton executes Art Smith evolutions through the air. The amusement quickly passes, as the observer notes his thorough mastery over his body of musicians, and how completely every volcanic appeal, every flaming command, every repressive gesture, is responded to. Nor is he a leader who forgets to give praise where praise is due. At the close of the final performance, while the vast audience was quietly melting into nothingness, Mr. Hertz assembled a group of the players around him, and, as was evident from the congratulatory gestures of some of them, commended others whose work especially merited praise.

It would be rather interesting and perhaps pregnant in results for an auditor to circulate slowly around the auditorium during a musical performance, and discover the differences of sound according to one's location. It does not by any means follow that to hear the orchestra from one part of the hall gives the same result as hearing it from another. And the spaces are so huge that it is not exactly fair to the people seated on the left side to station soloists at the far right extremity of the stage. The piano for accompaniments should have been near the middle. However, it is incontrovertible that if we are going to have entertainments in the Civic Auditorium of any kind whatsoever that appeal to the ear, a considerable

number of thousands of dollars must be spent on the acoustics. When Mary Antin was here, used as she is to public speaking, she was inaudible; and finally they brought her down to the floor of the hall, stood her on a table, and summoned her audience, which of course occupied only a small part of the hall, to crowd as closely around the table as they could get. And we are informed that the Oakland Auditorium is just as defective in acoustics; although I haven't seen it yet, I have a dark suspicion that it is not so coldly, repellently ugly as ours is. Truly, the Americans are a wasteful people. However, there are places—not too far distant from the stage—where one could appreciate the fact that in the well-known "Lohengrin" and "Tannhäuser" overtures we heard an eloquence and beauty of interpretation that was new to us; that in "Rienzi" many of us had scarcely ever before realized that through its tumultuous harmonies as conveyed by the shriek of the violins, the heat of the hattle drums, and the sonorous throbbing of the cellos we were listening to the deep heart-throbs of a struggling people at war; that in the orchestral accompaniment to the "Waltraute" scene from "Götterdämmerung," when we heard the Valhalla motive given by the brasses, we paused in wonder to note the sublimity of suggestion that came from those metal throats.

Mme. Schumann-Heink was the star among the vocalists, and her loving public was very insistent in its demonstrations of affection and fidelity. Beautifully gowned though she was, the veteran singer makes no foolish pretensions, and wears her own gray hair with grace and dignity. Mme. Schumann-Heink's magnificent lower range seems as yet unaffected, and she sang the "Waltraute" scene and the "Rienzi" aria with undimmed dramatic fire. If among the numerous Middle Westerners of her audience there were any who never had heard her before, they learned from the Brahms "Cradle Song" of the beautiful tenderness with which she can infuse a little German lied; from the Mendelssohn aria, "The Lord is mindful of His own," how strong a current of fervor and exaltation she can pour into a religious composition. What is gone from the wonderful upper range of her voice many of her hearers are scarcely conscious of missing, so infinite is the grace and skill with which the singer skates over thin ice. Always magnetic to her audiences, the immense multitude so enjoyed her vocalism and felt her charm that unanimously and spontaneously they joined into one mighty demonstration of affection and admiration that moved the great singer to tears.

Marcella Craft in "A Song of the Rose," from Horace Parker's "Fairland," demonstrated the greater charm of her appeal in lyrics. Her voice is not warm enough for the operatic aria, nor does her style lend itself to religious exaltation. The fervor was insufficient in the "Der Freischuetz" prayer, but the pure soprano quality of her voice, and a certain virginal suggestion in her style which lent some distinction to the "Prayer," also contributed to the charm of the "Fairland" number, more especially as, in the heavier compositions, there is a sense felt of physical effort, her voice coming forth in waves, shaped by the rhythmic vibrations of

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her lips. A musical conscientiousness rather than abandon seemed to be her chief temperamental quality.

Paul Althouse's careful enunciation reminds one of the delightfully distinct articulation of "Mrs. Pat." His clear, bright tenor has the ring and the challenge, and also a little of the hardness of extreme youth. In the "Celeste Aida," after our previous hearing of him in the "Meistersinger" prize song, there was a sense of agreeable surprise at the unexpected depths—or no, not depths—but suggestion of enamored passion in Rhadames's tones; a power that it will take some experience yet to develop to its full capacity.

Arthur Middleton's three solos call for praise only. His splendid baritone has a range, a capacity, and an expressiveness that charm the ear and the understanding. Some of his upper notes have a velvety tenor beauty, and his lower the richness and virile depth of a basso. In "The Evening Star," from "Tannhäuser," he gave the sentiment all the sweetness and tenderness that are its due, while in Beethoven's "The heavens declare" his voice lent wings to that inward aspiration that even the materialist can be moved to feel.

Roderick White, the violinist, a slim young blonde who looked as if he had stepped out of the pages of "Charles Auchester," gave three violin solos that were characterized by extreme purity of tone and warmth of expression.

The choruses are fine, well-trained bodies of singers. The best work was in the choral finale on Friday night, in which the usual choral deficiencies of the tenors of the sangerbund—who are generally baritones, coaxed, browbeaten, and driven up to the tenor altitude—were not apparent. The basses had a particularly beautiful tone. There were others, supplementary leaders and accompanists, who merit praise, but space forbids.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

#### FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

##### Mrs. Patrick Campbell's Engagement Extended.

In order that she may stay at the Columbia Theatre for two additional weeks, commencing with Monday night, August 16th, Mrs. Patrick Campbell has canceled her entire California tour with the exception of the Los Angeles dates. Her engagement at the Columbia Theatre, originally secured for four weeks, would have come to a close with this Saturday evening's performance of the new play, "Searchlights," but Gottlob, Marx & Co. have prevailed upon the star to remain at the Geary Street playhouse for two additional weeks. A rearrangement of other bookings has been made and clears the way for the continuation of the Campbell engagement. The actress will, at the conclusion of her six weeks' stay, have made quite a record for the Exposition year. It is her intention during the coming fortnight to present a reper-

tory of her popular successes. The arrangement of the plays for the first week is as follows: Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday evenings and Saturday matinee, George Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion"; Wednesday matinee and Thursday evening, "Searchlights"; Friday and Saturday nights and at a special matinee to be given Thursday Mrs. Campbell will present "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." All matinees during the week—Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday—will be given at special prices, ranging from 50 cents to \$1.50.

##### Margaret Anglin at the Greek Theatre.

Margaret Anglin and her co-players have had the final dress rehearsal of the opening Greek play in English on the stage of the Greek Theatre in Berkeley, and everything is now in readiness for the public performance of the "Iphigenia in Aulis" of Euripides, this evening, August 14th. The second play of the series will be given on Saturday night, August 21st, when the "Medea" of Euripides will be presented, and the festival will close on Saturday evening, August 28th, with the "Electra" of Sophocles. Seats for all performances are now on sale at the stores of Sherman, Clay & Co. in San Francisco and Oakland, and at Tupper & Reid's, Morse & Geary's, the Students' Cooperative Store, The Sign of the Bear, and Sadler's, in Berkeley. The performances will begin at 8:15 and end at 10:30.

The musical features of the performances will be scarcely less notable than the dramatic, for Walter Damrosch has provided original scores of symphonic proportions and effectiveness for the "Iphigenia" and the "Medea," while he has adapted and arranged the music for the production of the "Electra."

##### Last Week of "Omar, the Tentmaker."

On Sunday evening Guy Bates Post will enter upon the fourth and final week of his notable engagement in Richard Walton Tully's Persian love play, "Omar, the Tentmaker," at the Cort Theatre. Keen interest continues to be evidenced in the enthralling romance of Omar Khayyam, while the acting of the principal players, including Guy Bates Post as Omar, Louise Grassler as Shireen, and Mahel Emerson as Little Shireen, has made a deep impression.

The playwright sets himself a worthy task in transcribing the world-philosophy of Omar in dramatic form. People judge the uncertain tomorrow by the sordid today, whereas for Omar and his worthier compeers there is no tomorrow, yesterday is forgotten, and today alone worth while. To this immaterial view of the cosmos the Oriental mind allies a very material regard for wine, woman, and song, a love of leisure, the invitation to the soul to loaf, and other fatalistic and hence really care-free attributes which the Western mind, burdened with the factory system and other rude economies, can not even aspire to,

let alone grasp. Mr. Post's Omar is a visualization of the Oriental philosophy. His character may be tested from the standpoint of the dreamer, the fatalist, the man of action, or the philosopher, and it will ring true.

The performances next week will be the last which Mr. Post will ever give here as Omar, for Mr. Tully has nearly finished the manuscript of a new play for the use of his star next season.

On Sunday, August 22d, "The Birth of a Nation; or, The Clansman," W. D. Griffith's motion-picture masterpiece, will come back to the Cort Theatre for a brief engagement.

##### The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum bill for next week will more than sustain the high standard for which this popular theatre is famous.

Miss Joan Sawyer, who will be the headline attraction, is called in New York "the High Priestess of the Dance," and is conceded even by those of her own profession to be the most beautiful waltzer in the world. There is nothing acrobatic about her dancing; she keeps to the floor as a ballroom dancer should, and the most noticeable features of her dancing are distinction, refinement, and grace. Miss Sawyer holds the record in vaudeville, for she comes direct from a two years' continuous New York engagement which proved a sensation. She is assisted by George R. Harcourt and accompanied by her own orchestra from the Joan Sawyer Persian Garden, New York. Her programme consists of poetic and popular presentations of society and ballroom dancing.

Jack Allinan and Sam Duddy will appear in the comedy skit entitled "Reincarnation." Mindell Kingston has long been one of the most popular artists in vaudeville. Her partner, George Ebner, is a comedian of recognized ability, and together they present a singing, talking, and dancing skit called "A Vaudeville Flirtation," which is a delight to both eye and ear.

Grace Carlisle and Jules Romer offer a very pretty act which they appropriately style "Just a Song at Twilight," in which they give their idea of what a quiet evening at home would prove to two musicians of high culture. Miss Carlisle sings in a delightful mezzo-soprano voice and Mr. Romer evidences great skill as a violin soloist.

The remaining acts will be Ball and West in "Since the Days of '61," Mike Bernard and Sidney Phillips, the Gaudsmids, and Gladys Clark and Henry Bergman in "The Society Buds."

A sensational motion picture entitled "Where Cowboy Is King," and which deals with his life on the frontier, will be a thrilling incident of one of the best shows ever offered in vaudeville.

##### Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre.

"The Shadow Girl," Margaret Whitney's pretentious musical comedy, with her ten stunning Salt Lake City beauties, are the top-liners on the new bill which opens at the Pantages on Sunday. Miss Whitney's charming production, "The Wrong Bird," was one of the big hits of the year last season, and the beauty of her girls won wide comment. The same beauty chorus is with "The Shadow Girl," with Stella Watt, former leading soprano with Harry Girard in "The Totem Pole," in the principal rôle. J. J. Summerhays and Douglas Martin are the comedians of the act.

Princess Nana, an East Indian dancer, who has been creating a mild sensation at the San Diego fair, has been specially engaged for the week with her offering of native "nautch" dances.

Dainty Nora Schiller, a youngster who has been likened to Luisa Tetrazzini, has a phenomenal singing voice for a tiny tot. She sings arias and operatic selections with the fervor of a talented prima donna.

Clark and McCullough will supply the comedy portion of the programme with an uproarious patter of sheer nonsense.

The Musical Gordan Highlanders, three men and a girl, play airs of honny Scotland, sing ballads of the land of the heather, and finish with a rollicking old-time Scotch reel.

The Victoria four, a quartet of dapper singing chaps; Mintz and Wertz, eccentric and burlesque acrobats, and a Chaplin comedy are other acts.

##### All-Star Cast Coming to the Cort.

Announcement is made of the coming of the all-star cast in "The New Henrietta" to the Cort Theatre on September 6th, following a brief return engagement of "The Clansman." William H. Crane, Thomas W. Ross, Maelyn Arhuckle, Amelia Bingham, and Mabel Taliaferro are the notable names at the head of the organization which Joseph Brooks will present. "The New Henrietta" is a modernization by Winchell Smith of the famous play in which Crane and the late Stuart Robson starred for so many years.

Fritz Kreisler has been engaged by Will L. Greenbaum to appear at Stanford Uni-

versity as the opening feature of the course of concerts given there annually under the auspices of the Peninsula Musical Association. It is also probable that Kreisler will give a special concert at the Greek Theatre in Berkeley.

Following the extended engagement of Mrs. Patrick Campbell at the Columbia Theatre comes the comedy success, "Potash & Perlmutter," for a return engagement. Margaret Anglin and "On Trial" are also early bookings.

Sigmund Becl, concertmaster of the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra, is visiting this city and will remain here during the summer months.

Athens colonized the peninsula of Gallipoli more than 2500 years ago. Its inhabitants, the Dolonkian Thracians, asked Athenian aid against savage neighbors and Miltiades walled off the isthmus near Bulair.

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## THE NATION

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## VANITY FAIR.

There seems to be no end to these labor wars, and what the world is coming to goodness only knows. Here we have Mrs. Marian Craig Wentworth, author of "War Brides," who has just reached Los Angeles from the East and who says, "The sex strike of a million women would make war by the United States or any other country absolutely impossible." Mrs. Wentworth does not believe that such a step will be necessary. She hopes not, but if women are once thoroughly awakened they are capable of almost anything.

Now we feel ourselves incompetent to speak lucidly on such a topic as this, not having had the full advantage of a modern co-educational course with sex hygiene included. But we must express our surprise that Marian should allow herself to talk in such a way. We do not believe that a million women could be found who would engage in such a strike, that is to say not a million women who mattered. But let us beg our little friend to look at this matter squarely. If our immature mind has fairly grasped her proposition she means that there would be a cessation of the supply of male children who would be more or less ready to go to war in some twenty years or so. But twenty years is a long way ahead, and we could get through a lot of healthy fighting between now and then. And does Marian really believe that a strike of this sort could be sustained year after year until it had actually impaired the fighting strength of the nation? It is our own conviction that it could not be prolonged for twenty-four hours under the present competitive system, and we have not kept our eyes entirely closed during our pilgrimage through this vale of tears.

The trouble with Marian is that she has no sense of humor. What she really needs is to get into a corner and laugh at herself. "Women," she says, "hold the gift of life in their hands and they have the right to refuse the gift if life is to be desecrated by war." Rubbish! Women are not the givers of life any more than are men. And we may further remind this very silly and talkative lady that to cut short the supply of boys would be to cut short also the supply of girls, and here at last we see a ray of light. The million women who would declare a sex strike would be mostly feminists, and if there is anything at all in the doctrine of mental heredity, which we greatly doubt, we should thus be spared the advent of a large number of little baby feminists, and this would reconcile us almost to anything. Te Deum Laudamus. But then our hopes are once more dashed to the ground by the reflection that feminists do not usually belong to what may be called the productive classes, and we do not believe that their strike would have any marked effect on the census returns.

One day we shall write a hook on feminine plans for the abolition of war. We shall find space for the lady whom we recently saw on a Market Street car. She was a grim and repellent female who was probably already on strike, and our attention was attracted to her by the exceeding acrimony of her discussion with the conductor as to the validity of a transfer. Then we observed that she was wearing a large medal about the size of a saucer bearing on it in hold red letters the word "Peace."

A lady correspondent is much incensed because we ventured to say that nearly all the supremely great women of the world have either been rulers or soldiers, and that if women can be said to have any particular sphere it is that of government and militarism. Now we positively dread to give pain. Suavity and conciliation may be said to be our long suit, but in this case we are not able to recant. Probably the greatest woman who ever lived was the late Empress Dowager of China, and perhaps immediately after her comes Joan of Arc. Nor will any one dispute that places very high in the list must be given to Catharine of Russia, Louisa of Prussia, and Elizabeth of England. And if we may go still further back we may include Boadicea and Cleopatra. All these were rulers or soldiers, and some of them were both. Without consulting dictionaries or biographies, and therefore making allowances for lapses of memory, it would probably be safe to say that the greatness of these women is unapproachable and that to parade the competitive names of two or three prohibition or suffrage advocates is merely to trifle with facts and words.

It may be admitted that the true test of greatness is not easy to find, because the personal equation must always intrude itself. But perhaps the test of time is the best that we have. Let us say, then, that only those people are really great who will be acclaimed as great in fifty years' time, and not by one nation alone, but by all nations in civilization. Thus Napoleon, and Paul, and Julius Caesar, and Washington are great, not by the verdict of their own peoples alone, but by the verdict of all peoples. Joan of Arc and Cleopatra are similarly crowned by the whole world,

and we hardly stay to inquire to what nation they belonged. But no one has yet heard of a woman who was truly great in what are called women's spheres, and so called presumably because women have been disastrous failures in them. Almost the only woman who reached approximate greatness in one of these "spheres" was Florence Nightingale, and she was almost as much a militarist as she was a nurse. She was notoriously impatient with pacifist talk, she believed that war had a wholesome effect upon the nations waging it, and when she was so old that she could hardly move from her chair she was still able to ask for her favorite hymn "The Son of God goes forth to war."

Therefore with an uncontrite heart we may venture to reassert our conviction that the real womanly spheres are government and war. And if we were the German Emperor or the Czar of Russia we should appoint women as the high commanders of our armies and so set them to doing one of the few things that they have ever done supremely well. Fighting comes natural to them.

Foreign plays, the work of Dumas, Ihsen, Sudermann, and many others, were obtainable both in the original and in translation twenty years ago, but the play in the English language was practically a forbidden hook. Dramatists, publishers, and readers whose tongue was English apparently thought that the place of the drama was the theatre, and that to act it and to see it acted was the sum total of its existence. To make a hook of a modern play was in the last years of the nineteenth century an unheard-of thing. With the advent of Ihsen as a world power in the theatre came the change. The controversy raging over the Norwegian's head demanded the printing and the reading of his plays in English. Then Bernard Shaw's plays were published before they were acted; Oscar Wilde's appeared almost simultaneously before reader and theatre audience. Pinero's and Henry Arthur Jones's came from the press after they saw the footlights. One after another dramatist followed.

The enactment of the law of habeas corpus marks an important epoch in the progress of civil liberty in England, and is regarded as one of the great achievements of Charles the Second's reign. Charles himself did not want the law, but just at the time he was very anxious to curry favor with the people, and was afraid to oppose so popular a measure. The friends and foes of the act were pretty evenly divided in Parliament, but in the final vote it was carried. The manner of its passage, however, was both comical and illegal. While the voting was going on a very fat lord arose and asked that his vote be recorded in the affirmative. In a spirit of fun the clerk announced ten votes for him, to accord with his great size. They were so recorded, and for some unexplained reason the "error" was never corrected. The strangest part of it is, the majority for the measure was less than ten; hence it would have failed of passage without the fat lord's extra votes.

Voice—Is this the Weather Bureau? How about a shower tonight? Prophet—Don't ask me. If you need one, take it.—Chaparral.

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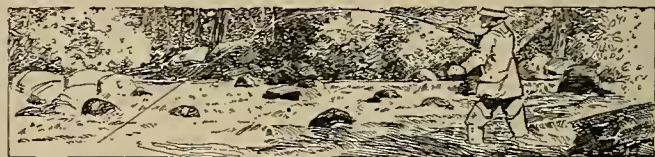
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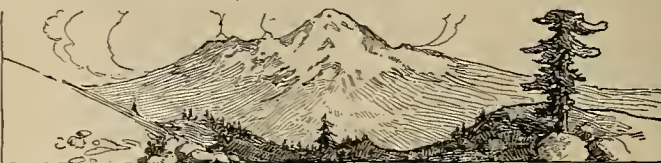
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arrange your trip.



STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Clough, in one of his published letters, tells a story of an aged Calvinist woman, who, being asked about the Universalists, said, "Yes, they expect everybody will be saved, but we look for better things."

John Randolph met a personal enemy in the street one day who refused to give him half the sidewalk, saying that he never turned out for a rascal. "I do," said Randolph, stepping aside and politely raising his hat, "pass on."

They were discussing an elopement, and one lady, turning to her friend, said: "Don't you believe it would kill you if your husband was to run away with another woman?" "It might," was the cool reply. "Great joy sometimes kills."

On a hot afternoon a San Francisco attorney made a hurried effort to get a car. The day and the effort had made him uncomfortably warm, and he missed his object, but not a minister whom he knew. "This is hotter than hades," said the lawyer, thoughtlessly, nipping his brow. The minister looked directly into his eyes, and replied earnestly: "I hope so."

Young Bagley married the charming Olive, and after the wedding breakfast he chanced to notice one of the guests, a young man, who appeared to be extremely gloomy and was evidently not having a good time. He stepped up to the young fellow with the idea of cheering him up. "Er—have you kissed the bride?" he asked. "Not lately," replied the gloomy one, with a far-away expression.

A cockney was spending his Christmas in Scotland, and went out on the links to try his luck. After trying in vain to hit the ball he became enraged because the caddie laughed at his awkwardness. "If you laugh again," he exclaimed, "I'll hit you over the head—so there!" "Ah, weel," returned the caddie, hacking to a safe distance, "I'll bet ye wouldna ken the right club to dae it with!"

He was a congressman in the days of Horace Greeley. Also he was given to lingering over the cheering cup, and although his ability was mediocre he had somehow amassed considerable wealth and a vastly exalted opinion of himself at the same time. So in his cups one day he boasted to Greeley: "I am a self-made man." "Then, sir," replied the philosophical Horace, "that fact relieves the Almighty of a great responsibility."

A Massachusetts farmer and his chum went to Boston one evening to see an all-star-cast production of "Othello." When the play was over neither of the men made any comment of consequence until they reached the South Station, where they were to take their train for home. While waiting for the train to come in one of the countrymen turned to his companion and remarked, "Nathan, that nigger held his end up about as well as any of 'em."

When May was three years old she was taken to church for the first time. She immediately became very restless and was determined to stand up on the cushioned pew. Her mother endeavored to hold her close to herself, but the little girl struggled and finally began to cry. "Why, May," said the mother, losing her patience, "can't you be quiet like a good little girl?" "I can't see it," replied May, "an' I want to get up so I can." "What is it that you want to see so badly?" queried the mother. "Why, mother," said the little child, "I can hear the organ grind, and I see the man coming for the pennies, but I can't see the monkey."

There's a Yankee landlord on the Maine coast who keeps his old hulk of a summer hotel filled every year with well-to-do guests from the cities, who pay high prices for the wonderful scenery and the good meals, philosophically accepting the leak rooms, the shabby wall-paper and the threadbare upholstery. A New York man asked him, toward the close of his season, how he had been doing. "Well," the Yankee replied, "I've just been going over the books, and we've netted about seventeen thousands dollars this season. I reckon if we do as well another year I'll paper the parlor."

The depression in business caused a local jeweler to discharge his experienced man, replacing him with a high-school graduate—a youth just out of school. He appeared very anxious to learn, and the proprietor at the end of the first week was much pleased with results. One day the merchant was obliged to be away from the store, and upon his return inquired: "Well, Frank, did you sell anything while I was out?" "Yes, sir; I sold five plain hand rings." "Fine, my boy!"

said the jeweler, enthusiastically. "We'll make an Al salesman out of you one of these days. You got the regular price for them, of course?" "Oh, yes, sir. The price on the inside was 18c, and the man took all that were left, sir."

A street-car was getting under way when two women rushing from opposite sides of the street to greet each other met right in the middle of the car track and in front of the car. There the two stopped and began to talk. The car stopped, too, but the women did not appear to realize that it was there. Certain of the passengers, whose heads were immediately thrust out of the windows to ascertain what the trouble was, began to make sarcastic remarks, but the two women heeded them not. Finally the motorman showed that he had a saving sense of humor. Leaning over the dashboard, he inquired in the gentlest of tones: "Pardon me, ladies, but shall I get you a couple of chairs?"

In one of the little mountain towns of the South a Chautauqua meeting was held last summer for the first time. The fact was advertised for some distance round the town, but the older negroes especially did not understand what it was all about. Across the front of the little hotel of the village was hung a yellow banner hearing the one word, "Chautauqua." Up to this hotel one day drove an old negro in a one-horse wagon containing a few vegetables, which he hoped to sell to the proprietor, as he had done on former occasions. But when he saw the banner with its ominous word he was seized with fright and would not go into the building, or even get out of his wagon. When the proprietor appeared, the old fellow inquired nervously, "Whut disease is you-all quarantined foh, hoss?"

A Highland lady chatting with a neighbor told that one of the village girls was just married, and opined that she had been "an auld maid overlang" to take kindly to matrimony. "An auld maid," she added, "is like to be awful ignorant where men folks are concerned." "She is that!" assented the neighbor. "De ye mind my husband's brither? He was a schulmaster—a weel-bUILT, weel-faured man as ye may ken, we' hraid shouters an' gey tall. A' weel, Sandy McLean's mither had a gatherin' at her hoose one e'en, an' when they a' cam' to gae their ways hame the men tuik the maids an' saw them to their hiding places. My brither-in-law tuik an auld maid wha keepit a wee shop in the toon. When they reached their journey's end, he aye bent to kiss her cheek, as was the custom in seein' hame. Noo Jeannot (the auld maid) was in a gret fluster. 'Oh! Mr. Cameron,' says she—an' she was all in a tremble—'what am I to dae? Must I lift my veil?'"

THE MERRY MUSE.

"The Red, White, and Blue."

O Columbia, the synthetic gem of part of the ocean,  
The bome of the alleged brave and the constitutionally free,  
The shrine of each patriot's qualified devotion,  
A world, excepting always the belligerent nations,  
Offers mild bondage to thee.  
Thy mandates make foreign cabinets assemble,  
When liberty's form stands in view (of something they want to see),  
Thy banners ought to make tyranny, in the form of inhuman tactics, tremble, but tyranny, somehow, remains strangely unflinching,  
When borne by the red, white, and blue.  
—New York Tribune.

After Reading the Summer Resorts Ads.  
I'd like to go to Busher's Falls, whose most alluring ads  
Are gay with damsels in canoes and tennis-flanneled lads.  
But if I go to Busher's Falls to spend my single week  
I'll find it quite impossible to visit Hickory Creek.

And ab! the ads of Hickory Creek are filled with lovely views  
Of beves of attractive girls with seven sorts of shoes.  
But if I go to Hickory Creek I'll have to stay away  
From all the varied outdoor life they have at Porgie Bay.

You've seen the ads of Porgie Bay, alive with swarms of beauts  
Disporting on the surf-trimmed beach in one-piece bathing suits.  
But if I go to Porgie Bay I'll miss the rural charm  
And calm bucolic restfulness of Old Alfalfa Farm.

And there, as all the ads attest, the girls wear daisy chains  
And sing at twilight as they stroll along the lovers' lanes.  
But if to Old Alfalfa Farm I go I will regret  
That I did not pick out some place that I'd like better yet.

And so, as I have just seven days, I think that I'll not roam,  
But I'll watch the cops and the white wings and jitneys here at bome.  
—New York American.



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JUNE 30th, 1915:

Assets.....\$30,321,243.04  
Deposits..... 57,362,899.35  
Capital actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000.00  
Reserve and Contingent Funds..... 1,938,443.69  
Employees' Pension Fund..... 199,164.12  
Number of Depositors..... 66,965  
For the 6 months ending June 30th, 1915, a dividend to depositors of 4 per cent per annum was declared Open Saturday Evenings 6 to 8.

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Notice—There is delinquent upon the following described stock on account of assessment levied on the 29th day of June, 1915, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective stockholders, as follows:

| Name.                 | No. of Certificate. | No. of Shares. | Amount. |
|-----------------------|---------------------|----------------|---------|
| F. H. Crosby.....     | 136                 | 40             | \$40.00 |
| F. H. Crosby.....     | 137                 | 8              | 8.00    |
| F. H. Crosby.....     | 321                 | 3              | 3.00    |
| F. H. Crosby.....     | 379                 | 51             | 51.00   |
| J. Y. Eccleston.....  | 134                 | 20             | 20.00   |
| J. Y. Eccleston.....  | 338                 | 24             | 24.00   |
| J. Y. Eccleston.....  | 377                 | 364            | 364.00  |
| J. Y. Eccleston.....  | 464                 | 100            | 100.00  |
| L. C. Haycroft.....   | 463                 | 418            | 418.00  |
| Jesse I. Jewell.....  | 110                 | 40             | 40.00   |
| Jesse I. Jewell.....  | 212                 | 8              | 8.00    |
| Jesse I. Jewell.....  | 275                 | 40             | 40.00   |
| Jesse I. Jewell.....  | 303                 | 6              | 6.00    |
| Jesse I. Jewell.....  | 371                 | 94             | 94.00   |
| Paul F. Kingston..... | 92                  | 40             | 40.00   |
| Paul F. Kingston..... | 104                 | 8              | 8.00    |
| Paul F. Kingston..... | 298                 | 3              | 3.00    |
| Paul F. Kingston..... | 262                 | 51             | 51.00   |
| Cbas. E. Knox.....    | 182                 | 100            | 100.00  |
| Cbas. E. Knox.....    | 305                 | 7              | 7.00    |
| Cbas. E. Knox.....    | 396                 | 107            | 107.00  |
| Ida M. Lackey.....    | 262                 | 8              | 8.00    |
| Ida M. Lackey.....    | 311                 | 1              | 1.00    |
| Ida M. Lackey.....    | 403                 | 9              | 9.00    |
| Mason McDuffie.....   | 501                 | 10             | 10.00   |
| Mason McDuffie.....   | 502                 | 20             | 20.00   |
| L. N. Ostwald.....    | 242                 | 60             | 60.00   |
| L. N. Ostwald.....    | 336                 | 4              | 4.00    |
| L. N. Ostwald.....    | 400                 | 64             | 64.00   |
| W. Garner Smith.....  | 141                 | 100            | 100.00  |
| W. Garner Smith.....  | 142                 | 60             | 60.00   |
| W. Garner Smith.....  | 196                 | 600            | 600.00  |
| W. Garner Smith.....  | 197                 | 31             | 31.00   |
| W. Garner Smith.....  | 199                 | 200            | 200.00  |
| W. Garner Smith.....  | 227                 | 27             | 27.00   |
| W. Garner Smith.....  | 230                 | 2              | 2.00    |
| W. Garner Smith.....  | 276                 | 20             | 20.00   |
| W. Garner Smith.....  | 309                 | 81             | 81.00   |
| W. Garner Smith.....  | 342                 | 9              | 9.00    |
| W. Garner Smith.....  | 360                 | 1230           | 1230.00 |
| W. Garner Smith.....  | 443                 | 52             | 52.00   |

And in accordance with law and an order of the Board of Directors, made on the 29th day of June, 1915, so many shares of each parcel of stock as may be necessary will be sold at public auction at the office of the Company in the northeast corner room on the second floor of the Burbank Building, which is located at the southwest corner of Market and Beale Streets, San Francisco, California, on the 21st day of August, 1915, at ten o'clock a. m., to pay said delinquent assessments thereon, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

ROSS THOMPSON,

Assistant Secretary and Acting Secretary of the  
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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The news has been received of the engagement of Mr. J. W. Willekes MacDonald to Miss Annie Van Ravenswaay of Apeldoorn, The Netherlands. Miss Van Ravenswaay is the youngest daughter of Colonel Van Ravenswaay, ex-member of the general staff of The Netherlands army. Mr. MacDonald is visiting The Netherlands, and has been there ever since June of last year. He is a brother of Mr. F. L. Willekes MacDonald, commissioner of The Netherlands at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. Mr. MacDonald expects to bring his bride to California and make San Francisco his residence.

The wedding of Miss Helen Sargent and Lieutenant Norman Bates, U. S. N., took place Wednesday at the home in Alameda of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Sargent. Lieutenant Bates is the son of Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Bates of Oakland. The young couple will reside in the East, where Lieutenant Bates is attached to the U. S. S. *New York*.

Mrs. Philip Van Horn Lansdale gave a tea Monday afternoon at her home on Broadway in honor of the midshipmen of the visiting squadron.

Mrs. Robert L. Coleman entertained a number of friends recently at a luncheon at the Town and Country Club in honor of Mrs. H. Gilbert Grovesnor of Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young gave a dinner-dance Wednesday evening at their home on California Street in honor of Mrs. Ferdinand Theriot and the Misses Mathilde and Celeste Theriot of New York.

Misses Marian and Kate Crocker entertained a number of friends over the week-end at their home at Cloverdale.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander were the complimented guests Wednesday evening at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker at their home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope gave a luncheon at their country home in Burlingame Sunday, when a score of friends enjoyed their hospitality.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant were host and hostess Monday evening at a dinner at their home on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard were host and hostess at a dinner Tuesday evening at their home on Broadway.

Baroness Van Eck was hostess recently at a luncheon at her home on Broadway in honor of Miss Gertrude Tower.

Mrs. George H. Howard entertained a large number of friends Saturday at a luncheon at the Burlingame Club in honor of Mrs. William Goddard and Mrs. Oliver Iselin of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Coleman have issued invitations to a ball Saturday evening, August 28th, at the Burlingame Club. The affair will be in honor of their daughter, Miss Cara Coleman, who will make her debut on this occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Madeira were the guests of honor Wednesday evening at a dinner given by Dr. Herbert Moffitt and Mrs. Moffitt at their home on Broadway.

The Misses Morrison were hostesses Sunday at a luncheon at their home in San Jose.

Mrs. Francis Loomis gave a luncheon at the Burlingame Club Saturday, when a score of friends enjoyed her hospitality.

Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker entertained a number of friends Friday evening at a dinner at the Santa Barbara Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Jean de Saint Cyr were host and hostess Thursday evening at a dinner at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin entertained a number of friends at dinner Monday evening at her residence on Broadway.

Governor John M. Slaton and Mrs. Slaton of Georgia were the complimented guests Monday evening at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Neville Castle at their home on Jackson Street.

Mrs. Frank Howard Allen and Miss Dorothy Allen were among the hostesses Wednesday evening at the supper-dance at the Hotel St. Francis. They entertained a number of friends in honor of their house guests, Mrs. Edward Nettleton, and her sons, the Messrs. Donald and Elwood Nettleton.

Miss Olivia Pillsbury was hostess Friday at a luncheon at the home on Pacific Avenue of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Horace D. Pillsbury.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Schmiedell have issued invitations to a dance Tuesday evening, August 17th, at the Lagunitas Country Club. The affair will be in honor of their three children, the Misses Doris and Betty Schmiedell and Mr. Edward Schmiedell, Jr.

Mrs. Frederick Henshaw and her daughter,

Miss Eleanor Tay, entertained a number of friends Wednesday afternoon at an informal tea at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. William Timlow was the complimented guest Thursday at a luncheon given by Mrs. Joseph D. Grant at her home in Burlingame.

Mrs. George T. Mayne will give a luncheon today at her home in Burlingame.

Admiral Fullam, U. S. N., was the complimented guest Wednesday at a luncheon given by Captain Andrews, U. S. N., at his home at Yerba Buena.

Mrs. Thomas Nerney gave a luncheon and matinee party recently in honor of Miss Helen Hughes, whose engagement to Mrs. Nerney's son, Mr. Stephen Nerney, has recently been announced.

Mrs. Edward Carpenter was hostess Wednesday at a luncheon at the Burlingame Club in honor of Mrs. Gerritt Wilder of Honolulu.

Mrs. Arthur Murray entertained a number of friends Thursday at a luncheon at her home at Fort Mason.

Captain William R. Stanley, U. S. N., and Mrs. Stanley entertained a number of friends Wednesday evening at a dinner on board the U. S. S. *Yorktown*.

Miss Marian Brooks and her fiancé, Dr. Ernest Eyttinge, U. S. N., were the complimented guests Thursday evening at a supper-dance given by Lieutenant-Commander Alexander Mitchell, U. S. N., and Mrs. Mitchell at their home at Mare Island.

Judge and Mrs. William W. Morrow are entertaining at their home in San Rafael their two grandsons, Mr. William Morrow Fichteler and Mr. Frank Caspar Fichteler, both of whom are midshipmen in the navy and are here in the practice squadron under Admiral Fullam. Their parents are Admiral and Mrs. Fichteler. Miss Margaret Fichteler, a sister of the midshipmen, is also visiting her grandparents in San Rafael.

Captain George Patton, Jr., U. S. N., and Mrs. Patton entertained a number of friends Wednesday evening at a dinner at Hotel del Coronado in honor of Mrs. James King Steele.

Mrs. William Tobin was hostess Friday at a bridge-luncheon at her home at the Presidio.

Major William Hastings Brooks, U. S. A., and Mrs. Brooks gave a dinner Wednesday evening in honor of Colonel Joseph Taylor Clarke, U. S. A., and Mrs. Clarke.

Lieutenant-Commander Wallace Bertholf, U. S. N., and Mrs. Bertholf entertained a number of friends Wednesday afternoon at a tea at their home at Yerba Buena. The affair was in honor of Mr. and Mrs. George Boole of Seattle.

Major H. H. Whitney, U. S. A., and Mrs. Whitney were the complimented guests Wednesday evening at a theatre and supper party given by Lieutenant F. S. Upham, U. S. A., and Mrs. Upham.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Miss Hermine Lathrop, daughter of Mrs. Lathrop and the late Charles G. Lathrop, has returned from New York and has joined her mother at their home at Stanford University.

Miss Suzanne Miller has returned to her home in Massachusetts after an extended visit with Mr. and Mrs. Otto Grau. En route East Miss Miller, who was accompanied by her brother, Mr. Preston Miller, spent a few days in Seattle.

Mr. William Rhinelander Stewart is among the visitors who are here from New York to visit the Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Field and their children have gone to Los Angeles to visit Mrs. Field's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lucien N. Brunswig.

Mrs. Eugene Gallois has gone to Stanford University, where she has taken the house of Professor Kellogg, who is in Europe.

Miss Olive Mills is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Ansel Easton at their home in Millbrae.

Mr. and Mrs. George B. Willcutt, Miss Dorothy Baker, and Dr. George Hayes Willcutt are enjoying a visit in the Tahoe country.

Mr. Thomas Fortune Ryan arrived Friday from New York. He is accompanied by Mrs. C. C. Cuyler, Mrs. M. Van Amring, and Mr. and Mrs. James Brown Potter.

Mrs. David Keith and her son, Master David Keith, Jr., are here from Salt Lake for a visit to the Exposition.

Mrs. Ferdinand Bain and her daughter, Miss Beatrice Miller, of Santa Barbara, have been spending the past week at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Felton B. Elkins is recovering from a severe operation at the Laine Hospital.

Miss Daisy Polk, who arrived two weeks ago from Europe, is visiting Mrs. George McNear, Sr., at her home in Oakland.

Mrs. William E. Borah of Boise is visiting friends at Stanford Court, where she will be joined next month by Senator Borah, who is in Washington, D. C.

Señor Rafael Alta Mira, the Spanish historian,

Messrs. E. J. Molera, C. J. Cebrian, and Enrique Grau spent a few days recently in Saratoga as the guests of Senator James D. Phelan and Miss Phelan.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Satterlee and their daughters have returned to the Fairmont Hotel after a visit in the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson have returned to their home in Burlingame after an outing at Webber Lake and Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. John McCullough of New York spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Eddy at their home in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. William Henry Pool have recently been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd P. Tevis in Burlingame.

Mrs. E. H. Harriman and her daughter, Miss Carol Harriman, are here from the East for an indefinite visit at the Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Cheever Cowdin and their little son have gone to Monterey to remain two weeks.

Mr. Francis B. Loomis of Burlingame and his son, Mr. Francis Loomis, left Thursday for Lake Tahoe, where they will spend a week fishing.

Mrs. Thomas H. Selby and her grandson, Mr. Faxido Atherton, have returned from Europe, where they have resided several years. Mrs. Selby is with her daughter, Mrs. A. J. Ralston, in Berkeley.

Mrs. Walter S. Martin and her children have been spending the past week at Lake Tahoe with Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl. Mr. Martin accompanied his family to the lake and continued to New York, where he will make a brief visit.

Mr. John Cushing has taken an apartment on Second Avenue and Lake Street, where he will reside after his marriage on August 21st to Miss Isabelle Beaver.

Mrs. Clement Tobin and her little daughter, Miss Nileen Tobin, are at the Potter Hotel in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Morowetz arrived Wednesday from Santa Barbara, where they have been guests at El Mirasol. Mrs. Morowetz, who was formerly Miss Violet Westcott, is the sister of Mr. Philip Westcott of this city.

Judge Elbert H. Gary and Mrs. Gary returned Tuesday from Lake Tahoe, where they spent the week-end. They will leave tomorrow for Capitola, where they will remain until Monday with Mr. and Mrs. Lewis E. Hanchett.

The news of the sudden death of Miss Annie Selby on shipboard came as a shock to her relatives and friends. Her mother, widow of the late Thomas H. Selby, former mayor of San Francisco, will make her home with her daughter, Mrs. A. J. Ralston, at the Berkeley Inn, in Berkeley.

Miss Frances Jolliffe has gone to Lake Tahoe to visit her sister, Mrs. Herbert C. Moffitt.

Mrs. Walter MacGavin is rapidly recovering from a severe illness that has confined her to her home on Jackson Street for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Madeira, who arrived last week from Philadelphia, have gone to Southern California with Mrs. Madeira's aunt, Mrs. Horace L. Hill, Sr.

Mr. and Mrs. Chapin Tuhbs came from their ranch in Napa County a few days ago to visit Mr. and Mrs. William B. Tuhbs at their home on Jackson Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Sypher and Miss Genevieve Bothin are at the Tahoe Tavern for a two weeks' visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Tenny Williams are here from Arizona visiting Mrs. Williams' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Pickering.

Lieutenant-Commander W. V. Tomb, U. S. N., left Friday for the Atlantic coast to assume his duties on the U. S. S. *Florida*. Commander Tomb has for the past two years been in charge of the branch hydrographic office in this city and also has been inspector-instructor of the California Naval Militia. Mrs. Tomb will remain here two weeks longer, and en route to her new home will visit friends in Denver, Chicago, and New York. Lieutenant-Commander Charles P. Huff, U. S. N., of the U. S. S. *Texas*, has been appointed successor of Lieutenant-Commander Tomb.

Colonel Frank Winn, U. S. A., and Mrs. Winn arrived last week from El Paso, Texas, and are visiting Mrs. George C. Boardman, Dr. Lovell Langstroth, and Mrs. Langstroth at their home on California Street.

Admiral Uriel Sehree, U. S. N. (retired), and Mrs. Sehree came up from Coronado to attend the navy ball Monday evening. They were accompanied by their nieces, Miss Alice Sehree of Springfield, Massachusetts, and Miss Elizabeth Griffin of Coronado.

Major Willard D. Newhill, U. S. A., left last week for Gigling, California, to participate in the service practice of Battery B, Sixth Field Artillery.

Colonel W. H. Sage, Twelfth Infantry, is here from his station in Nogales, Arizona.

The home of Lieutenant Emery T. Smith, U. S. A., and Mrs. Smith has been brightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. Smith, who was formerly Miss Mary McCain, is the daughter of General McCain, U. S. A., and Mrs. McCain of Washington, D. C.

Due to the cowardliness of his crew and his own somewhat timid nature, Bartholomew Diaz discovered the Cape of Good Hope while seeking a passage to India. In 1487 he rounded the cape, but did not know it at the time, being too far out at sea. When the crew discovered they were on the wrong side of the mainland they became panic-stricken, and insisted on returning at once. Fearing mutiny, Diaz turned back, and soon caught sight of the cape. Thus did he discover Good Hope while on his way homeward.

The inventor of the lamp as we know it, with the wick fitting into a cylinder and an upward air current supplying oxygen, was Aime Argand, a Swiss born in 1755. He was living in England at the time of his discovery.

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LOS ANGELES



THE CITY IN GENERAL.

The Continental Building and Loan Society on last Saturday filed a petition in bankruptcy. Dissatisfied stockholders caused the move, it is stated by Commissioner George S. Walker. On Monday the order declaring the concern a voluntary bankrupt was made by Judge Frank S. Dietrich of Boise, Idaho, sitting for Judge Maurice T. Dooling. There are about 3000 creditors.

The unveiling and presentation of the bust of the composer, Ludwig von Beethoven, took place on Friday of last week in Golden Gate Park. The bust is a present to the city from the Beethoven Mannerchoir of New York. The German singing societies of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and other cities sent their representatives. Edward F. Delger was chairman of the day. Supervisor J. Emmett Hayden accepted the gift on behalf of the mayor and the municipality of San Francisco, and John McLaren, superintendent of Golden Gate Park, performed the same service on behalf of the park.

William E. Sharon, nephew of the late United States Senator William E. Sharon, has been elected president of the Sharon Estate Company and of the Occidental Land and Improvement Company. He succeeds his cousin, the late Frederick Sharon, son of the late senator. The Sharon Estate Company represents the San Francisco holdings of the Sharon estate. The Occidental Land and Improvement Company represents vast land holdings throughout the state. The two companies control property valued at many millions.

The estate of Edward S. Howard, the poloist and clubman, who was killed in an elevator accident in this city, has been appraised at \$310,000. It consists principally of stock in the William H. Howard Estate Company, the Howard Cattle Company, and the Howard Ranch Company.

Mme. Pierre Gregoire, wife of the secretary of the French Exposition Commission, is in a Guerneville hospital recovering from serious injuries received in an automobile accident near Cazadero Saturday night. Mrs. Gregoire is suffering from two fractured ribs, a broken collar-bone, and possible internal injuries.

The city on Monday asked the railroad commission to investigate and readjust the water, gas, electricity, and telephone rates. It admitted that "many of the supervisors believed the rates they fixed were unreasonably high." The rates of which complaint is made were only recently established by vote of the supervisors.

William Stirling Porter, vice-president and general manager of the Associated Oil Company, died at Mount Zion Hospital shortly after 6 o'clock Monday evening. His wife and son, Hugh, were at the bedside when the end came. For the past three years he had been in ill-health. He was forty-nine years old. Besides his executive position with the Associated Oil Company he was vice-president of the Amalgamated Oil Company and associated in the directorate of half a dozen minor oil concerns. The funeral was held from the family home, 3330 Jackson Street, at 11 a. m. on Wednesday.

The will of Frederick W. Sharon was admitted to probate on Wednesday by Judge Graham. The widow, Mrs. Louise T. Sharon, was named executrix. John C. Newlands testified that the estate was valued at \$3,000,000.

The United Properties Company was sued for approximately \$2,500,000 in a San Francisco court on Wednesday by the Anglo California Trust Company. The suit was brought on behalf of N. W. Halsey & Co., who loaned that sum to the Oakland Railways Company in August, 1912. The Anglo California Trust Company is the trustee for the New York brokers. The loan bore interest of six per cent and was payable June 12, 1913. No part of the principal has ever been paid according to the complaint. The United Properties Company's proportionate stockholders' liability for the loan, the complaint says, is \$2,488,796.30.

NOTES OF THE EXPOSITION.

All Oregon Week was inaugurated Monday afternoon with music, oratory, and refreshments. Tuesday was Southern Oregon Day; Wednesday, Coos Bay Day; Thursday, Eastern Oregon Day; Friday, Tillamook County Day; Saturday, Willamette Valley Day. The ceremonies began each day at 2:30 o'clock. Visitors were presented with samples of the products for which each section of the Web-foot State is noted.

Wisconsin Day was celebrated last Monday. The programme was held in front of the Wis-

THE MUSIC SEASON.

The Exposition Orchestra Concert.

The first of a series of weekly concerts to be given by the Exposition Orchestra, under the baton of Richard Hageman, will take place at Festival Hall this Sunday afternoon at half-past two, when a programme of singular interest will be offered. The overture to "The Bartered Bride," by Friedrich Smetana, will be the initial number, and later in the afternoon will be played that wonderful symphony of Dvorak, "From the New World." The four movements from the latter work will be the adagio, largo, scherzo, molto vivace, and finale, allegro con fuoco. Richard Strauss's remarkable tone poem, "Don Juan," will complete the offering of the eighty musicians constituting the Exposition Orchestra, admittedly one of the best organizations of the kind in the country.

The soloist for the occasion will be Señorita Paquita Madriguera, a daughter of Barcelona, Spain, and a pianist who has created a profound impression in her native land, France, and England. She is but fourteen years of age, and Spanish newspaper writers call her the "second edition of Mozart," as she began to compose when she had just passed her fifth birthday. Her technique is said to be extraordinary, and those who have heard her in private say that she abounds in those temperamental qualities so essential to a finished artist. She has chosen for this, her first appearance in America, two compositions of her fellow-countrymen, the fantasia, "Aragon," by Albéniz, and the "Allegro de Concert" of Granados. She will also play Chopin's Valse No. 11, and "La Campanella," by Liszt. Seats for the concert may be obtained at the Exposition ticket office, 343 Powell Street.

Paderewski Recital to Aid Stricken Poland.

Ignace J. Paderewski, the Polish pianist, who has not been heard in San Francisco since 1908, will give a single recital at Festival Hall on Saturday afternoon, August 21st, at half-past two. For the past year this man, who has charmed millions by the magic of his art, has been devoting his entire time to the amelioration of the condition of his unfortunate fellow-countrymen, and the Polish Victims' Relief Fund, of which Sienkiewicz is president and the pianist is vice-president, has received tremendous aid through the efforts of Paderewski.

At the Festival Hall recital the distinguished son of Poland will deliver an address on the condition of his country, and the gross receipts of the afternoon will be sent to the suffering country, where more than two hundred towns have been reduced to ruins, 7500 villages wiped out, and 1400 churches and chapels have been burned or otherwise destroyed.

Paderewski's programme will consist entirely of works of Chopin, Poland's greatest composer, and will include the Ballade in A flat, op. 47, the Sonata in B flat minor, op. 35, the G major nocturne, op. 37, the Mazurka in A minor, op. 17, and the Polonaise in A flat, op. 53. Reserved seats will range in price from \$1 to \$3, with box seats at \$5, and the sale will begin Monday morning at the Exposition ticket office, 343 Powell Street. Mail orders, accompanied by check payable to the P. P. I. E., will be filled in the order of their receipt as near the location desired as possible.

Mme. Melba Secured for Two Concerts.

Mr. Charles A. Ellis of the Boston Symphony Orchestra has secured Mme. Melba for an American tour, to open in Maine in Oc-

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FIRST NATIONAL

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UNITED STATES DEPOSITARY

tober at the big annual festival held there for many years past. The Spanish baritone, De Gogorza, will also open his season there. The diva has been visiting her father in Australia and will arrive in this city early in September to spend a week or two at the Exposition. The indefatigable Manager Will Greenbaum has induced Mr. Ellis to arrange for two concerts by Melba in this city prior to her Eastern tour, and these will be given on Sunday afternoons, September 19th and 26th, at the Cort Theatre.

In Oakland Mme. Melba will have the distinction of giving the first concert in the new Civic Opera House, which is located in the new Oakland Auditorium building.

Emmy Destinn Coming on Concert Tour.

After five years at the Metropolitan Opera House, where she shared the honors with Caruso, Emmy Destinn, the Bohemian soprano, will make her first American concert tour. Before going on the operatic stage Mlle. Destinn was famous in Europe as a concert singer, and has always looked forward to again singing the typical concert programmes.


Under the direction of Ottokar Bartik, who has guaranteed her \$100,000 for a tour of sixty concerts, she will devote nearly all of her time during the coming season to this work, appearing at only about a dozen operatic performances as a special "guest."

Will Greenbaum has taken over the Western end of the tour and has arranged a series of appearances for the diva, opening in Los Angeles and ending in Denver. She will sing in San Francisco during the month of October.

Fritz Kreisler Coming for Two Recitals.

Fritz Kreisler has been secured by Frank W. Healy for his only recitals in San Francisco this season. The recitals will be given in the Cort Theatre Sunday afternoon, October 3d and 10th.

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### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

He—But why don't you come with me and pick out the ring? She—I'm afraid we can't afford to do that.—*Life*.

"Can you keep a secret?" "Yes." "But will you?" "Oh, that's different. I don't know."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Did the social reformer have any idea for improving present conditions?" "Well, he took up a collection."—*Judge*.

"Have you joined the commuters, Mrs. Nurich?" "No, but I'll get paw to put in an application."—*Buffalo Express*.

St. Peter—What was your occupation on earth? Spirit—Rohher. St. Peter—Ice, coal, or gas?—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

"He is a man with a grip of steel, an iron nerve, but a heart of gold." "Ah! a regular man of mettle."—*Baltimore American*.

Knicker—College teaches a hoy how to yell and kick. Bocker—A mule can do that and still have two legs left over.—*Dallas News*.

"Before I married my wife I could listen to her voice for hours and hours." "And now?" "Now I have to."—*Haustan Post*.

Madge—My favorite authors are Browning and Henry James. I read them over and over again. Marjorie—You have to.—*Life*.

Foreign Nobleman—Sir, I would wed your peerless daughter. American Millionaire—Yes, and she is going to stay peerless.—*Baltimore American*.

"Why are you so suspicious of him?" "He has taken pains to tell me at least a dozen times within the past day or two that he is my friend."—*Tapeka Journal*.

Elevator Boy—I told de boss today I wanted a raise. His Chum—What did he say? Elevator Boy—He told me to get in an' pull de lever.—*Boston Transcript*.

Stagestruck Maiden (after trying her voice)—Do you think I can ever do anything with my voice? Stage Manager—Well, it may come in handy in case of fire.—*Sydney Bulletin*.

"De man dat is always sayin', 'Live an' learn,'" remarked Uncle Eben, "is mos' generally puttin' in his time gittin' information dat aint no partic'lar help to 'im."—*Washington Star*.

"You say she takes pains to conceal the size of her feet? What do you mean?" "I mean she wears shoes two sizes too small for her. If that isn't taking pains, what is?"—*Houston Post*.

Bobby—Dad, what is a mutual friend? Mr. Fagg—He is generally one who makes it his business to see that you don't miss hearing the nasty things your neighbors say about you.—*Stray Stories*.

Cedric (meeting Clarence in the park)—Well, old chap, what are you doing beah? Clarence—Just admiring the beauties of nature. Cedric—Aw, I say, have many gone by?—*New York Globe*.

"Does your husband play cards for money?" "No," replied young Mrs. Torkins, thoughtfully; "I don't think Charley plays for money. But all the people who play with him do."—*Washington Star*.

Downton—Here comes Blinkers. He's got a new baby, and he'll talk us to death. Upton—Well, here comes a neighbor of mine who has a new setter dog. Let's introduce them and leave them to their fate.—*Life*.

Miss Yellowleaf—I frankly admit I am looking for a husband. Mrs. Guzzler—So am I. Miss Yellowleaf—But I thought you had one. Mrs. Guzzler—So I have, and I spend most of my time looking for him.—*Judge*.

Chuggerton—How's your chauffeur? Carr—Had to fire him; he used to be a motor-man. Chuggerton—Too reckless, eh? Carr—Reckless nothing! Why, I couldn't break him of the habit of slowing up at crossings!—*Puck*.

Father—Ar-r-r! So I have caught you kissing my daughter, have I? Suitor—I trust there is no doubt about it, sir. The light is quite dim, and I should feel vastly humiliated if it should turn out to be somebody else I had been kissing.—*Tapeka Journal*.

"Oh, mother," sobbed the young wife, "John doesn't trust me." "Why, my child, what has he done?" "Well, you know, I cooked my first dinner for him today, and he invited a friend to dine with him." The sohs broke out afresh. "And oh, mother, the man was a doctor!"—*Stray Stories*.

"You haven't any serious or organic trouble," said the young physician, cheerfully. "You're a little nervous and run down, that's all. Take more exercise, eat less, and forget your troubles." The hypochondriac snorted. "Young man," he demanded, his voice shaking, "how long have you been a doctor?" "I took my degree three years ago," answered

the medico. "And I am an invalid of twenty-five years' experience. Who are you to disagree with me?"—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

"Your daughter plays the piano beautifully." "Do you really think so?" "Yes, indeed. Why, if I didn't see her fingers hit

the keys, I'd swear it was one of those mechanical pianos."—*Musical Courier*.

He (describing his war experiences)—Just then the enemy got our range. She—You poor fellows! And you couldn't cook your dinner!—*New York Sun*.

## The Secret Drawer Is a Constant Menace

You may have one at home. Your friends may point with pride to them in their new homes. A burglar may never find them, but—fire may. Then what? You may thus suffer irreparable loss—a fortune may burn up in a minute.

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# The Argonaut.

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## THIRTY-NINTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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**About Eugenics.**

Dr. Howard Ayres, "noted biologist" and former president of the University of Cincinnati, is quoted as approving the sayings of Luther Burbank in regard to the improvement of the human race by the same methods of selection used by the stock breeders of Kentucky to improve stock and by Burbank himself in improving plant life. "Shall a wise man talk vain knowledge and fill his belly with the east wind?" The methods of the stock breeders of Kentucky depend entirely upon polygamy. We can not at a moment's notice use the Greek term needful to describe the same thing as applied to animals. The Kentucky thoroughbred horses have for their ancestor Diomed, the winner of the first Derby, who was imported by a Kentucky breeder and put into large polygamous practice in the Blue Grass region. The same method absolutely controls the breeding of improved cattle, sheep, swine, and poultry. In the case of domestic fowls a step beyond polygamy is recognized as a necessity, and what in human beings is the crime of incest is responsible for the origin of some of our most important breeds of poultry. The same is true of Mr. Burbank's plant breeding. He desires to produce a yellow daisy. His expert vision detects a slight yellow tinge in a single daisy, blooming amongst thousands of pure white

flowers. That one bloom is his sire. It is at once put into polygamous relations to produce as many flowers as possible. And from these are chosen such as show a prepotency in yellow, and they are in turn interbred, not only in polygamy, but in incest, until the color is fixed and the new type is produced.

None of these results can be made to follow the strict practice of monogamy. Therefore the busy advocates of eugenics who, men and women, talk glibly about improving the human race by the same methods used with the beasts that perish and the flowers that bloom in the spring, are advocating polygamy and incest. Their proposition to establish a human herd book, like all the rest of their bulbous-headed plans, is sheer nonsense, indecent, in bad taste, and discloses only their ignorance and desire to get in the limelight. It is high time to shut them off.

### Another Liar Pilloried.

The Argonaut has had occasion from time to time to bestow such chastisement as is in its power upon the shabby reformers of the "purity" type who are unaccountably able to collect audiences of San Franciscans in order to hear their own city vilified. These impudent rascals usually come from the East. They use their smug pieties to secure welcome and hospitality, which they then repay by the slanders which seem to come so copiously from their unclean minds. A certain amount of contemptuous toleration is perhaps due even to such guests as these, and especially at a time when discrimination between rogues and honest men is not easy. But when Californians begin to emulate this nasty work it is time to speak plainly and even warningly.

The latest offender is a person named Bascom Johnson, who is described in the report as a Berkeley attorney, and who took advantage of some silly assembly known as the Congress of Reforms to describe San Francisco as the "Mecca of the Underworld." Mr. Johnson seems to have followed the usual procedure in such matters and to have made himself fully, and doubtless congenially, familiar with such social offal as may be found in the nooks and corners of all great cities. After the usual invented statistics he proceeded to attack the Exposition for its vice, and he then remarked that "San Francisco remains one of the few large cities in the country to support the prostitute." The whole speech, so far as it is reported, seems to be one long tissue of lies, as are all such speeches. The one remark that has been quoted is not only a lie, but a silly and a senseless lie, and known to be such by the speaker and by most of those who heard him. But there seems to have been no attempt to conduct Mr. Johnson to the horse trough.

Now we should like to draw some pointed attention to the fact that this tirade and others of a like kind that have preceded it was delivered in the Civic Auditorium, a building belonging to the city and constructed at the public expense. Presumably it was placed freely at the service of these offensive people, who then proceeded to denounce their hosts in language that would be unwarrantable if it were applied to Sodom and Gomorrah. Therefore it becomes appropriate to ask the city authorities how long they will allow this scandal to continue, and if there are any limits to the hospitality that they will offer to disreputable persons eager to secure notoriety by the most evil forms of slander. What must be the judgment of the world at large, of the thousands of visitors now in the city, on so abject a spectacle as this? Can we be surprised if it be taken as a public confession and heralded as such?

To speak of persons like this Johnson and his predecessors as fanatics would be inaccurate. They are not fanatics, or they would be entitled to the forbearance usually extended to the feeble-minded. The audience

was presumably composed of the feeble-minded, since only the feeble-minded would be present at such a gathering except through inadvertence, but no such excuse can be made for the speakers, who for the most part are mere vicious mountebanks eager to secure a notoriety that they could never earn by honest work and who would be equally ready to espouse any cause whatsoever that promised it to them. But when these speakers are Californians and therefore in a position to measure their own falsehoods, it seems to be an occasion not so much for protest as for the lash. It is an occasion also for some definite challenge to the managers of the Civic Auditorium, who are responsible for the administration of a public property and who seem to use that responsibility for the exposure of the public to shame and humiliation.

### Our Contention with Great Britain.

If the phrase "freedom of the seas" means anything at all it is the duty of the United States, the leading neutral country of the world, to resist with the whole of its powers the attempts which Britain and Germany are making to rewrite the rules of maritime warfare. Both these countries are endeavoring to set up new principles on the plea that new times justify new practices. Each of several proposed new rules jeopardizes foundation principles, hence it becomes the business of neutral nations as guardians of the future to take firm stand against these changes now sought to be enforced. It is charged by the partisans of Germany that we are taking a more positive course towards that country than towards Britain. Viewed superficially, this charge is not without a certain basis. But the truth is that Britain is in a stronger position, diplomatically speaking, than Germany. Moreover, we are proceeding against Britain merely for technical robbery, while we are proceeding against Germany for murder. One country has estopped our commerce on the high seas; the other has killed our citizens.

We have further to reckon with the fact that British diplomacy has, in the language of the street, put one over on us in citing the record of some of our own performances in time of war on the high seas. It has for the moment embarrassed the Washington State Department and practically silenced the American press. Very few and very weak are the editorial discussions of the last British note. Even the pro-German press has had little to say. But the assumption—very widely held—that the British position is unanswerable is a too-hurried concession to an argument which under analysis is seen to be stronger in appearance than in reality. The attempt to draw a parallel between British seizure of American ships, laden with foodstuffs consigned to neutral European ports, and the American seizure of the British merchantman *Springbok*, in 1863, fails under critical examination, and Washington's rejoinder to Britain will no doubt point it out.

The *Springbok* was a British ship sailing out of London with a cargo consigned to Nassau, but admittedly designed for a Confederate blockaded port. She was to stop at Nassau and either transship or proceed to run the blockade herself. The cargo in a large part consisted of material for the Confederate army, goods that by all rules would be considered contraband. A Union warship seized her on the first leg of her journey, 150 miles east of Nassau. She, under the doctrine of "continuous voyages," was held to be a good prize. Had she been seized on the last leg of the journey there would have been no controversy; obviously she would have been a good prize. And that, in that particular case, was all there was to the so-called new doctrine.

The judgment of the United States Supreme Court adverse to our own government, in what are known



the Matamoras cases, furnishes a more exact parallel, demonstrating that what we are asking of Great Britain is no more than we conceded to her when we were a belligerent and she a neutral. The *Peterhoff* case is typical of this group. The *Peterhoff* was a British merchant steamer which cleared from London for Matamoras, Mexico, with mixed cargo, containing artillery harness and other goods obviously destined for the Confederate army. She was to unload the goods on lighters "off the Rio Grande, Gulf of Mexico, for Matamoras;" and thence, it was shown, they were to be taken up the river. The Union warship *Vanderbilt* seized her February 25, 1863, near St. Thomas, on the charge that her business was unlawful, since trade with Matamoras was unlawful by reason of the Union blockade of the Rio Grande; and that, if this was not the case, the ulterior destination of the cargo was the rebellious State of Texas. The Supreme Court of the United States held that:

The mouth of the Rio Grande was not included in the blockade of the ports of the rebel states, and neutral commerce with Matamoras, except in contraband, is free. Neutral trade to or from a blockaded country by inland navigation or transportation . . . is lawful; therefore trade between London and Matamoras, even with intent to supply, from Matamoras, goods to Texas, violated no blockade, and can not be declared unlawful. . . . Such trade, with unrestricted inland commerce between such a port and the enemy's territory, impairs undoubtedly, and very seriously impairs, the value of a blockade of the enemy's coast. But in cases such as that now in judgment we administer the public laws of nations, and are not at liberty to inquire what is for the particular advantage or disadvantage of our own or another country.

The judgment segregated the cargo into contraband and non-contraband and held that the contraband portion should be condemned, but in that class it put only the obviously military material. The court said:

It is true that even these goods, if really intended for sale in the market of Matamoras, would be free of liability, for contraband may be transported by neutrals to a neutral port, if intended to make part of its general stock in trade. But there is nothing in the case which tends to convince us that such was their real destination, while all the circumstances indicate that these articles, at least, were destined for the use of the rebel forces then occupying Brownsville and other places in the vicinity.

It is to be noted that in the pending controversy there are two distinct subjects. These are very confused in the notes, making it difficult to determine precisely upon which the British contention is based. These subjects are: (1) the rules of contraband, and (2) the rules of blockade. In the first is involved the right, which Britain asserts, of a belligerent, by its own declaration, to make anything contraband. "Food stuffs," wrote Lord Salisbury during the Boer war, "with a hostile destination can be considered contraband of war only if they are supplies for the enemy's forces. It is not sufficient that they are capable of being so used; it must be shown that this was in fact their destination at the time of the seizure." But here there is no proved hostile destination, but a record neutral destination, and Britain now attempts to throw the burden of proof as to the innocence of the cargo and destination on the owners, in place of on the seizing government.

Again, Lord Granville, British foreign secretary, in a note to M. Waddington, February 27, 1885 (French-Chinese war), declared that the British government could not admit that provisions could be treated as contraband of war merely because they were consigned to a belligerent port—not a neutral port, bear in mind.

But Britain, tacitly admitting the recent departure from the earlier rules, stands on her right to declare contraband whatever she deems should be declared contraband, which means she stands for making war on commerce and trade. She pleads in justification that we extended the rules of contraband and rules of blockade to suit ourselves in our Civil War. Since it never has been determined just how far the rights of a belligerent go in declaring contraband, and since it always has been in dispute in modern war, it might be well for this government to accept the British proposal to submit at least this portion of the question to an international tribunal.

In that portion of the controversy involving the rules of blockade we are on stronger and Britain on weaker grounds. There is uncertainty regarding the creation of what may be termed "constructive contraband," but no uncertainty regarding enemy's commerce with foreign countries through neutral ports if

the circumstances render such an application of the principles of blockade the only means of making it effective. Britain avoids saying directly that it is a real blockade she is maintaining. She cites the *Springbok* case, not so much in justification of seizures as in justification of putting new interpretations on old rules, in extending the law of blockade, for in the *Springbok* case we extended the law and wrote in the new doctrine of "continuous voyages."

The whole matter gets down to this: Great Britain, because we extended the law of blockade by applying a common-sense interpretation called the doctrine of "continuous voyages," seeks further extensions of the rules both of contraband and blockade, her extensions going to the extent of establishing new and heretofore not recognized principles, particularly the principle of a constructive blockade.

#### The Seamen's Bill.

The sale of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's fleet is now an accomplished fact, although we were told by defenders of the seamen's bill that the danger was an imaginary one and that there was no real intention to transfer these ships. The Dollar Line has already hauled down the American flag, the Great Northern steamships have similarly abandoned an impossible task, and some of the Eastern and Lake lines are preparing to go out of business. A foreign war could not have swept the seas more successfully. A fleet of hostile submarines would have been less destructive. If it should be necessary to send troops to Hawaii during the coming winter and no army transport should be available we should doubtless be able to persuade a Japanese line to oblige us in the matter. There would be no other way.

It is natural that there should be indignation at so wanton and needless an outrage at a time when business depression and extraordinary crises everywhere should have dictated a conservative and cautious prudence. It is not merely a single trade that has been injured. We are used to that. But the merchant marine, such as it was, might be counted as a national asset for which all parties were supposed to be solicitous and which all parties were pledged to sustain. We may remember also that the effects of this monstrous bill were clearly foreseen. Congress was implored to reject it and the President to veto it, but in spite of all warnings and demonstrations the legislative torpedo was deliberately launched.

At the same time we may usefully take to ourselves some of the censure—indeed no small part of it—for this latest disaster to our commerce. An obsequious deference to labor-union demands has indeed become a habit with the President and with Congress, but it is no less a habit with ourselves. What was done in Washington upon a large scale is done daily on a small scale in a score of cities in America, and notably in San Francisco. Surrender to labor unionism has become automatic and instinctive, and with an almost incredible apathy we have grown used to the destruction of trade after trade and to the persistent terrorism of capital. Within the last four years over four hundred factories have been driven from San Francisco by labor-union decree, and within three months the city lost contracts to the value of \$22,000,000 because labor-union rules forbade their acceptance.

With such a record as this we may almost regard ourselves as *particeps criminis* in the dynamiting of the merchant marine. We may be said to have given our sanction to the principle that labor unionism must have whatever it asks for, and have it at once. Actually there is no difference, except in magnitude, between the destruction of a factory and the destruction of a steamship line or a dozen steamship lines. As a matter of fact the seamen's bill was born in San Francisco, and it must have found the atmosphere a friendly one. It received the *imprimatur* of Mr. Gompers, and it was then taken in charge by Mr. La Follette, to whom it naturally commended itself for its destructive qualities. Thus sponsored, its passage was certain, and it now remains to us somewhat ruefully to gather up the fragments and to wonder where next the lightning will strike.

We are now told that the act is to be amended and that its objectionable features will be removed, and this before it has even gone into operation. As an example of legislative fatuity we may doubt if this has a parallel anywhere. Nothing whatever has happened except the foreseen and the inevitable. Nothing

can now be done to remedy the mischief that has ensued. And, moreover, there is not the slightest guaranty that in some form or other it will not be repeated, as of course it will be.

#### Mayor Rolph as a Defier of the Law.

San Francisco, in the recent course of her municipal history, has had many things to blush for. We have suffered injuries and shames until the gamut of humiliation has seemed complete. But until just now the crimes done against San Francisco by her officials have been open delinquencies, very mean and contemptible, without pretensions in the name of virtue. Mayor Schmitz was frankly a scoundrel and Mayor McCarthy frankly a ruffian. There was no attempt to identify their moral delinquencies with patriotic spirit or public service. But now comes Mayor Rolph, guilty of an act more demoralizing than the open crimes of his predecessors. Posing as a defender of the rights and privileges of "the people," as represented in public ownership of the Municipal Street Railway system, he has refused to obey the mandate of the law, as defined and ordered by its duly constituted authorities. He has put the law into contempt, or tried to do it, by insisting upon his own interpretation of it, in the face of a judicial order contrawise. He has done this, not in an emergency, but at a time when there is no call for heroics and in connection with a relatively trivial matter. He has done it, not because there was any occasion in public necessity to do it, but because an election is coming on and because the situation gives him opportunity for a cheap campaign pose.

When any man or any official may set himself up as an interpreter of the law, there must speedily come a time when there is no law. Precisely this is what happened in Mexico some three or four years ago, and the fruit of it is what is now happening in Mexico. The law having been disenthroned, every man is a law unto himself, which means nothing more nor less than social chaos. It is bad enough in all conscience when individual citizens turn traitors to the law. The case becomes a hundred times worse when a sworn officer of the law makes himself the agent of a movement whose inevitable effect must be that of universal demoralization.

Mr. Rolph, mayor of San Francisco, is not much of a man. But even so cheap a man ought to know, as surely he does know, that in defying an order of court, and in posing as a martyr to the "people's cause," he is acting the part not only of a cheap criminal, but of a vulgar demagogue.

All this quite apart from the merits of the controversy between the Municipal Railroad and the United Railroads. As to the rights or wrongs of this controversy, the *Argonaut* has small knowledge and no opinion. Our system affords agencies for the determination of such differences, and it is the duty of every citizen—very solemnly the duty of the mayor of the city—to obey whatever orders the courts may give. Any other course tends to destruction of the foundations of society.

#### Leo Frank.

It would perhaps be too severe—at least it would be premature—to say that the murder of Leo Frank has removed Georgia from the family of civilized communities and relegated it to the social status of Haiti. We have still to learn the extent to which this crime will be repudiated by the people, the extent to which it represented the public sentiment. But it may be said that the facts, so far as they are now known, are of the worst kind.

We need not discuss the guilt or innocence of this victim of mob violence. Most people have made up their minds upon that point, nor does it now actually matter. But the shameful concomitants of the whole business do matter, and even if Frank were guilty they are none the less a disgrace to Georgia. It is indisputable that this man was tried by a crowd of courtroom bullies, and not by a jury. When his sentence was ultimately commuted it was found necessary to guard the residence of the governor with barbed-wire entanglements. Frank was then murderously assaulted in prison. And now, in his mutilated and shattered state, he is dragged forth by a mob and summarily hanged. Nothing that has happened in Belgium is more horrid and cruel than this. It looks very much as though Georgia should be quarantined.

To a certain extent it is within her power to redeem



herself, but she will have to do it quickly. Every man who participated in the attack upon the jail should be found and hanged. It can be done if there is a will to do it. If it is not done it is because there is no will to do it.

Probably Georgia is unaware of the disgust that this murder will evoke throughout the country. Moral degeneracy does not readily appreciate the reality of a moral sentiment, but it is possible that a vigorous and general protest will convince her that she is standing at the bar. And it is still within her power to mitigate a verdict that is already being formed in the national conscience.

#### Simon Benson of Oregon.

A few years ago Simon Benson was a hard-working and only an intermittently prosperous "logger" of Columbia County, Oregon. The editor of the *Argonaut* well remembers the time when there was a modest limit to Mr. Benson's credit in the one general merchandise store in the village of St. Helen's. Benson was a man of moral hardihood, and he had a good headpiece. He saw what others did not see, that there was coming a day, not very remote, when "timber land" would have high commercial value. Whenever he got five hundred dollars beyond his immediate necessities he bought standing timber. Today Simon Benson is many times a millionaire—a magnate, if you please, and one of magnitude. Now when the ordinary man of plain history and simple habits finds himself possessed of millions he turns tail upon all his traditions, and in the process he usually loses balance and stability of character. Not so with Simon Benson. He did not buy a yacht or a private car, nor set up a stable of race-horses, nor betake himself to champagne and high society. He was just the same Simon Benson that he was before, with the same sense of the realities of life, with the same spirit of responsibility, the same simplicity of personal habit. He did not set up as a superfine gentleman or pose as a patron of art or a devotee of sports. He looked about with an intelligent eye, and under the inspirations of a sound-hearted human sympathy for ways in which the millions at his disposal might be employed to better the conditions about him. He gave to Portland a fine hostelry, with this limitation, namely, that there should be no bar in it. He set up all over Portland drinking fountains for man and beast. A lover of beauty in its best sense, he sought to open up the beauty spots of Oregon and make them available; and to that end he gave his judgment and his genius for administration, with goodly sums of ready money, to the opening up of roads. Now, still in the vigor of life, Mr. Benson is not so much a patron as a co-operator in every good enterprise in Oregon. Really Mr. Benson seems to be neglecting his opportunities. Here he is, active in wholesome works, apparently content in habitual simplicity of life, when he might be climbing his way into society, buying a seat in the United States Senate, demoralizing councils and legislatures by bribes and cajoleries, and training his children in license, idleness, arrogance, and social insolence.

#### Editorial Notes.

Since talk is cheap, there is no especial harm in the movement, if it may be so called, to induce the national Republican party to hold its 1916 convention at San Francisco. But it won't be done, and ought not to be done. A convention at San Francisco would be a convention half full of proxies, and this is not a time when the Republican party can afford to proceed upon such a basis. The convention ought to be held, and no doubt will be held, at the point of most common convenience, to the end that it shall be a really representative body. The interests of the party are too great and the time is too critical for such an experiment as a convention at San Francisco would be. Those who are urging the San Francisco project are wasting their time.

Of course nobody has expected anything other or better than autocratic government in China, whether the system assume one name or another. In a country enormous in extent, with a population reckoned by hundreds of millions, without modern transportation, without organized agencies of information, a country whose people have only the most rudimentary conception of coöperative government, republican institutions are impracticable. If China in the present state of her social organization—or disorganization—is not to fall

into the pit of social and political chaos, and thus become the helpless prey of cormorant nations, her affairs must be conducted by a centralized and practically arbitrary authority. Probably the best thing, or the only thing practicable in the present situation, is the assumption by somebody of imperial power, and it matters little whether he calls himself by the name of president, king, emperor, or what not. Yuan Shai Kai appears to be a strong man, and a man rather more than less under the inspirations of patriotic spirit. At any rate he is the man of the hour, and the hour demands a definite exercise of a positive authority. In all likelihood the latest step of Yuan Shai Kai has saved China from the confusions and disorders of political demoralization.

#### THE THEATRE OF WAR.

A sudden shift of wind has carried the storm centre from France and Russia to the Balkans, and we may yet find that inasmuch as Serbia proved the open door to conflict it may also be her lot or that of her neighbors to close it again. Turkey is evidently in sore straits for munitions, and without munitions she can not hold the Dardanelles or Constantinople. The forcing of the Dardanelles would mean not only that Russia could clasp hands with her Allies, but it would mean the precipitation of the Balkans *en masse* into the Homeric struggle. Not one among these powers could look unmoved upon the expulsion of the Turks from Europe, and we may take it as fairly certain that if Turkey should be forced to ask for terms the answer would be unconditional surrender. On the other hand a Turkish success means the continued separation of Russia from the west and it means continued hesitancy on the part of Bulgaria, Roumania, and Greece. These are the reasons for the large Allied reinforcements that have been sent to Gallipoli and for the presence on the Servian frontier of a Teuton army of 400,000 men. And this accounts for the presence among the Servians of British guns and gunners. One man in Gallipoli is worth five men in the trenches of France and Flanders.

The Balkan States, we are told, are frankly mercenary. They will fight for the highest bidder and for their own interests. How horrible! What else are any of the nations fighting for? For the Holy Grail? Or for the beautiful eyes of their neighbors? Bulgaria is quite willing to make a bargain. No one has supposed her to be satisfied with the territorial clauses of the Treaty of Bucharest. She wants the Bulgarian-speaking parts of Macedonia, just as France wants Alsace and Lorraine. She wants Kavalla for a port and she seems likely to get it with Venizelos again in power in Greece. Venizelos urged this session upon King Constantine months ago. He said it would be a "painful sacrifice," but that Greece could make good her loss elsewhere. And if Bulgaria should be satisfied in this respect and were to throw her weight against Turkey it needs no prophetic eye to see the end of Turkey. Roumania, on the other hand, wants to annex Transylvania, once more a reasonable proposition, seeing that Transylvania is largely inhabited by Roumanians. But then Transylvania contains also a Magyar population, and the Magyars live in that part of Transylvania which lies next to Roumania. But any attempt to understand the tangle of Balkan interests and politics must be a long and a grievous one, as must be the case where half a dozen nations seem to prefer to live in each other's hack yards and then to demand the annexation of the hack yards.

There can not be much doubt that the sympathies of most of the Balkan peoples and of Greece are with the Allies. Roumania has refused to allow the transit of German munitions across her territory into Turkey. If Germany should force her way across Serbia she would cross also Bulgaria in order to reach the Black Sea, and this would probably produce a consolidation of the Balkans against her. But if Germany should succeed in doing this it would certainly mean the end of the Dardanelles campaign. The stakes are enormous and we are likely to know within a few days to whom they will go. The Servian minister to Italy was probably right when he said that actually Bulgaria does not wish war at all, but that if Germany should now make a serious attack upon Serbia, Roumania would have to come forward to prevent herself from being cut off from Europe, and that when Roumania moves Bulgaria will have to move, too. If Serbia should yield to Bulgarian demands for the abrogation of the Treaty of Bucharest she will probably be offered Bosnia and Herzegovina, as well as an outlet to the Adriatic, and this would certainly prove an enormous temptation. But we have still to ask ourselves what Italy would say to such an arrangement. In the meantime we may note that the crux of the whole situation is now in the Dardanelles and the victor will have gained an advantage that it would be hard to exaggerate.

The situation in the west has now been stale, and doubtless stinking, for months. The only signs of a vigorous activity have been around Verdun, where the crown prince has been attacking with some success, as success is now counted in this particular field of war. Verdun is only thirty-five miles from Paris on the edge of the Argonne Forest. The German line includes Varennes, Etain, and St. Mihiel, and it commands the Toul-Verdun Railway and the Meuse. At the same time trains are still running regularly from Paris to Verdun, and there are said to be few signs in the town of besieging armies. It is this railroad line that

the crown prince has been attacking, and the reports show that he has gained a total of about a mile after a good deal of attack and counter attack. In his address to his army published in the *Saarbrücker Volkszeitung* the crown prince says: "In ten months' heavy and sanguinary fighting we have repelled the tenacious and brave enemy southward line for line and trench for trench. By victorious assaults against a position strongly constructed by the enemy, you, my troops in the Argonne, have shown that, though the great war situation on the western front generally imposes the defensive upon us still, we are capable, when necessary, of delivering vigorous blows against the French." In the northern part of the field there seem to be steady arrivals of British troops, which may be taken to indicate that the munitions difficulty is slowly solving itself. This may also be taken as evidence of an expectation of a renewed German offensive or at least of a preparation for such an eventuality. But the sudden concentration around the Dardanelles seems to show that we must look here for such immediate developments as there may be.

The reports of a peace offer made by Germany to Russia must be taken *cum grano salis*. No one claimed that such offers were official, while the terms that were quoted were obviously impossible. None the less, as the *New York Evening Post* remarks, "the thing is in the air." And there are a dozen ways in which it can get into the air without official authority, but none the less with official consent. Germany would naturally like to detach an enemy, and she may have thought that her magnificent successes in the east would justify a *ballou d'essai*. It is noteworthy that Germany is now allowing her people to discuss peace and that some of her newspapers are adopting a tone that they would certainly not have been allowed to adopt a few months ago. The most remarkable of these utterances are to be found in the *Zukunft*, edited by that erratic genius, Maximilian Harden, who says openly that if Bismarck had been alive there would have been no war between Germany and England and hinting pretty strongly that Bismarck could have stopped the war before now. And of course this is true. It is one of the tragical facts of the day that at the present moment there is no single statesman of the front rank on the European stage. Everywhere we see mediocrities, but nowhere the flame of genius.

It seems a little too early to estimate the actual value of the submarine either as a weapon of attack or for the establishment of a blockade. It is true that nearly every day brings its report of vessels destroyed, but thanks to the modern habit of reading only headlines, the fact is overlooked that a great many of the craft are only trawlers of trifling value and with no powers of speed or of defense. It is now six months ago since the German admiralty announced the blockade of British ports, but this has proved to be so ineffective that British imports actually increased to the extent of 100,000 tons during the first five months of the blockade. The vessels destroyed amount to less than one-half of one per cent of the total British shipping, while the total tonnage thus destroyed is 211,000. At the same time we may note that the total shipping tonnage under construction in British yards at the end of June was 1,500,000.

A new weapon of offense is invariably followed by a corresponding method of defense, and we may be quite sure that the submarine will not be allowed to become the mistress of the seas. The first mate of the *Discoverer*, which reached San Francisco last week, reported the employment of trawlers by the British government for the capture of submarines. These trawlers are described as hunting in couples, dragging between them a steel net several hundred yards long. Now it would certainly be uncomfortable for a submarine that had pushed its nose into such a net, but one is inclined to wonder why any submarine should do so foolish a thing, since the trawlers must be clearly in sight and their task an obvious one. Moreover, a net of any competent size would be much too heavy to drag. There is no doubt that nets have been used for the defense of harbors and probably of stationary ships, and it is said that a net has been stretched across the Channel from Dover to Calais for the protection of troop ships, but we may doubt if submarines can be caught like fish either with a drag net or by hook and line. The aeroplane still holds the palm for the detection of the submarine, and the gunshot or the bomb for its destruction. It is reported that the British government is about to launch a large number of motor boats of great speed and lightly armed and that these boats will scour the water in every direction in search of submarines. The weak points of the submarine are its slow speed and its need to rise to the surface to discover its whereabouts and its prey. A lightly armed motor boat should be its most effective enemy.

Another new enemy that is certain to be neutralized is the poison gas. Now we have never been able to understand why the so-called rules of war should permit us to blow the insides out of our enemies, or transfix them with bayonets, while forbidding us to choke them with gases. Personally one is somewhat inclined to favor the gases, but since no one takes any notice of rules of war we need hardly discuss the ethics of the matter. The Russians were the first to discover that poison gases can be evaded by the simple expedient of burning petroleum in front of their ranks and so creating a volume of heated air that would carry the gases upward. Now comes Sir Hiram Maxim with an incendiary bomb which is to be fired on the path of the advancing gas and which will have the same effect in heating the air. Chlorine gas, he says, at one atmosphere of pressure, is two and a half times as heavy as air, but it quickly becomes mixed with air and therefore loses much of its gravity.



easily be carried aloft. From Paris comes the report of a new poison gas discovered by Professor Berthelot and which he calls cyanhydric. The name suggests some sort of prussic or hydrocyanic acid, and its proud discoverer announces that it is instantly fatal and that it has already been employed with surprising successes. But it is not probable that poison gases have any military future. Their use is too uncertain, depending as it does upon the wind, which is proverbially fickle, although neutral and impartial. Already there are stories of sudden veers of wind that have swept back these gases into the faces of those who liberated them.

Recent dirigible raids have tended to confirm the impression that these vast machines are actually little more than murderous toys and utterly useless for purposes of real war. The last Zeppelin raid upon England resulted in the deaths of eight women, four children, and one man, and the man was not even a soldier. Indeed there is no evidence that the Zeppelins have ever yet killed a single soldier anywhere or produced so much as a military headache. Nor do they seem to frighten any one who is worth frightening. To bombard unfortified cities from the air is a wanton atrocity, a crime that would be despised by an Apache, and it is a crime of which both sides have been repeatedly guilty. The dirigible aviator can aim at nothing because of the height at which he must fly. He is merely an aerial devil, as are all aviators who attack unmilitary positions.

In reproaching the British army for its apparent inactivities it is perhaps as well to remember that all the Allied forces in Flanders and France are under the command of General Joffre. The British forces have no more independence of command—except such as may be accorded by courtesy—than it they were divisions of the French army. The British authorities may have shown an extraordinary dilatoriness and unreadiness, as indeed they have, but so far as their movements in the field are concerned the decisions rest, not with General French, but with General Joffre.

The total losses of the war are still affording employment to ingenious statisticians. The *New York Independent*, basing its conclusions on reports of relief organizations, gives the total numbers of killed, wounded, and missing as 9,365,000. The respective totals are as follows:

|                           |           |
|---------------------------|-----------|
| Russia . . . . .          | 3,600,000 |
| France . . . . .          | 1,560,000 |
| Great Britain . . . . .   | 465,000   |
| Belgium . . . . .         | 260,000   |
| Servia . . . . .          | 228,000   |
| Montenegro . . . . .      | 28,000    |
| Italy . . . . .           | 19,000    |
| Germany . . . . .         | 1,650,000 |
| Austria-Hungary . . . . . | 1,355,000 |
| Turkey . . . . .          | 200,000   |

But these estimates are not of any great value. This particular table gives the Russian prisoners and missing as 800,000 and they must certainly be more than this, even if we allow a margin for exaggerations or duplication in the German claims. The same table gives the total Teuton prisoners and missing as 450,000, which is probably excessive. At the same time it gives the total British losses at 465,000, whereas the prime minister stated at the end of July that the total losses were 330,995 made up of killed 61,384, wounded 196,620, missing 63,885, and naval total 9106. The present British losses may be roughly estimated at about 1100 men a day. The Dardanelles alone have accounted for 49,238 up to the end of July. These British figures do not include German Southwest Africa, but there the losses on both sides were very small.

SIDNEY CORYN.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 18, 1915.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### "Finished Up and Laid Away."

BERKELEY, August 16, 1915.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: Thank you, Mr. Argonaut, thank you, for the especially neat and thorough manner in which you finished up and laid away the few remains of "Billy" Sunday which Dr. Aked had left. The astonishing part of the whole business has been that ninety-nine other ministers should be so destitute of ordinary Christian charity as to almost unanimously condemn a brother minister in abusive terms because he had a mind of his own and did not think as they did. He happened to think right and they wrong, hence their anger. "Billy" Sunday is, I am credibly informed, the possessor of a good-sized fortune. Is it not time now for him to retire and leave the circus field to others who have been less fortunate in fooling the people and gathering in the shekels?

FRANCES CROSS.

Coal mining and the coal trade generally in California lay little claim to importance among the industries of the state, particularly since the beginning of the present century, when the production of petroleum began to exert so powerful an influence on the fuel consumption of the Pacific Coast. From 1910 to 1912, inclusive, the coal production of the state was only a little more than 10,000 tons in each year; in 1913 work was resumed on the Stone Cañon properties in Monterey County, and the production increased to 24,839 short tons, valued at \$84,073. The output of 1914, however, showed an appreciable decrease. The only other production in 1914 was from the lone mines, in Amador County.

Nathan Strauss has presented his steam yacht, the *Siguna*, to the provisional executive committee for general Zionist affairs of the Federation of American Zionists to relieve the general distress prevailing as a result of the war, particularly in the Holy Land.

## "BLOW UP WITH THE BRIG!"

### The Tale of the Sole Survivor of the "Good Intent."

I have got an alarming confession to make. I am haunted by a ghost. My ghost is the ghost of a bedroom candlestick.

Here are the particulars, as well as I can put them: I was apprenticed to the sea when I was about as tall as my own walking-stick; and I made good enough use of my time to be fit for a mate's berth at the age of twenty-five years.

It was in the year eighteen hundred and eighteen or nineteen—I am not quite certain which—that I reached the before-mentioned age of twenty-five. You will please excuse my memory not being very good for dates, names, numbers, places, and such like. No fear, though, about the particulars I have undertaken to tell you of; I have got them all shipshape in my recollection; I can see them at this moment as clear as noon-day in my own mind.

Well, in eighteen hundred and eighteen or nineteen, when there was peace in our part of the world—and not before it was wanted, you'll say—there was fighting of a certain scamping, scrambling kind going on in that old battlefield which we seafaring men know by the name of the Spanish Main.

The possessions that belonged to the Spaniards in South America had broken into open mutiny and declared for themselves years before. There was plenty of bloodshed between the new government and the old; but the new one had got the best of it, for the most part, under one General Bolivar—a famous man in his time, though he seems to have dropped out of people's memories now. Englishmen and Irishmen, with a turn for fighting and nothing particular to do at home, joined the general as volunteers; and some of our merchants here found it a good venture to send supplies across the ocean to the popular side. There was risk enough, of course, in doing this; but where one speculation of the kind succeeded it made up for two, at least, that failed.

Among the Englishmen who were concerned in this Spanish-American business, I, your humble servant, happened, in a small way, to be one.

I was then mate of a brig belonging to a certain firm in the city, which drove a sort of general trade, mostly in queer, out-of-the-way places, as far from home as possible; and which freighted the brig in the year I am speaking of with a cargo of gunpowder for General Bolivar and his volunteers. Nobody knew anything about our instructions when we sailed except the captain, and he didn't half seem to like them. I can't rightly say how many barrels of powder we had on board, or how much each barrel held. I only know we had no other cargo. The name of the vessel was the *Good Intent*—a queer name enough, you will tell me, for a vessel laden with gunpowder and sent to help a revolution. And, as far as this particular voyage was concerned, so it was.

The *Good Intent* was the craziest old tub of a vessel I ever went to sea in, and the worst found in all respects. She was two hundred and thirty or two hundred and eighty tons burden, I forget which; and she had a crew of eight, all told—nothing like as many as we ought by rights to have had to work the brig. However, we were well and honestly paid our wages, and we had to set that against the chance of foundering at sea, and, on this occasion, of being blown up into the bargain.

In consideration of the nature of our cargo, we were harassed with new regulations, which we didn't at all like, relative to smoking our pipes and lighting our lanterns; and, as usual in such cases, the captain, who made the regulations, preached what he didn't practice. Not a man of us was allowed to have a bit of lighted candle in his hand when he went below, except the skipper, and he used his light when he turned in, or when he looked over his charts on the cabin-table, just as usual.

This light was a common kitchen candle, or "dip," and it stood in an old, battered, flat candlestick, with all the japan worn and melted off, and all the tin showing through.

Well (I said "well" before, but it's a word that helps a man on like), we sailed in the brig and shaped our course, first for the Virgin Islands in the West Indies; and after sighting them we made for the Leeward Islands next, and then stood on due south, till the lookout at the masthead hailed the deck and said he saw land. That land was the coast of South America. We had had a wonderful voyage so far. We had lost none of our spars or sails, and not a man of us had been harassed to death at the pumps. It wasn't often that the *Good Intent* made such a voyage as that, I can tell you.

I was sent aloft to make sure about the land, and I did make sure of it. When I reported the same to the skipper he went below and had a look at his letter of instructions and the chart. When he came on deck again he altered our course a trifle to the eastward—I forget the point on the compass, but that don't matter. What I do remember is that it was dark before we closed in with the land. We kept the lead going, and hove the brig to in from four to five fathoms water, or it might be six—I can't say for certain. I kept a sharp eye to the drift of the vessel, none of us know-

ing how the currents ran on that coast. We all wondered why the skipper didn't anchor; but he said "No," he must first show a light at the foretop masthead, and wait for an answering light on shore. We did wait, and nothing of the sort appeared. It was starlight and calm. What little wind there was came in puffs off the land. I suppose we waited, drifting a little to the westward, as I made it out, the best part of an hour before anything happened; and then, instead of seeing the light on shore, we saw a boat coming toward us, rowed by two men only.

We hailed them, and they answered, "Friends!" and hailed us by name. They came on board. One of them was an Irishman, and the other was a coffee-colored native pilot, who jabbered a little English.

The Irishman handed a note to our skipper, who showed it to me. It informed us that the part of the coast we were off was not over safe for discharging our cargo, seeing that spies of the enemy (that is to say, of the old government) had been taken and shot in the neighborhood the day before. We might trust the brig to the native pilot; and he had his instructions to take us to another part of the coast. The note was signed by the proper parties, so we let the Irishman go back alone in the boat and allowed the pilot to exercise his lawful authority over the brig. He kept us stretching off from the land until noon the next day—his instructions, seemingly, ordering him to keep us well out of sight of the shore. We only altered our course in the afternoon, so as to close in with the land again a little before midnight.

This same pilot was about as ill-looking a vagabond as I ever saw; a skinny, cowardly, quarrelsome mongrel, who swore at the men in the vilest broken English, until they were every one of them ready to pitch him overboard. The skipper kept them quiet, and I kept them quiet, for the pilot being given us by our instructions, we were bound to make the best of him. Near nightfall, however, with the best will in the world, I was unlucky enough to quarrel with him.

He wanted to go below with his pipe, and I stopped him, of course, because it was contrary to orders. Upon that he tried to hustle by me, and I put him away with my hand. I never meant to push him down, but somehow I did. He picked himself up as quick as lightning, and pulled out his knife. I snatched it out of his hand, slapped his murderous face for him, and threw his weapon overboard. He gave me one ugly look, and walked aft. I didn't think much of the look then, but I remembered it a little too well afterward.

We were close in with the land again, just as the wind failed us, between 11 and 12 o'clock that night, and dropped our anchor by the pilot's instructions.

It was pitch dark, and a dead, airless calm. The skipper was on deck with two of our best men for watch. The rest were below, except the pilot, who coiled himself up, more like a snake than a man, on the forecabin. It was not my watch until 4 o'clock in the morning, but I didn't like the look of the night, or the pilot, or the state of things generally, and I shook myself down on deck to get my nap there, and be ready for anything at a moment's notice. The last I remember was the skipper whispering to me that he didn't like the looks of things either, and that he would go below and consult his instructions again. That is the last I remember before the slow, heavy, regular roll of the old brig on the ground-swell rocked me off to sleep.

I was awakened by a scuffle on the forecabin and a gag in my mouth. There was a man on my breast and a man on my legs, and I was bound hand and foot in half a minute.

The brig was in the hands of the Spaniards. They were swarming all over her. I heard six heavy splashes in the water, one after another. I saw the captain stabbed to the heart as he came running up the companion, and I heard a seventh splash in the water. Except myself, every soul of us on board had been murdered and thrown into the sea. Why I was left I couldn't think until I saw the pilot stoop over me with a lantern and look to make sure of who I was. There was a devilish grin on his face, and he nodded his head at me, as much as to say: *You* were the man who hustled me down and slapped my face, and I mean to play the game of cat and mouse with you in return for it!

I could neither move nor speak, but I could see the Spaniards take off the main hatch and rig the purchases for getting up the cargo. A quarter of an hour afterward I heard the sweeps of a schooner, or other small vessel, in the water. The strange craft was laid alongside of us and the Spaniards set to work to discharge our cargo into her. They all worked hard except the pilot, and he came from time to time with his lantern to have another look at me, and to grin and nod always in the same devilish way. I am old enough now not to be ashamed of confessing the truth, and I don't mind acknowledging that the pilot frightened me.

The fright, and the bonds, and the gag, and the not being able to stir hand nor foot, had pretty nigh worn me out by the time the Spaniards gave over work. This was just as the dawn broke. They had shifted a good part of our cargo on board their vessel, but nothing like all of it, and they were sharp enough to be off with what they had got before daylight.

I need hardly say that I had made up my mind by this time to the worst I could think of. The pilot, it was clear enough, was one of the spies of the enemy, who had wormed himself into the confidence of our



consignees without being suspected. He, or more likely his employees, had got knowledge enough of us to suspect what our cargo was; we had been anchored at night in the safest berth for them to surprise us in, and we had paid the penalty of having a small crew, and consequently an insufficient watch. All this was clear enough; but what did the pilot intend to do with me?

On the word of a man, it makes my flesh creep now, only to tell you what he did with me.

After all the rest of them were out of the brig except the pilot and two Spanish seamen, these last took me up, bound and gagged as I was, lowered me into the hold of the vessel, and laid me along on the floor, lashing me to it with ropes' ends, so that I could just turn from one side to the other, but could not roll myself fairly over so as to change my place. They then left me. Both of them were the worse for liquor; but the devil of a pilot was sober—mind that!—as sober as I am at the present moment.

I lay in the dark for a little while with my heart thumping as if it was going to jump out of my mouth. I lay about five minutes or so, when the pilot came down into the hold alone.

He had the captain's cursed flat candlestick and a carpenter's awl in one hand, and a long thin twist of cotton yarn, well oiled, in the other. He put the candlestick with a new "dip" candle lighted in it down on the floor about two feet from my face and close against the side of the vessel. The light was feeble enough, but it was sufficient to show a dozen barrels of gunpowder or more left all around me in the hold of the brig. I began to suspect what he was after the moment I noticed the barrels. The horrors laid hold of me from head to foot, and the sweat poured off my face like water.

I saw him go next to one of the barrels of powder standing against the side of the vessel in a line with the candle, and about three feet, or rather better, away from it. He bored a hole in the side of the barrel with his awl, and the horrid powder came trickling out as black as hell, and dripped into the hollow of his hand, which he held to catch it. When he had got a good handful he stopped up the hole by jamming one end of his oiled twist of cotton yarn fast into it, and he then rubbed the powder into the whole length of the yarn until he had blackened every hair's breadth of it.

The next thing he did—as true as I sit here, as true as the heaven above us all—the next thing he did was to carry the free end of his long, lean, black, frightful slow-match to the lighted candle alongside my face. He tied it (the bloody-minded villain!) in several folds around the tallow dip, about a third of the distance down, measuring from the flame of the wick to the tip of the candlestick. He did that; he looked to see that my lashings were safe, and then he put his face close to mine and whispered in my ear: "Blow up with the brig!"

He was on deck again the moment after, and he and the two others shoved the hatch on over me. At the farthest end from where I lay they had not fitted it down quite true, and I saw a blink of daylight glimmering in when I looked in that direction. I heard the sweeps of the schooner fall into the water—splash! splash! fainter, as they swept the vessel out into the dead calm, to be ready for the splash in the offing. Fainter and fainter, splash, splash, for a quarter of an hour or more. While these sounds were in my ears my eyes were fixed on the candle. It had been freshly lit. If left to itself, it would burn for between six and seven hours. The slow-match was twisted around it about a third of the way down, and therefore the flame would be about two hours reaching it. There I lay, gagged, bound, lashed to the floor; seeing my own life burning down with the candle by my side. There I lay, alone on the sea, doomed to be blown to atoms, and to see that doom drawing on, nearer and nearer with every fresh second of time, through nigh on two hours to come; powerless to help myself, and speechless to call for help to others. The wonder to me is that I didn't cheat the flame, the slow-match, and the powder, and die of the horror of my situation before the first half-hour was out in the hold of the brig.

I can't exactly say how long I kept the command of my senses after I had ceased to hear the splash of the schooner's sweeps in the water. I can trace back everything I did and everything I thought up to a certain point; but once past that I get all abroad, and lose myself in my memory now, much as I lost myself in my own feelings at the time.

The moment the hatch was covered over me I began, as every other man would have begun in my place, with a frantic effort to free my hands. In the mad panic I was in I cut my flesh with my lashings as if they had been knife-blades, but I never stirred them. There was less chance still of freeing my legs or of tearing myself from the fastenings that held me to the floor. I gave in when I was all but suffocated for want of breath. The gag, you will please to remember, was a terrible enemy to me; I could only breathe freely through my nose, and that is but a poor vent when a man is straining his strength as far as ever it will go.

I gave in and lay quiet, and got my breath again, my eyes glaring and straining at the candle all the time.

While I was staring at it the notion struck me of trying to blow out the flame by pumping a long breath at it suddenly through my nostrils. It was too high

above me, and too far away from me, to be reached in that fashion. I tried, and tried, and tried; and then I gave in again, and lay quiet again, always with my eyes glaring at the candle, and the candle glaring at me. The splash of the schooner's sweeps was very faint by this time. I could only just hear them in the morning stillness. Splash! splash!—fainter and fainter—splash! splash!

Without exactly feeling my mind going, I began to feel it getting queer as early as this. The snuff of the candle was growing taller and taller, and the length of tallow between the flame and slow-match, which was the length of my life, was getting shorter and shorter. I calculated that I had rather less than an hour and a half to live.

An hour and a half! Was there a chance in that time of a boat pulling off to the brig from the shore? Whether the land near which the vessel was anchored was in possession of our side or in possession of the enemy's side I made out that they must, sooner or later, send to hail the brig merely because she was a stranger in those parts. The question for me was, how soon? The sun had not risen yet, as I could tell by looking through the chink in the hatch. There was no coast village near us, as we all knew before the brig was seized, by seeing no lights on the shore. There was no wind, as I could tell by listening, to bring any strange vessel near. If I had six hours to live there might have been a chance for me, reckoning from sunrise to noon. But with an hour and a half, which had dwindled to an hour and a quarter by this time—or, in other words, with the earliness of the morning, the uninhabited coast, and the dead calm all against me—there was not the ghost of a chance. As I felt that I had another struggle—the last—with my bonds, and only cut myself the deeper for my pains.

I gave in once more, and lay quiet, and listened for the splash of the sweeps.

Gone! Not a sound could I hear but the blowing of a fish now and then on the surface of the sea and the creak of the brig's crazy old spars as she rolled gently from side to side with the little swell there was on the quiet water.

An hour and a quarter. The wick grew terribly small as the quarter slipped away, and the charred top of it began to thicken and spread out mushroom shape. It would fall off soon. Would it fall off red-hot, and would the swing of the brig cast it over the side of the candle and let it down on the slow-match? If it would, I had about ten minutes to live instead of an hour.

This discovery set my mind for a minute on a new tack altogether. I began to ponder with myself what sort of a death blowing up might be. Painful? Well, it would be surely too sudden for that. Perhaps just one crash inside me, or outside me, or both, and nothing more! Perhaps not even a crash; that, and death, and the scattering of this living body of mine into millions of fiery sparks, might all happen in the same instant! I couldn't make it out; I couldn't settle how it would be. The minute of calmness in my mind left it before I had half done thinking, and I got all abroad again.

When I came back to my thoughts, or when they came back to me (I can't say which), the wick was awfully tall, the flame was burning with a smoke above it, the charred top was broad and red and heavily spreading out to its fall.

My despair and horror at seeing it took me in a new way, which was good and right, at any rate, for my poor soul. I tried to pray—in my own heart, you will understand, for the gag put all lip-praying out of my power. I tried, but the candle seemed to burn it up in me. I struggled hard to force my eyes from the slow, murdering flame, and to look up through the chink in the hatch at the blessed daylight. I tried once, tried twice, and gave it up. I next tried only to shut my eyes, and keep them shut—once—twice—and the second time I did it. "God bless old mother, and sister Lizzie; God keep them both, and forgive me." That was all I had time to say, in my own heart, before my eyes opened again, in spite of me, and the flame of the candle flew into them, and burned up the rest of my thoughts in an instant.

I couldn't hear the fish blowing now; I couldn't hear the creak of the spars; I couldn't think; I couldn't feel the sweat of my own death-agony on my face. I could only look at the heavy, charred top of the wick. It swelled, tottered, bent over to one side, dropped—red-hot at the moment of its fall—black and harmless even before the swing of the brig had canted it over into the bottom of the candlestick.

I caught myself laughing. Yes, laughing at the safe fall of the bit of wick! But for the gag I should have screamed with laughing. As it was, I shook with it inside me—shook till the blood was in my head, and I was all but suffocated for want of breath. I had just sense enough left to feel that my own horrid laughter at that awful moment was a sign of my brain going at last. I had just sense enough left to make another struggle before my mind broke loose, like a frightened horse, and ran away with me.

One comforting look at the blink of daylight through the hatch was what I tried for once more. The fight to force my eyes from the candle and to get one look at the daylight was the hardest I had had yet; and I lost the fight. The flame had got hold of my eyes as fast as the lashings had hold of my hands. I

couldn't look away from it. I couldn't even shut my eyes, when I tried that next for the second time. There was the wick growing tall once more. There was the space of unburned candle between the light and the slow-match shortened to an inch or less.

How much life did that inch leave me? Three-quarters of an hour? Half an hour? Fifty minutes? Twenty minutes? Steady! An inch of tallow candle would burn longer than twenty minutes. An inch of tallow! The notion of a man's body and soul being kept together by an inch of tallow! Wonderful! Why, the greatest king that sits on a throne can't keep a man's body and soul together, and here's an inch of tallow that can do what the king can't! There's something to tell mother when I get home which will surprise her more than all the rest of my voyage put together. I laughed inwardly again at the thought of that, and shook, and swelled, and suffocated myself, until the light of the candle leaped in through my eyes and licked up the laughter and burned it out of me, and made me all empty, and cold, and quiet once more.

Mother and Lizzie! I don't know when they came back, but they did come back—not, as it seemed to me, into my mind this time, but right down bodily before me in the hold of the brig.

Yes, sure enough, there was Lizzie, just as light-hearted as usual, laughing at me. Laughing? Well, why not? Who is to blame Lizzie for thinking I'm lying on my back drunk, in the cellar, with all the beer barrels around me? Steady! she's crying now—spinning round and round in a fiery mist, wringing her hands, screeching out for help—fainter and fainter, like the splash of the schooner's sweeps. Gone!—burned up in the fiery mist. Mist? Fire? No; neither one nor the other. It's mother makes the light—mother knitting with ten flaming points at the ends of her fingers and thumbs, and slow-matches hanging in bunches all around her face instead of her own gray hair. Mother in her old arm-chair, and the pilot's long, skinny hands hanging over the back of the chair, dripping with gunpowder. No! No gunpowder, no chair, no mother—nothing but the pilot's face, shining red-hot, like a sun, in the fiery mist; turning upside down in the fiery mist; running backward and forward along the slow-match in the fiery mist; spinning millions of miles in a minute in the fiery mist—spinning itself smaller and smaller into one tiny point, and that point darting on a sudden straight into my head, and then all fire and all mist—no hearing, no seeing, no thinking, no feeling—the brig, the sea, my own self, the whole world, all gone together!

\* \* \* \* \*

After what I've just told you, I know nothing and remember nothing till I woke up (as it seemed to me) in a comfortable bed, with two rough-and-ready men, like myself, sitting on each side of my pillow and a gentleman standing watching me at the foot of the bed. It was about seven in the morning. My sleep (or what seemed like my sleep to me) had lasted better than eight months. I was among my own countrymen in the Island of Trinidad—the men at each side of my pillow were my keepers, turn and turn about—and the gentleman standing at the foot of my bed was the doctor. What I said and did in those eight months I never have known, and never shall. I woke out of it as if it had been one long sleep—that's all I know.

It was another two months or more before the doctor thought it safe to answer the questions I asked him.

The brig had been anchored, just as I had supposed, off a part of the coast which was lonely enough to make the Spaniards pretty sure of no interruption, so long as they managed their murderous work quietly, under cover of night.

My life had not been saved from the shore, but from the sea. An American vessel, becalmed in the offing, had made out the brig as the sun rose; and the captain having his time on his hands in consequence of the calm, and seeing a vessel anchored where no vessel had any reason to be, had manned one of his boats and sent his mate with it to look a little closer into the matter and bring back a report of what he saw.

What he saw, when he and his men found the brig deserted and boarded her, was a gleam of candle-light through the chink in the hatchway. The flame was within a thread's breadth of the slow-match when he lowered himself into the hold; and if he had not had the sense and coolness to cut the match in two with his knife before he touched the candle, he and his men would have been blown up with the brig as well as me. The match caught and turned into sputtering red fire in the very act of putting the candle out; and if the communication with the powder barrel had not been cut off, the Lord only knows what might have happened.

What became of the Spanish schooner and the pilot I have never heard from that day to this.

As for the brig, the Yankees took her, as they took me, to Trinidad and claimed their salvage, and got it, I hope, for their own sakes. I was landed just in the same state as when they rescued me from the brig—that is to say, clean out of my senses. But please to remember, it was a long time ago; and, take my word for it, I was discharged cured, as I have told you. Bless your hearts, I'm all right now, as you may see. I'm a little shaken by telling the story, as is only natural—a little shaken, my good friends, that's all.—From *Tales of Wilkie Collins*.



## THE STORY OF A NURSE.

Adele Bleneau Relates Some Experiences in European Field Hospitals.

A distinguished officer, General M—, had been wounded. Gossip said it was the work of a spy. However it may have been, this gallant soldier had received a very painful and serious injury and there was great anxiety among the staff. But all this was as nothing when the word went round that General Joffre himself was coming to pay his wounded general a visit. There was much speculation among the nurses as to whether we would be able to catch a glimpse of him. I decided that in all probability there would be very little chance of my having even a peep, although I had been detailed as one of the nurses on the case. Great was my surprise when an orderly came to fetch me, saying that the doctor wanted to speak to me in General M—'s room and added in a breathless whisper, "General Joffre himself is there."

When I went in they were discussing some phase of the case and the doctor said, "Here is the nurse; she will be able to tell us." The patient insisted on having General Joffre shown his wound. It was a childish wish, but then fever often plays strange tricks with us. To humor him, the doctor began loosening some of the bandages. As he was doing so I had a minute in which to look at the celebrated general. I saw a man of moderate height, broad of shoulders and wide of girth. His gray mustache and overhanging brows gave his face something of sternness, but somehow I felt that his severe calmness was rather a pose—a masque—he had adopted. I remembered that some one had said of him that he was the "master of his fate and the captain of his soul." He looked it.

"Ah, general," said the wounded man, looking up at him, "if I had been as strict with myself as you have, as moderate in smoking and drinking, and kept those good early hours that you keep, I should be much more likely to pull through quickly."

"My dear boy," the general replied, "you are all right and it is just a question of a few weeks' care and patience. Patience," he repeated with sincere tenderness in his voice, for the wounded man had been with him during many campaigns in Africa and Madagascar.

It was getting late when he left the room, and he had many kilometers to go, but he insisted on walking through the hospital and saying a word to each of the men there, alluding to them as "*mes braves petits soldats*." In one of the beds there was a Scotchman. The general spoke to him and said: "You are one of the men the Germans call 'Hollenweiber' (laddies from hell). Quick as a flash the Scot answered: "That's a great compliment, sir. It shows that they think we fight like devils," at which the general laughed good-humoredly.

For the last few days I had been doing extra work in the German prisoners' ward. Some way they came to know that I was from America, which made them eager to chat with me—in fact, so eager that it was only with difficulty I prevented it interfering with my work. One especially—he was, I should think, about thirty-five years old—a non-commissioned officer of the Landwehr who had risen to a lieutenantcy. He did not look at all like a typical German officer nor were his mental processes that of this class. Of course his patriotism did not permit him to harbor any doubt of his country's ultimate success, but neither did he hide his desire for an early peace.

"You know," he said to us as we changed his dressings and gave him his treatment, "Germany does not aspire to reduce France to vassalage," and when the orderly said something about Alsace-Lorraine, he answered that there might be some sort of an exchange arranged—France take back Alsace-Lorraine and Germany receive compensation in colonies. "We are so misunderstood," he repeated constantly. "Germany did not want war now—now or at any time, but realized when she saw France's three years' military service in full swing and when Russia had built her endless system of strategic railroads, with the help of French money, that Germany would be between the upper and nether mill stone." . . . And as for German atrocities, he admitted them, but vehemently laid the blame at the door of the Bavarians, who, to quote his own words, "were an obviously inferior people." . . .

To get to the German ward I could go outdoors, through a court, and pass in by a French window. I often did this, as it gave me a breath of air. It was twilight, but the lamps had not yet been lighted; rubber-soled shoes made my approach noiseless, and as I came upon the little group of German prisoners I heard one of them say:

"Russia will want peace in the early summer, and France will seize the first possible opportunity to abandon the struggle, which will leave Germany free to fight it out with her true enemy—England." At which one of them picked up his glass—he was taking a tonic that was a little like Dubonnet and which gave an excuse for a toast—but instead of the cheery "Prosit" which the German usually uses, he looked solemnly into the faces of his comrades, blinking like an owl, and said with an unmistakable vibration of hate in his voice, "God punish England!" And the others, with equal feeling, responded, "God punish her!"

I was amazed at this. I had never heard it before, and frankly said so. They assured me that in place of the time-honored *Auf Wiedersehen*, one often now hears this even as a leave-taking. It originated with the officers and men in the field, but now all over Germany it was said with sincerity and earnestness.

I was always interested in their point of view, for the three who had remained with us owing to the condition of their wounds, were educated and representative Germans. Apart from their hatred of England, frankly expressed, they were courteous, agreeable gentlemen. One was a Bavarian nobleman whose taste was evidently luxurious, for when he came to us his buttons, cigarette box, and wrist-watch, everything except the inevitable plain gold bangle, were literally encrusted with enamel, diamonds, and rubies. As I approached he raised his left arm, bending his wrist with a quick motion quite characteristic, and looking at his watch, said sharply—for the desire to command was so innate that to separate him from it would have been to separate his soul from his body—"You are a little late, nurse."

"Did you fear I had forgotten you?" I asked, without really thinking what I was saying.

"The Germans fear God and nothing else," he answered quickly.

His tone was a little aggressive. I stopped for a second and looked at him. There he sat, propped up in bed with pillows, a heavy handsome type of his class, a prisoner of war, and yet—the whole thing struck me as too funny for words, and I began to laugh. He evidently saw the humor of the situation himself, and laughed also.

"*Ach, du bist ein schönes madchen!*" he said, using the familiar and friendly "thou." "Forgive me," he added, "and tell me the news." They were forever eagerly asking for news.

"Well," I said, "Kitchener has his extra million men. That ought to please you."

"Well, it doesn't make me sad," he replied, "because we know that for all their drumming and advertisement, Kitchener can not get the men, and the English won't tolerate conscription. In fact, it is too late for that now, as it would be a confession of failure; and besides, what will you do with a million men without officers? We know how long it takes to train an officer—they do not. As for the French, I am sorry for them," he said. "Poor devils! They would like to make peace in time. But you know," he gravely assured me, "English troops are drawn up behind them all along the line, which is a constant threat if they should attempt to give way. Why," and he raised up eagerly, "England has even threatened to bombard their ports if they do."

"A good beating will be England's salvation," added one of the others. "Think of the effect on future generations of Englishmen, when they ask why some parts of London are so much more beautiful and better built than the rest! The answer will be that that part is superior because Germany rebuilt it when it was destroyed by the Germans in the great war."

The seriousness with which this was said proved too much for my risibles. I was sorry, but I could not help it. I simply had to laugh.—From "The Nurse's Story," by Adele Bleneau. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Like the rabbit in Australia and the English sparrow in America, the muskrat, imported to Bohemia in 1905, has become a nuisance—even a dangerous pest. It was taken to Bohemia from this country, and since its introduction on the estates of Prince Colloredo-Monnsfeld has distributed itself over the area within 100 miles of Dobruška, near Prague, where it was first liberated. It has followed the course of the Elbe and Moldau rivers and their tributaries, and it is reported that it has even reached some of the tributaries of the Danube. Evil traits have developed of which it was apparently innocent in its native habitat. Streams in this region are controlled by dams and grassed banks, and fish culture in the ponds formed by the dams is a leading industry. The carp raised in these ponds form a very important part of the food supply of the country, but the muskrat undermines both the dams and banks so that they cave in, allowing the water to escape and with it the fish. It is also stated that it works havoc among the river crabs and mussels, the former furnishing a large food supply and the latter the shell which supports important industries. Further, it catches fish, disturbs their feeding and spawning and, when other food is insufficient, it eats growing grain and vegetables and destroys the eggs of both wild and domestic fowl.

The great industry of Venice is that of meeting the demands of tourists. The movements of the foreigner, as they are skillfully guided and directed by a host of competent experts, are not difficult to forecast. It is known that if the foreigner arrives at the railroad station he will take a gondola to his hotel. He may travel in the ferryboat or on foot all the rest of the time, to save money, but when he arrives he will take a gondola, so that he may casually mention in writing home that he stepped directly from the train into a luxurious gondola. Knowing this peculiarity, the municipality of Venice keeps tab on the gondola traffic from the railroad station as a sort of gauge of prosperity.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## El Vaquero.

Tinged with the blood of Aztec lands,  
Sphinx-like, the tawny herdsman stands,  
A coiled reata in his hands,  
Devoid of hope, devoid of fear,  
Half brigand, and half cavalier—  
Tbis helot, with imperial grace,  
Wears ever on his tawny face  
A sad, defiant look of pain.  
Left by the fierce iconoclast,  
A living fragment of the past—  
Greck of the Greeks he must remain,  
—Lucius Harwood Foote.

## My Orient.

Spellbound beside the languid stream,  
Breathing the lotus balms,  
I lie amid the ferns and dream  
Of Oriental palms.  
  
Where now, with most ungainly strides,  
The lazy heron feeds,  
Methinks the sacred ibis hides  
Among the river reeds.

The sunbeam's golden arrows fall  
About me in the grass;  
I hear the midges' bugle-call  
To combat, as they pass.

I see the emmetts' pyramid,  
And watch their caravans,  
Like camels on the march amid  
Sahara's desert sands.

One horseman dashes o'er the plain,  
One stands beside the gate;  
Al Hassan seeks the camel train,  
While Mahmoud lies in wait.

An aged sheik, with wrinkled brows,  
Sits in the evening sun,  
And gathers dates from oaken boughs,  
As I perhaps have done.

The silent twilight bour draws near,  
The crescent gleams in air,  
And I, expectant, wait to hear  
Muezzin's call to prayer.

—Lucius Harwood Foote.

## When You and I Were Young, Maggie

I wandered today to the hill, Maggie,  
To watch the scene below;  
The creek and the creaking old mill, Maggie,  
As we used to long ago.  
The green grove is gone from the hill, Maggie,  
Where first the daisies sprung;  
The creaking old mill is still, Maggie,  
Since you and I were young.

And now we are aged and grey, Maggie,  
And the trials of life nearly done;  
Let us sing of the days that are gone, Maggie,  
When you and I were young.

A city so silent and lone, Maggie,  
Where the young and the gay and the best,  
In polished white mansions of stone, Maggie,  
Have each found a place of rest,  
Is built where the birds used to play, Maggie,  
And join the songs that were sung,  
For we sang as gay as they, Maggie,  
When you and I were young.

They say I am feeble with age, Maggie,  
My steps are less sprightly than then,  
My face is a well-written page, Maggie,  
But time alone was the pen.  
They say we are aged and gray, Maggie,  
As sprays by the white breakers flung;  
But to me you're as fair as you were, Maggie,  
When you and I were young.

—George W. Johnson.

## To the Skylark.

Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!  
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?  
Or while the wings aspire, are heart and eye  
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?  
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,  
Those quivering wings composed, that music still!

To the last point of vision, and beyond  
Mount, darling warbler!—that love-prompted strain  
—Twist thee and thine a never-failing bond—  
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain:  
Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege! to sing  
All independent of the leafy Spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;  
A privacy of glorious light is thine,  
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood  
Of harmony, with instinct more divine;  
Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam—  
True the kindred points of Heaven and Home.

—William Wordsworth.

## Har-Ma-Khu.

## THE SPHINX.

To hold eternal vigil o'er the place,  
By Ghiza's royal tomb it couchant lies  
Beneath the solemn arch of Egypt's skies—  
A nameless type of terror and of grace.

The toil and torment of a patient race,  
Thou must have seen with fixed and stony eyes—  
Have heard their hapless moans, their helpless cries,  
With that same tranquil and impassive face.

The seal of silence on thy lips is laid,  
The myths are dumb, tradition gropes in vain  
To solve the voiceless records of the dead;  
And while the broken tablets fall and fade,  
Defied by thee, the ages wax and wane,  
And baffled Time goes by with noiseless tread.

—Lucius Harwood Foote.

Hans Pfitzner, the well-known German composer and conductor, has gone to the front.



## ROBERT E. LEE.

## The Publication of Confidential Dispatches Adds a New Chapter to History.

Fame is too often a fleeting thing, lasting a few brief years—and often the revelations of time show that it has been wrongly bestowed. But time has produced the opposite effect, in the case of General Robert E. Lee, upon whose career new and creditable light has been shed by the publication of "Lee's Confidential Dispatches to Davis."

The downfall of their cause did not diminish the love—almost the adoration—with which General Lee was held by the people of the South. And in the North, save among the rancorous-minded, he excited admiration by his superb military ability and his high personal qualities. This love and admiration will be enhanced by the volume in question, which not only emphasizes the soldierly qualities, but the endearing personality of the Southern leader.

There is mystery attached to these letters and dispatches, now published for the first time. Douglas Southall Freeman, editor of the letters, says in his introduction to the volume:

Of the history of the dispatches in this collection, neither the owner nor their editor has been able to gather anything of consequence. Most of the letters and many of the telegrams are in the autograph of General Lee, some are in the familiar handwriting of Charles Marshall, Walter H. Taylor, and others of his staff, some are merely copies made at the receiving telegraph office or transcribed at the War Department for the use of President Davis. They are written on papers of all sorts, from the fine, thin, blue English paper which General Lee seemed to prefer to the coarse "Confederate gray" made in the South during the war. Many of the telegrams are on the printed form of the telegraph company. The letters are contained in one substantial volume of post-bellum binding, the telegrams in another similar volume. In this form they were purchased of a well-known Southern writer by their present owner, W. J. de Renne, of Wormsloe, Chatham County, Georgia, an historian and collector to whose patient and discriminating labor the South owes a debt not yet fully appreciated. How these letters came into the possession of the gentleman from whom Mr. de Renne bought them can not be ascertained at this time; how they happened to be collected can only be surmised from internal evidence. The editor thinks it certain, however, that these letters and telegrams were from a file kept by President Davis himself. This seems reasonable because: (1) most of the letters, and practically all those of importance, were addressed directly to Mr. Davis and show no evidence of having passed through the hands of other persons, (2) those addressed to the War Department are represented in this collection by copies rather than by originals and are generally marked "for the information of the President," (3) letters sent by Mr. Davis to other executive officers for their use bear indorsements indicating their return to Mr. Davis.

Lee was almost unknown when he took command of the Southern army. His promotion was resented, and there were cabals against him. He went calmly ahead, met defeat, began to gain victories, and achieved fame. He was at the apex of his glory early in 1863—and it to be noted that reverses he met later neither cast him down nor diminished the esteem in which he was held. The editor refers in his introduction to the volume to Lee's best days:

Chancellorsville was the first important engagement of that year and was in line with what had gone before. It cost him Jackson—more valuable than any victory could have been—but it added to his fame. There was about that fight in the wilderness something sinister and demoralizing to his enemies, something fascinating even today (September, 1914), when armies greater than those Lee ever dreamed of commanding are battling for the future of a continent. To the Federals Chancellorsville meant more than the defeats of 1861 or 1862. They had not been too hopeful of the raw regiments they had sent during the early days of the war to battle with men trained to the saddle and raised with a musket in their hands. But by 1863 the Federals had hoped that lessons learned in blood would be remembered in bravery and that their troops would withstand the assaults of the Southern host. Instead, when they had clashed in the pines and underbrush and had drawn back for breath, the thunders broke at twilight and fresh troops, sprung as it seemed from the ground, assailed them in flank and rear. No wonder Washington became discouraged when the reports stated that the first intimation the Federals had of Jackson's approach was the wild scamper across the quiet camp of the rabbits driven from their shelters by the silent Confederates. Congressmen and editors began to ask if naught could stop the "rebel," whose armies grew stronger with every battle.

One of the attributes of General Lee brought out strongly in this volume is high courage under adversity and criticism. It seemed impossible to discourage him, to make him turn on his traducers, or to make him lose faith in his army and its absolute ultimate success. He wrote to President Davis under date of July 31, 1863:

Your note of the 27th enclosing a slip from the Charleston *Mercury* relative to the battle of Gettysburg is read. I much regret its general censure upon the operations of the army, as it is calculated to do us no good either at home or abroad. But I am prepared for similar criticism & as far as I am concerned the remarks fall harmless. I am particularly sorry, however, that from partial information & mere assumption of facts that injustice should be done any officer, & that occasion should be taken to asperse your conduct, who of all others are most free of blame. I do not fear that your position in the confidence of the people can be injured by such attacks, & I hope the official reports will protect the reputation of every officer. These can not be made at once, & in the meantime as you state much falsehood may be promulgated. But truth is mighty & will eventually prevail. As regards the article in question I think it contains its own contradiction. Although charging Heth with the failure of the battle, it expressly states that he was absent, wounded. The object of the writer & publisher is evidently to cast discredit upon the operations of the govt and those connected with it & thus to gratify feelings more to be pitied than envied. To take notice of such attacks would I think do more harm than good, & would be just what is desired. The delay that will necessarily occur in receiving official reports

has induced me to make for the information of the Dept a brief outline of operations of the army, in which however I have been unable to state the conduct of troops or officers. It is sufficient to show what was done & what was not done. No blame can be attached to the army for its failure to accomplish what was projected by me, nor should it be censured for the unreasonable expectations of the public—I am alone to blame, in perhaps expecting too much of its prowess & valour. It however in my opinion achieved under the guidance of the Most High a general success, though it did not win a victory. I thought at the time that the latter was practicable. I still think if all things could have worked together it would have been accomplished. But with the knowledge I then had, & in the circumstances I was then placed, I do not know what better course I could have pursued. With my present knowledge, & could I have foreseen that the attack on the last day would have failed to drive the enemy from his position, I should certainly have tried some other course. What the ultimate result would have been is not so clear to me. Our loss has been very heavy, that of the enemy's is proportionately so. His crippled condition enabled us to retire from the country, comparatively unmolested. The unexpected state of the Potomac was our only embarrassment. I will not trespass upon your Excellency time more. With prayers for your health & happiness, & the recognition by your gratified country of your great services,

I remain truly & sincerely yours,  
R. E. LEE.

Even the lack of coöperation on the part of the War Department could not discourage Lee to the extent of making him slacken his own efforts. In this and other letters he draws Davis's attention to the army's crying need for supplies:

For some days back we have been only able to get sufficient corn for our animals from day to day. Any accident to the railroads would cut short our supplies. I directed Col. Corley to make this representation to the Qr. Mr. Genl. today; he has returned & says Genl. Lawton is doing everything he can, but can not provide more than about 2000 bushels per day. We require 3200 bushels daily for all our animals—I think it is clear that the railroads are not working energetically & unless some improvement is made, I do not know what will become of us. I am therefore obliged to appeal to your Excellency as reluctant as I am to trespass upon your time & attention. I beg that every exertion may be made, not only to supply our daily wants, but to lay up something for future use. Our existence depends upon every ones exerting themselves at this moment to the utmost.

On July 5, 1864, Lee writes urgently to Davis on the need of cavalry horses, and makes practical and interesting suggestions as to how their lack may be supplied:

The subject of recruiting and keeping up our cavalry force has occupied much of my thoughts, especially since the opening of the present campaign. The enemy is numerically superior to us in this arm, and possesses greater facilities for recruiting his horses and keeping them in serviceable condition. In the several engagements that have taken place between the cavalry of the two armies I think great loss has been inflicted upon him, but it has been attended with a diminution of our force which we were less able to bear. Could I sweep his cavalry from the field, or preserve a fair proportion between its numbers and our own, I should feel that our present situation was in a measure secure. But in view of the disparity that exists, and the difficulty of increasing or even maintaining our force, I can not but entertain serious apprehensions about the safety of our southern communications. Should we be unable to preserve them, I need not point out the consequences. . . . It has also occurred to me that horses at least for artillery service could be obtained on the northern and western borders of Va. by the system of exchange which is now being successfully carried on for subsistence. If good agents were selected and sent to the western and northwestern parts of the state, with the authority to exchange cotton and tobacco for horses, the facilities for carrying on the traffic would be greater than that in articles of more difficult transportation, and at the present prices of these commodities in the North, the profits would be a great temptation, and insure the success of the experiment. I think if anything is to be done, now is our most favorable opportunity. I hope your Excellency will be able to devise some means of obtaining an increase of our supply of horses, and recruiting our cavalry, as upon that in a great measure I believe depends the issue of the campaign of Va.

In these days aeroplane scouts keep the commanders well informed as to the location, movements, and activities of the foe. It was different in the Civil War days, when a general was compelled to "guess" his enemy, to base his movements on what the other fellow might be doing. Here is an interesting illustration of this, contained in a letter written from headquarters, near the Spottsylvania Courthouse, on May 9, 1864:

I think that the best way to operate against the force on James River is to attack its communications, if it can not be driven off by main force. I do not know what can be effected with our gunboats, but am satisfied that some light artillery and sharpshooters operating from the side of the river in our possession can make the enemy very uneasy about his transportation. The night attack on Gen. McClelland's transports at Harrison's Landing is represented by him to have caused him embarrassment while his army lay there. His transports were taken down to the broad part of the river and brought up to be unloaded by night. In the narrow part of the stream, where the enemy's shipping now lies, one or more batteries of light artillery, and some picked sharpshooters, could do a great deal of damage. They could also operate below on vessels ascending the river. Sharpshooters could be effectively used at night, as the enemy would be obliged to use lights in loading and unloading his vessels. I believe that an active and vigilant officer with a good command could alarm the enemy very much for the safety of his communications, and might cause him to withdraw. I thought it probable that the force of the enemy south of James River was much exaggerated. I could not see from what source he could obtain the large army he was represented to have, as I believe he nearly exhausted his resources in the case to fill up the Army of the Potomac.

We have succeeded so far in keeping on the front flank of that army, and impeding its progress, without a general engagement, which I will not bring on unless a favorable opportunity offers, or as a last resort. Every attack made upon us has been repelled and considerable damage done to the enemy. With the blessing of God, I trust we shall be able to prevent Gen. Grant from reaching Richmond, and I think this army could render no more effectual service. Some of the prisoners who seem disheartened, say that since the movement began, assurances were given that the army of Gen. Grant would be reinforced by forty thousand men from the West. They may have only given this out to encourage the

men, but it has occurred to me that if the enemy should not deem his progress satisfactory, he might draw troops from the West. I trust that Gen. Johnston will watch carefully for such a movement. We could not successfully resist a larger force than that to which we are opposed, and it is of the first moment that we should have timely information of any increase. I submit these suggestions to your Excellency, and am confident that nothing in your power will be omitted that can promote our success.

While such censorship as has prevailed in the past year was not dreamed of during the Civil War, General Lee saw the necessity of regulating the newspapers to some extent:

I omitted to mention in my note just written the importance of warning our papers not to allude even by implication to the movements of our troops. I have just learned that the correspondent of the *Inquirer* is aware of Gen. Early's movements but had written to his paper not to publish it. As secrecy is an important element of Gen. Early's expedition, I beg that your Excellency will cause notice to be sent to all newspapers not to allude to any movement, by insinuation or otherwise. Of course it will not do to particularize that movement, as it may not be known. I think it would be well to charge the telegraph operators not to forward a dispatch referring in any way to army movements.

The final letter from Lee to Davis that is contained in this volume was written on April 1, 1865, only a few days before the final disaster, the shadow of which is over the missive:

The movement of Gen. Grant to Dinwiddie C. H. seriously threatens our position, and diminishes our ability to maintain our present lines in front of Richmond and Petersburg. In the first place, it cuts us off from our depot at Stony Creek, at which point forage for the cavalry was delivered by the Weldon R. R., and upon which we relied to maintain it. It also renders it more difficult to withdraw from our position, cuts us off from the White Oak road, and gives the enemy an advantageous position on our right and rear. From this side, I fear he can readily cut both the south side and the Danville Railroads, being far superior to us in cavalry. This in my opinion obliged us to prepare for the necessity of evacuating our position on the James River at once, and also to consider the best means of accomplishing it, and our future course. I should like very much to have the views of your Excellency upon this matter as well as counsel, and would repair to Richmond for the purpose, did I not feel that my presence here is necessary. Should I find it practicable I will do so, but should it be convenient for your Excellency to or the Secretary of War to visit Hd. Qrs. I should be glad to see you. The reported advance of Stoneman from the west, and the movements of the enemy upon the Roanoke, add to our difficulties.

In commenting on this letter the editor of the volume says:

It is a tribute to Southern confidence in General Lee's ability that although he had suggested the evacuation of Richmond in 1864 and had urged preparations to that end certainly from as early as February 25, 1865, the authorities did not take him at his word. The Secretary of War pleaded for more time; the President notified General Lee that removal on the evening of April 2, 1865, would mean "the loss of many valuables, both for the want of time to pack and of transportation." The Southern people could not be made to believe that Lee would be forced to abandon the capital from which he had struck back every assault since the day he took command. Soldiers and civilians alike could not understand that any odds were too great for him or any obstacle insurmountable. . . . When the Federals broke through his weak lines on April 2 he had to notify the President that he would evacuate them the same night. A week later, April 9, his army was surrounded and his brilliant days of warfare were at an end.

The student of history will find much to interest him in these belated data on the Civil War. The letters and dispatches, through filling gaps in the correspondence between Lee and Jefferson, throw light on many events that have hitherto been obscure. Above all, they add to the lustre of Lee's name. There is not a document in the volume that casts any shadow on his steadfastness, his courage, his faith in the cause for which he fought. Lee was always known as a religious man. These letters emphasize this phase of his character. Frequent appeal to and faith in Divine guidance are expressed in a manner that could leave no doubt as to the sincerity of his religious feelings. It is interesting to note that General Lee would not allow personal friendship nor politics to influence his course. More than one instance is cited where he refused promotion to close personal friends and advanced others for the good of the army. The editor has supplemented the letters with copious and interesting notes on the historical and military application of the documents.

LEE'S CONFIDENTIAL DISPATCHES TO DAVIS: 1862-65. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$3.25 net.

Ambrose Swasey, who recently gave \$250,000 to start an Engineering Foundation, which he hopes will do for the allied engineering professions what the Cleveland, Carnegie, Rockefeller, and Sage foundations are doing, lives in Cleveland, Ohio, and has an international reputation as a builder of telescopes. He built the Lick Observatory and is now building the seventy-two-inch reflecting telescope for the Canadian government. He was born at Exeter, New Hampshire, received the usual common-school education of his period, and learned the machinist's trade. It is significant that he never had a technical education, in the sense as now understood. What he learned he acquired in hard, practical work in the shop. He had an amazing facility in comprehending the most minute and painstaking processes of machine construction, and in a very few years he was building machines which did automatically the work which previously had required so much patient hand labor to achieve. One of his earliest inventions of this character, made while he was in Hartford, was a perfected epicycloidal milling machine for producing the true theoretical curves from which cutters for gear-teeth are made.



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## The Rainbow Trail.

Zane Grey concluded her last novel with the interesting situation of a man, a woman, and a little girl who had found refuge from a band of pursuing Mormons in a rock-bound valley where they seemed likely to spend the remainder of their lives. She now gives us a sequel, and if we say that the second part is as good as the first it will be recognized as high praise.

Her hero is a young clergyman named Shefford, who has proved himself a failure in the church and who therefore determines to make a man of himself and to go out to Utah to rescue the little girl whose story he has heard. Shefford acquires himself valorously, and when we leave him he is married to Fay Larkin, who by this time has grown into a lovely young woman.

The story is as good a piece of adventure as one need wish, but perhaps more serious readers will value it as an exposition of early Mormon character. The author seems to have given genuine study to her subject and to be able to present it with justice and sympathy. It would be hard to speak too highly of a thoroughly satisfactory novel, a careful and conscientious piece of work.

THE RAINBOW TRAIL. By Zane Grey. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.35 net.

## The House of Merrilees.

Mr. Archibald Marshall gives us a detective story without a crime, one that centres around a dubious parentage and the ownership of an estate and the whereabouts of a great collection of jewels. But perhaps the most mysterious feature of all is the disappearance of the body of Sir Roderick Bertram, which is actually taken from the death-bed. Of course we guess at once there must be a subterranean chamber somewhere in the old house and that if we can only find the body we shall probably find the jewels, too, and that every one will then get married and live happily ever after, or at least for quite as long as is usual. The story is quite a readable one, although it gives somewhat the impression of having been written by main strength.

THE HOUSE OF MERRILEES. By Archibald Marshall. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.35 net.

## Homeburg Memories.

We can get inexhaustible fun out of the old home town, but it is fun of the kindest sort and with a sentiment to it that is one of the best things in life, if not actually the best. In this volume of delightful humor George Fitch reminds us of some of the main features of Homeburg society, of the great servant question, and the leisure class, and the weekly newspaper, and the marine band, and election time. Homeburg is always self-contained. It looks out tolerantly upon the affairs of the world, upon wars and the shaking down of empires and trivialities of that kind, but all the real news originates in Homeburg itself, where all items have precisely the same news value, due mainly to the fact that every one knows all about them days before the newspaper comes out. Mr. Fitch could leave no better memorial of himself than these humorous and kindly pages.

HOMEBURG MEMORIES. By George Fitch. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25 net.

## Temple Treasures of Japan.

This is an unexcelled handbook and guide to the art treasures in the national temples of Japan. The author describes the principal works of art in the temples of Nara, Kamakura, Kyoto, Koyosan, Nikko, and Tokyo, and his investigations, extending to the imperial palace collections at Kyoto, have been thorough and painstaking. Paintings, scrolls, statues, wood carvings, bronze, and other images, ornaments, utensils, lacquers, fusuma, panel, and ceiling decorations are selected for comment and photographically reproduced. The great artists and sculptors of the past, both Chinese and Japanese, are referred to and their schools and methods of execution pointed out. The book is carefully compiled, copiously illustrated, and teems with instructive information.

It will interest students of Buddhist art to know that the educational department of the Japanese government has recently published in English a limited edition (100 copies) of a work in three folio volumes, entitled "Japanese Temples and Their Treasures." It contains nearly 500 beautiful reproductions on single sheets of the principal temples of Japan with their precious objects of art, many dating from a remote antiquity.

TEMPLE TREASURES OF JAPAN. By Garrett Chatfield Pier. New York: J. P. Sherman; \$2.50.

## New Men for Old.

This decidedly wholesome and well-written story relates the adventures of a young man who supposes himself to be rich, but who finds on the death of his father that he is practically penniless. But Harlan Chandos sets to work in earnest. He secures employment with a firm of advertising contractors and then with a large manufacturing concern.

His advancement seems to be somewhat more rapid than is usually the case, but perhaps the author is exercising no more than his proper prerogative in thus lubricating the wheels. Harlan develops not only fine business capacities, but also a humanitarianism that prompts him to make various reforms, and in fact to become almost an uplifter. And it need hardly be said that he marries his employer's daughter.

The story belongs rather to the class of the commonplace, but it contains some thoroughly good descriptive passages and it is written with obvious sincerity.

NEW MEN FOR OLD. By Howard Vincent O'Brien. New York: Mitchell Kennerly; \$1.25 net.

## Out of Work.

This is a new and enlarged edition of the work that produced so favorable an impression in 1904. But, however favorable the impression, it seems that very little was actually done in the way of organization, and now the conditions that prevailed in the winter of 1914-15 have shown the enlargement of the problem and the pressing need of a strong hand in its solution.

The work is particularly to be commended, not so much for its statement of a grievous situation, but for its presentation of a programme that is alike definite and hopeful. This includes a Federal survey of the whole ground and the establishment of bureaus that shall distribute the load of unemployment. Suitable settlers should be sent to the land and local authorities everywhere should be urged to bestir themselves. Private citizens and existing organizations should also be stimulated to activity with a view to the effective bringing together of the unemployed man and the odd job.

The best that can be said for the book is that it is intelligent, practical, and sincere. It may succeed in stirring the muddy waters of apathy; indeed it is sure to do so to a certain extent, but whether to any effective extent remains to be seen.

OUT OF WORK. By Frances A. Kellor. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50 net.

## The Wayfarers' Library.

E. P. Dutton & Co. are to be congratulated on the first four volumes of their new Wayfarers' Library, as well as on a general scheme that promises to fill an interesting shelf. The scope of the library is to include all kinds of fiction, belles lettres, romance, travel, humor, and outdoors literature. There will be practically no classics, but the best of the modern writers, such as Bernard Shaw, George Gissing, W. Clark Russell, Thomas Hardy, Hilaire Belloc, and Barry Pain.

The four volumes already issued are: "The Widow Woman," by Charles Lee; "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft," by George Gissing; "Prophecy, Priests, and Kings," by A. G. Gardiner, and "The Lore of the Wanderer," by George Goodchild. The volumes are slim and light, easily pocketed and well printed, neatly bound, and with a colored frontispiece. Price, 40 cents each.

## Gossip of Books and Authors.

"Michael O'Halloran," the new novel by Gene Stratton-Porter, was published by Doubleday, Page & Co. on August 17th.

George Herbert Perris, author of "The Campaign of 1914 in France and Belgium," published by Henry Holt & Co., is said to have given in this work by far the fullest and most valuable account yet had of the war on the western front. For one thing, he has absolute knowledge whereof he writes.

The Houghton Mifflin Company announce that more than twice as many copies of "K," Mary Roberts Rinehart's new novel, were sold before publication than were sold together of either the "Street of Seven Stars" or "The After House." This is surely a remarkable record in the face of the European war and the general reaction in the book business, and is convincing evidence of Mrs. Rinehart's steadily growing popularity.

The Macmillan Company will publish early in the fall an important book on the military policy of the United States. The author is Frederic L. Huidekoper and the title of the volume "The Military Unpreparedness of the United States." The work represents a vast amount of research and study.

President Wilson's recent book, "When a Man Comes to Himself," is reported in the August number of the *Bookman* to have been the best-selling book in the United States, other than fiction, for the month of July. The use of "When a Man Comes to Himself" as a gift has been noticed since it first appeared, and recently a new edition of the book has been brought out, bound in limp leather. One of President Wilson's previous books, "A Life of George Washington," has recently come out in a new edition. Both of these books are published by Harper & Brothers.

In the British and French air service in the war, according to Claude Grahame-White, the English aeronaut, a premium is placed on speed. A tiny biplane of 160 horsepower,

called the "bullet," has beaten all records of speed made during times of peace. "It passes through the air," he says, "at a speed of more than 130 miles an hour. Even when flying low this craft has been found to offer an extremely difficult mark. It sweeps up with a hum from its motor and flashes into view—perhaps just above the tree-tops—at its amazing speed; then, almost as soon as it is sighted, and before guns can be leveled, it has faded to a speck and disappeared." Mr. White and Harry Harper have written a book, "Aircraft in the Great War," which deals with the science of aircraft and experience of airmen in the conflict. The work has just been issued by A. C. McClurg & Co.

Probably no novel of the current season is being read by so many people as is Winston Churchill's "A Far Country," and the point of particular significance in this connection is that it appeals, not to the members of one class or profession, but to all.

The death of Thomas Young Crowell, president of the Thomas Y. Crowell Company, occurred recently. He was one of the best-known publishers in this country.

A book of preferences in literature by Eugene Nason is such a delightful accumulation of a literary epicurean's favorite subjects as one rarely finds in this day of evanescent fiction. It is a veritable isle of safety for the bewildered lover of careful writing, beautiful opinion, and expressive appreciation. The book has recently been published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

Harper & Brothers announce for early fall publication the first books in a new series to be called America's Best Funny Stories. The first volume will be called "Men and Things," and will be out in a few weeks, to be followed almost immediately by a second volume. "Men and Things" contains some of the best work of Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Bill Nye, F. Peter Dunne, and about twenty-five other representative American humorists.

Kate Douglas Wiggin, whose latest book, "Penelope's Postscripts," was published on August 6th by the Houghton Mifflin Company, is deep in preparation for the annual fair at Hollis, Maine, her summer home. Last year she autographed and sold many hundreds of her books to visitors there for the benefit of the parish church, and this year she hopes to surpass her previous record. Mrs. Wiggin is one of the American women who earn over \$50,000 a year, partly, of course, from her books, and partly from the very successful run that "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" has had on the stage.

Cyrus Townsend Brady, author of "The Eagle of the Empire," said in a recent number of *Remington Notes*: "I have dictated more than a score of millions of words. I could not dictate to a machine. I tried it once. My first novel I talked to a phonograph. It was awful—the dictation, I mean. I want a thinking person, but one who knows when to think and when not."

Philip Curtiss, whose life, like that of the hero of his novel, "The Ladder," has been far from monotonous, once occupied the post of automobile editor on a Hartford newspaper.

Henry Newbott's new novel, shortly to be published by E. P. Dutton & Co., is to be called "Aladore." It is a charming romance with a spiritual meaning, which makes it almost an allegory. The hero, Sir Ywair, suddenly leaves his property and home and goes out to meet his fate in the dress of a Pilgrim.

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## New Books Received.

GLEAMS OF SCARLET. By Gertrude Amelia Proctor. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.35 net. A tale of the Canadian Rockies.

THE LOVABLE MEDDLER. By Leona Dalrymple. Chicago: Reilly & Britton Company; \$1.35 net. A novel.

SONGS OF HOPE. By Rebecca N. Taylor. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; 75 cents net. A volume of verse.

WRITING OF TODAY. Selected and discussed by J. W. Cunliffe, D. Litt., and Gerhard R. Lomer, Ph. D. New York: The Century Company; \$1.50. Models of journalistic prose.

THE LAST LAP. By D. W. Starrett. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.75 net.

"Containing more complete discoveries of the phenomena disclosed in the author's previous volumes."

THE NATURAL ORDER OF SPIRIT. By Lucien C. Graves. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.50 net. A record of psychic experiences.

RANDOM REVERIES OF A BUSY BARRISTER. By Stillman Foster Kneeland. LL. D., F. R. G. S. New York: Broadway Publishing Company. A volume of verse.

## New Kipling Story in the "Century."

Ever since the war began Kipling has been coming into his own again. His public speeches have shown how earnestly and imaginatively he has realized the peril of England and its empire; and the stories he has written under the impulsion of the war have been marked by a power greater than that of anything else he has written for years. "Mary Postgate," to appear in the September *Century Magazine*, is said to be an example of this, the story Kipling has constructed out of the ordinary materials offered by every morning's paper nowadays having all the simplicity and tense restraint of Greek tragedy. Mary Postgate herself, it is stated, sums up once for all the traditional English notion of what "a woman's business" is to be and do, a notion which will perhaps be revised in the minds of those who have read the tragic result of it in this one case.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

John H. Brinton.

The story of the doctors of the Civil War has never been adequately told, but here we have a narrative justly described by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, who writes the preface, as "a unique contribution from a physician of distinction to the medical and military history of the war. It is a wonderful story of personal devotion, sacrifice, courage, and intelligence."

In addition to matter that is peculiarly surgical in its nature Dr. Brinton treats of various matters of a more general interest. For example, he tells us that liquor was entirely prohibited in Grant's headquarters, and by Grant's own orders. He undertakes the defense of Surgeon-General William A. Hammond and gives him full credit for the creation of the Army Medical Museum and the Medical and Surgical History of the War. He says: "He was impulsive . . . his ways of doing things were not always judicious; but he sought to make the medical department of our army efficient and to render it capable of caring for the sick and wounded, and that, too, in no niggardly or tardy spirit." Hammond could not get along with Stanton, and so "ran his head against the wall." Dr. Brinton's own share in a great work may be gleaned with difficulty from these modest pages. Certainly it was a great work and we are fortunate in having a book so well written and so much needed.

PERSONAL MEMOIRS OF JOHN H. BRINTON, MILITARY SURGEON, U. S. A., 1861-1865. New York: Neale Publishing Company: \$2 net.

Songs from the Clay.

Immature, perhaps, but lusty and promising was "Insurrections," James Stephens's first volume of verse, published when he was a hungry young solicitor's clerk. Since then we have had from him four volumes of prose of so delightful and unusual a sort that they mark a small epoch of their own. There is no one who can weave together quite as he can poetry, wit, myth, and fairy lore against a Celtic background. "Songs from the Clay," his new volume of verse, is a bit disappointing; the poet no longer opens his heart to us for our enlightenment—there is no further need of it, for food and fame are his and he does not feel so keenly the coolness and harshness of the world—he comes out, carefully shutting his heart's door behind him, and offers us *insouciant*, merry little toys. They are charming, fragile, evanescent, and molded—"from the clay" as his title confesses. We feel that he has stopped to play by the roadside when he should have journeyed farther on up the hill.

But who shall teach birds how to sing, and Pierrot when to laugh? By all means do not fail to read the volume and be thankful, though the Gods are silent, for the whimsies of the demigods. Here is wherewith to whet your appetite:

THE HORNED MOON.

The heavens were silent and bare,  
Not a star lit the heights overhead,  
There was not a stir in the air,  
And the people were all gone to bed.

I was there all alone in the night,  
With the moon, and we talked for a while,  
And her face was a wonder of light,  
And her smile was a beautiful smile.

She leaned down and I nearly went mad  
(And she was as frightened as me),  
But I got the kiss that she had  
Intended to give to the sea.

Then the sea gave a leap of surprise,  
And shouted that she was a jade,  
So the moon ran away through the skies  
And I hid myself in the glade.

After that we were never alone,  
We were watched day and night, and they tied  
The unhappy young moon to her throne,  
Till I married a different bride.

For generous measure we add also:

THE FOUR OLD MEN.

In the café where I sit  
The four old men who look like bards  
Are playing at a game of cards;  
And they are enjoying it.

They are so eager at their play,  
They shout together joyously,  
They laugh with all their voices, they  
Are like the little boys you see  
Playing in your nursery.

But they'd be angry, they would rave  
And swear and take it quite amiss,  
If you walked across and gave  
Each a penny and a kiss.

SONGS FROM THE CLAY. By James Stephens. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1 net.

Sally on the Rocks.

Sally Luntun, who is a mediocre artist, finds herself in Paris when the war breaks out, and as there is an even smaller demand than usual for mediocre pictures she is brought face to face with certain disagreeable and unmentionable ways to earn a livelihood. But as an alternative she decides to return to Little Crampton in England and to lay siege to the heart of the local banker.

The story may be said to revolve around Sally's siege of the said heart, which is by no means a desirable heart in itself, although

endurable from its financial environment. The story is a capital picture of village life in England, and we learn to grow almost fond of Sally herself. The novel has a slight war atmosphere as a background.

SALLY ON THE ROCKS. By Winifred Boggs. New York: Brentano's; \$1.35 net.

Briefer Reviews.

Opponents of prohibition will find an armory of weapons in the shape of facts in a little volume issued by the Goodhue Company, New York. It is entitled "The Question of Alcohol," and its author is Edward Huntington Williams, M. D.

"Amor Vitaeque," by Oliver Opp-Dyke, author of "The Lure of Life" and "The Omar Sonnets," is described as "a little book of speculation in lyric, ballad, and omagram." It contains a great deal that is bright and clever, but the author seems to labor under the impression that what is called modernism is a virtue instead of a vice, and sometimes this leads him into disagreeable expressions. It is published by Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.25.

Charles Scribner's Sons have published two volumes in a new biblical series which may find readers among the theologically inclined. The first is entitled "The Testing of a Nation's Ideals: Israel's History from the Settlement to the Assyrian Period," by Charles Foster Kent, Ph. D., Litt. D., and Jeremiah Whipple Jenks, Ph. D., LL. D. The second volume is "How to Study the Old Testament," by Frank Knight Sanders, Ph. D., D. D., and Henry A. Sherman.

Charles Scribner's Sons have published "A Practical Elementary Chemistry," by B. W. McFarland, Ph. D. It seems to be particularly good and complete. Part I contains laboratory directions, Part II the very elementary theory, Part III the more advanced theory, and Part IV such matter as might reasonably be called for in reading up in connection with laboratory work. The book is clearly written and well illustrated. It appears to be in every way suited to its purpose.

Paul Elder & Co. have published an interesting little volume by H. A. Van Coenen Torchiana, consul-general of The Netherlands on the Pacific Coast. It is entitled "Holland; An Historical Essay," and it consists mainly of an appreciation of the part played by Holland in the attainment of human liberty. The author discusses the political institutions of Holland and England and their respective influence on America, and also Holland's attitude toward the birth of the American republic. The little book is thoroughly well written, good to look at, and handsomely illustrated. Price, \$1.25 net.

The death of Sir James A. H. Murray the latter part of last month recalls his great work of love, the "New English Dictionary," to which he devoted himself for thirty years. He died at the age of seventy-eight, leaving the tenth and last volume, T to Z, incomplete. After receiving degrees at the University of London and at Oxford, Sir James became foreign correspondent for the Oriental Bank of London and later master at Mill Hill School. In the meantime the dictionary had been projected, as the result of the appeal of Dean Trench. The Philological Society of London took the matter up, believing that it could carry out the work on the colossal scale planned. However, when it was realized what a tremendous labor the dictionary would be, the enthusiasm died down. Herbert Coleridge, a great-great-nephew of the poet, was the first editor, and he was succeeded by Dr. Furnivale. When Dr. Furnivale died it looked as though the dictionary might be abandoned. Oxford University then took the dictionary and called on Sir James to take up the work. Between 1888 and 1893 he published the first two volumes, covering the words from A to C. When the vast work was fully under way Sir James had more than 1500 assistants whose duty it was to read books, bunting out strange words and supplying quotations. Thirty assistant editors sorted the rough material. Every English book published before 1500 A. D. was read, and every book of importance since that date. The work grew so rapidly that the dictionary maker went to Oxford to live and settled down within a few minutes' cycle ride of the great Bodleian Library. The work will now be continued by his associates, Dr. Bradley, Dr. William A. Craigie, also a Scotchman, horn at Dundee in 1867, who has already been engaged on the dictionary for eighteen years, and C. T. Onions.

A bill passed by the British Parliament at the present session abolishes the time-honored wordy indictment against prisoners, which in the form of a parchment scroll frequently twelve feet long, has for many generations been a feature of the British criminal courts. The bill requires that a prisoner shall be charged in few and simple words and the charge must be written or printed on paper—not parchment—not larger than a foot square.

CURRENT VERSE.

Only This.

I long for the sound of thy speech,  
As low as the zephyrs that stir  
The rippling waves on the beach,  
The perfume of roses and myrrh.

I long for the touch of thy lips  
That soothe and caress with their wile,  
As sweet as the dew the bee sips  
From flowers of a tropical isle.

I long for a glance of thine eye,  
As bright as a radiant star  
That lights up the dusk of the sky  
With glittering gleams from afar.

I long for a glance of thine eye,  
Just to feel your lingering kiss;  
To know you the truest and best—  
I long for just this, only this.  
—Mary Morse-Burke, in Buffalo News.

Hesperides.

Sink, lovely day, and fold thy wings of gold  
Around the islands of the western seas,  
The far-off, beautiful Hesperides;  
For there the waves, by temperate winds controlled,

Sing to the shores forever. Sink; and fold  
Thy wings above their golden-fruited trees,  
And quiet gardens, and the sinless ease  
Of them that grow no longer weak or old.  
They that dwell there have borne life's little pain;

They were as we are, but shall weep no more.  
Fly, lovely day, and drop below the main,  
Where waits for me a welcome at the door;  
I follow when the Boatman comes again;  
Soon shall I hear his keel grate on the shore.  
—From "The Great Grey King," by Samuel Valentine Cole.

The Voice.

I hear it in the twilight; I catch it in the dawn,  
When all the eastern skyline is laced with rose and fawn;  
It cries me in the noonday amid the cold or heat;  
It shouts me in the forest; it hails me in the street;  
I hark its sudden bidding on many an upland track;  
Out of the days departed it summons me—"Come back!"

With sweet and tender tremors the heart o' me it thrills;  
I cast aside old sorrows; I rise above old ills;  
Whatever the goal I'm seeking, I need nor spur nor goad;  
I am a gipsy vagrant footing a rainbow road;  
The tide about me beating leaps swift from ebb to flood,  
And re-awakened Aprils go singing through my blood.

Throughout the scheme of being I find nor fleck nor flaw;  
The vivid joy of living, that is my only law;  
It may be but a moment the rapture-dream endures,  
And yet,—ah, shining marvel!—what weariness it cures!  
O Voice of Youth, O echo from Time's far-trodden track,  
Out of the days departed still call to me "Come back!"  
—Clinton Scollard.

"Mornin' On the Desert."

"Mornin' on the desert an' the wind is blowin' free,  
An' it's ours, jest for the breathin', so let's fill up, you an' me.  
No more stuffy cities, where you have to pay to breathe,  
Where the helpless human creatures move an' throng an' strive an' seethe.

"Mornin' on the desert, an' the air is like a wine,  
And it seems like all creation has been made for me an' mine.  
No bouse to stop my vision, save a neighbor's, miles away,  
An' the little 'dobe shanty that belongs to me an' May.

"Lonesome? Not a minute! Why, I've got these mountains here  
That was put there just to please me, with their blush an' frown an' cheer.  
They're waitin' when the summer sun gets too sizzlin' hot,  
An' we just go campin' in 'em with a pan an' coffee pot.

"Mornin' on the desert, I can smell the sagebrush smoke.  
I hate to see it burnin', but the land must sure be broke.  
Aint it just a pity that wherever man may live  
He tears up much that's beautiful that the good God has to give?

"Sagebrush aint so pretty? Well, all eyes don't see the same.  
I have you ever seen the moonlight turn it to a silvery flame?  
An' that greasewood thicket yonder, well, it smells jest awful sweet  
When the night wind has been shakin' it, for its smell is hard to beat.

"Lonesome? Well, I guess not! I've been lonesome in a town,  
But I sure do love the desert with its stretches wide an' brown.  
All day through the sagebrush here the wind is blowin' free,  
An' it's ours, jest for the breathin', so let's fill up, you an' me."  
—Western Miner.

# Don't Waste Gas

The GAS COMPANY has found upon investigation that a number of consumers waste gas unnecessarily. It is our desire to have you use gas freely; however, we do not wish you to waste it.

For instance, many housekeepers are using old-fashioned gas ranges with defective burners and worn-out linings; water heaters of an obsolete type with stopped-up coils and faulty circulation; room heaters or grates that smell badly and do not radiate heat in proper proportion to the gas consumed.

Frequently we find that with a very nominal sum spent for repairing and adjusting, gas bills can be greatly reduced and efficiency greatly increased. In other cases we recommend modern gas appliances that have met the approval of eminent gas engineers. This inspection and advice is FREE and we maintain a corps of experts to furnish it to you.

## Don't Suffer From Poor Service and High Gas Bills

Phone Sutter 140 and ask for the Industrial Department, or call at our office and immediate investigation will be made.

## Pacific Gas and Electric Co.

San Francisco District

445 SUTTER STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

### DELINQUENT SALE NOTICE.

THE LUTHER BURBANK COMPANY.  
Location of Principal Place of Business,  
San Francisco, California.

Notice—There is delinquent upon the following described stock on account of assessment levied on the 29th day of June, 1915, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective stockholders, as follows:

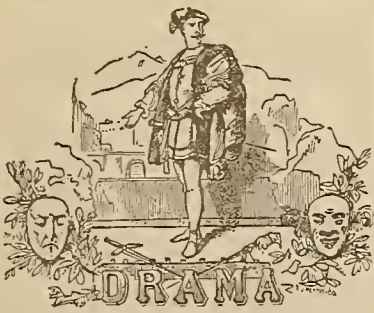
| Name.                 | No. of Certificate. | No. of Shares. | Amount. |
|-----------------------|---------------------|----------------|---------|
| F. H. Crosby.....     | 136                 | 40             | \$40.00 |
| F. H. Crosby.....     | 137                 | 8              | 8.00    |
| F. H. Crosby.....     | 321                 | 3              | 3.00    |
| F. H. Crosby.....     | 379                 | 51             | 51.00   |
| J. Y. Eccleston.....  | 134                 | 20             | 20.00   |
| J. Y. Eccleston.....  | 338                 | 24             | 24.00   |
| J. Y. Eccleston.....  | 377                 | 364            | 364.00  |
| J. Y. Eccleston.....  | 464                 | 100            | 100.00  |
| L. C. Hayeroff.....   | 463                 | 418            | 418.00  |
| Jesse I. Jewell.....  | 110                 | 40             | 40.00   |
| Jesse I. Jewell.....  | 212                 | 8              | 8.00    |
| Jesse I. Jewell.....  | 275                 | 40             | 40.00   |
| Jesse I. Jewell.....  | 303                 | 6              | 6.00    |
| Jesse I. Jewell.....  | 371                 | 94             | 94.00   |
| Paul F. Kingston..... | 92                  | 40             | 40.00   |
| Paul F. Kingston..... | 104                 | 8              | 8.00    |
| Paul F. Kingston..... | 298                 | 3              | 3.00    |
| Paul F. Kingston..... | 262                 | 51             | 51.00   |
| Chas. E. Knox.....    | 182                 | 100            | 100.00  |
| Chas. E. Knox.....    | 306                 | 7              | 7.00    |
| Chas. E. Knox.....    | 306                 | 107            | 107.00  |
| Chas. E. Knox.....    | 262                 | 8              | 8.00    |
| Ida M. Lackey.....    | 311                 | 1              | 1.00    |
| Ida M. Lackey.....    | 403                 | 9              | 9.00    |
| Mason-McDuffie.....   | 501                 | 10             | 10.00   |
| Mason-McDuffie.....   | 502                 | 20             | 20.00   |
| L. N. Ostwald.....    | 242                 | 60             | 60.00   |
| L. N. Ostwald.....    | 336                 | 4              | 4.00    |
| L. N. Ostwald.....    | 400                 | 64             | 64.00   |
| W. Garner Smith.....  | 141                 | 100            | 100.00  |
| W. Garner Smith.....  | 142                 | 60             | 60.00   |
| W. Garner Smith.....  | 196                 | 600            | 600.00  |
| W. Garner Smith.....  | 197                 | 31             | 31.00   |
| W. Garner Smith.....  | 199                 | 200            | 200.00  |
| W. Garner Smith.....  | 227                 | 27             | 27.00   |
| W. Garner Smith.....  | 230                 | 2              | 2.00    |
| W. Garner Smith.....  | 276                 | 20             | 20.00   |
| W. Garner Smith.....  | 309                 | 81             | 81.00   |
| W. Garner Smith.....  | 342                 | 9              | 9.00    |
| W. Garner Smith.....  | 360                 | 1230           | 1230.00 |
| W. Garner Smith.....  | 443                 | 52             | 52.00   |

And in accordance with law and an order of the Board of Directors, made on the 29th day of June, 1915, so many shares of each parcel of stock as may be necessary will be sold at public auction at the office of the Company in the northeast corner room on the second floor of the Burbank Building, which is located at the southwest corner of Market and Beale Streets, San Francisco, California, on the 21st day of August, 1915, at ten o'clock a. m., to pay said delinquent assessments thereon, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

ROSS THOMPSON,  
Assistant Secretary and Acting Secretary of the  
Luther Burbank Company.  
Office of the Company, Burbank Building, Market and Beale Streets, San Francisco, California.

Argonaut subscribers may have the paper sent regularly to their out-of-town addresses during the vacation season promptly request.





### "IPHIGENIA IN AULIS."

Margaret Anglin is presenting the three Greek tragedies that she has selected for representation at the Greek Theatre in Berkeley in correct historical progression. Thus "Iphigenia in Aulis" was chosen for the first. If the interest and beauty of the two succeeding representations attain to anything like the same lofty standard as was reached on last Saturday night then this actress will have been the inspiration, the leader, and the tragedienne in a season unparalleled in the dramatic annals of the entire country. All the work, the energy, the research, the intellectual zest, the enthusiasm, and the money expenditure that Miss Anglin is putting into her costly undertaking amount to a sort of philanthropy for the advancement of art. Her reward, necessarily, must lie in the appreciation and the acclaim of the public and in her own artistic satisfaction. For these single performances, crowning two years of preparation, for which she has engaged the services of men standing at the top in their special province of art, there can be no adequate financial return.

Miss Anglin has always been an exceedingly interesting and changing personality as we have seen her through the years; in herself, I mean, aside from her stage achievements. She became a favorite of the public in Jones and Pinero drama. That phase over, I judge that she passed through a stage of materialism. Much of the finer flavor of the mind which stamped her stage characterizations lessened. This was when she was playing "Kitty" and plays of that ilk. Probably she had begun to taste the real flavor of life for herself, instead of through the enacted dramas of footlight heroines. Then came—or so it seemed to me—a period of disillusionment. She had had a check; had learned something, in her radiant onward progress, of the seamy side of human nature, and found it not to her taste. A period of disillusionment seemed to follow. It was during this time that she played "Greensleeves," or "Greenstockings," was it? It makes no difference. The play was a trifle. Then, suddenly, a new aspect of life beckoned her. Her vigorous mind awoke to a realization of its own needs. Art, in its purest form, a severe yet beautiful and inspiring taskmistress, called her. It was an auspicious day for California and for its state university as well when Margaret Anglin became fascinated by a realization of the great possibilities that lie in a suitable presentation of Greek tragedy.

We have seen her in "Antigone" and "Electra," but on Saturday night we realized that these years of study and preparation in a field where inspiration leads had broadened and deepened the soul of the woman and lent the highest authority and distinction to the talent of the actress. Margaret Anglin walked the heights of Parnassus that night, and in the velvety shadows of the night sky one felt as if the immortal ones with whose masterpieces she is helping us today to bridge the gulf of time leaned down from the clouds, holding invisible laurels above her head.

The largest audience that has yet greeted Miss Anglin in the Greek Theatre was assembled on this night of big portent, the unreserved tiers having been almost filled long before the holders of reserved seats made their appearance. To see the tiers upon tiers of the Greek Theatre filled by expectant, rustling humanity is of itself alone a sight both stimulating and exciting.

The weather was particularly favorable for outdoor drama, the night being so mild and beautiful that people were obliged to shed their heavy wraps. At half-past eight the whole vast auditorium was plunged into sudden darkness. Then nature took a hand in beautifying the *mise-en-scène*. The crown of shadowy trees that tops the mighty, columned wall of the stage, heretofore invisible, was softly etched against a dim, ghostly glow still lingering in the western sky. The new doctrine of simplicity and restraint was followed in setting the scene for the tragedy. The arrangement of the stage was simple, suggestive, and very beautiful. The opening that pierced the wall of stately classic beauty was draped with lofty curtains, their ample folds held in place by spears and shields of Grecian design. A few vases and vessels of Grecian shape were placed appropriately,

and several large metal-clasped chests served as seats. To right and left of the stage one saw that Mr. Livingston Platt, recognizing the embarrassment to the actor in making a stately exit across such vast spaces, had had enclosures made matching, in appearance at least, the gray stone of the edifice. Within these enclosures were seen the tops of other trees, grouped with an infallible sense of harmonious composition. The machinery controlling the lights was placed at the summits of the right and left walls of the stage, and by the greater number of the audience were unseen. From the orchestra, stationed forward at the right end of the auditorium, came, with the darkness, a jarring, sinister clamor of brass, and the mind was still more attuned to tragedy. The delicate, wistfully sweet passages that followed brought to our thoughts the tender maidenhood of the victim destined for the sacrifice.

Then the darkness was faintly lifted. From those unseen, mechanical agencies a faint ray of light shone upon the motionless face and figure of one of the choral maidens, who sweetly intoned a song of appropriate theme. The singer melted into the shadows of the cypresses whose pointed tops were etched against the gray stone wall. The faint beam broadened, brightened, turning gray stone to white marble. Within the lofty, curtained opening we saw the seated figure of an armed and helmeted warrior inscribing some message upon his tablets. It was Agamemnon, sending to Clytemnestra and Iphigenia the false message summoning her to her nuptials with Achilles that brought the unconscious maiden to her doom.

As the sad colloquy between the suffering but resolved father and his devoted slave continued the light, although gradually increasing, still continued mysterious and melancholy. And so it was, though changing and brightening still, while the haughtily resolute wills of Agamemnon and Menelaus clashed until reconciliation followed.

The choral maidens had made a previous entrance from the sides, and, sometimes grouped on the stately flight of steps that mounted from the orchestral circle to the stage, sometimes circling in the orchestral space itself, they offered beautiful commentary, by posture, song, and dance, to the cumulative events of the tragedy, remaining always on the scene, silent and sad for long intervals, but bridging the time that intervened between scenes by a revelation of their graceful youth in the loveliest and most sympathetic interpretations in poetry, song, and dance.

We saw in "The Woman of Troy" performance at Festival Hall, as played by the Chicago Little Theatre Company, how skillful an artistry was employed in the lighting of the stage. But if the results were beautiful there, how much more so were they at the Greek Theatre. With the shadows of night for a screen, a curtain, and a canvas, what can the stage artist not accomplish? The light grew imperceptibly, Mr. Platt reserving its fullest bloom and splendor for the gala moment which celebrated the arrival of Clytemnestra, with Iphigenia, and her infant son. But even then the light had its reserves. There was always the mystery of shadows and the indefinite suggestion of coming woe.

This scene, which served to represent the culminating anticipation, joy, and triumph in Iphigenia's short life, was, no doubt, the fruit of much discussion and experiment. For its magnificence of effect appreciation would seem to be due both Mr. Howard Lindsay, stage manager, and Mr. Gustave Seiffertitz, general director.

The scene was heralded by the swift, joyous arrival of a young messenger, whose symmetrical, sun-browned proportions, as revealed by the picturesque brevity of his costume, recalled the runners and wrestlers in ancient Olympic games and filled the spectator with a sense of æsthetic delight. From a certain quarter previously indicated by Agamemnon as the harbor where the fleets of the Greek warrior kings lay becalmed poured a surging tide of Greek soldiers. There rose a well-coming tumult of male voices. More messengers rushed forward with the impetuosity of arrows from the bow. The choral maidens joined hands and advanced in a lovely curve of youthful beauty. Glorious triumphal harmonies came from the orchestra of sixty musicians, the symphonic score being led by its accomplished composer, Mr. Walter Damrosch, who has written himself down more than ever the supreme artist by the sympathetically interpretative power which breathes through every note of his score. The well-coming shouts grew louder, the groups of soldiers at the two extremes of the stage waved, and shouted, and gesticulated joy, the golden-armored kings stood in a stately group. The clatter of hoofs, the rumbling of wheels was heard, not on an echoing stage floor, but on the roadway with its under foundation of the goodly earth which traverses the space below the stage.

Think you, oh cool outsider, that we were in Berkeley witnessing a play of ancient Greece? Far from it. As far from it, indeed, as three thousand years ago, and as

far away as the Attic kingdom. Those helmeted kings, those impetuous, swift-darting messengers, that shouting soldiery, were all Grecians. And behold! A chariot drawn by three beautiful, spirited horses enters, and within its half circle, standing proudly erect, we see Clytemnestra, loving mother and transcendent queen, and by her side the lovely Iphigenia, clad all in virginal white. A nurse bears the infant Orestes, the ripened result of whose years attained to manhood's growth we shall witness in "Electra." Yes, we were in ancient Greece. We are getting to know these fabled beings well. Who would have thought, looking down the years fraught with allusions to those purest and loftiest forms of Attic tragedy, that we should ever become thus familiar with the old Greek tragedies that represent those events so often sung in song and story?

There was such a satisfactory sense of a background and a future to it all, Agamemnon's and Helen's names had rung through the pages of "The Women of Troy." We did not forget that the victory sent by the gods in answer to the sacrifice of Iphigenia had given to Agamemnon Cassandra, whom he placed as a rival to Clytemnestra in her own household. We knew that we had seen, would see again, Clytemnestra, turned in her riper years against the false spouse and unnatural father. We remembered the bloody vengeance that would be taken against Agamemnon by his queen, and that upon her, in turn, the wrongs of Agamemnon's orphaned children would be avenged.

Never before has any one of these ancient Greek tragedies caught us up so irresistibly in the current of its events. Glorious old Euripides! Sophocles and Æschylus are considered to outshine him, but he was preeminently the one of the three who had a warm, beating heart in his breast. And it was that heart of Euripides that impelled Margaret Anglin to choose this play. In these Grecian tragedies she seeks always theactable play that makes the strongest emotional appeal, and she evidently recognized that in spite of the motive of sacrifice, the pathos of Iphigenia's fate would irresistibly move even our hard twentieth-century hearts.

There is a wonderfully cumulative effect in the three phases of emotion through which Iphigenia passes. She is, at first, all young joy and anticipation; and charming it was, in the sombre shadows of Greek tragedy, to observe how prettily and simply and confidently the favorite child of Agamemnon turned to her kindly father for his greeting of indulgent affection. When full perception comes of the doom threatening her there is the irresistible terror of young and throbbing life at the mere menace of death. The very strength of the fibre of Iphigenia's heart lends energy and desperation to her revolt, to her anguished supplication.

The inevitability of fate is at the soul of every Greek tragedy. Iphigenia suddenly recognizes the omnipotence of destiny and bows her head to what is foreordained. Entering upon her third phase, we see the maiden "past hope, past fear," calming the grief of her attendants and her mother. A dignity, a kind of sanctity, invests the young martyr. The two change places, the agonized queen, crushed and pleading, hearing her passionate revolt vainly against the rock of Iphigenia's resignation. Her last recommendation to her mother is "Hate not my father"; her last thought "All the powers of Greece have now their eyes on me." And pale Iphigenia, made valiant and resolute by the blood of heroic kings in her veins, walks, a lone figure, to the sacrifice, while the music renders a dirge of heart-piercing pathos, and twentieth-century eyes weep for the doom of a possibly mythical Greek princess whose little bones have been dust for thrice a thousand years.

Again we hear those harsh, sinister dissonances from the orchestra. Even the implacable gods seem to look down with wrath upon the sacrifice commanded by their oracle. But the music changes and seems to weave a gentle, ethereal strain of peace, forgiveness, and the transfiguration of "fair and unpolished flesh." The messenger of death has spoken. The curtain of night descends upon the stage, and we come back with a start to the present, wipe our tear-dimmed eyes, and break the awed hush by the hustle of departure.

Miss Anglin has aimed at perfection in this representation, and she has come wonderfully near to getting it. Against the general beauty, dignity, and tragic grandeur of effect there can be only one just, reasonable criticism, and that a minor one. A Fuller Melish is unable to carry the Greek costume to pose and to move across the scene in Greek tragedy with an appropriate grace and distinction. However, there are few actors whose elocution and acting are better than his in this field. In the scene with Iphigenia he sustained his share with great dignity and pathos. What there was not of royal distinction in his hearing there was in his speech, and the resultant effect was very fine.

As the lofty-statured Menelaus, Paul Harvey looked the most heroic "of all the assembled host of Greece in arms." This actor

possesses an imposing splendor of voice and of elocution, and both he and Mr. Lawson Butt carried their traditional warriors' costumes with notable distinction. One watched each step with fascination as they crossed the stage. Their freedom and grace of bearing notably assisted the illusion to which everything else so marvelously contributed, and in Mr. Butt's impersonation of brave Achilles, and in the beautiful elocution clothing his lines, there were the lights and shadows that give a character life and individuality.

Pietro Sasso, attendant to Agamemnon, and Messrs. Donald Cameron and Alfred Lunt were all three excellent in their fidelity to the spirit of the rôles, Mr. Sasso showing the humble fidelity of the slave in his affectionate intercourse with Agamemnon, while the two handsome, picturesque striplings were full of the glow and the fiery impetuosity of youth. Mr. Cameron's voice showed some vocal strain, but Mr. Lunt took the stage centre with a splendid effect of self-forgetful exaltation, as he poured out a eulogy to the sacrificed daughter of Agamemnon:

Admired the noble soul and carriage of the maiden.

Like Miss Anglin, Ruth Holt Boucicault has developed in the line of histrionic representation that she has been following. As Clytemnestra she displayed the dignity of queen, the imperiousness of a wife, the tenderness of a mother. Her elocution was excellent. Not a tone, not an inflection, but bore out consistently the sincerity of the mood expressed. The horror and revolt of the mother when the true explanation of Agamemnon's summons was comprehended reached at once the climax aimed at. The queen's revolt against the unnatural decree was that of royalty uncomprehending so direful a thing as defeat, and Clytemnestra seemed a broken thing indeed when that defeat had to be accepted. In appearance, too, Miss Boucicault bore herself proudly and well, and Clytemnestra's maternal protectiveness to her child was that of a queen, as well as a mother. It was noticeable, indeed, that all the players were in a mood of unusual exaltation, challenged to their highest measure of achievement by the occasion, the artistic enthusiasm of their leader, and the size and intellectual quality of the audience that looked down upon them from the circling tiers of the Greek Theatre.

The performance ended, the vast audience tried to give voice to some measure of its appreciation. Miss Anglin was called out repeatedly, and the great auditorium rang with the cheers and shoutings of the moved and enthusiastic multitude. The stage, filled with the players in their beautiful costumes, with Miss Anglin in the centre, her white robe partly covered by a great, splendid mantle of the purple of royalty, left a last beautiful picture on the mind. It may be added, by the way, that all the stage pictures are assimilated by the eye and mind collectively. An opera glass is a nuisance and a disturber of glorious illusion. The players are people as a whole, and somehow their faces don't count. And did Miss Anglin seem to be the tender, budding Iphigenia? Yes, every inch of her. Her small stature was particularly suited to the part, and her white robe, her flowing hair, the tender beauties of her voice, her exquisite joy in the earlier scenes, her pale exaltation in the later, all were stamped with youth, youth, youth! She was greater in "Iphigenia" than I have ever seen her, and I like to imagine again those splendid, intellectual giants of Greece taking a terrestrial trip to the Berkeley tree tops, and, safely enthroned on some comfortably cushioned clouds, watch breathlessly this flower of American dramatic art, with her fellow-players, interpreting to us of this day the souls of those they had honored or condemned.

And the music? How would it have sounded to their ears? Beautiful exceedingly it was to us, in its way an instrumental Greek chorus, interpreting with amazing beauty and fidelity the widely varying moods of this tragedy wrought by the heart-warmed art of wonderful Euripides.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Theatres in France have obviously suffered more from the war than in other European countries. While the government made its headquarters in Bordeaux, practically all the houses were closed, and even now conditions in Paris are by no means normal. *Le Figaro*, in its issue of July 1st, says that, up to that time, the work in aid of artists and employees of the Paris theatres had provided 100,000 meals to needy theatrical people. "L'Oeuvre" was founded at the beginning of the war by the Association of Theatrical Directors, and the results were obtained, thanks to their treasury and to contributions from friends and patrons of the theatre. This charity is housed in the Jardin de Paris. There is no charge for food, and its activities have been extended to a medical service and school.



FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Margaret Anglin at the Greek Theatre.

The unprecedented success of Margaret Anglin's initial performance at the Greek Theatre on last Saturday night, both from an artistic and financial standpoint, augurs a complete and substantial triumph for the remaining two performances. The second of the series will be the "Medea" of Euripides, which will be presented on Saturday night, August 21st, and the third and last of the festival will be the "Electra" of Sophocles, which will be given on Saturday night, August 28th. The seats for the remaining performances are now on sale with Sherman, Clay & Co., San Francisco and Oakland, and at the bookstores in Berkeley. The widespread interest that has already been shown in Miss Anglin's performances of the classic Greek dramas is ample evidence that there is a large theatre-going public who appreciate the classic drama in its best form.

Miss Anglin has given years of thought, labor, study, and research and expended a small fortune to bring forth her present series of classic Greek plays, and it is a pleasure to chronicle the fact that her ambitions have met with merited reward. Walter Damrosch, the noted conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra, has contributed a very important added feature to the plays by his composition of the musical settings for each production, interpreted by an orchestra of instrumentalists under the personal direction of the conductor himself. The actors assembled by Miss Anglin represent the best timbre in the classic field of the acted drama, while the costumes and stage equipment are the best examples of artistic and correct environment ever seen on the stage in this country. The acting versions of the plays, which were made by Miss Anglin herself—adapted from standard translations—are lucid, luminous human documents and are easily followed by the average theatre-goer. "The series of plays are not exclusively for the learned, but the human," says Miss Anglin.

Final Week of Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

The final week of Mrs. Patrick Campbell's engagement at the Columbia Theatre begins Monday night, August 23d. Three plays are to be presented by the noted English actress during the coming week. "Pygmalion," by George Bernard Shaw; "Searchlights," by Horace Annesley Vachell, and "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," by Arthur Wing Pinero, constitute the repertory, which is as follows: Monday and Tuesday evenings and Wednesday matinée, "Pygmalion"; Wednesday and Thursday evenings, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray"; Friday and Saturday evenings and at the Saturday matinée, "Searchlights." The engagement closes with the performance of "Searchlights" on Saturday night, August 28th. It has been the most successful, from both an artistic and financial standpoint, of any of her engagements in this city.

"The Birth of a Nation" at the Cort.

"The Birth of a Nation"; or, The Clansman," D. W. Griffith's wonderful motion-picture production, will be the attraction at the Cort Theatre for a brief period, beginning with the matinée, Monday, August 23d. Despite the length of its run in San Francisco "The Birth of a Nation" would seem to possess as great drawing powers as ever, judging by the interest shown in the advance sale. It should prove, too, an ideal attraction for Exposition visitors who have heard of the wonders of this screen drama. During the engagement at the Cort the original incidental music will be given, interpreted by an enlarged orchestra.

The twelve reels of "The Birth of a Nation" are based on the famous novel called "The Clansman," by Thomas Dixon, Jr., but it deals more broadly on its historical side than either the book or the well-known play. It is not too much to say that "The Birth of a Nation" represents the very acme of art and realism in motion pictures. It includes the most spectacular battle scenes ever staged, in these battle scenes are shown 35,000 soldiers in action, including infantry, artillery, and cavalry.

The night battle scenes represent the greatest feats in the history of motion-picture photography. The burning of the city of Atlanta at night is graphically shown. The scene does not show merely a few buildings in flames, as is usual in motion pictures, but depicts the entire city on fire.

The famous raids of the Ku-Klux Klan, with thousands of these white-hooded riders in action, make for several thrilling features not easily forgotten.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum will have as its chief novel feature next week Thomas Egan, Ireland's famous tenor, who will make his vaudeville debut in this city and will sing the Emerald Isle. Of the four great tenors who are known internationally in concert as well as in opera, Italy claims Caruso and Bonci and

Ireland John McCormack and Thomas Egan. J. C. Nugent, vaudeville's foremost author-comedian, will appear in his own original oddity, "The Squarer," which is another of those one-act comedies written and acted by himself with great success. He will be assisted by Miss Jule York, a clever and vivacious comedienne.

Han Ping Chien, a famous Chinese magician, will present his famous "Peking Mysteries," which are an assortment of novel, original, sensational, and perplexing illusions.

Rex's Comedy Circus, which includes beautiful performing ponies and cats, also the greatest bucking mule in the world, is one of the greatest laugh-producing acts in vaudeville. The name of the mule is Dynamite, and \$25 will be paid to any one who can remain on his back a minute. The same sum is offered to any one who can stay on the revolving table for the same space of time. Rex's animals manage this latter feat without any trouble.

Jack Allman and Sam Dody, Mindell Kingston and George Ebner, Grace Carlisle and Jules Romer will also contribute to this bill.

It will be the last week of Miss Joan Sawyer, the peerless queen of the dance, assisted by George R. Harcourt.

Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre.

Edmund Hayes, without question one of the best-liked and most popular character comedians that has ever appeared in San Francisco, is the big topline on the new bill which opens at the Pantages on Sunday. Hayes will be remembered for his splendid characterization in "The Wise Guy," and later he achieved a tremendous success in "The Piano Movers," which is the big act that he opens in at the local vaudeville theatre. "The Piano Movers" is one scream of laughter from the rise of the curtain and has been aptly styled "the Hurricane Farce Playlet of Vaudeville." Hayes will be given a royal welcome by his many friends here.

Another big attraction of local interest is the Royal Italian Singing Sextet, composed of stars of the late Lambardi Opera Company. The six are well known in the Italian colony here and comprise Luigi Cecchetti, director; David Silva, baritone; G. Oppezza, tenor; P. Dbiassi, basso; Aida Gugliemetti, soprano, and Luisa Cecchetti, mezzo-soprano.

Belle Oliver, "the Queen of Syncopation," will sing a number of her own songs with the airs of a rollicking, royal ragtime.

Dorsch and Russell, the musical rail-rodgers, carry a beautiful setting and introduce several classical selections in their act.

Lady Alice and her pets, consisting of a flock of trained rats, cats, and dogs, will be a real novelty.

John P. Reed, the blackface funster; Mr. and Mrs. Harold Grady in the newest ball-room dances, and comedy films will complete the rest of the bill.

"Potash and Perlmutter" Coming.

If there is any one in this broad land not yet acquainted with "Abe" and "Mawruss," they will have the opportunity to become so, for "Potash & Perlmutter" will return to the Columbia Theatre for a limited engagement commencing with Monday night, August 30th. The two partners in the cloak and suit business, their designers, cutters, salesmen, office help, and even their friends and their rivals, will all be welcomed back for their part in the making of this most unusual success from the Montague Glass stories in the *Saturday Evening Post*. Jules Jordan will be the "Abe" of the cast and Lew Welch the "Mawruss." Lottie Kendall will be seen in the rôle of the designer. Seats on sale Thursday.

"The New Henrietta" Coming to Cort Soon.

An announcement of unusual theatrical interest is that of the coming of the famous five-star aggregation to the Cort Theatre on September 6th in "The New Henrietta," a modernization of Bronson Howard's play, "The Henrietta," which was a starring vehicle for William H. Crane and Stuart Robson for many years. The "five-star aggregation" embraces William H. Crane, Thomas W. Ross, Maclyn Arbuckle, Amelia Bingham, and Mabel Taliaferro.

This superb organization only recently completed a triumphant run of fourteen weeks at the Cort Theatre, Chicago, following a lengthy engagement at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, and it comes to San Francisco with the company and production intact. Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes are responsible for the authorship of "The New Henrietta" and Joseph Brooks is the producer.

"On Trial," which has been widely heralded as the surprise of the New York season, is to be seen at the Columbia Theatre under the direction of Cohan and Harris.

The well-known musical-comedy star, Lottie Kendall, who will be remembered as a decided hit in the original production of "Madame Sherry," will be seen as Ruth Goldman, the designer, in "Potash & Perlmutter."

when the famous comedy returns to the Columbia Theatre.

There will be a special matinée at the Columbia Theatre on Thursday. Mrs. Campbell's engagement at the Columbia Theatre will have presented the actress in fifty performances.

Jules Jordan as "Abe" Potash and Lew Welch as "Mawruss" are with the big Eastern production of "Potash & Perlmutter" which opens at the Columbia Theatre on Monday night, August 30th.

Miss Anglin will be seen at the Columbia Theatre next month in her comedy success, "Beverly's Balance." Miss Anglin is said to have in this comedy one of the best vehicles afforded a star in recent years.

Easily taking rank as one of the greatest church works ever written, Hector Berlioz's "Grand Messe des Morts" was recently sung in Australia by the Royal Philharmonic Society of Sydney. Nothing else that Berlioz wrote was quite so dear to his heart, for in his "Memories" and in his "Letters" he dwelt at great length upon the difficulties which beset the production of the "Requiem," and the great joy with which he regarded the actual first performance. Only two years before his death in 1869 he wrote to his friend Ferdinand: "If I were threatened with the destruction of the whole of my works save one, I would crave mercy for the 'Messe des Morts.'" It was originally performed on December 5, 1837, at the service held in Paris at the Church of the Invalides, in memory of General Damremont and the French soldiers who fell with him at the taking of Constantinople. Berlioz wrote that the reception was enthusiastic and the impression overwhelming. "The curate of the Invalides shed tears at the altar for a quarter of an hour after the ceremony; he wept as he embraced me in the vestry. When it came to the 'Last Judgment,' the startling effect produced by the five orchestras and the eight pairs of kettledrums for the 'Tuba mirum' was beyond description. One of the choristers fell down in a fit. In truth, the grandeur was terrible." It seems that the work was only performed in its entirety three times during the remaining thirty-two years of the composer's lifetime.

Nestor Roqueplan, who managed the Varieties Theatre in Paris for many years, had an original method of dealing with authors who kept bringing in unsuitable pieces for him to examine. He would give the bore a chair and invite him to read the play, while he himself retired to an alcove separated from the room only by a thin curtain, for, he said, complete isolation was necessary for the proper understanding of a composition. But once out of view, he went on with his ordinary work, and reappeared only at the last line of the piece, of which he had not listened to a word, praised its beauties, regretted that it was "really too good for that theatre—away above the appreciation of the audience," and bowed the visitor out. Manuscripts sent to him he never even looked at, but returned them with the same comments, with any other that might occur at the moment. One young author sent him a roll, tied with blue ribbon, which Roqueplan personally handed back some weeks later, saying that he had read it carefully, but that the dialogue was not sufficiently brisk for his use. Then the author untied, and lo! every page was blank! The next piece he offered was accepted.

The St. Helena Vine Festival.

One of the prettiest scenes in the vintage allegory to be given in St. Helena September 3d, 4th, 5th, and 6th is where Civilization awakens and exclaims, "Oh, what a beautiful spot!" Napa Valley is seen in its primitive state, with the tents of Indians here and there among the woods. Soon Civilization sees the beautiful Vine and woos her for his own. Then the scene changes, showing an expanse of vineyards with Mt. St. Helena towering in the background. Miss Inez Forni represents the Vine and Mr. Louis Tognolli impersonates Civilization. The love song and dance by Miss Forni and Mr. Tognolli is one of the striking features of the allegory. W. E. Cole has charge of the farm exhibits and has all the farm centres in the county enthused to such an extent that practically every inch of space is taken. The farmers propose to show their products in artistic array, and there will be something very different to the usual county fair. The parade on Labor Day, the street dance and confetti battle that night, and the distribution of carnival caps will all add zest to the festival, these things having contributed to its success in the past.

The maximum temperature at the North Pole is almost never above thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit. Even during the twenty-four-hour days at midsummer the vast snows and stretches of icy water prevent any rise beyond that.

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"THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY"

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"SEARCHLIGHTS"

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## VANITY FAIR.

We have been reading the *Woman's Home Companion*, not so much that we may acquire facts, but that we may study the avenues of approach to the feminine mind. And we have reached the conclusion that it must be quite a difficult thing to edit a woman's paper, since only intelligent people can do it, and intelligence finds it hard to assume a pretense of silliness. Now in the particular issue that has been honored by our examination we find two rather striking examples of this silliness, and since one of them is assigned to a place of honor we may suppose that it was considered to have some special efficacy, or to be rich in the elements of feminine popularity. It is in verse and it is entitled "Baby Explains," and we may assume that it is intended to convey the quite simple lesson that "pacifiers" are bad for babies. Now if "pacifiers" are bad for babies it is of course a proper thing that mothers should be told so, although why any one should need to be told so obvious a thing it is hard to understand. But why not say so in plain and simple language? Why dabble about it? Why should it be necessary to translate simple and commonplace truths into baby talk? Here is one of the stanzas as an example:

And then the doctor 'splained to her (as we were going South),  
How it would surely spoil my teeth and the  
contour of my mouth.  
And then he said an awful thing—how, sometimes,  
it would make  
Cankers in the 'soffigus! and cause a stummick-  
ache!

Now are we to understand that there are actually minds impervious to direct statements of fact, but that instantly surrender to an inanity of this kind? It would seem so. The editor must be assumed to know his audience and to be able to gauge the mental profundities of his readers. But it seems sad.

In this particular instance the medical remonstrance seems to have been effective if we may judge from the following elegant stanza:

He said it used the saliva up, and thought it  
might cause worms!  
Besides, 'twas such a dirty thing, all covered up  
with germs.  
This scared my mother, dreadful; and before we'd  
traveled far,  
She grabbed that pacifier and threw it from the  
car.

Now we feel ourselves incompetent to edit a woman's newspaper, since we should have gone about this business in quite a different way. We should have framed a paragraph somewhat to the following effect: "The best medical authorities have expressed themselves as strongly opposed to the use of the baby's pacifier. Not only does it spoil the teeth and the shape of the mouth, but it has been known to produce stomach-ache and even cankers of the esophagus. There can be no doubt that it gathers germs and dirt and that it exhausts the saliva. Moreover, it has been suspected of causing worms—ms." But of course a simple and modest statement of the case would have had no effect. It would have been like water on a duck's back.

The second example of silliness is contained in a paragraph of advice as to the management of a "linen shower" for a "spring bride." The invitations, to be up to date, should be something like this:

"It's a long way to Tipperary,"  
But you don't have to go,  
You mustn't miss an Irish shower  
"To the sweetest girl I know."  
Think up a pretty present,  
For a jolly time prepare;  
It's not so far to my house,  
And Mary will be there.

This exquisite little bymn should be lettered in green ink on white correspondence cards, and of course you must put the name and address in one corner. This is clearly specified in the instructions, and of course it seems quite sensible when you come to think of it, for how else will your guests know where to go? The guests must be careful to reach the house before the bride, so that the bride's mother may have time to wrap the gifts in green tissue paper. Perhaps the subsequent specifications should be quoted verbatim as follows: "The gifts are then huddled into a little boy's soldier knapsack, and after the bride comes a small boy in a soldier suit, who marches into the room to the tune of 'It's a Long Way to Tipperary,' and presents the full knapsack to the bride. A Boy Scout uniform, or a cocked paper hat with a green cockade, would sufficiently show the military spirit." It seems quite regrettable that the "military spirit" should be shown at all. We should like to revise this part of the ceremony. Let the little boy march to the tune of "Mary had a little lamb," and then the bride herself might oblige with "I will not raise my boy to be a soldier." That would be pacifist and eugenic and all the rest of it, and if the bride has only lived up to the proud and glorious privileges of an age of progress she can be relied upon not to blush.

A well-known creator of fashions and nov-

elties, I. S. Garrison (quoted by William G. Clifford of *Business World*), says: "Contrary to general belief, so-called 'original' ideas in styles seldom make a hit. The reason for this is that people as a whole are afraid of the radically new, although they may not know it. It has been my experience that almost every so-called 'new idea' had its foundation in an old style."

"Style ideas are developed or evolved rather than created. One can with almost entire certainty of successful future sales build a new style on some one feature or tendency of a present style. For example, the hobble skirt did not spring into existence suddenly. It took about three seasons to develop. First there came a tendency to cut skirts less full. The following season they were cut still tighter. Then came the hobble skirt—a product of evolution."

"When a style has found favor for several seasons it can generally be relied upon to jump to the opposite extreme. The present style in skirts is an example of this. In recent seasons skirts were cut tight at the bottom and rather loose at the top. The present style is nothing more or less than an old style turned upside down. Today all skirts are cut tight at the top and wide—the flare effect—at the bottom."

"It can be laid down as a principle that any style based on a fad will not persist. Simple lines and effects, combined with utility, will always prevail for several seasons, with simple variations. At the end of this time they will automatically revert to the opposite extreme."

"While intuition is of great value to the designers of fashions and styles, it must be made to run hand in hand with present-day tendencies. Style tendencies should always form the basis of a new style, and intuition only be used in developing it."

"The present-day style of cloth-top shoes furnishes an interesting example of how new styles are placed on the market. Incidentally it shows that new styles can not arbitrarily be forced on the public, and that they must be based on existing tendencies."

"Owing to the scarcity of beef and veal, the shoe manufacturers found difficulty in obtaining leather for the tops of shoes. So they decided to use cloth-tops in place of leather tops. But the public refused to take hold of the new style. Investigation showed that the length of women's skirts was the sticking point; women could not see the force of wearing fancy-topped shoes when they would not show."

"And so the shoe manufacturers induced the garment makers to shorten the length of skirts. This practice alone created the wide-spread demand for cloth-topped shoes. The new style in shoes at first failed because it was not based on an existing tendency. But when marketed in conjunction with a tendency towards shorter skirts, it won out in a big way. The short-skirt style has now almost reached its limit and can soon be relied upon to jump back to the opposite extreme."

In a business whose product is composed of precious metals some accurate way of foretelling public demand simply has to be found, because a bad guess will tie up a large sum of money. At first thought this seems like a big order, but when the "tendency" idea is followed it is comparatively simple. An executive of C. D. Peacock, Inc., jeweler and silversmith, says:

"As the majority of our trade is with women, we keep a close watch on women's styles. We build most of our ideas on existing or coming styles, instead of trying to create some new fad. If women's styles are on what may be termed the 'frill' order, we fall in line with novelty bags and the like."

"Present indications show that women's styles for next year will be along tailored lines. Their suits will all have pockets. Hence, novelty hand-bags will not find favor. We are preparing to meet this condition with a line of novelty purses that can be carried in a small pocket."

"Tailored clothes for women will also automatically create a demand for belts, sbirt-waist buttons, cuff links, and the like. We are preparing to meet this demand with goods of this class along novelty lines."

"Economic conditions have a direct effect on styles of silverware, we have found. The high cost of living and the difficulty of obtaining reliable servants has forced many people to give up their homes and live in apartments. This condition brought about an entire change in silverware styles. Formerly people wanted highly ornamental silverware. As this takes so much time to clean properly, it is not now in demand. Plain silverware, which can be cleaned quickly, is now in almost universal demand. This demand came about solely through the difficulty in obtaining servants and the general exodus from homes to apartments."

"A fortune-teller told me yesterday that I would meet with a financial reverse?" "And did you?" "Yes; she charged me two dollars."—*Boston Transcript*.



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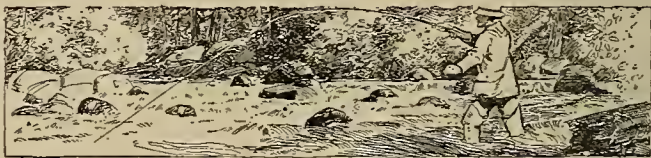
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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A candidate for a situation as school-teacher in the Florida everglades, being asked the shape of the earth, replied: "Well, some folks likes it round and some likes it flat, and I've jinnerly taught it both ways."

A skeptic who was hadgering a simple-minded old man about a miracle and Balaam's ass, finally said: "How is it possible for an ass to talk like a man?" "Well," replied the honest old believer, with meaning emphasis, "I don't see why it aint as easy for an ass to talk like a man as it is for a man to talk like an ass."

A Sunday-school teacher had been telling her class of little boys about crowns of glory and heavenly rewards for good people. "Now, tell me," she said at the close of the lesson, "who will get the biggest crown?" There was silence for a minute or two, then bright little chap piped out: "Him wot's got t' biggest 'ead."

An old dorky appeared in the doctor's office one morning, plainly very low in his mind. The doctor, recognizing his old patient, greeted him in his most inspiring manner. "Well, Elijah, how is the rheumatism these days?" "Pohly, pohly, sah!" replied Elijah dejectedly. "Belieh me, Marse Doctor, I'se jest a movin' picture oh pain."

During a recent trial in Chicago two Irishmen, standing on a street corner, were heard to discuss the trial. One of them was trying to enlighten the other concerning the functions of a jury. "It's this way," he said. "Ye're arrested! Thin if ye gets the smartest lawyer ye're innocent; but if th' other man gets th' best lawyer ye're guilty!"

An English traveler in the Orient, who was picking up material for a book, asked a Pascha: "Is the civil service like ours? Are there retiring allowances and pensions?" "My illustrious friend," replied the Pascha, "Allah is great, and the public functionary who stands in need of a retiring allowance when his term of office expires is a fool."

A composer once brought a manuscript to Rossini, who, on listening, every minute took off his hat and put it on again. The composer asked whether he was so warm. "No," said Rossini; "but I am in the habit of taking off my hat whenever I meet an old acquaintance, and there are so many I remember in your composition that I have continually to how."

The caution of the New Englander in giving a direct answer to a direct question is proverbial. Two natives of a New Hampshire town met after the funeral, and the first asked: "Was not your father's death very sudden?" Slowly drawing one hand from his pocket, and pulling down his beard, the other replied, thoughtfully: "Waal, rather sudden for him."

The proud automobile magnate was boasting to a friend that his factory turned out cars at the rate of one every two minutes. "Say," said the friend, who refused to be awed, "what's the matter with your efficiency system?" "Why, isn't our record good enough?" replied the astonished magnate. "No; didn't Barnum make the statement that a sucker was horn every minute?"

A very stout lady at the zoological gardens was seeing the lions fed for the first time, and was rather surprised by the limited amount of meat that was given them. "That seems to me to be a very small piece of meat for the lion," she said to the attendant. The man looked at her with a glimmer of amusement in his eye. "It may seem a small piece to you, mum," he said, "hut it's heaps for the lion."

The newly-rich couple went at once to New York with two friends. They visited one of the noted cafés for lunch. As they seated themselves Mrs. Parvenu whispered to her husband: "Ask for a menu, Jack." Parvenu puffed out his chest and chuckled. "One menu only?" he said. "One menu for four? No, no; I'll do the thing well, now I've started it. Here, waiter, four menus—fresh ones, mind, and see that they're not overdone."

The captain had not been long married when he was ordered into camp. To be sure, he camp was in plain sight of the captain's residence, but then it was still a separation; and to lighten this terrible condition it was arranged that the bereaved husband and wife should signal to each other often with their handkerchiefs. It was on the second day that he young wife was seated on the porch reading. "Tell me, Jane," said she, "is the captain still signaling?" "Yes, ma'am," answered he maid "Then keep waving your handker-

chief. I want to finish this novel." At the same time, in camp, an officer from an adjoining company stepped up to the captain. "I say, old fellow," he asked, "why do you keep that man out there all day waving a handkerchief?" "Oh, it's merely a bit of signal-code practice for him."

It is a small English country town, and one of the members of the special war relief committee is also proprietor of a drapery "emporium." To him came for advice and assistance a poor woman who had just "heard the worst" about her man at the front. Would the separation allowance be paid still? Or would the War Office make a special grant? "I can't say definitely what the War Office will do in your particular case," was the judicious verdict, "hut, personally, I shall be glad to—ah—to supply you with mourning from my establishment at a wholesale price."

"Noo," said Mr. Macswish, the autocrat of the little Scottish school, "ye'll recite that poem afore a' the class, Wullie Macsnortie, an' see that ye gie it in perfect English." The youthful William declaimed with such ability that the dominie was moved almost to tears—nay, he even rewarded the diligent scholar with a half-penny. "It wis weel dune," he said; "near as weel as I could hae dune it maself. Ilshmir Macalister, we'll hear ye neest." The recitation of Macalister was given in even more perfect English than the last. The dominie was delighted. "Ladie," said he, in an ecstasy of satisfaction, "if I had that bawbee hack again I'd gie tae ye!"

The minister whilst on a visit to a neighboring parish was justly proud of having induced Sandy, the local blacksmith, a confirmed old toper, to sign the pledge. Having occasion again to visit the district, he took the opportunity to call on Sandy to see whether his pledge was still holding good. "Yes," replied Sandy to the minister's anxious inquiry, "I havena' touched a drap of onything for a whole month. I never thoct I could hae done without so lang." "Well done," replied his reverence, with very evident satisfaction. "I suppose you find you can save a little now?" "Aw," said Sandy, "I've saved enough to huy me a braw oak coffin wi' brass handles, and if I'm teetotal for anither month I'll be in it."

THE MERRY MUSE.

A Boarding-House Symphony.  
HE (triumphantly)—  
I kissed her on the stair  
In the stillness of the night;  
I caught her unaware  
And kissed her on the stair.  
She grabbed me by the hair,  
And screamed out in affright,  
But I kissed her on the stair  
In the stillness of the night.

SHE (ingenuously)—  
He caught me unaware,  
And kissed me in the dark;  
I really didn't care  
If he caught me unaware.  
But I screamed and pulled his hair—  
Oh, wasn't it a lark,  
When he caught me unaware,  
And kissed me in the dark?

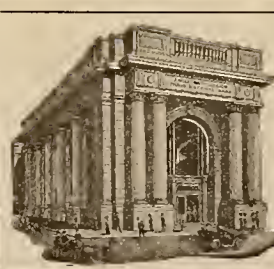
THE OTHER MAN (savagely)—  
She said it wasn't fair  
For me to hold her hand;  
So I acted on the square,  
As she said it wasn't fair.  
But I heard them on the stair,  
And he seemed in big demand,  
Though she said it wasn't fair  
For me to hold her hand.

ANOTHER (cynically)—  
I know she didn't care  
If he kissed her frequently;  
She seemed to pull his hair,  
But I know she didn't care,  
I was underneath the stair,  
And, though I couldn't see,  
I know she didn't care  
If he kissed her frequently.

CHORUS OF MAIDENS (spitefully)—  
Men are crazy, we declare,  
To run after such a goose;  
For she paints, and has red hair!  
Men are crazy, we declare,  
So many maidens fair  
Are sitting round here loose,  
That men are crazy, we declare,  
To run after such a goose.

HER MOTHER (unsuspectingly)—  
My daughter must take care  
Not to mingle with those girls;  
Lest her morals they impair  
My daughter must take care.  
They flirt upon the stair,  
And paint, and wear false curls!  
So my daughter must take care  
Not to mingle with those girls.

THE LANDLADY (contentedly)—  
I'm sure I do not care,  
Though her conduct's rather queer;  
If she kisses on the stair  
I'm sure I do not care.  
For the men her wiles cunare—  
Keep the house full all the while;  
So I'm sure I do not care,  
Though her conduct's very queer.  
—Puck.



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Total Resources..... 38,967,468.27

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JUNE 30th, 1915:

Assets.....\$90,321,343.04  
Deposits..... 57,362,899.35  
Capital actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000.00  
Reserve and Contingent Funds..... 1,958,413.69  
Employees' Pension Fund..... 199,164.12  
Number of Depositors..... 66,965  
For the 6 months ending June 30th, 1915, a  
dividend to depositors of 4 per cent per annum  
was declared. Open Saturday Evenings 6 to 8.

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Current Opinion and Argonaut..... 6.00  
Delineator and Argonaut..... 4.75  
Designer and Argonaut..... 4.10  
Everybody's Magazine and Argonaut..... 4.75  
Harper's Magazine and Argonaut..... 6.90  
Harper's Weekly and Argonaut..... 6.90  
House Beautiful and Argonaut..... 5.00  
International Magazine and Argonaut..... 4.30  
Judge and Argonaut..... 7.85  
Leslie's Weekly and Argonaut..... 8.10  
Life and Argonaut..... 7.85  
Lippincott's Magazine and Argonaut..... 5.15  
Littell's Living Age and Argonaut..... 9.10  
Mexican Herald and Argonaut..... 9.20  
Munsey's Magazine and Argonaut..... 4.85  
Nineteenth Century and Argonaut..... 7.40  
North American Review and Argonaut..... 6.90  
Outlook and Argonaut..... 6.25  
Outing and Argonaut..... 6.00  
Overland Monthly and Argonaut..... 4.50  
Political Science Quarterly and Argo-  
naunt..... 6.00  
Puck and Argonaut..... 7.85  
Review of Reviews and Argonaut..... 5.15  
Scribner's Magazine and Argonaut..... 6.15  
Smart Set and Argonaut..... 5.60  
St. Nicholas and Argonaut..... 6.10  
Sunset and Argonaut..... 5.25  
Theatre Magazine and Argonaut..... 6.30  
Thrice-a-Week New York World (Dem-  
ocratic) and Argonaut..... 4.30  
Weekly New York Tribune Farmer and  
Argonaut..... 4.25  
Woman's Home Companion and Argonaut..... 4.75  
Youth's Companion and Argonaut..... 5.50

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THE STREET BOND HOUSE



PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mrs. Annie Buchanan has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Gladys Buchanan, to Major Laurence Clay Brown, U. S. A., Miss Buchanan is a sister of Miss Linda Buchanan and a niece of Mesdames J. B. Wright, A. S. Baldwin, and Emma Porter. The wedding will take place some time in the fall.

Mrs. W. O. H. Martin of Reno, Nevada, has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Margaret Stone Martin, to Mr. Lorrain Banks Mackey of San Francisco. Miss Martin is the daughter of the late W. O. H. Martin, president of the Washoe County Bank of Reno at the time of his death, and Mrs. Martin. Mr. Mackey is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Spoor Mackey of Brookline, Massachusetts, and has been connected with the San Francisco office of E. H. Rollins & Sons for several years.

Mrs. J. K. Armshy was hostess Wednesday at a luncheon at the Marin Golf and Country Club. Miss Helen Keeney entertained a number of friends over the week-end at the home in Atherton of her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker.

Mrs. George Gibbs gave a tea Wednesday afternoon at her home on Jackson Street in honor of Mrs. Walter G. Holcombe of Newport.

Judge Elbert Gary and Mrs. Gary were the complimented guests Thursday evening at a dinner given by Mr. Vahan Cardashian, Adjutant High Commissioner from Turkey to the Exposition. The affair was given at the Turkish building.

Mrs. William Bailey Lamar was hostess Tuesday at a luncheon at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. William Babcock entertained a number of friends Sunday at a luncheon at their home in San Rafael.

Mrs. Herbert Moffitt gave a tea Monday afternoon at her home on Broadway. The affair was in honor of Mrs. H. MacDonald and Miss Margaret MacDonald of St. Louis, who were the complimented guests again the following day at a luncheon given by Mrs. Herbert Allen.

The Misses Diana Erskine and Theresa Harrison were the complimented guests Wednesday afternoon at a tea given by Miss Helen Hooper.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Bates entertained a number of friends at a dinner Thursday evening at the Bohemian Club in honor of their house guests, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Brown, of Toledo, Ohio.

Mrs. Alfred B. Ford was hostess Tuesday at a luncheon at her home on Broadway in honor of Mrs. Charles B. Alexander of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Irving Bentley gave a dinner at their home on California Street Tuesday evening, when a dozen friends enjoyed their hospitality.

Mrs. Claus August Spreckels was the complimented guest Thursday at a luncheon given by Mrs. Russell J. Wilson at her home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Neville Castle were host and hostess at a dinner Thursday evening in honor of Governor Slaton and Mrs. Slaton of Georgia and Judge William Bailey Lamar and Mrs. Lamar.

Mrs. Cornelius C. Cuyler of New York entertained a number of friends Wednesday evening at a dinner at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. Harry Ready of Washington, D. C., gave a tea Wednesday afternoon at the Hotel St. Francis in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bowers, who are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Eyre Pinckard.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan entertained a number of friends Sunday at a luncheon at their country home in the Santa Clara Valley.

Miss Louise Sand of New York was the complimented guest Wednesday at a luncheon given by Mrs. Charles B. Alexander at her home in San Mateo.

Mrs. William G. Irwin was hostess Thursday at a luncheon at her home in Burlingame.

Miss Beatrice Nickel gave an informal dance Saturday evening at her home in Menlo Park in honor of Miss Gertrude O'Brien and her fiancé, Mr. William Mayo Newhall, Jr., who were the complimented guests again Monday night at a dinner and theatre party given by Mr. Alfred Whittell. Miss Ruth Winslow was hostess Wednesday evening at a dinner-dance at her home on Pacific Avenue in honor of Miss O'Brien and Mr. Newhall. Among others who entertained in their honor were Mr. Frederick Van Sicklen and Miss Leslie Miller.

Rear-Admiral Charles Fremont Pond, U. S. N., was host Wednesday evening at a dinner on board the U. S. S. *South Dakota* in honor of Admiral W. F. Fullam, U. S. N.

Rear-Admiral Richardson Clover, U. S. N. (retired), was the complimented guest recently at a

dinner given by Mr. Leon Sloss at the Old Faithful Inn at the Exposition.

Mrs. S. V. Hamm was hostess Tuesday afternoon at a tea at her home at the Presidio in honor of Mrs. Richard Allen Keyes of Salt Lake City.

The midshipmen of the visiting squadron were the guests of honor Tuesday at a tea given by Mrs. Charles N. Felton.

Colonel Hamilton Stone Wallace, U. S. A., and Mrs. Wallace gave a dinner at their home on Pacific Avenue Thursday evening, when sixteen friends enjoyed their hospitality.

Mrs. Edward Carpenter was hostess Monday at a luncheon at her home on Jackson Street.

Mrs. Frank Hines entertained a number of friends Thursday afternoon at a bridge-tea at her home at Fort Scott.

Lieutenant Earl Shipp, U. S. N., and Mrs. Shipp entertained a number of friends Tuesday evening at a theatre and supper party.

Captain Frederick Tramm, U. S. N., was host Wednesday afternoon at a tea-dance on board the U. S. S. *Wisconsin*, anchored off the Exposition.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Honorable Ernest Lister, governor of Washington, Mrs. Lister, with their daughter and son, have been spending the past week in town. Governor Lister and his wife are planning to be in Boston August 24th to attend the convention of the governors of states.

Mr. Harrison Fisher has recovered from his recent severe illness and is visiting his father, Mr. Hugo Fisher, in Alameda.

Mr. Henry J. Crocker, Jr., and his guests, the Messrs. Wayne Chatfield Taylor of Chicago, Ross Proctor of New York, and F. Vaughn Burgess of Vermont, spent the week-end in Monterey.

Mrs. A. J. Bissinger is here from Philadelphia and is visiting Mrs. Duval Moore in Ross. She was formerly Miss Nell Geissler of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Sanger of Boston are guests at the Peninsula Hotel. They came to California to visit the Exposition.

Mrs. Arnold Marcus arrived last week from Manila, where she was married a few months ago, and is visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. James Marvin Curtis. Mrs. Marcus, who was formerly Miss Helen Elizabeth Cowles, was obliged to return home, as the climate of the Philippines did not agree with her health.

Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner came up from Los Angeles last week to spend a few days and to enjoy the festivities in this city.

Mrs. J. D. Sproul and her daughter, Miss Marian Sproul, are here from Chico, and plan to remain several months.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott has gone to Lake Tahoe for a brief visit.

Mrs. Edwin Janss of Los Angeles is visiting her mother, Mrs. William Cluff, at her home in Menlo Park.

Mrs. Clara L. Darling and Mrs. Sidney V. Smith have returned from Monterey, where they visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Maud.

Mrs. J. J. Searcy of Westminster Place, St. Louis, the Misses Mildred Searcy and Hazelrig Searcy, and Mr. J. J. Searcy, Jr., left Sunday for a trip through the Santa Clara Valley. Upon the arrival of Mr. Searcy he will accompany his family on a trip through the north, en route to their home in the East.

Mrs. Victor H. Metcalf of Oakland has gone to Foute Springs to remain several weeks. Mr. Metcalf will spend the week-ends with his wife. Mrs. Harrison Clay and her little son have returned from a three months' visit with relatives in Mississippi.

Mrs. Patrick Boland and Miss Mary Boland have come from Los Angeles to visit the Exposition and are settled in an apartment on Green Street.

Miss Lucy Pearson has returned to her home in Stockton after a visit with Miss Emily Huntington at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Satterlee, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Spencer Morgan have returned East after a ten days' visit. En route home they spent a few days in Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Weir and their son have returned from an outing in the Feather River country.

Mrs. H. E. MacDonald and her daughter, Miss Margaret MacDonald, of St. Louis, were among the recent visitors to the Exposition. They are relatives of Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mrs. Herbert C. Moffitt, Mrs. Herbert Allen, and the Misses Jolliffe.

Miss Katherine Sands is here from New York and is established at the Peninsula Hotel.

Mrs. Claus August Spreckels has gone to Burlingame to spend two weeks with Mrs. William

G. Irwin. Mrs. Spreckels is planning to leave the first week in September for New York.

Mrs. Philip Van Horne Lansdale has recently been visiting Mr. and Mrs. William B. Bourn at their home in Burlingame.

Mrs. R. P. Schwerin and her daughter, Miss Arahella Schwerin, have returned from a visit in Santa Barbara and are again at their home in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hope Beaver, their daughters, the Misses Isabelle and Miriam, and Mr. and Mrs. Adolph P. Scheld, with their daughter, Miss Margaret Scheld, have returned from an automobile trip to Monterey.

Miss Louise Janin has gone to San Diego to visit her cousin, Mrs. Alexander Sharp. Miss Janin will not return to town until the first week in September.

Mrs. Harry N. Stetson has been spending the past two weeks with relatives in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Casserly and their children have returned to their home in San Mateo after a visit at the Feather River Tavern.

Former President William Howard Taft and Mrs. Taft will arrive August 25th from the East and will spend several days visiting the Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark Howell have received a cordial welcome since their arrival from Atlanta. They are cousins of Lieutenant-Commander Clark H. Woodward, U. S. N.

Mr. Moseley Taylor of Boston is visiting his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Davis Pillsbury, at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Lamont, their four children, and Dr. and Mrs. Huddleston arrived yesterday from Pelican Lake, where they have been spending the past two months.

Major-General Joseph Wheeler, U. S. A., is at the Hotel Bellevue for a brief visit.

Miss Bertha Rice and Miss Marin have returned to their home in Santa Barbara. They have decided to spend the month of September in this city and will during that time occupy an apartment in Stanford Court.

Mrs. George W. Roosevelt of Washington, D. C., is here for an indefinite visit at the Hotel St. Francis. Mrs. Roosevelt is the widow of the late consul-general of the United States at Brussels.

Mrs. de Witt Talmage, Miss Collier, and Mrs. Charles E. Howry of Washington, D. C., are among the Eastern visitors who are spending a few weeks with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Hall McAllister, Misses Ethel and Marian McAllister have been spending the past week at Crater Lake.

Mrs. Charles O. Alexander has returned from San Mateo, where she has been spending several days with Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Eddy.

Colonel Mervin Maus, U. S. A., and Mrs. Maus have gone to Frankfort, Kentucky, where Colonel Maus will be in charge of the army hospital. They have recently returned from a long residence in the Philippines.

Major John Myers and Mrs. Myers were returned from a trip through Lake County. They were accompanied by Captain Richard M. Cutts and Mrs. Cutts.

Captain E. J. Dorn, U. S. N., and Mrs. Dorn have come from Washington, D. C., to visit the Exposition. During their stay here they will be the guests of relatives.

Rear-Admiral Richardson Clover (retired), Mrs. Clover, and their daughters, the Misses Eudora and Beatrice Clover, came down last week from their ranch in Napa County for a brief visit at the Hotel St. Francis.

Had Austria ceded Trieste to Italy, it is possible that the latter would have remained neutral. The province is both great and rich, and well worth a mighty struggle. The city of Trieste is the only great seaport of Austria, a powerful commercial rival of Venice and Genoa, and is held to be as important to the natural development of Austria as is New York to this country. For more than 500 years it has been an Austrian possession, and during this long association it has earned the title from the central imperial government of "the most faithful city." Situated at the northeast angle of the Adriatic Sea, on the eastern shore of the deeply indented Gulf of Trieste, the port has been growing steadily in importance as an outlet for the overseas trade of central and southeastern Europe. As a trade centre it now practically monopolizes the business of this Mediterranean coast. Despite its lack of a natural harbor, the geographical location of the city is so favorable and its enterprise has been so fruitful that it has developed into one of the first ports upon all the inland sea.

Hall Caine has recently completed a new stage version of his novel, "The Manxman," and it will be acted here the coming season with the author's son, Derwent Hall Caine, in the principal rôle. A dramatization of the novel was acted here about twenty years ago by Wilson Barrett, under the title of "Pete." During his stay in America Mr. Caine will also present Louis N. Parker's spectacle play, "Drake," originally done by Sir Herbert Tree at His Majesty's, London.

So far as known the first vessel built in this country was the *Blessing of the Bay*. In "Winthrop's Journal," under date of July 4, 1631, appears the quaint announcement: "The governor (Winthrop) built a hark at Mistick, which was launched this day, and called the *Blessing of the Bay*."

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PASADENA



THE CITY IN GENERAL.

That pioneer of the Pacific Coast, the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, on Friday of last week sold its entire transpacific fleet of five merchant vessels to the Atlantic Transport Company of Virginia, a step forced by the La Follette seaman's act. The final sailing of the Pacific Mail liners will take place August 25th, when the *Mongolia* leaves San Francisco for the Orient. On returning the great steamer will pass down the coast through the Canal. The five vessels disposed of are the finest steamships now plying on the Pacific. They are the *Mongolia*, the *Manchuria*, the *Siberia*, the *China*, and the *Korea*. They will be used for transatlantic service in the future. The *Mongolia* and the *Manchuria* are twin vessels of 27,000 tons each; the *Korea* and the *Siberia* each have a tonnage of 18,000, and the *China* is of 10,200 tons burden. The Pacific Mail still retains seven large steamers, six of which are engaged in coastwise trade between Pacific ports of the United States and Balboa, the western terminal of the Canal. A. J. Frey, assistant general manager of the Pacific Mail, states that all these vessels will be sold as soon as purchasers can be found. The passing of the Pacific Mail will throw about 6000 persons out of employment, almost every trade and profession being affected. The line has been operating for sixty years out of San Francisco.

San Francisco's outstanding bond issue up to June 30, 1915, amounted to \$42,635,800. This has been reduced to \$41,642,800 during July, according to a statement by Auditor Thomas F. Boyle.

The Exposition made a net profit of more than \$300,000 last month. During the sixth period of twenty-four days, which ended August 8th, the Exposition averaged a net profit of \$12,500 a day. The total net profits up to August 9th were \$481,591.52.

Mary E. Wooley, president of Mt. Holyoke College, was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last Saturday to women deans of colleges, normal schools, and state universities by the National Young Women's Christian Association. The function was held in the association building.

THE MUSIC SEASON.

Paderewski's Recital.

An event unique in the history of San Francisco will be the big benefit in aid of the Polish Victims' Relief Fund to be given his—Saturday—afternoon at half-past two at Festival Hall by Paderewski, the most famous of all living pianists. This distinguished son of unfortunate Poland has, for several months, been securing substantial relief for his fellow-countrymen, and he will begin the afternoon with an address full of terrible truths concerning the 20,000,000 sufferers in his native land. Then, after a brief intermission, he will play five works by Chopin, the immortal Polish composer, as follows: *Jallade*, A flat, op. 47; *Sonata*, B flat minor, op. 35; *Nocturne*, G major, op. 37; *Mazurka*, A minor, op. 17; *Polonaise*, A flat, op. 53. The programme will be brought to a close with the appearance of David Warfield, the actor, who will in his own way make an appeal to the generosity of American citizens, asking them to help the war-stricken Poles in every way possible. Paderewski's wonderful art is too well known to require any encomiums, and it is safe to say that he will play at Festival Hall as he has never played before in San Francisco, where he first delighted thousands over twenty years ago. Many prominent ladies and gentlemen are aiding the affair. Reserved seats may be obtained at the Exposition ticket-office, 343 Powell Street.

Second Concert by the Exposition Orchestra.

The second of the series of weekly concerts given by the Exposition Orchestra of eighty musicians, under the capable leadership of Richard Hageman, will take place at Festival Hall Sunday afternoon at half-past two, when another programme of great charm will be offered. Beethoven will be represented by the *Symphony No. 5* in C minor, op. 67, without doubt the best known and therefore the most generally enjoyed of his nine symphonic works. The Wagnerian number will be the Prelude to "Die Meistersinger," the only comedy among Wagner's operas, and one that is welcome whenever presented. The third of the orchestral offerings will be the delightful Scherzo from "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," by Paul Dukas, a quaint work that bounds in mystical jollity. The occasion will also mark the San Francisco debut of Miss Frances de Villa, a New York pianist of renown, who will play, with the orchestra,

Liszt's "Hungarian Fantasy." Mr. Cecil Fanning, the American baritone, and known as the "Singer Poet of Ohio," will be the vocalist of the concert, and he has chosen to sing the wonderful "Vision Fugitive" from Massenet's "Herodiade." The Exposition Orchestra is a notable organization and its concerts always attract wide attention. Reserved seats may be obtained at the Exposition ticket-office, 343 Powell Street.

Two Concerts by Fritz Kreisler.

The concerts to be given by Fritz Kreisler in the Cort Theatre, Sunday afternoon, October 3d, and Sunday afternoon, October 10th, under the direction of Frank W. Healy, will mean much to all lovers of music in general and to students of the violin in particular. In the world of music today Kreisler occupies a peculiar place. Technically at least the equal of any violinist before the public, the possessor of a tone famous the world over for its sensuous beauty, he adds to these qualities gifts of interpretation both of the classic and romantic composers which put him in a class by himself. His programmes are models of their kind, and constitute as far as possible within the limits of one concert a review of the best music that has been written for the violin.

The Exposition has attracted no more important person to San Francisco than Camille Saint-Saens, the French composer, and to have him confer a distinction is an honor indeed. One of our own musicians was singled out by him for special compliment. Soon after his departure the great master sent back an "Elegie" for violin and piano dedicated to and composed for Sir Henry Heyman. This charming tribute came as a complete surprise and is a source of pride not only to the recipient, but vicariously to all musical San Francisco.

One of the advancements made by science in the last two years is the perfection of a new method of producing a thin coating of metal on miscellaneous articles. The apparatus used in producing this coating is on the principle of an atomizer. The metal with which the object is to be coated is introduced into the machine in the form of a wire. It is melted by mixed gases, and at the same moment is blown upon the object to be coated by a blast of compressed air. The molten metal is carried from the spraying machine in a finely comminuted molten condition and is fixed upon the object in a smooth, compact coating adhering tenaciously to the surface and penetrating into the most minute crevices. The method is known as the Snoop process. The metals that have been tested with satisfaction are lead, tin, zinc, aluminum, brass, copper, bronze, nickel silver; while gold and silver, although amenable to the process, have not yet been fully exploited. The film deposited by the spray may be as thin as one one-thousandth of an inch. Some curious phenomena have been brought out by this process. While the temperature at the apex of the cone of the spray may be 700 to 2000 degrees Fahrenheit, at a distance of three, four, or five inches away combustible materials may be coated with the metal without danger of being burned. The heads of matches can be metalized by the Snoop process without being ignited, tissue paper can be surfaced with it, and the finest silk has been metalized without injuring its texture.

German Southwest Africa, practically the last of the imperial colonies to be lost to her enemies by the German Empire, lies between Portuguese West Africa and Cape Colony, extending eastward to the British sphere. The area is 322,450 square miles. The population is 79,556, chiefly Hottentots and Bushmen. The European population in 1913 was 14,816, of whom 12,292 were Germans. The military force, including police, is given in the latest reports as 2992. In point of size German Southwest Africa is half again as large as the empire itself. The territories comprised in it were once known as Damara and Great Namalands. Strangely enough, it was the first German colony, as it has now proved to be among the last. While the Germans were avowing that they had no intention of forming colonies, but proposed merely to establish business enterprises, Herr Luderitz, who had started such an enterprise in a settlement on the Southwest African coast, was entreating his home government to declare a protectorate. Thus was the first German colony established, the step being taken in 1884, when by proclamation Luderitz's settlement was taken over "as an effective protection of German commerce."

Propagation of small fish of the innumerable minnow family in Crater Lake is a unique problem, for, occupying the crater of an extinct volcano, the lake has no shallows, and no streams enter or leave it in which small fish may find refuge. Yet the supply of natural fish food must be considerably and immediately increased if the magnificent trout fishing in this lake is to remain at its present excellence. Minnows must be brought from distant waters under adverse conditions.

An Early Mention of Petroleum.

Probably the first printed reference to the petroleum industry on the Pacific Coast was made in 1569, when "De Las Drojas De Las Indias" appeared. It was translated in 1596 by John Frampton, in London, who gave the book the title, "Joyfullnewes Out of the New-Found World." His translation of that portion of the work relating to petroleum follows:

"Of a gumme that is taken out from under the grounde.

"In the Collao being a country of Peru, there is a Province which doth not beare any tree or Plante, because the Grounde is full of Gummee, and from this grounde the Indians take out a Licour, that scrueeth them to heale many diseases, and to take it out they use it in this manner.

"They make of the Earth certeyne Sesternes very greate, and set them upon timber, or Canes, and underneath they put a thing, that may receive the Licour, which commeth out of them, and they place them in the Sunne, and with the heate and strength thereof, the Gumme is melted or the licour which the Earth hath, and the Sesternes remaine without any Licour, whiche profiteth too make fire of, for in that place there are no Trees, nor any other thing to make fire of: and it is an euill light, for its casteth out black Smoke, and an horrible smell, and for all this, seeing that they have no-nother thing to make fire of, they take a paynes with it.

"The Licour whiche commeth fourth of it, profiteth for many diseases, and especially when they depende of colde, or colde causes. It taketh away anye grieffe of the sayde cause, and all swellings which come thereof: they heale with it woundes, and all euilles which the Carana, and the Tacambaca doo heale. That whiche they sent me, is of a red colour, somewhat darke, and it hath a good smell."

When He Lost Interest.

Bill Thompson, a mountaineer, was taken away from his business of making whisky and haled into court on the charge of murder in the first degree. It was claimed that he shot one John Fisk, with whom he had had a long-standing feud. The chief witness against him was a tall, gaunt mountaineer, who claimed to have seen the shooting. He was placed upon the stand.

"You claim to have seen this shooting?" asked the defendant's lawyer.

"Yes, suh."

"Where were you standing?"

"In my back yard."

"Where was the defendant?"

"He walked out of his stable. He had his shotgun. I reckon he'd been layin' fer John."

"How far is it from your back yard to Thompson's stable?"

"Wal, hit's a right smart way."

"How far do you judge?"

"Wal, thar is a cawn patch of 'bout a acre between our yards."

"What time of day did this happen?"

"'Bout half-past 6 in the evenin'."

"What month in the year?"

"December."

"And you are sure it was the defendant that did the shooting?"

"Yes, suh, I seen him shoot. Then he lit



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out, an' I didn't see him no mo' till I heard he wuz 'rested an' in jail."

The lawyer leaned forward, shaking his finger at the witness. "Do you mean to tell me," he roared, "that at half-past 6 at night, in the month of December, when it is dark by five, that you could stand in your back yard and see William Thompson across an acre patch of corn?"

The witness shifted uneasily for a moment, then he rose from his chair and lurched down from the stand. "Hell!" he muttered. "I'm goin' home. I don't keer nothin' 'bout this case no how."

Italy declared war on the same day of May that Napoleon in 1805 was crowned King of Italy at Milan, and with his own hands placed the ancient iron crown of Lombardy on his head. This most famous crown of Europe is so called from a narrow band of iron miraculously preserved from rust attached to the inner circumference of the circlet. It is composed of jewels and embossed gold, the workmanship of which bears strange resemblance to that on the enameled gold ornament belonging to King Alfred of England, now preserved in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford.

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### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Doesn't that girl over there look like Helen Brown?" "I don't call that dress brown."—*Yale Record*.

She—Have you ever read "Lives of the Hunted"? He—No; what's it about—hachelors?—*New York Post*.

Madge—Long engagements are not fashionable these days. Marjorie—Oh, well, neither are long marriages.—*Judge*.

"Johnny, is your father an optimist or a pessimist?" "He ain't neither one. He's a chiropodist."—*Braoklyn Eagle*.

"Sssh—this is a gossip place." "Sssh—why?" "Sssh—even the rooms communicate with one another."—*Horvord Lompaan*.

"I have a fine setter at my place." "So have I?" "Mine's a Gordon setter." "Mine's a Plymouth Rock."—*Baltimore American*.

Lady (in bird store)—Does this parrot swear? Clerk—No, madam; but you could teach him in a week.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

The Colier—Your husband is wedded to his club, is he not? Mrs. Brooks—Not wedded. He seems to be perfectly devoted to it.—*Puck*.

Judge (of divorce court)—Aren't you attached to your husband? Plaintiff—Certainly. I came here to be detached.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Jiggs has a hoard of useless information." "In what respect?" "He is considered an authority on international law."—*Buffalo Express*.

Sergeant (to recruit wondering about the will of his horse)—'Ere, you! What are you doin' there, ridin' up an' down like a general?—*Punch*.

Mory—Mrs. Delaney says her little girl has learned to play the piano in no time. Alice—Yes, I heard her playing just that way the other day.—*Life*.

She—Are your intentions towards the widow really serious? He—They are! I intend, if possible, to get out of her clutches.—*Boston Transcript*.

She—I suppose the duke has landed estates? He—Landed one every time he married, but he managed to run through 'em all.—*Boston Transcript*.

Visitor—What's that new structure on the hill there? Farmer—Well, if I find a tenant for it, it's a hangalaw; if I don't, it's a barn.—*Passing Show*.

Mrs. Slocum (to her husband's chum)—Tom, I wish you could break George of playing poker. The Chum—I did break him, only last night.—*Chicago Herald*.

Dry-Goods Clerk—We are selling these goods, madam, at ridiculous prices. Customer—I should say so! I can buy them cheaper in half a dozen places.—*Puck*.

The Gunner's Mate—Have you found the range? The Londubber—Yes, sir. The enemy's ship is about eight hocks east and then just around the corner.—*Punch*.

Visitor (board ship)—What does he blow that hagle for? Officer—Tattoo. Visitor—I've often see it on their arms, but I never knew they had a special time for doing it.—*Life*.

Hokus—Closefist claims that when charity is needed, he is always the first to put his hand in his pocket. Pakus—Yes; and he keeps it there till the danger is over.—*Topcho Journal*.

"Prisoner, have you anything to say?" "Only this, your honor. I'd be mighty sorry if the young lawyer you assigned to me was ever called upon to defend an innocent man."—*Boston Globe*.

"Pa, what does it mean when a public man is said to be at the zenith of his popularity?" "It means, my son," replied the defeated candidate ruefully, "that he is about ready to hit the toboggan."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"What made you distrust that Italian refugee? I thought he told a straight story." "It sounded so, but when I questioned him as to his home and occupation he said he was a street-cleaner in Venice."—*Baltimore American*.

"Look here," said the head of the firm, addressing the new stenographer, "this letter is all wrong. Your punctuation is very bad and your spelling is worse. I can't afford to send out any such stuff to my clients." "Well," she replied, "I'm sorry if my work don't suit you, but was you expecting to get a Mrs. Noah H. Webster for \$13 a week?"—*New York Sun*.

"Mornin', congressman; I—" "Well, it's old Jim Smith. Jim, how are you? Have a cigar, Jim?" "Thought I'd come around to tell you that I'd moved out of your district, but—" "Indeed, Mr. Smith." "You see,

I wanted to find out if—" "Yes, Smith." "If you could use your influence to—" "Sorry, my man, but I can't stop. Good-morning."—*Washington Post*.

Stranger—Seventeen years ago I landed here in your town broke. I struck you for a dollar. You gave it to me, saying you never turned a request like that down. Citizen (cogently)—Yes? Stronger—Well, are you still game?—*Judge*.

Old Lady (hoving run upon a street fight)—Dear! dear! can you tell me what's going on up there, my man? Nancambatont—Ho, nuffink, mum, only the bloke wot works the

steam roller wants us coves to call 'im a chauffeur.—*Passing Show*.

"Now, to illustrate the roundness of the earth," said Columbus, "I will show you an egg." "That doesn't convince me," replied the court astronomer. "If you had waited till the egg became an omelet, it would prove that the earth is flat."—*Washington Star*.

"Why do they call 'em fountain pens? I should say reservoir pen would be the better name. A reservoir contains liquids; a fountain throws 'em around." "I think fountain pen is the proper name," said the party of the second part.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

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## THIRTY-NINTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### Saviors of Society.

Mr. Ford, the automobile man, is making of himself a fine example of that moral self-confidence which seizes upon many men who have made a striking success in some particular department of commerce. Having done wonders with a cheap motor-car, Mr. Ford now lies under the conviction that he is a universal moral genius. Last year his idea was to make virtuous and useful citizens out of the criminals of the country. Only a few weeks ago he decided to address his talents to reconstruction and reorganization of the American navy. Now he is going to do away with war. These are all worthy purposes, and we shall be more than pleased when Mr. Ford, in his character of universal savior of society, shall get them all done. While we can not doubt the efficiency of Mr. Ford's schemes—he himself has left us no room to doubt his intentions—we may still venture the suggestion that he has bitten off about as much as any one man, even though a self-confessed genius, may successfully masticate. We venture the suggestion that he would now save himself excess of effort by joining hands with Miss Jane Addams. The reforms projected by these two, taken together, now comprehend pretty much the whole gamut of human virtuosity. The two should be brought together. Otherwise there may be collision of purposes or at least a competition that might not be morally wholesome. By all means Mr. Ford and Miss

Addams should get together. The coöperation of two such geniuses could hardly fail to reorganize and re-inspire the world. By anticipating all things prayed for and hoped for this past two thousand years, it would make the Second Coming unnecessary.

### Release of Abe Ruef.

The theory upon which Abe Ruef has been released from San Quentin on parole, after four years' service, is that the moral effect of his punishment has been achieved, and that no good to anybody may come from his further imprisonment. The order of parole is not a nullification of his conviction nor a reflection upon its justice. It is purely an act of clemency. It looks with merciful intent away from the past and with a certain confidence that no harm will come to society in giving Ruef license to live what remains of his sentence outside of prison walls, and that good may come to him through the opportunity afforded by a species of limited freedom.

There are two views with respect to the penalties which society inflicts upon delinquents. One is that of an ancient and remorseless age, embodied in that vengeful phrase, "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." It looks to punishment, not with the view of getting the best for society and the best for the culprit out of a given condition, but in the spirit of reprisal and vengeance. It is the product of a spirit very hard and very cruel. Diametrically opposed is the spirit which looks to reformation of character through discipline. Its idea is to save even from the wreckage of character whatever may be redeemed through discipline and re-inspired through hope. Its ideal is to make of the criminal a penitent, to redeem through the building up of better motives and higher resolves that which has been lost. The parole system as it has been applied to convicted criminals in this state is a product of this spirit. On the whole it has worked out fairly well. Not every criminal restored to privileges of liberty has made worthy use of his opportunity. But vastly the greater number of paroled convicts—the class in which Abe Ruef now stands listed—have proved the merits of the system by orderly and useful lives.

There have been many to question the regularity of Abe Ruef's conviction, but never for a moment has there been any moral doubt as to his delinquency. Nobody has ever risen to question the essential justice of the punishment meted out to him. His crimes were wicked and deliberate. They were inspired by sordid intent, and they worked out to sordid advantage. There was the greater delinquency due to the fact that he is a man of education and of notable mental capacity. In his behalf there could not be urged the plea of youth or the specious fallacies of necessity. The crimes done by Abe Ruef—and they were many and flagrant—may not be minimized. What has come to him was deserved. Of the truth of all this none can be more conscious than Ruef himself.

It has been argued that in his political career Abe Ruef was a creature of his times. In a sense this is true. Yet it is to be remembered that he worked with rather than against the currents of a corrupt era; that by his talents and his energies he speeded up and expanded a vicious system to the extent of establishing and operating an organization vicious in every phase of its development.

Now it is for Abe Ruef himself to justify or condemn the clemency which gives him his freedom prior to the full service of his term of conviction. It depends entirely upon what use he shall make of the privilege which the mercy of offended society now gives him. If he shall now demonstrate himself a better man than in time past; if he shall give his resources of talent and fortune to the service of society, there will be none to criticize the judgment of the au-

thorities. But if he shall return to evil associations, if he shall attempt to make of himself a sinister hero, if he shall pursue his old aims, resume his old corrupt practice—in short, if he shall play again the old game—then his last condition shall be worse than that which came before, and those who through their faith and authority have given to him this boon will be shamed in the house of judgment.

Readers of the *Argonaut* will bear witness to its sustained contempt of the public character of Abe Ruef and all his works. Its editor was the very first to publicly discredit the man and his doings. In the full tide of his sinister success, at a time when his will was practically the supreme law in San Francisco, when all the public journals and many of our so-called leading citizens were fearful of his resentment, the *Argonaut* spoke in condemnation and warning. It has now no pride in the fact that it stands justified by time and events. Now, under the same inspirations as before, hating everything that was hateful in the public character of Abe Ruef, it is none the less glad that he is to have a chance to redeem his name. And it believes that he will try to do it. He has ability of a very unusual kind; he has very considerable resources of fortune; he has a thousand motives for rectitude, and we think it more than likely that punishment and reflection have helped him to better habits of mind and to better purposes. He begins his probation well, in that through immediate and retired association with the members of his family he is apparently seeking to revive the fundamental sentiments of life. Abating nothing of its contempt for the past of this man, the *Argonaut* finds itself still able in good heart to commend to him his opportunity and to wish him well. "Go, sin no more!"

### A Grievous Wrong Righted.

With profound satisfaction we note the reappointment by President Wilson of Mr. W. W. Russell as American minister to Santo Domingo, succeeding the unspeakable Sullivan, whose unfitness, previously exposed, was proved by the Phelan report. Russell, a native of Washington City and son of a marine corps officer, entered the diplomatic service in 1895 as a secretary of legation by appointment of President Cleveland. The family home was then in Maryland. Russell was nominally a Democrat, although he had never and has never taken any part in politics. Without private fortune, but with marked ability, he served in Central and South American countries, doing hard but, not spectacular work through the McKinley, Roosevelt, and Taft administrations. By sheer merit he won promotion to ministerial rank. He has served as minister to Venezuela and to Santo Domingo. When the Wilson administration came in he was the only Democrat in the diplomatic corps as minister or ambassador. In Santo Domingo, where the duty was a particularly delicate one because of our receivership of the Dominican customs revenues, he made a fine record.

In 1912 certain Santo Domingo politicians organized a bank, the Banco Nacional, and demanded a share of the receivership deposits; they also demanded participation in a government loan. They did not get either. In sinister resentment and with the aid of certain politicians in New York they framed up and filed secret charges against Russell. They declared that he had used his office to aid the National City Bank of New York, this allegation of itself being a high bid for the favor of Secretary Bryan and the President, the latter being then as now under the advice and counsel of Secretary McAdoo, who holds an undying grudge against the National City Bank, all its agents, and all its works. There was not an item of evidence to support the charge. It was, in truth, a rank invention. Even before March 4, 1913, the Dominican conspirators had formed their plans, and there appeared in the



Dominican newspapers a statement to the effect that Russell was to be dismissed and that a new man "whose name ends with an n" was to be appointed in his place. This indicates the assurances given to the Dominican group by New York politicians who were in the conspiracy.

The dismissal of Russell came according to programme. Mr. Bryan ordered it without public or private explanation. He refused to see Russell, to read any letter from him, to accord him any recognition whatsoever. Likewise promptly and without explanation he named Sullivan, whose whole distinction was that he had been attorney for "Bald Jack" Rose in the famous New York gun-men row, as his successor.

On arriving in Santo Domingo, Sullivan started on a career of graft and intimidation. He got contracts from the Dominican government for a member of his family upon extravagant terms. He began to juggle the finances of the receivership. Personally he sustained a drunken and scandalous career. Vick, a Democrat appointed by Bryan as receiver of the Dominican revenue, revolted and protested. Unable to get action of any kind, Vick resigned his job (\$10,000 per year) and demanded of the President that Sullivan be investigated. The President sent Senator Phelan to investigate, and on Phelan's report Sullivan was permitted to resign. In the meantime Santo Domingo politicians, thinking themselves safe from American supervision, started a revolution, which is now occupying the attention of a portion of our navy.

At this stage of the case Secretary Pence of the Democratic National Committee learned of the facts—curiously enough, through certain Republican friends. He became morally aroused over it as a matter above the ordinary considerations of politics. He didn't know Russell, who has no political influence and no ability to push himself. But he felt that a great injustice had been done. He put the matter up to Secretary Tumulty and succeeded in getting that not unamiable functionary really interested. Tumulty has at bottom a good conscience; and he came to realize that he had been made use of in connection with the Sullivan appointment by certain New York politicians. He realized that it was up to him and the President to right a grievous wrong. He dismissed the suggestion that it be "made up" to Russell by slipping him back into the service somewhere else. Tumulty and the President talked it over, and they decided that the just way to make amends was to acknowledge that a wrong had been done and to send Russell back to the position from which he had been summarily dismissed. Maybe at the back of their heads they thought, too, of the back-handed slap at Bryan involved in Russell's restoration to office.

#### The Vatican Role.

The Vatican finds itself in a position of almost unprecedented difficulty, a position that demands a steersmanship almost beyond the frontiers of human skill. As the head of the greatest religious organization of the Christian world the Vatican recognizes that an attitude of neutrality is demanded alike by expediency and by ethics. Every nation now at war, with the exception of the Japanese and the Turks, contains millions of faithful Catholics to whom it would be a grievous sorrow if their patriotism and their religion should point in opposite directions. It is the duty of the Vatican to see to it that no such conflict shall arise and that at least religion shall do nothing to fan the flames that it would so gladly extinguish. And yet the Vatican in the narrower and more restricted sense of the term is an Italian institution with wide-branched Italian affiliations, and with an established precedent that demands of it a benediction upon the Italian arms. And Italy represents one of the two colossal alliances that are tearing the old world into bloody shreds and patches. Never was the church in greater need of its most adroit statesmanship.

It is not to the discredit of the church that it has taken no effective means to end the struggle. There is a tide in the affairs of men, and the highest wisdom may well show itself by an inaction that awaits the auspicious moment. It is the fools who rush in where angels fear to tread, and unfortunately there is no lack of fools, whose sobbing invocations provoke alternately to tears and derision. Utterly without appreciation of the intensity of national passions, or the imagination to appraise them, these mischievous busybodies seem to suppose that nothing more is needed

than emotional appeals to forgive and forget, and that nations can be reconciled like fighting schoolboys or without substantial adjustment of claims and grievances. Such an attitude is not only utterly useless, but it is an insult. It may easily result in a positive aggravation of the mischief and there is evidence that it has done so.

The Vatican has avoided this error, or nearly so. It has faced the fact that every nation now at war believes that it is fighting for something eternally worth having and for which no price can be too heavy. However delusive such beliefs may be, they are none the less convictions, and convictions are not to be effaced by maudlin or hysterical invitations to shake hands and be friends. They can be dissolved only by hard-headed discussion, by concession, and by compromise.

Current reports show that the Vatican is bending its efforts toward the accomplishment of a temporary truce that shall in itself concede nothing, but that may easily be the prelude to the concessions that make for peace. There could be no wiser plan. It is hard to believe that such a truce, once secured, would come to an end, and the Vatican through its vast mechanism is in a position to bring such a truce to the horizon line. And it may be said that the Vatican is also in a position to bring some legitimate and coercive pressure upon any government that shows itself obdurate to reasonable overtures.

#### A War Speculation.

The issue between the United States and Germany raised by the *Lusitania* case, and aggravated by a still inconclusive interchange of diplomatic notes, has within the week been made acute by the destruction of American lives in the sinking of the *Arabic*. Two weeks ago the United States informed the German chancellery that it would hold a repetition of the offense against its rights embodied in the *Lusitania* incident as "deliberately unfriendly," at the same time reiterating a previous statement that it would hold the German government to "strict accountability." It looks as if we were face to face with a situation practically impossible of solution upon a friendly basis. We can not allow this second offense to go unrebuked and at the same time maintain our dignity and self-respect. Nor can it be expected, under all the conditions, that Germany will reverse her policy, plead repentance, and beg forgiveness. Since we have not the force to compel her to meet our demands, there remains for us but one practical line of policy, and that is to break off diplomatic intercourse. There are intimations from Washington that this will be done.

While severance of diplomatic relations is a common prelude to war, it does not imply war. In effect it is for one nation to say to another, "Begone from my house and out of my sight. I will have naught to do with you!" It implies an open state of distrust and unfriendliness. The attitude is one of hazardous possibilities, but it is far from being a state of war. And it is conceivable that it might last for years without an act of aggravation on either side making war necessary. Certainly we do not want war with Germany; certainly Germany does not want war with us. Probably the breaking of diplomatic relations would not alter essentially the neutral attitude of the United States in relation to the pending war, though its moral effect would undoubtedly be a species of aid and comfort to the allied nations now fighting Germany.

In the present posture of affairs anything like actual conflict between this country and Germany is, practically speaking, an impossibility. Even if Germany's whole resources of men and means were not employed nearer home, she would still be unable to address her energies against us in aggressive movements. She has no ship afloat in any but her territorial waters, unless that phrase may be applied to her submarine fleet, which could not possibly approach American shores. In other words, Germany, occupied as she is now, would be powerless to assume the offensive. Our position is hardly more effective. True, the oceans are open to us, and we might provide ourselves with transports by seizing German vessels now interned in our ports. But our little army is fully occupied in semi-domestic problems. No doubt men in tremendous numbers would rush to our colors. But a multitude of eager volunteers is far from being an army. It would take months to organize and drill an effective force,

even if we should attempt nothing more than an expeditionary movement.

Even in the face of this situation there are many among us who look upon war with Germany as something more than a possibility, and who are eagerly studying ways and means of making war effective. The morning mail brings to the *Argonaut* an anxious inquiry as to "what part America might take" in the pending European struggle if it should "go in." Even though this query may be dismissed as illustrating an overwrought state of mind, even though there is not one chance in a hundred that we shall be drawn into active hostility with Germany, it may not be amiss briefly to run over the conditions.

The productive capacity of our factories, under the stimulus of war orders, is expanding enormously. Further stimulated by national necessity and provided from the national treasury, we could presently supply munitions in prodigious quantity; and by the employment of interned ships as transports we would have little difficulty in feeding the product of our factories to the forces now fighting Germany. The United States has in reserve in various armories about 800,000 Springfield rifles, model of 1903, with something more than 300,000 Kraggs, an old model, but still a serviceable weapon; and to pass over these weapons to the Allies would be a hard blow to Germany. Within a month we could supply the allied forces in the field with about 1,100,000 serviceable guns; and, put under pressure, our Springfield arsenal could supply new guns at a very rapid rate. We could do nothing at present in the way of supplying artillery, but in addition to the shoulder arms above described we could supply powder, chemicals, and a wide range of general military supplies in short order. This would enable England and France—and after a little while Russia—to put into the field more than a million men who have now for months been in training camps, ready in so far as reserved forces may be, excepting that they have only broomsticks and hoe-handles with which to play with in preparatory practice.

At the present time England and France, chiefly the former, are supplying the military chest of Belgium, Serbia, and other impecunious combatants. If the United States should be forced into the war she could take over this responsibility, leaving the richer of the allied nations to concentrate their resources upon their immediate problems. Thus in addition to supplying arms and munitions, the United States could prodigiously aid the Allies on the financial side.

While the American war fleet is not one of commanding strength, it is nevertheless large enough to be a tremendous help in the naval phase of the war. It could reinforce the allied fleet in the Mediterranean, or it might stand guard at the North Sea end of the Kiel Canal, leaving the British fleet free to venture elsewhere. It is not difficult to picture some bold Yankee sea dog forcing his way through Skagerrack, braving the mines of the German Ocean, and delivering a staggering blow either in these waters or on the north German coast. Our fleet is particularly strong in torpedo boat destroyers, and it is conceivable that these small but effective boats might do tremendous service in the waters now infested with German submarines.

One of the great and vital needs of the allied armies is skilled officers. The losses of officers in the struggle of the past year have been large. There is an especial shortage in artillery officers, and it takes time to train men for artillery work. We are relatively strong in this branch of our military service, and even a few hundred of our trained and expert men would be a mighty aid in the present emergency.

It is hardly necessary to add that all this is mere speculation. There is not, we repeat, one chance in a hundred that we shall get actively into this war. We don't want to do it, and German policy is not likely to make it necessary that we should do it. But if we should go in, we should not, despite our general unpreparedness, be an ineffective factor, a mere silent partner, in connection with the movements which promise to fill the coming year. All this is quite as well understood—perhaps even better—at Berlin as at Washington; and since it is understood, German policy, however lacking at some points, will not force us in. We would not be a pleasant enemy, and we



are in position ultimately to be a good friend. And however this war may end, Germany will at its end stand in need of friendship.

We hear the suggestion, though with little sympathy with it, that Germany would welcome the entrance of America into the war—that this in truth is the motive of the deliberate affront implied in the submarine assault upon the *Arabic* in the face of its certainty of offense to the United States, likewise in the face of her repeated assurances that no further offense would be given. The argument is ingenious. Germany, it is urged, is pursuing with desperation a course which if it shall not be checked must end in exhaustion and disaster. If now she can provoke America to enter the struggle on the side of her embattled enemies she will have an obvious and legitimate excuse for throwing up her hands. No one or two countries, continues the argument, can fight the whole world. To decline such a conflict would not be a mark of cowardice or a disgraceful capitulation, but rather an open exercise of justifiable prudence. With America joining her forces with the Allies, Germany, without sacrifice of face, might enter proposals of peace. The argument, we repeat, is ingenious, perhaps none the less so because a little far fetched. We set it forth without acceptance, but simply as an interesting development of current speculation.

#### Editorial Notes.

The dismissal of W. W. Russell from the United States ministership to Santo Domingo was not that gentleman's first "bump" at the hands of the government of the United States. He was graduated from Annapolis in the famous class of 1881. That was the year when Congress, in a fit of economy, so arranged the personnel of the navy that there were places for only ten of the graduates. Others of the class were permitted to serve two years as past midshipmen and then shunted into civil life. John W. Weeks, now senator from Massachusetts and candidate for presidential nomination, was one of the youths thus bumped out. General George Barnett was another, but Barnett contrived to get an appointment as lieutenant of marines, and is now a major-general and commandant of the corps. Russell went into civil engineering, and was so employed until he entered the diplomatic service, save for a brief period when he was a lieutenant in the extemporized Brazilian navy created at the time of the establishment of the republic.

Former Representative A. O. Stanley, familiarly styled "Greasy Gus," now for some time separated from public life, bobs up as Democratic candidate for the Kentucky governorship. Stanley is a man of fame at Washington, where he is celebrated as the dirtiest, drunkenest, brightest representative Kentucky has had at the national capital for many a day. The issue upon which Stanley won out against heavy competition was that of local option as opposed to proposals for prohibition. The Republican candidate for the Kentucky governorship is E. P. Morrow, and F. J. Drexler is the candidate of the Progressives.

Washington is gossiping about a trip made to New York by Secretary Lansing last week for the purpose of conferring with Secretary McAdoo. The spectacle of the Secretary of the Treasury summoning the Secretary of State to a conference when the Secretary of the Treasury might just as easily have called on the Secretary of State is unusual. The incident is interpreted as a fresh suggestion that Mr. Lansing holds the Secretaryship of State upon terms hardly consonant with the traditional rank and dignity of that office.

One by one the State Department is dropping the Bryan ballast. The latest "resignation" is that of Robert E. Rose, carried on Mr. Bryan's official rolls as "Foreign Trade Advisor" at \$4500 per year, and one of the jokes of Washington during the past two years. The most conspicuous candidate for Mr. Rose's job is Roscoe Mitchell, who qualifies as a foreign trade adviser by a record as press agent for Dr. Cook, the Arctic faker. In 1912 Mitchell was press agent for the Bull-Moose party in New York.

Never before in history has the price of horses been so high in Holland. The evident cause is the great demand for horses resulting from the war.

### THE THEATRE OF WAR.

It was evident last week that the centre of gravity had suddenly shifted to the Balkans. It is still more evident today. Many years ago Lord Beaconsfield said something to the effect that Antwerp and Constantinople were the two fateful cities of Europe. Of course it was the fate of Great Britain that he had most vividly in mind. Antwerp was obviously the gateway to England, but that the destiny of Constantinople should be similarly portentous was not then so clear. But Lord Beaconsfield was right. The whirling cyclone has now centered for the moment around the Turkish capital, and it seems probable that its possession is to be the chief bone of contention.

The Germans have not yet finished with the Russian armies, and until they have done so they will not be able to undertake any major operations elsewhere. We do not know yet how far they will be able to advance into Russia, the extent of the damage that they will be able to inflict upon their Russian enemies, or the number of men that will be needed to hold their gains. And until we are able to cast some sort of a balance of results we do not know how many men they will be able to release. But in any case the number will be considerable, and we may be sure that the German chiefs know exactly what to do with them. In the meantime they are making herculean efforts to put the Russian army out of business, and it seems likely that they can make the Brest-Litovsk line untenable. But there is now very little probability that they can envelop the Grand Duke's forces or destroy them. That there will be an attack on Petrograd is extremely unlikely, although it would be rash to exclude it from the possibilities. But there seem to be other goals that would be more profitable than a task so prodigious and so relatively inconclusive.

The first alternative is an attack upon England by warships and troop transports, but this is not likely to be undertaken except as a last and culminating throw of the dice. The German newspapers seem entirely confident that if a very small number of men could be landed the whole country would at once succumb to panic. In praise of the German soldier it would be impossible to speak too highly. He never succumbs except to the irresistible. It would be equally impossible to speak too highly of German military organization. It is the last word in scope of conception and in perfection of detail. But when the German mind begins to forecast a national situation it shows itself to be curiously lacking in a knowledge of actual conditions. Thus it was confident that the British colonies would throw off their allegiance. They have reasserted it more strongly than ever before. It was confident that there would be a revolution in India and a general Mohammedan uprising, and there has been none. On the contrary the Indians, from prince to pauper, are eager to enlist and to fight, and Mohammedans at large seem quite indifferent to the fate of Turkey and to the admonitions of the Sheikh ul Islam. It was confident that the Boers would snatch at their opportunity for independence, and a South African force is now on its way to Europe. And now it is equally confident that if a quarter of a million men could be landed in England they would have little or nothing to do except to march on London. The German ships would make a dash into the North Sea, quickly separate and as quickly reassemble, and the escort of the transports would then be relatively simple. If it were successful, if England at once succumbed to panic and insisted upon peace, it would, of course, be the end of the war. But there are not likely to be panics anywhere or under any conditions.

A second alternative is a new attack on the western lines, and this would be undertaken either in the north and in order to open the road to Calais, or in the south and toward Verdun, or in the direction of Soissons. The crown prince has recently been attacking Verdun in some strength and has even gained ground, and an actual success here might easily have vast results. In the first place it would establish communication with the Rhine and would greatly facilitate the transport of munitions, which must now come through Luxemburg. It is in view of this eventuality that the Germans have held on so tenaciously to the loop at St. Mihiel, and perhaps there is no more vulnerable spot than this along the whole extent of the French line. But another possible scene of attack is at Soissons, and while this is by no means so vulnerable, it has the advantage from the German point of view of being only sixty miles from Paris and also of having been already the scene of a German victory when the defending force was thrown across the Aisne last January. But a good deal of water has flowed under the Aisne bridges since then, and it is said that the whole territory from Soissons to Paris is now a nearly solid mass of fortifications upon which every known means of destruction has been concentrated. The French lines here are probably as nearly impregnable as skill can make them.

The same may be said of the road to Calais defended by the British. There was a critical time when it seemed as though nothing could withstand the mighty battering ram directed against this point, and possibly the Germans do not yet know how near they came to winning their way through. But the British lines are now immeasurably stronger than they were. Probably they are impregnable. If Calais were permanently in German hands the Englishman would indeed have some cause to lie awake o' nights, and it is probably the prospect of permanent possession that tempts Germany rather than the immediate war advantages that would ensue. Doubtless German guns could then reach Dover, but what

of it? English guns could also reach Calais, and the prospect of invading England from Calais under the range of the Dover guns would be a somewhat shadowy one. If England is invaded it will be from the wide seas, and not from the narrow ones. The Channel between Calais and Dover would be crowded with submarines and mines and raked by guns. Every move that was made in Calais would be visible from Dover with a pair of cheap opera glasses. But the possession of Calais might be a serious blow to the British communications with France. The immunity for the troop ships would be at an end. And it would give Germany a trump card to play at a peace conference. And the peace conference is occupying a large place in the minds of all the fighting nations at the present time. We may find that it comes into sight with an unexpected suddenness.

But there are other alternatives. For example, the invasion of Italy through the Trentino must prove a temptation, and it is to guard against this possibility that Italy has been sending some of her best men to stop the mountain passes through which an invading army must advance. If Germany should seriously undertake the task of invading Italy she could probably do it, although at an enormous cost. She could take Venice and Milan, and she could compel the Isonzo army to fall back or be trapped. Revenge on Italy would doubtless be sweet, but as a matter of curious fact Germany and Italy are not at war, and even if they were at war we may doubt if Germany would think it wise to open up an entirely new campaign, and a most formidable one, at this particular stage of the game. If one might make a guess at the German attitude toward the Italian war it is that Austria must be left to blow on her own porridge in this respect, and that inasmuch as she got herself into a needless war against German advice, she may now get herself out of it again without German help.

But there are two other courses that are likely to prove much more attractive to German ambitions. The first is an attack upon Odessa through South Russia, and the second is an attack upon Serbia and an advance through a willing or an unwilling Bulgaria to the relief of Constantinople. The capture of Odessa would have immense advantages. It is the granary of Russia and its warehouses are now filled to overflowing with grain. Its capture would not only victual the Teuton armies for a long time to come, but it would go a long way to counterbalance the loss of Constantinople. Indeed Constantinople would be of relatively little value in the hands of the Allies if Odessa were in the hands of their enemies. But it would take a very large army to do this, an army larger than Germany is likely to spare for such a purpose. But an attack upon Serbia would be far more hopeful. Serbia is now in no condition to make any very vigorous resistance, and if Bulgaria should be persuaded that Germany holds the winning cards she would make no objection to the passage across her territory of men and munitions for the relief of Turkey. Moreover, the moral effect upon the Balkans in general would be overwhelming. We might hear no more of Greek intervention, and Roumania would promptly accept Bessarabia as the price of a neutrality that would be something more than benevolent. Perhaps we may sum up the probabilities by saying that Germany would infinitely prefer to break the French and British lines in the west, and that she would unhesitatingly make the attempt if she believed that there were any chance of success. But failing this, she will try to force her way through Serbia and Bulgaria to the relief of Constantinople. And it would seem that the Allies believe that such will be her choice. It is certain that they would warmly welcome an attack in the west and that they hope that such an attack will be made. And it is precisely for that reason that we may doubt if it will be made. It is evident that the French and British are looking toward the Dardanelles as the key to the immediate situation and that they regard an early victory as supremely necessary. We read of constant reinforcements being sent, and now it seems probable that Italy has been persuaded to send a large force to help in the work.

In 1912 there was a consultation between France and Russia as to the plan of campaign in the event of war. The Russian authorities were in favor of falling back at once upon the Brest-Litovsk line and temporarily abandoning Poland. France objected to this on the ground that the Russian pressure would then be delayed for so long as to expose her to the brunt of attack. The original Russian strategy was evidently the best. It would have meant the sacrifice of territory, but it would have deprived Germany of the railroad facilities that she has now used to such good advantage. It is the network of frontier railroads that has enabled Germany to move her forces with such surprising speed, and it is the absence of railroads on the other side of the frontier that has prevented Russia from checking those moves. Probably France would have been just as well off today if the Russians had fallen back at once to their present positions, and Russia herself would have saved most of her incalculable losses.

There seems to be some doubt as to the exact value of cotton in the preparation of war explosives. On the one hand we are told that an embargo on cotton would prove fatal to the German munitions works, and on the other hand we are assured that cotton is not used in the production of high explosives and that the failure of the supply would be relatively unimportant. It is true that cotton is not used in the manufacture of high explosives, but it is used for the propulsion of the shells that contain high explosives. Two different kinds of "powder" are necessary for the high explosive shell. First there is the high explosive



self, which comes into activity only when the shell has reached its destination. Secondly there is the charge which propels the shell from the gun, and this has a much lower power. The high explosive can not be used for propulsive purposes, and it is for propulsive purposes that the cotton is needed. It may be that German chemists have discovered a substitute. It seems as though there must be a substitute, but there can be no doubt that Germany is still keenly anxious to get cotton.

That officialism is not necessarily inconsistent with a discriminating sense of the fitness of things is shown by the following incident, related by an *Argonaut* reader: An Englishman forwarded a substantial sum to the secretary of the British Institute with a request that it be apportioned at his discretion among the various benevolent funds in connection with the war. He has just received an intimation that one-fifth of the amount was sent to the British Red Cross, one-fifth to La Croix Rouge Française, one-fifth to the Serbian Relief Fund, one-fifth to the Victoria League, and one-fifth to the Friends of Belgium Society.

References to "flame projectors" have recently been numerous, and there has been some speculation as to how these are made and their effective range. Naturally the Germans do not give away their secrets, but in a German army note dated October 16, 1914, we find the following reference: "The flame projectors (*Flammenwerfer*), which are very similar to portable fire extinguishers, are worked by specially trained pioneers, and throw a liquid which at once catches fire spontaneously. The jet of fire has an effective range of thirty metres. The effect is immediate and deadly, and the great heat developed forces the enemy back a long way. As they burn from one and a half to two minutes, and can be stopped whenever necessary, short and isolated jets of flame are advisable, so that one charge is sufficient to spray several objectives. Flame projectors will be mainly employed in street and house-to-house fighting, and will be kept in readiness at the place from which an attack starts." The recent British bulletin describes the use of these implements and says, "By this means the enemy succeeded in penetrating our first line of trenches on a front of about 500 yards."

An estimate of German resources in men was recently made by Major Dillon of the British war office, who was called on to give evidence before a prize court and who submitted an affidavit containing the following figures:

|  |           |
|--|-----------|
| Under arms on both fronts.....           | 4,000,000 |
| In training .....                        | 750,000   |
| On the railways.....                     | 500,000   |
| Employed in munition works.....          | 750,000   |
| Engaged in coal mines and factories..... | 2,000,000 |
|  | 8,000,000 |

Major Dillon made a low estimate of German casualties. He put the total at 2,000,000, "including constant temporary wastage."

Turkish bulletins having repeatedly described the driving of the invaders into the sea, it was recently found necessary to issue an explanatory bulletin to the effect that the Christian soldiers are such good swimmers that they invariably succeed in regaining the land.

The utter and hopeless stupidity of the British censorship of news was never better illustrated than by a report from Sir John French that has recently been published. This report shows that the guns that were recaptured by the Canadians during the recent heavy fighting on the British front were taken again five minutes later, and also fifty French guns. The original bulletins, carefully edited presumably by some half-pay colonel, related the gallant feat of the Canadians, but made no mention of the fact that it was actually in vain, although the truth was well known. An editorial comment in the London *Sunday Chronicle* remarks: "We have done our best to comply, in spirit and in letter, with the demands of the censorship, but a strong protest must be made against such 'eye-washing' of the public as this. Since the Germans knew all about it, there could be no excuse of keeping it from the enemy, and nothing on earth could be so discouraging to the average Briton as to find that something which he had believed on the strength of a British official report had turned out to be utterly misleading. People will begin to say, and rightly, that the German official reports are more to be trusted than our own. Is it to this that the censorship has led us at last?"

SAN FRANCISCO, August 25, 1915.

SIDNEY CORYN.

Whittier, in Los Angeles County, can perhaps claim the most valuable fruit tree in California. It is an *avocado* (alligator pear) and is insured against wind and fire by Lloyd's, of London, to the amount of \$30,000. This tree last year produced 3000 pears, which averaged the grower fifty cents each; it also produced \$1500 worth of bud wood, making a total production of \$3000 for the year.

Cryolite—a source of aluminum, used also in making soda and glass—is not produced in the United States, the entire supply used in this country being imported from Ivigtut, an Eskimo hamlet on the southern coast of Greenland.

Although the Zanzibar archipelago produces ninety per cent of the world's supply of cloves, fully one-quarter of the entire annual yield is lost through inefficient means employed in picking the crop.

## WHEN FATE SQUARES ACCOUNTS.

The Strange Visitor Who Came to Jerome Ormsby.

The stately butler laid another log on the fire, causing it to throw its flickering light into the far shadowy corners of the great room. Here it was reflected by a shining bit of brass; there by the glaze on a piece of rare pottery; it brought out the Japanese prints on the wall and the de luxe editions in the bookcase; it showed the rich, dull colors of the rugs and the sheen of silken cushions; it played over the massive mahogany table, vieing with the glow of a shaded lamp, which had once done service as a temple vase in far Nippon.

The man in the large armchair near the table was quite in keeping with the surroundings. From the top of his dark head, slightly touched with gray about the temples, to the sole of his highly arched foot, Jerome Ormsby was the typical aristocrat—the patrician. A sensual mouth, partially hidden by a close-clipped gray mustache, was the only jarring note in his appearance. No, not quite the only one; the expression of yearning, of discontent, almost of misery, which was in the dark eyes, as he sat with relaxed, upturned palms staring at the shining bit of brass in the shadowy corner, seemed inharmonious.

Suddenly, as though trying to throw off some ugly thought, he sat erect, and turning to the butler said: "That is all for the present, Micah. When the man comes from Smart & Briggs, the jewelers, you know, bring him up."

As the door closed on the departing butler, Ormsby leaned back in his chair and picked up an opened note that lay near him on the table. It gave forth a delicate perfume as he raised it to the light. The handwriting showed it to be from a woman, while the crest showed that she boasted birth or wealth, or perhaps both.

Ormsby suddenly started and frowned as though in pain. He threw the note on the table and gripped the arms of his chair convulsively. Then drawing a small vial from his pocket he hastily emptied two of the pellets it contained into his hand, and gulping them down with an effort, relaxed into his chair, ashen gray as to color, tiny beads of moisture showing on his brow.

Glancing toward the note, a grim smile wreathed his lips as he murmured: "Hardy's right. I'm afraid I'm done with that sort of thing. Curse this heart anyway. Why can't I live while I live!"

Again he took up the note and read:

JEROME, DEAREST: Come and dine with me tomorrow night. I'm to be alone and we can have a cozy supper à deux. It seems ages since I have seen you. Don't disappoint me. Yours as always, BERESECE.

"I'll go once more," he said aloud, "once more can't hurt. Tomorrow night and—après cela?" He smiled his grim smile, then the discontent crept back into his face as his eyes rested unseeing on that spot of light in the dark corner. He could not keep his thoughts from that—après cela—would it be the deluge for him, too? What would life hold when the excitement of his butterfly existence was forbidden? Books? Pictures? One couldn't live on those! Just then the soft-footed butler announced: "The man from Smart & Briggs, sir."

Ormsby, looking up to welcome this tradesman's representative with the courteous winning smile which he bestowed alike on prince and pauper, involuntarily started to his feet. Where had he seen the man before? His face was most familiar—yet not as a clerk, no; he had known him somewhere as an equal. But where?

There was no answering recognition, however, in the dignified, quiet "Good-evening" which the newcomer bestowed on his host.

Puzzled, Ormsby indicated a chair, sinking back into his own as he said: "Sit down. Pardon me, but where have I seen you before? I—I can't be mistaken—I—I have met you?"

The young fellow's dark eyes looked blankly, yet inquiringly at the questioner.

"I think not, sir. I have only been with Smart & Briggs a few weeks, and I have spent practically all of that in the shop. This is the first time I have seen any of the customers."

The tone increased, rather than diminished, Ormsby's first impression; the voice was as familiar as the face.

"Indeed? Well, possibly it is simply a striking resemblance to some one I know. I have a remarkable memory for faces, but it sometimes plays me tricks. You say you are mostly in the shop?" inquired Ormsby politely, anxious to draw the young fellow out, hoping by hearing the voice and watching the play of his features to locate the haunting resemblance.

"Yes. You see my father has just perfected his enamel, which Smart & Briggs want to handle. In exchange for our sole agency they have made me manager of their shop. So I still design the pieces and father does the enameling, which is the secret process. We finish them up in the shop, which supplies all our materials. People are already beginning to inquire for our work and we have sold quite a few pieces. I brought you some pendants as you requested. They will give you an idea of what the work is, and then if you have any special design in mind, we can make you up a piece to order."

Ormsby listened with puzzled eagerness. He grasped nothing of the sense of the remarks, he only heard the tone and saw the play of those familiar haunting features.

The young man had drawn some small packages from his pocket as he spoke, and opening one, held it towards Ormsby, who took the trinket with an exclamation of delight. It was a combination of moon-stones and sapphires, set in a translucent gray enamel with a backing of silver. The design was conventional, yet unconventional, quite unlike anything he had ever seen before. His intense love of the exquisite, the beautiful, overcame all other feelings.

"Wonderful!" he exclaimed. "Those lights! Those colors! This is the masterpiece of an artist!" And he eyed his visitor with renewed interest.

"Yes, that is lovely," responded the other modestly, "but I have one here that father and I think quite as beautiful. These two are our pets, so to speak." And he laid another in Ormsby's open palm.

This showed a design of lilacs in amethysts and pink sapphires with a shaded mauve enamel of the same translucent quality. Dilettante as he was, he had never seen their like in color and conception, and leaning back, he again scrutinized his guest intently.

"You say you design these things? May I ask your name?"

The young man gave a laugh of boyish pleasure at the respect in Ormsby's tone.

"Certainly. My name is Fabry—August Fabry. It is my father's name, too. After working for many years and spending every penny he could scrape together, my father invented that enamel by which he gets delicate yet brilliant colors, combined with great wearing qualities. He deserves success, for he has given his whole life to it."

"You must have given yours, too, to be able to design as you do; the enamel would be nothing without the designs. Have a cigar?" and Ormsby indicated an open box on a tabouret of teak wood. "I'm sorry I can't join you, but it's taboo by my physician."

Fabry shook his head. "Thank you, sir: I've never learned how. My father never smoked, so I never have."

Ormsby glanced quickly at the speaker. He had forgotten the resemblance for a moment in his interest in the artist, but something in the tone brought it again vividly before him. What a typical middle-class fellow this was, after all! To urge his father's habits as an example for his own! Yet he interested Ormsby apart from his real or fancied resemblance to some one. He represented for him that other half of the world about which he generally did not care, but which, in the person of his visitor, seemed to attract him.

"Tell me more of your father and his work. He, too, must be something of an artist in his way."

"You're right, sir," responded Fabry, his face lighting, "my father is an artist—and more than that. He is a fine man. He has arrived where he has against tremendous odds. Father is an Austrian by birth. He came to this country about twenty-seven years ago. He'd had some training in chemistry in the old country, so, although he couldn't speak a word of English, he was given a position in the test room of a large chemical company; I believe it was called the Standard Chemical Company."

At the mention of this name Ormsby sat up a little straighter and a queer look came into his face. It was the name of the firm which had been owned and managed by his father, and it brought strange recollections to him—unpleasant recollections—but the speaker continued:

"Father was there only six months when he met my mother, who was a stenographer in their employ, and must have been a valuable one, for they gave her such a substantial dowry that they were enabled to marry almost immediately, so that my—" Fabry stopped short, alarmed by the expression of his listener. "What is it, sir? Can I do anything? Are you ill?" His host, with a face of ashen pallor, was gasping and gripping his chair. "Shall I ring?"

Ormsby shook his head, saying feebly: "No—wait—I'll be all right in a moment—wait."

Gradually he relaxed, and as he did so a vision rose before him—a vision he had not thought of—for five and twenty years.

It was his father's office, and he, a youth of twenty-two or three, was there alone. The door opened and a pretty young woman entered, looked around timidly and began to speak. He thought he had forgotten those words, but they came back out of the past as distinctly as when they were uttered: "You must marry me. I don't care for myself, but my child—our child—must have a father. I hate you now—you haven't looked at me for weeks—but you've got to act square by our child."

He could see just how she looked and could remember his own feelings. He didn't want a child—a crying brat, and he didn't want to get married. He hadn't meant any harm to the girl. Just then his father had entered, and she had told her story again in response to his inquiry. His disgust for the scene all came back to him. Then his father had said: "I'll attend to this, Jerome," and he had sneaked out.

Then the later interview with his father when he announced: "I fixed that up, Jerome, but let it be a lesson to you. I got young Fabry, that Austrian in



the test room, to marry her and take her away. It cost me a pot of money, but it's worth it if you profit by the lesson. But just remember, another time it may not be so easy to arrange."

So it had ended—as he thought—and the fair-haired girl, just one of a long line of women who had been his playthings, had slipped out of his life and mind. Yet now—he pulled himself together.

"There—I'm all right now. This woman—your mother—you said her name was—?"

In his anxiety for Ormsby, Fabry had lost interest for the moment in his own narrative, and Ormsby had to repeat his question before Fabry realized that he wished him to continue.

"I beg pardon, sir; my mother's name was Lyon—Irina Lyon. I never saw her; she died when I was born."

"But you have brothers, sisters?" interrupted Ormsby, trying to hide his eagerness, while Fabry wondered at the earnestness of the inquiry; this was no polite questioning, this was, for some unknown reason, real interest.

The young man shook his head. "No, there was no one but me. I was born the first year of their marriage, and she never even saw me. I suppose I must miss her," he continued ingenuously, "but I never realized it. My father has always been all I seemed to need. The other boys at school used to talk of their mothers and sisters or brothers, but I always found that no father meant to any of them half what mine did to me."

Ormsby had long since ceased to listen. His son! There was no doubt of it. It was the boy's resemblance to himself—to his father and grandfather—which had struck him when Fabry entered. It was the unmistakable Ormsby voice which had fallen upon his ear.

Somehow, in all his wasting of life, he had only thought of children, if he thought of them at all, as babies, little crying things that would break one's rest or disturb one's reading. In the houses where he went children—if there were any—who were past babyhood were always out of sight at school or college. He had never realized what their companionship might mean to a parent. Yet, this was *his* son! A hot feeling of resentment rose within him at the thought of this man—this August Fabry—who had all these years had the love of his—Ormsby's—son.

Involuntarily he stretched out his arms to this flesh of his flesh, bone of his bone. Fabry interrupted himself, staring at Ormsby in alarm, fearing another attack.

"What is it, sir? I had better go. I've tired you with this idle talk about myself. I beg your pardon."

He was already on his feet, while Ormsby was stammering, seeking words to hold him.

"No—no—I want to hear more—it was nothing. Tell me more about—your father."

A pang of jealousy again shot through him as Fabry's face lighted up at this interest in his parent. Nothing but cold politeness for Ormsby—yet how handsome he was! No wonder he was an artist. It was in the blood, this love for beauty. Ormsby leaned eagerly forward. His son was speaking. "There isn't much more to tell, except that he and I have been inseparable except for the two years I was at the art school. Father was determined I should go, so I went, but I learned far more from him than I did at any school. I would like you to meet my father sometime, Mr. Ormsby, as you are interested in him. No one ever meets him without feeling better for it. A man once told me of him that he has a great soul, and it's true."

Every word was a dagger in Ormsby's heart. This was what he had missed! His agony showed in his face, and at sight of it young Fabry rose abruptly. "Good-night, sir; I see you are suffering. I hope I've not tired you. I'll leave those two pendants and you can let the lady decide which suits her best; there is no hurry to return them."

Ormsby struggled to his feet and held out his hand. It seemed as though he couldn't let the boy go.

"Good-night—good-night—thank you," He hesitated. There was so much in his heart—so little he could say. He held firmly to Fabry's hand—that hand which was his, yet not his—as though he would never let it go, then once more he whispered, "Good-night!" And his son was gone.

Ormsby sank back into his chair and gazed into the now dying fire. The glowing embers were fast turning to gray, but he did not notice. With a sound like a moan, he turned to pick up the pendants, tossing the perfumed note aside as he did so. For a moment he gazed at them with affectionate admiration. His boy's work—his son's! Involuntarily he pressed them to his lips, while his body shook with a convulsive sob. *His boy! His son!*

When the world—his world—heard how he was found next morning, sitting by his table, an exquisite bauble in either hand, it shrugged its shoulders and exclaimed: "Consistent to the last! Jerome Ormsby died trying to decide on a gift for his latest mistress."

But bending over his desk in a busy, whirring shop a young man thought of that last hand-clasp—and wondered.

ANNA JANE HARNWELL.

SAN FRANCISCO, August, 1915.

## A MOTHER.

When One's Heart Aches It Is Easy to Strike.

For several weeks now the town had been surrounded by a close ring of armed foes. Of nights bonfires were lit and a multitude of fiery red eyes looked out from the darkness upon the walls. They glowed ominously, these fires, as if warning the inhabitants of the town. And the thoughts they conjured up were of a gloomy kind.

From the walls it was apparent that the noose of foes was being drawn tighter and tighter. Black shadows could be seen moving this way and that about the fires. The neighing of well-fed horses could be heard, and the clatter of arms and the loud laughter and merry songs of men confident of victory—and what is more painful to listen to than the laughter and songs of the foe?

The enemy had filled with corpses the streams which supplied the town with water; they had burned down the vineyards around the town, trampled down the fields, and cut down the trees of the neighborhood, leaving the town exposed on all sides; and almost every day missiles of iron and lead were poured into it by the guns and rifles of the foe.

Detachments of half-starved soldiers, tired out by skirmishes, passed along the narrow streets of the town; from the windows of the houses came the groans of wounded, the raving of men in delirium, the prayers of women and the crying of children. Everybody spoke quietly, in subdued tones, interrupting one another's speech in the middle of a word to listen intently to detect whether the foe was not commencing to storm the town.

They were afraid to light lamps in the houses; a thick fog enveloped the streets, and in this fog, like a fish at the bottom of a river, a woman flitted silently to and fro, wrapped from head to foot in a black mantle.

People, noticing her, asked one another:

"Is it she?"

"Yes!"

And they drew back into the recesses of the doorways or, lowering their heads, ran past her silently. The men in charge of the patrols warned her sternly: "You are in the street again, Monna Marianna? Have a care! They may kill you and no one will trouble to search for the culprit."

She stood erect and waited, but the patrol passed her by, either hesitating or not wishing to harm her. Armed men walked round her as if she had been a corpse. Yet she lingered on in the darkness, moving slowly from street to street, solitary, silent, and black, seeming the personification of the town's misfortunes. And around her, mournfully pursuing her, surged depressing sounds; groans, sobs, prayers, and the grim talk of soldiers who had lost all hope of victory.

She was a citizen and a mother, and her thoughts were of her son and of the town of her birth. And her son, a handsome but gay and heartless youth, was at the head of the men who were destroying the town. Not long ago she had looked at him with pride, as upon her precious gift to the fatherland, as upon a beneficent force created by her for the welfare of the town, her birthplace, and the place also where she had borne and brought up her son. Hundreds of indissoluble ties bound her heart to the ancient stones, out of which her ancestors had built the houses and the city walls; to the soil in which lay the bones of her kindred; to the legends, songs, and hopes of her native people. And this heart now had lost him whom it had loved most and it was rent in twain; it was like a balance in which her love for her son was being weighed against her love for the town. And it was not possible yet to decide which love outweighed the other.

In this state of mind she walked the streets at night, and many, not recognizing her, were frightened, thinking that the dark figure was the personification of Death which was so near to them all; those that recognized her stepped hurriedly out of her way to avoid the traitor's mother.

Once, in a deserted corner of the city wall, she came across another woman: she was kneeling by the side of a corpse and praying with face uplifted to the stars; on the wall, above her head, sentinels were talking quietly; their guns clattered as they knocked against the projecting stones of the wall.

The traitor's mother inquired:

"Your husband?"

"No."

"Brother?"

"Son. My husband was killed thirteen days ago; this one today."

And, rising, the mother of the dead man said humbly:

"The Madonna sees everything, she knows everything, and I thank her!"

"What for?" asked Marianna, and the other replied:

"Now that he has fallen with honor, fighting for his fatherland. I can say that he sometimes caused me anxiety: he was reckless, fond of pleasure, and I feared lest for that reason he might betray the town, as Marianna's son has done, the enemy of God and men, the leader of our foes; accursed be he and accursed be the womb that bore him!"

Covering her face Marianna hurried away. The

next day she went to the defenders of the town and said:

"Either kill me because my son has become your enemy, or open the gate for me, that I may go to him."

They replied:

"You are a citizen, and the town should be dear to you; your son is just as much your enemy as he is ours."

"I am his mother; I love him and deem it to be my fault that he is what he is."

Then they consulted together as to what should be done and came to this decision:

"We can not, in honor, kill you for your son's sin: we know you could not have suggested this terrible sin to him; and we can guess how you must be suffering. You are not wanted by the town, even as a hostage; your son does not trouble himself about you; we think he has forgotten you, the fiend—and therein lies your punishment, if you think you have deserved it! To us it seems more terrible than death!"

"Yes," she said; "it is more terrible."

They opened the gate for her, and let her out of the town.

For a long time they watched her from the wall as she made her way over this native soil, sodden now with blood shed by her son. She walked slowly, dragging her feet painfully through the mire, bowing her head before the corpses of the defenders of the town and repugantly spurning the pieces of broken weapons that lay in her path—for mothers hate the instruments of destruction, believing only in that which preserves life.

She walked carefully, as though she carried under her cloak a bowl full of some liquid which she was afraid of spilling. And as she went on, as her figure grew smaller and smaller, it seemed to those who watched her from the wall that their former depression and hopelessness were disappearing with her.

They saw her stop when she had covered half the distance, and throwing back her hood, gaze long at the town. Beyond, in the enemy's camp, they had also noticed her advancing alone through the deserted fields; figures, as black as herself, cautiously approached her. They went up to her, asked her who she was and whither she was going.

"Your leader is my son," she said, and none of the soldiers doubted her words. They walked by her side, speaking in terms of praise of the bravery and cleverness of their leader. She listened to them, her head raised proudly in the air and showing not the least surprise. That was just how her son should be!

And now she stands before the man whom she knew nine months before his birth; before him whom she had never put out of her heart. And he stands before her, in silk and velvet, and wearing a sword ornamented with precious stones. In everything fit and seemly, exactly as she had seen him many a time in her dreams—rich, famous, and beloved!

"Mother!" he said, kissing her hands. "You come to me; it means that you have understood me, and tomorrow I will capture this accursed town!"

"In which you were born," she reminded him.

Intoxicated by his exploits, maddened by the desire for still greater glory, he spoke to her with the insolent pride of youth.

"I was born into the world and for the world, in order to strike it with astonishment! I spared this town for your sake—it is like a splinter in my foot and hinders me from advancing to fame as quickly as I could wish. But either today or tomorrow I will destroy the nest of these stubborn ones!"

"Where every stone knows you and remembers you as a child," she said.

"Stones are dumb; if I can not make them speak let mountains speak of me—that is what I want!"

"But the people?" she asked.

"Oh yes, I remember them, mother. I need them also, for only in the memories of people are heroes immortal."

She replied:

"He is a hero who creates life, spiting death, who conquers death."

"No," he replied. "He who destroys becomes as famous as he who builds cities. For instance, we do not know whether Aeneas or Romulus built Rome, but we know the name of Alaric and the other heroes who destroyed it."

"It has outlived all names," the mother suggested.

In this strain he spoke to her till sunset. She interrupted his vain talk less frequently and her proud head gradually drooped.

A mother creates, she preserves, and to talk about destruction in her presence is to speak against her understanding of life. But not knowing this, the son was denying all that life meant for his mother.

A mother is always against death, and the hand that introduces death into people's dwellings is hateful and hostile to all mothers. But the son did not see it, blinded by the cold gleam of glory which kills the heart.

And he did not know that a mother can be just as resourceful, just as pitiless and fearless as an animal, when it concerns life which the mother herself creates and preserves.

She sat limply, with head bowed down. Through the open mouth of the rich tent of the leader could



seen the town where she had thrilled to the conception and trailed in the birth of this her first-born child, whose only wish now was to destroy.

The purple rays of the sun bathed in blood the walls and towers of the town, the window-panes glistened ominously; the whole town seemed to be wounded, and from its hundreds of wounds streamed the red blood of life. Time went on, and the town grew black, like a corpse, and the stars like funeral candles were lit above it.

She saw with her mind's eye the dark houses where they were afraid to light the lamps, for fear of attracting the attention of the enemy; and the dark streets filled with the odor of corpses and the subdued whispers of people awaiting death—she saw everything and all; everything that was native and familiar to her stood out before her, awaiting her decision in silence, and she felt that she was the mother of all the people of her native town.

From the dark mountain-tops clouds descended into the valley, and like winged coursers sped upon the doomed town.

"Perhaps we shall make an attack tonight," said her son, "if the night is dark enough. It is not easy to kill when the sun looks into one's eyes and the glitter of the weapons blinds one—many blows are wasted then," said he, examining his sword.

"Come here," said his mother; "put your head on my breast; rest a while, and recall to your mind how happy and kind you were as a child, and how everybody loved you."

He obeyed, knelt against her and said, closing his eyes:

"I love only glory and you, because you bore me as I am."

"But women?" she asked, bending over him.

"There are many of them; one soon tires of them, as of everything sweet."

And finally she asked him:

"Do you not wish to have children?"

"Why? In order that they may be killed? Somebody like me would kill them; it would grieve me, and no doubt I should be too old then, and too weak, to avenge them."

"You are handsome, but as sterile as the lightning," she said, sighing.

He answered, smiling:

"Yes, as the lightning."

And he fell asleep on her breast like a child.

Then she covered him with her black cloak and plunged a knife into his heart. He shuddered, and died instantaneously, for she, his mother, knew well where her son's heart beat. And having pushed the corpse off her knees to the feet of the astonished guards, she said, pointing in the direction of the town:

"As a citizen I have done all I could for my fatherland: as a mother I remain with my son! It is too late for me to give birth to another—my life is of no use to any one."

And the same knife, still warm with his blood—her blood—she plunged into her own bosom, and doubtless struck the heart. When one's heart aches it is easy to strike it without missing! MAXIM GORKY.

From reports of spring operators it is shown that 54,358,466 gallons of mineral water, valued at \$4,892,328, was bottled and sold in 1914. The water was marketed for both medicinal and table use and ranged in composition from the purest of table beverages to the strongest mineralized waters in the country. In addition to this quantity, 6,261,743 gallons of mineral water was consumed in the manufacture of "soft drinks." The latter quantity does not begin to represent the entire production of soft drinks, but only that part made from mineral waters, by far the greater part of the flavored drinks being compounded with municipal or private supplies not classified as mineral waters. Though seventy-eight new springs reported production, a large number hitherto active were idle. Similar decreases in the trade have been observed since 1911, and may be attributed chiefly to general improvement in the quality of municipal supplies, because of which the necessity of purchasing bottled drinking water has been lessened. During the last ten years the introduction of safe filtered water into several large cities has been followed by notable falling-off in business of table-water producers. The State of New York leads in number of commercial springs, in the quantity and total value of water sold, and in value of table waters, though it is far behind in the value of medicinal waters, in the sales of which California takes first rank. Indiana and Virginia are also notable producers of medicinal waters. In value of table waters Wisconsin is second only to New York, and is followed by California, Maine, and Pennsylvania.

Arizona has more than a hundred kinds of cacti, and Tucson is the centre of the great cactus region of the Southwest. These odd plants range in size from the noble Saguaro or Giant Cactus, forty or fifty feet high, to small pin-cushion cacti an inch or two in diameter. Saguaras grow in great abundance in the foothills between Tucson and Yuma and are always objects of wonder. It is believed a large plant is at least two hundred years old. Their fruit begins to ripen in June and is gathered in great quantity by Indians, who make fine jam and also a pressed sweet-bread of it.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mrs. Amelia Barr at the age of eighty-six is writing her sixty-eighth novel. Mrs. Barr has been the mother of fifteen children.

Dr. Alexis Carrel of the Rockefeller Institute, famous for his feats in surgery, and who recently discovered a "perfect antiseptic" for use in the treatment of wounds, will be honored by the French Republic. Announcement is made that he will receive the next promotion to the rank of officer in the Legion of Honor.

Dr. Isabella Vandervall, twenty-one years of age, who graduated at the head of her class this year at the New York Medical College and Hospital for Women, is the first negro student since the college was organized fifty-two years ago. She has been appointed interne at the hospital for women and children at Syracuse.

The Queen of the Belgians recently celebrated her thirty-ninth birthday. A member of the royal house of Bavaria, the Princess Elizabeth was born on July 25, 1876, at Possenhofen. In October, 1900, she married at Munich Prince Albert of Belgium, who succeeded to the throne of that country on the death of his uncle, King Leopold II, in December, 1909.

Baron Kikujiro Ishii, Japanese ambassador to France, has accepted the foreign portfolio in the new cabinet of Premier Count Okuma. His assumption of the office of foreign affairs in France, it is thought, will have an important and probably favorable influence upon the relations between the United States and Japan, particularly in case there is a revival in the future of the suspended negotiations regarding the alien land ownership legislation of the State of California.

Hilaire Belloc, whose careful studies of the war have been so widely read, has just entered on his forty-fifth year. He is of French-English parentage, and interestingly enough, his wife was Elodie Agnes Hogan, of Napa, California. Since 1911 Mr. Belloc has been head of the English department of the East London College. He is a man of volcanic energy, both in mind and body, and few men have a more brilliant intellect combined with considerable literary gifts, for his books and stories are many and varied.

Rear-Admiral Cameron McRae Winslow, who has been assigned to become admiral of the Pacific fleet in succession to Admiral Howard, who resumes his rank as rear-admiral, has of late been assigned to the War College in Newport, Rhode Island. Previously he commanded the second division of the Atlantic fleet. He has a brilliant record. During the Spanish-American war he set out in a small steam launch with a few men, and while Spanish troops fired heavily on him and his crew, cut the cables off Cuba. Rear-Admiral Winslow's new assignment comes as a promotion. He will be retired next July.

Frank P. Walsh, chairman of the United States Commission on Industrial Relations, was born in St. Louis, Missouri, fifty-one years ago. He attended school at St. Patrick's Academy, and on going into the world worked first as Western Union messenger boy. Then followed employment in a barbed-wire factory, a water-boy on railroad construction, rate clerk in a railroad office, stenographer, court stenographer, and student of law until admitted to the bar at twenty-five. He became a member of the Kansas City tenement commission in 1906 and president of the city board of civil service in 1911. He is said to be independently wealthy, and his law practice alone brings him in about \$50,000 a year.

Sir Clements Robert Markham, explorer, traveler, archaeologist, who introduced the cultivation of the quinine-yielding chinchona trees from Peru into British India, an act of incalculable value to the world at large, is now eighty-five years of age. For many years he held the presidency of the Royal Geographical Society. His life has been one of travel and adventure, beginning with the navy in 1844. He served in the Arctic expedition of 1850-51, and the following year left the navy. Then followed journeys of a scientific nature to Peru and Abyssinia, and in 1867 he became secretary in the India office. Many volumes of travels, history, and of a general character came from his pen, including the masterly "The Incas of Peru."

Colonel John Lincoln Clem, the last officer on the active list who fought in the Civil War, has just been retired, having reached the age limit. He was born in New York in 1851, and at the age of ten entered the Union army as drummer boy in the Twenty-Second Michigan Infantry. At the battle of Chickamauga, in 1863, he was promoted to a sergeant. He served throughout the war, taking part in many notable battles. After the war he returned to school, graduating from the Newark high school in 1870. To further fit himself for an army career he took a complete course at the artillery school at Fort Monroe, graduating in 1875. During the dark days following the San Francisco fire he served as quartermaster in the United States army in its work in the stricken city. In 1903 he rose to a colonel. On the retired list he will have the rank of brigadier-general.

## OLD FAVORITES.

### The Day is Done.

The day is done, and the darkness  
Falls from the wings of night,  
As a feather is wafted downward  
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village  
Gleam through the rain and the mist,  
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,  
That my soul can not resist—

A feeling of sadness and longing,  
That is not akin to pain,  
And resembles sorrow only  
As the mist resembles rain.

Come read to me some poem,  
Some simple and heartfelt lay,  
That shall soothe this restless feeling  
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,  
Not from the bards sublime,  
Whose distant footsteps echo  
Through the corridors of time;—

For, like strains of martial music,  
Their mighty thoughts suggest  
Life's endless toil and endeavor,  
And tonight I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,  
Whose songs gushed from his heart,  
As showers from the clouds of summer  
Or tears from the eyelids start;—

Who through long days of labor,  
And night devoid of ease,  
Still heard in soul the music  
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet  
The restless pulse of care,  
And come like the benediction  
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume  
The poem of thy choice,  
And lend to the rhyme of the poet  
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,  
And the cares, that infest the day,  
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,  
And as silently steal away.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

### The Goblet.

When Life his lusty course began,  
And first I felt myself a man,  
And Passion's unforeboded glow,  
The thirst to feel, the will to know,  
Gave courage, vigor, fervor, truth,  
The glory of the heart of youth,  
And each awaking pulse was fleet  
A livelier march of joy to beat,

Presaging in its budding hour  
The ripening of the human flower,  
There came, on some divine intent,  
One whom the Lord of life had sent,  
And from his lips of wisdom fell  
This fair and wondrous oracle:

Life's arching temple holds for thee  
Solution quick, and radiant key  
To many an early mystery;  
And thou art eager to pursue,  
Through many a dimly-lighted clew,  
The hopes that turn thy blood to fire,

The phantoms of thy young desire;  
Yet not to reckless haste is poured  
The nectar of the generous lord,  
Nor mirth nor giddy riot jar  
The penetral, high in air;

But steady hope, and passion pure,  
And manly truth, the crown secure.

Within that temple's secret heart,  
In mystic silence shrined apart,  
There is a goblet, on whose brim  
All raptures of creation swim.

No light that ever beamed in wine  
Can match the glory of its shine,  
Or lure with such a mighty art  
The tidal flow of every heart.

But in its warm, bewildering blaze  
An ever-shifting magic plays,  
And few who round the altar throng  
Shall find the sweets for which they long.

Who, unto brutish life akin,  
Comes to the goblet dark with sin,  
And with a coarse hand grasps, for him  
The splendor of the gold grows dim;

The gems are dirt, the liquors flame  
A maddening beverage of shame;  
And into caverns shut from day  
The hot inebriate reels away.

For each shall give the draught he drains  
Its nectar pure, or poison stains;  
From out his heart the flavor flows  
That gives him fury or repose;

And some will drink a tasteless wave,  
And some increase the thirst they have;  
And others loathe as soon as taste,  
And others pour the tide to waste;

And some evoke from out its depths  
A torturing fiend that never sleeps—  
For vain all arts to exorcise  
From the seared heart its haunting eyes.

But he who burns with pure desire,  
With chastened love and sacred fire,  
With soul and being all a-glow  
Life's holiest mystery to know,  
Shall see the goblet flash and gleam  
As in the glory of a dream;

And from its starry lip shall drink  
A bliss to lift him on the brink  
Of mighty rapture, joy intense,  
That far outlives its subsidence.

The draught shall strike Life's narrow goal,  
And make an outlet for his soul,  
That down the ages, broad and far,  
Shall brighten like a rising star.

In other forms his pulse shall beat,  
His spirit walk in other feet,  
And every generous hope and aim  
That spurred him on to honest fame,

To other hearts give warmth and grace,  
And keep on earth his honored place,  
Become immortal in his race.—Bayard Taylor.



## GEORGE BOON—AUTHOR.

## H. G. Wells Takes Refuge in Pseudonym and Says Uncomfortable Things.

"Boon, The Mind of the Race, The Wild Asses of the Devil, and The Last Trump—Being a First Selection from the Literary Remains of George Boon, Appropriate to the Times—Prepared for Publication by Reginald Bliss, with an Ambiguous Introduction by H. G. Wells," reads the title of a recent volume, which, remembering "George Meek," the public is hesitant to ascribe to its undoubtable author even with and perhaps because of the amount of proof he jocosely gives them.

We quote from the "ambiguous" two-page introduction:

I have a very strong suspicion that this introduction idea is designed to entangle me in the responsibility for the book. In America, at any rate, "The Life of George Meek, Bath Chairman," was ascribed to me upon no better evidence. Yet any one who lives may go to Eastbourne and find Meek with chair and all complete. But in view of the complications of the book market and the large simplicities of the public mind, I do hope that the reader—and by that I mean the reviewer—will be able to see the reasonableness and the necessity of distinguishing between me and Mr. Reginald Bliss. I do not wish to escape the penalties of thus participating in, and endorsing, his manifest breaches of good taste, literary decorum, and friendly obligation, but as a writer whose reputation is already too crowded and confused and who is for the ordinary purposes of every day known mainly as a novelist, I should be glad if I could escape the public identification I am now repudiating. Bliss is Bliss and Wells is Wells. And Bliss can write all sorts of things that Wells could not do.

"Bliss can write all sorts of things that Wells could not do," and so of course Wells becomes Bliss for the nonce. One of the topics with which Bliss can deal and which Wells can not, because he is so British, is the subject of the mind of Wells himself, that is to say he can not do it in so public a fashion except behind the mask of Bliss if he is going to be honest and recognize that it is, after all, a rather superior sort of mind. Perhaps this volume was an exercise in self-analysis executed for the enlightenment of the author:

A literary salad with plenty of red peppers in it; a literary holiday, with a few picnics and several visits to battlefields, in which the reader sees literary and political idols slain with the shrapnel of satire.

So the publishers herald it, and so it is being accepted, as merely a funny book, when it is, possibly, the most absolutely serious piece of work that Wells has accomplished. Has not the story been told before of the crowd that laughed uproariously at the dying struggles of the clown in motley, thinking it all done for their amusement?

"The king is dead! Long live the king!" George Boon, who represents the Wells that was, is dead; and Reginald Bliss, new-risen, is as strange to himself as the just-discovered hands of the growing babe are to itself.

Pointing out to you what he is doing as Bliss, Wells gives to Boon a dummy, Hallery, who in Boon's projected book, which he never lived to finish, writes for him the things Boon "could not write." Hallery utters the glowing *credo* tucked away in the end of the fifth chapter, upon which, as Bliss makes no comment, we may deduct and be glad that it still belongs to Wells. It sounds the ultimate note of Wells's book:

"Every man who writes to express or change or criticize an idea, every man who observes or records a fact in the making of a research, every man who hazards or tests a theory, every artist of any sort who really expresses, does thereby, in that very act, participate, share in, become for just that instant when he is novel and authentically true, the Mind of the Race, the thinking divinity. Do you not see, then, what an arrogant worship, what a sacramental thing it is to lift up brain and hand and say, 'I, too, will add?' We bring our little thoughts as the priest brings a piece of common bread to consecration, and though we have produced but a couplet or a dozen lines of prose, we have nevertheless done the parallel miracle. And all reading that is reading with the mind, all conscious subjugation of our attention to expressed beauty, or expressed truth, is sacramental, is communion with the immortal being. We lift up our thoughts out of the little festering pit of desire and vanity which is one's individual self into that greater self."

So he talks, and again presently of "that world-wide immortal communion incessant as the march of sun and planets amidst the stars."

And then, going on with his vast comparison, for I can not believe this is more than a fantastic parallelism: "And if the mind that does, as we say, create, is like the wafer that has become miraculously divine, then though you may not like to think of it, all you who give out books, who print books and collect books, and sell books and lend them, who bring pictures to people's eyes, set thing forth in theatres, hand out thought in any way from the thinking to the attentive mind, all you are priests, you do a priestly office, and every bookstall and hoarding is a wayside shrine, offering release and consolation to men and women from the intolerable prison of their intolerable selves."

"Boon dies with his age," says Bliss. He died "with all his adjectives still in him," many of them given to us only from Bliss's memory of Boon's talk. We quote from the plan of Hallery's character, his development as man and puppet:

"I seem to see him interrupting some nice, bright, clean English people at tennis. 'Look here, you know,' he will say, 'this is all very well. But have you thought today? They tell me that the Germans are thinking, the Japanese.' I see him going in a sort of agony round and about Canterbury Cathedral. 'Here are all these beautiful, tranquil residences clustering round this supremely beautiful thing, all these well-dressed, excellent, fresh-colored Englishmen in their beautiful clerical raiment—deans, canons—and what have they thought, any of them? I keep my ear to the *Hibbert Journal*, but is it enough?' Imagine him going through

London on an omnibus. He will see as clear as the advertisements on the hoardings the signs of the formal breaking up of the Old Victorian Church of England and dissenting cultures that have held us together so long. He will see that the faith has gone, the habits no longer hold, the traditions lie lax like cut string—there is nothing to replace these things. People do this and that dispersedly; there is democracy in beliefs even, and any notion is as good as another. And there is America. Like a burst Haggis. Intellectually, The mind is confused, the race in the violent ferment of new ideas, in the explosive development of its contrivances, has lost its head. It isn't thinking any more; it's stupefied one moment and the next it's diving about.

"It will be as clear as day to him that a great effort of intellectual self-control must come if the race is to be saved from utter confusion and dementia. And nobody seems to see it but he. He will go about wringing his hands, so to speak. I fancy him at last at a writing-desk, nervous white fingers clutched in his black hair. 'How can I put it so that they must attend and see?'"

The American intellect like "a burst Haggis"—a split and shapeless pudding! Wells does not think much of us, nor hesitate to say so. Some of us may comfort ourselves by remarking that he doesn't think much of Shaw either—and we do not mind being classed with Shaw:

"America," says Boon, "can produce such a supreme writer as Stephen Crane—the best writer of English for the last half-century—or Mary Austin, who used to write—What other woman could touch her? But America won't own such children. It's amazing. It's a case of concealment of birth. She exposes them. Whether it's shame—or a Chinese trick."

She'll sit never knowing she's had a Stephen Crane, adoring the European reputation, the floral mental gestures of a Conrad. You see, she can tell Conrad 'writes.' It shows. And she'll let Mary Austin die of neglect, while she worships the 'art' of Mary Ward. It's like turning from the feet of a goddess to a pair of goloshes. She firmly believes that old quack Bergson is a bigger man than her own unapproachable William James. . . . She's incredible.

"Have you ever read the critical articles of Edgar Allan Poe? They're very remarkable. He is always demanding an American literature. It is like a deserted baby left to die in its cradle, weeping and wailing for its bottle. . . . What he wanted, of course, was honest and intelligent criticism. 'To this day America kills her Poes.'"

Neither does Wells's native country escape arraignment. Boon talks over with a group of friends his plan for an imaginary account of a "World Conference" of writers. He makes much fun of many prominent ones and he decides that a thoroughly colorless, disinterested peer must occupy the chair:

" . . . and they would hoist him up and he would talk for two or three hours without a blush. Just like that other confounded peer—what was his name?—who bored and bored and bored at the Anatole France dinner. . . . In the natural course of things it would be one of those literary lords."

"What would he say?" asked Dodd.

"Maudering, of course. It will make the book rather dull. I doubt if I can report him at length. . . . He will speak upon contemporary letters, the lack of current achievement. . . . I doubt if a man like Lord Reay ever reads at all. One wonders sometimes what these British literary aristocrats do with all their time. Probably he left off reading somewhere in the 'eighties. He won't have noted it, of course, and he will be under the impression that nothing has been written for the past thirty years."

"Good Lord!" said Wilkins.

"And he'll say that. Slowly. Steadily. Endlessly. Then he will thank God for the English classics, ask where now is our Thackeray? where now our Burns; our Charlotte Brontë? our Tennyson? say a good word for our immortal bard, and sit down amidst the loud applause of thousands of speechlessly furious British and American writers."

"I don't see that this will help your book forward," said Dodd.

"No, but it's a proper way of beginning. Like Family Prayers."

"I suppose," said Wilkins, "if you told a man of that sort that there were more and better poets writing in English beautifully in 1914 than ever before he wouldn't believe it. I suppose if you said that Ford Madox Hueffer, for example, had produced sweeter and deeper poetry than Alfred, Lord Tennyson, he'd have a fit."

"He'd have nothing of the kind. You could no more get such an idea into the head of one of these great vestiges of our Gladstonian days than you could get it into the seat of a Windsor chair. . . . And people don't have fits unless something has got into them. . . . No, he'd reflect quite calmly that first of all he'd never heard of this Hueffer, then that probably he was a very young man. And, anyhow, one didn't meet him in important places. . . . And after inquiry he would find out he was a journalist. . . . And then probably he'd cease to celebrate upon the question."

Here is a fugitive fragment of Boon's serious thought which Bliss has preserved:

The individual human mind spends itself about equally in headlong flight from the Universal, which it dreads as something that will envelope and subjugate it, and in headlong flight to the Universal, which it seeks as a refuge from its own loneliness and silliness. It knows very certainly that the Universal will ultimately comprehend and incorporate it yet it desires always that the Universal should mother it, take it up without injuring it in the slightest degree, foment and nourish its egotism, cherish fondly all its distinctions, give it all the kingdoms of existence to play with. . . .

Ordinary people snuggle up to God as a lost leveret in a freezing wilderness might snuggle up to a freezing tiger. . . .

You see that man who flies and seeks, who needs and does not want, does at least get to a kind of subconscious compromise over the matter. Couldn't he perhaps get the Infinite with the chill off? Couldn't he perhaps find a warm stuffed tiger? He cheats himself by hiding in what he can pretend is the goal. So he tries to escape from the pursuit of the living God to dead gods, evades religion in a church, does his best to insist upon time-honored formulae; God must have a button on the point. And it is our instinctive protection of the subconscious arrangement that makes us so passionately resentful at raw religion, at crude spiritual realities, at people who come to us saying harsh understandable things about these awful matters. . . . They may wake the tiger!

Henry James comes in for a more than generous share of ridicule and criticism, among the contemporaries whom Wells scores. The following is an attempt at the Jamesian style of conversation, uttered by the author himself in Boon's narrative while in converse with an imaginary Mr. George Moore:

Meanwhile Mr. James, being anxious not merely to state,

but also to ignore, labored through the long cadences of his companion as an indefatigable steam-tug might labor endlessly against a rolling sea, elaborating his own particular point about the proposed conference.

"Owing it as we do," he said, "very, very largely to our friend Gosse, to that peculiar, that honest but restless and, as it were, at times almost malignantly ambitious organizing energy of our friend, I can not altogether—together, even if in any case I should have taken so extreme, so devastatingly isolating a step as, to put it violently, *stand out*; yet I must confess to a considerable anxiety, a kind of distress, an apprehension, the terror, so to speak, of the kerbstone, at all this stream of intellectual trafficking, of going to and fro, in a superb and towering manner enough no doubt, but still essentially going to and fro rather than in any of the completed senses of the word *getting there*, that does so largely constitute the aggregations and activities we are invited to traverse. My poor head, such as it is and much as it can and upon such legs—save the mark!—as it can claim, must, I suppose, play its inconsiderable part among the wheels and the rearings and the toots and the whistles and all this uproar, this Mm, Mm!—let us say, this *infernal* uproar, of the occasion; and if at times one has one's doubts before plunging in, whether after all, after the plunging and the dodging and the close shaves and narrow squeaks, one does begin to feel that one is getting through, whether after all one will get through, and whether indeed there is any getting through, whether, to deepen and enlarge and display one's doubt quite openly, there is in truth any sort of ostensible and recognizable other side attainable and definable at all, whether to put this thing with a lucidity that verges on the brutal, whether our amiable and in most respects our adorable Gosse isn't indeed preparing here and now, not the gathering together of a conference, but the assembling, the *meet*, so to speak, of a wild-goose chase of an entirely desperate and hopeless description."

At that moment Mr. George Moore reminiscently and irrelevantly remarks—and who can blame him?

Little exquisite shoulders without a touch of color and with just that suggestion of rare old ivory in an old shop window in some out-of-the-way corner of Paris that only the most patent abstinence from batus and the brutality of soaping—

Wells takes James as the type of the artist who works for Art's sake rather than for Life's sake and thoroughly condemns him. Says Boon:

The way of doing isn't the end. First the end must be judged—and then if you like talk of how it is done. Get there as splendidly as possible. But get there. James and George Moore, neither of them take it like that. They leave out getting there, or the thing they get is so trivial as to amount to scarcely more than an omission.

Further on he says of James:

The only living human motives left in the novels of Henry James are a certain avidity and an entirely superficial curiosity. Even when relations are irregular or when sins are hinted at, you feel that these are merely attitudes taken up, gambits before the game of attainment and over-perception begins. . . . His people nose out suspicions, hint by hint, link by link. Have you ever known living human beings do that? The thing his novel is about is always there. It is like a church lit, but without a congregation to distract you, with every light and line focused on the high altar. And on the altar, very reverently placed, intensely there, is a dead kitten, an egg-shell, a bit of string. . . . Like his "Altar of the Dead," with nothing to the dead at all. . . . For if there was they couldn't all be candles and the effect would vanish. . . . And the elaborate copious emptiness of the whole Henry James exploit is only redeemed and made endurable by the elaborate, copious wit. . . . Henry James erects palatial metaphors. . . . The chief fun, the only exercise, in reading Henry James is this clambering over vast metaphors. . . .

Having first made sure that he has scarcely anything left to express, he then sets to work to express it, with an industry, a wealth of intellectual stuff that dwarfs Newton. He spares no resource in the telling of his dead inventions. He brings up every device of language to state and define. Bare verbs he rarely tolerates. He splits his infinitives and fills them up with adverbial stuffing. He presses the passing colloquialism into his service. His vast paragraphs sweat and struggle; they could not sweat and struggle and elbow more if God Himself was the processional meaning to which they sought to come. And all for tales of nothingness. . . . It is levitation retrieving pebbles. It is a magnificent but painful hippopotamus resolved at any cost, even at the cost of its dignity, upon picking up a pea which has got into a corner of its den. Most things, it insists, are beyond it, but it can, at any rate, modestly, and with an artistic singleness of mind, pick up that pea. . . .

We understand that you are puzzled to know what is meant by the Wild Asses—we are puzzled also, so is Wells evidently; and no doubt a great many things would be explained and the world be a happier place if this mystery were cleared up. Last time they escaped the flood happened and now it is the great war, and of course we must agree with Bliss (or Wells) that the only decent thing to do is to find them out and tie them up again. Bliss (or Wells) concludes with:

In a world that has grown suddenly chilly and lonely I know I must go on with my work under difficult and novel conditions (and now well into the routines of middle age) as if there were no such things as loss and disappointment. I am, I learned long ago, an uncreative, unimportant man. And yet, I suppose, I do something; I count; it is better that I should help than not in the great task of literature, the great task of becoming the thought and the expressed intention of the race, the task of taming violence, organizing the aimless, destroying error, the task of wlaying the Wild Asses of the Devil and sending them to Hell. It does not matter how individually feeble we writers and disseminators are; we have to hunt the Wild Asses. As the feeblest puppy has to bark at cats and burglars. And we have to do it because we know, in spite of the darkness, the wickedness, the haste and hate, we know in our hearts, though no momentary trumpeting has shown it to us, that judgment is all about us and God stands close at hand.

BOON, THE MIND OF THE RACE, THE WILD ASSES OF THE DEVIL, AND THE LAST TRUMP; Being a First Selection from the Literary Remains of George Boon, Appropriate to the Times. Prepared for Publication by Reginald Bliss, with an Ambiguous Introduction by H. G. Wells. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.35 net.

The rotary drilling system used in America: fields has been introduced into the Caucasus.



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

K.

Mrs. Rinehart's capacities as a novelist are evidently not confined to the department of humor. "The Street of Seven Stars" was a serious novel, although marred by some rather commonplace melodrama, but now we have another work, far more finished and wholly free from any serious defect. It is a story of doctors and nurses, with "K" for a hero. "K" is more formally known as K. Le Moyne, and he arrives in "the street" just like any one else and announces that he is a clerk in the gas company on \$18 a week and needs such accommodations as that modest salary will permit. Of course we know at once that there is a mystery about "K," although we are hardly prepared to find that he is one of the most famous of living surgeons who is under a cloud in consequence of a succession of mistakes in the operating room.

Mrs. Rinehart's heroine is Sidney, a winsome young woman with whom we quickly fall in love. Sidney becomes a nurse, and of course loses her heart to a handsome young doctor who is quite the wrong man for her, but then this is a thing that any young woman is likely to do. We feel quite satisfied that all will come right in the author's skillful hands, as of course it does.

Mrs. Rinehart has not written a great novel and perhaps she never will. But we are tempted to say that she has done something better. She has written a novel that is filled with good and lovable people, and kindness, and simple every-day human nature in its more attractive forms. And if "K" should turn out to be a best seller the novel-reading public will have paid itself a compliment.

K. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

## England and America.

The celebration of one hundred years of peace in the English-speaking world may usefully serve as a reminder of the various threats to peace that have arisen and the ways in which they have been met. To this end there should be a welcome for the volume in which Professor William Archibald Dunning reviews the relations between America and Great Britain during the century of peace and which seems to include all the periods of friction to which that century has given birth. The work is in fact a history of the relations between America and England for one hundred years.

There is no need to review the various issues with which the author deals, but it may be said that he writes with a studious eye to accuracy and impartiality. Admitting the gravity of some of these contentions, he sees that the overwhelming factor that has preserved the peace has been the strong common sense that has prevailed on both sides of the Atlantic. Another factor indicated by Lord Bryce in an admirable introduction is the fact that although resentments have sometimes been strong they have never been simultaneous in America and in England, and "whenever there were bad manners in London there was good temper at Washington, and when there was a storm on the Potomac there was calm on the Thames."

THE BRITISH EMPIRE AND THE UNITED STATES. By William Archibald Dunning. With an introduction by the Right Honorable Viscount Bryce, O. M., and a preface by Nicholas Murray Butler. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2 net.

## The Breaking Point.

We are not sure that mental disease is suited to form the basis of a novel, and we rather shrink from an array of scientific authorities in support of the incidents of fiction.

But those who like that sort of thing will find it in this story of dual personality or "dissociated personality," if we wish to use a new term that means nothing. The various sections of the story are devoted to the hero's various personalities and each is preceded by a citation from some physiologist or psychologist. The general result is somewhat weird, and we could wish that the author had confined herself either to science or to romance. As it is she seems to wish to teach us something.

THE BREAKING POINT. By Annie Austin Flint. New York: Broadway Publishing Company; \$1.50.

## Penelope's Postscripts.

Penelope has become so much of a popular favorite that there will be a general interest in this record of a journey undertaken by a heroine whom we knew as a girl and who has now been married and a mother for many years. Penelope with her old companions, Salemina and Francesca, are on tour through Switzerland, Italy, Wales, and Devonshire, and although some of their adventures have already been printed, the concluding sketch, "Home," is a new one, and perhaps the best of the lot. Kate Douglas Wiggin is unsurpassed in her depiction of young womanhood, and here we have something that is as good as anything that she has done.

PENELOPE'S POSTSCRIPTS. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1 net.

## French Cathedrals.

When Elise Whitlock Rose and Vida Hunt Francis began their series on the cathedrals of France they had probably small idea of the importance that war would give to their topic. The fourth of this series, now concluded, is devoted to "Cathedrals and Cloisters of Northern France," and this was preceded by "Cathedrals and Cloisters of the Isle de France," "Cathedrals and Cloisters of Midland France," and "Cathedrals and Cloisters of the South of France." Each work is in two volumes handsomely printed on paper well suited to the imposing illustrations that are equal to anything that has been printed in the care of their selection and their technical excellences. Those who wish to know something of the cathedrals of France from the architectural and historical points of view will find nothing better than this remarkable series, which now derives an added interest from the great events of which so many French cathedrals are the witnesses.

CATHEDRALS AND CLOISTERS OF NORTHERN FRANCE. By Elise Whitlock Rose. Illustrations by Vida Hunt Francis. In two volumes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$5 net.

## Clear Water.

The next best thing to fishing is to read a good fish book that is written with enthusiasm and veracity. We have such a volume as this in Mr. A. G. Bradley's substantial work, wherein he discourses on trout days and trout ways in Wales, the west country, and the Scottish horderland. It need not be said that Mr. Bradley writes well. Fishermen always do. The sport is either the result of, or productive of, that tranquil and pliant variety of mind, that certainty of temper and judgment that conduce to good literature.

But even those who have not yet evolved to the status of the fisherman will find fascination in these pleasant pages, for Mr. Bradley tells us nearly as much about people and places as about fish. He meets all kinds of people with all kinds of peculiarities, and the result is a book without a dull page, and one that is decorated with illustrations of no mean sort.

CLEAR WATERS. By A. G. Bradley. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2 net.

## The Indiscreet Letter.

Eleanor Hallowell Abbott is to be commended for her restraint, inasmuch as she might have made quite a long novel from the little incident that she relates. A traveling salesman and an electrician, companions in a railroad journey, discuss the question of indiscreet letters. A girl who is drawn into the conversation confesses that she has written an indiscreet letter to a man who once helped her in a railroad accident and that she is now on her way to keep an appointment with him. We are allowed a glimpse of the happy ending, for of course the happy ending is taken for granted.

THE INDISCREET LETTER. By Eleanor Hallowell Abbott. New York: The Century Company; 50 cents.

## Gossip of Books and Authors.

Among the books in preparation for fall publication by the Yale University Press are: "A Census of Shakespeare Quartos," prepared by Henrietta Bartlett and Alfred Pollard of the British Museum, with an introduction by Mr. Pollard. It is published by the Elizabethan Club of Yale University in memory of Thomas Raynesford Lounsbury.

That a new continent-wide America, with a new vision and a new spirit voiced in a new outburst of literature, arose from the Civil War is the contention of Professor Fred

Lewis Pattee of the Pennsylvania State College, whose "History of American Literature since 1870" is announced for publication next month by the Century Company. Our national period, he says, began in 1870. Before that time American literature had been provincial, narrow, imitative of foreign models. The new period began with the new laughter of the West, originating in gatherings of men under elemental conditions, in camps of the Civil War, on steamboats of the great river, in excited boom towns on the gold coast.

The Thomas Y. Crowell Company announces for immediate publication the following: "Stories from German History," by Florence Aston; "Grimm's Fairy Tales," illustrated by Soper; "Woman and the Home," by Orison S. Warden; "Land Credits," by Dick T. Morgan; "Christmas Plays for Children," by May Pemberton; "Boy's Life of Lord Roberts," by Harold F. B. Wheeler.

Novels which promise to be popular in Canada this winter are Mary Johnston's "The Fortunes of Garin," Samuel Hopkins Adams's "Little Miss Grouch," Kate Douglas Wiggin's "Penelope's Postscripts," and William MacLeod Raine's "Steve Yeager," for all of which the Houghton Mifflin Company, the Boston publishers, have received substantial orders.

On August 30th Dodd, Mead & Co. will publish "Thirty," a newspaper story by a newspaper man. Could a newspaper set out to tell the truth frankly, without fear even of the advertisers, and win a success? This is what Brent Good, the hero of "Thirty," set out to do. And the story of his efforts exposes a most intimate picture of "inside" politics in newspaper operations.

Longmans, Green & Co. have just published an "Appreciation of Dr. Henry A. Coit," written by Mr. James Carter Knox of St. Paul's School. Mr. Knox has not attempted to write a life, but has aimed rather at an impression of Dr. Coit under three aspects, those of administrator, teacher, pastor.

Arrangements have just been completed by the Macmillan Company for the publication early in the fall of an illustrated book by Colonel Robert McCormick, dealing with his experiences in the war area. The work will trace the cause of the war from the treaty of 1878 through the Balkan situation. It will contain many facts drawn from personal observation, for Colonel McCormick has had opportunities such as have been given to no other man during the present engagements. He has been at the various headquarters and actually in the trenches. One of the most interesting chapters of the volume is the concluding one, dealing with great personalities of the war from first-hand acquaintance.

Small, Maynard & Co. announce for fall publication "The Silver Ring," a love story by Frank R. Adams, author of "Five Fridays," and a number of successful musical comedies, among them "The Time, The Place, and The Girl" and "A Stubborn Cinderella."

In a short time "J'Accuse" will be published in this country by the George H. Doran Company. It is a denunciation, one of the frankest, bitterest, and most unsparingly anti-German of the lot, which has the rare distinction of being written by a German. The book has just made its appearance in Lausanne, Switzerland, whither its author went in order to make possible the publication of his work. His identity remains hidden. "By a German" is the only clue given on the title-page of this most sensational

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of all attacks on the policy of the German war party. He predicts defeat for that party in the present war, and a German republic in the near future, won by the people in the teeth of Prussian opposition. He denies that Germany is the victim of aggression, that she needs "a place in the sun," which, says he, she already possesses. The German and Austro-Hungarian peoples, he thinks, are the dupes of a war party, pure and simple. He sums up the responsibility for the war as follows: The German and Austrian government long ago planned it, not only militarily, but politically. They resolved long ago to make this war of aggression on their part look like a war for freedom, since they knew that they could arouse in this way the necessary popular enthusiasm.

Dr. W. E. Auginbaugh's book, "Selling Latin America," has won for him recognition by the United States government. Secretary Redfield, of the Department of Commerce, has offered him the position of commercial attaché at Brazil.

Louis Untermeyer, author of "Challenge," is at present completing work on "Heine: Two Hundred Lyrics," a translation which will preserve not only the spirit of Heine, but, for the first time, the exact meter and music. He has been working on this translation, a labor of love, for several years.

## Social Science.

A. C. McClurg & Co. are to be congratulated on their National Social Science Series that now bids fair to fill a small shelf. The latest additions are "Trusts and Competitions," by John F. Crowell, and "The Cost of Living," by Walter E. Clark. They are thoroughly well reasoned and competent treatises, free from the special plea and without the screaming note that is sometimes much too evident in works of this kind. The price of the volumes in this series is 50 cents net each. It may be said that seven volumes have been issued, and eight others are in preparation.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Furry Farm.

It seems possible always to say something new about Ireland to fill a stage with characters that shall have the touch of originality. In this case the author is an Irishman and he gives the impression of drawing from a store of experience large enough for all purposes. His novel contains a great deal of fine sentiment, some pathos, and an abundance of incident that is peculiarly and typically Irish. And there indeed we have the charm of the story that renders plot almost superfluous—it is typically Irish from cover to cover.

THE FOLK OF FURRY FARM. By K. F. Purdon. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.35 net.

On Desert Altars.

Here we have an example of the new way of thinking on matters of sexual morality, and doubtless it will be judged according to individual predilection. Upon ourselves it produces a sort of vertigo.

The question is how far may a loving wife go in order to procure benefits for her husband. We are all agreed that she should sell her jewels for him, but ought she to sell her virtue? And if so, what should be her minimum price? Delicate questions these.

In this case we have a wife who sells her virtue in order that she may procure for her husband a position that will enable him to escape from the African climate in which he is forced to live and which does not agree with him. Curiously enough, the husband objects to this procedure and resents the fact of the resulting baby. We are not allowed to suppose that any particular moral issue is involved. Evidently the author does not think so, and although the husband is at first a

little annoyed he recognizes eventually that it is only a question of markets, and that if Alice paid a little too high it was no more than an excusable fault of judgment. And so he asks forgiveness for his heedless brutality and everything is settled heartily.

But if a wife may sell her virtue in order to benefit her husband physically, may she do the same thing in order to benefit him politically, for example? In point of fact, what should be the minimum price?

ON DESERT ALTARS. By Norma Lorimer. New York: Brentano's.

In a French Hospital.

This little volume comprises the notes of a French nurse on the battle line. They are the plain and direct narratives of what she saw and heard, free from atrocity stories, and devoted rather to the pity and the pathos of the hospital than to the human passions that have had so grim a harvest. Doubtless there will be many such books, but in the meantime this one should not go unread.

IN A FRENCH HOSPITAL. By M. Eydoux-Démians. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1 net.

War and Women.

Ex-Senator Henry Clay Hansbrough writes a small book full of large ideas. As means toward the abolition of war he recommends the enfranchisement of women, the abandonment of the Monroe Doctrine, and an alliance with England and France. It is to be feared that he may find some of the facts of human nature arrayed against him. Women, in the light of experience, seem to be somewhat more militaristic than men, and he must indeed be sanguine who will still believe that the texture of treaties and agreements is strong enough for human reliance. None the

less the little book is human in its tone and of a captivating earnestness. Its moral sincerity is unmistakable.

WAR AND WOMAN. By Henry Clay Hansbrough. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1 net.

A Divorced Couple.

After reading these letters one is inclined to wonder what would have been the result if the same common sense had been shown before divorce instead of being reserved for later use. But doubtless the author uses this medium for the general purposes of discussion, and it must be admitted that it is well done and that there would be fewer marital tragedies if such wisdom were to come sooner rather than later. The little book is intensely interesting and a real contribution to the problem.

LOVE LETTERS OF A DIVORCED COUPLE. By William Farquhar Pason. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1 net.

Briefer Reviews.

We were not aware that either art or ethics had anything to do with dress, but Eva Olney Farnsworth thinks otherwise. Therefore she has written a good little book entitled "The Art and Ethics of Dress as Related to Efficiency and Economy," and Paul Elder & Co. have published it. The ideas are admirable and well expressed, and the illustrations by Audley B. Wells are quaint and expressive.

Under the title of "Writing of Today," the Century Company has published a volume of models of journalistic prose, including examples of description, narration, the interview, exposition, controversy, humor, literary and dramatic criticism, chosen from the better dailies, weeklies, and monthlies of the United

States and England. The contents are selected and discussed by J. W. Cunliffe, D. Litt., and Gerhard R. Lomer, Ph. D. The price is \$1.50.

Sherman, French & Co. have published "The Natural Order of Spirit," by Lucien C. Graves (\$1.50 net). It is described as "a psychic study and experience," but actually it is plain, unadorned spiritualism, interesting enough in its way, but confirming a general impression that those who write along these lines have no sense of evidential values.

New Books Received.

THE RAINBOW TRAIL. By Zane Grey. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.35 net.

THE BREAKING POINT. By Annie Austin Flint. New York: Broadway Publishing Company; \$1.50. A novel.

ARNOLD BENNETT. By F. J. Harvey Darton. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; 50 cents net. A biography and a critical estimate of his works. Issued in Writers of the Day.

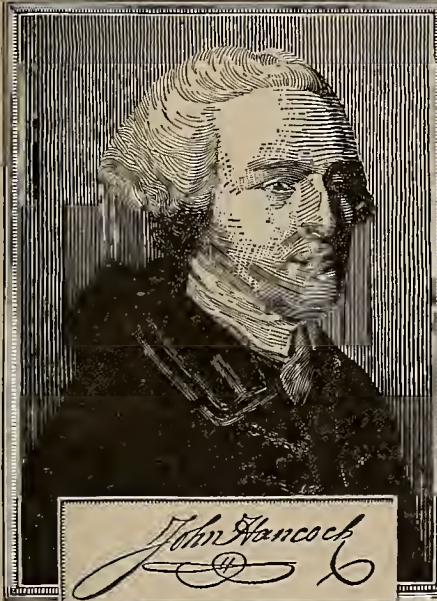
H. G. WELLS. By I. D. Beresford. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; 50 cents net. A biography and a critical estimate of his works. Issued in Writers of the Day.

HABITS THAT HANDICAP. By Charles B. Towns. New York: The Century Company; \$1.20 net. A revelation, a warning, and a way out.

THE STORY OF CANADA BLACKIE. By Anne P. L. Field. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1 net. Letters from a criminal in Sing Sing.

HOW TO KNIT SOCKS. By Maud Churchhill Nicoll. New York: Brentano's; \$1 net. A manual for the amateur and the expert.

ANATOLE FRANCE. By W. L. George. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; 50 cents net. A biography and a critical estimate of his works. Issued in Writers of the Day.



"FRAMERS OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE U.S.A." NO. 6

# John Hancock—"Father of the Revolution"

UPON the Declaration of Independence his name may be read without spectacles. His signature was the first subscribed to the world's most famous State document. In the most realistic sense John Hancock pledged his life and his fortune to the cause of the Revolution. He was one of the richest men in the colonies, holding investments in banks, breweries, stores, hotels, and also owning a fleet of vessels. The seizure of one of these precipitated the Boston massacre. In Revolutionary days and until his death he was a popular idol. When it was proposed to bombard Boston, though it would have resulted in greater personal loss to him than to any other property owner, he begged that no regard be paid to him because of his financial interests. While Hancock did not sign the Constitution of the United States, he used his great influence in its behalf, which awakened the gratitude of Washington. "He was prepossessing in manner, and passionately fond of the elegant pleasures of life, of dancing, music, concerts, routs, assemblies, card parties, rich wines, social dinners and festivities." Until the end of his life the people of Massachusetts delighted to honor him. In the stirring events preceding the Revolution he was one of the most active and influential members of the Sons of Liberty. To this tireless worker for American Independence Liberty was the very breath of life. He would have frowned upon any legislation which would restrict the natural rights of man, and would have voted NO to prohibition enactments. It was upon the tenets of our National Spoken Word that Anheuser-Busch 58 years ago founded their great institution. To-day throughout the length and breadth of the Free Republic their honest brews are famed for quality, purity, mildness and exquisite flavor. Their brand BUDWEISER has daily grown in popularity until 7500 people are daily required to meet the public demand. Its sales exceed any other beer by millions of bottles.

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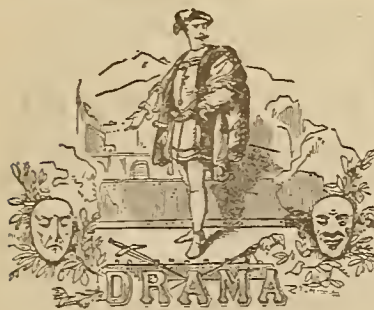
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"MEDEA."

The second of the trinity of Greek tragedies being revived by Margaret Anglin in her great artistic enterprise was seen on last Saturday night by an audience of even larger size than witnessed "Iphigenia in Aulis," a change of stage arrangement having permitted the admittance of many hundreds of the audience to the circular orchestral space directly in front of the stage. Some idea of the wealth of money, time, energy, and artistic taste and judgment that is being dispensed for these performances may be estimated from the fact that a total rearrangement of the stage settings was considered necessary by Miss Anglin's art director, Mr. Livingston Platt. The great doors—if I am not mistaken—that were made for Miss Anglin's former presentation of Greek tragedy, and by her presented to the University of California for use at the Greek Theatre, reappeared in the central doorway. The imposing stairway descending from the stage to the circular orchestral space was removed, that space forming no part, on this occasion, of the territory devoted to a presentation of the scenes of the play. The enclosures on each side remained, figuring on one side as a withdrawal space attached to Jason's palace, and on the other as the entrance court to the palace of Creon, the lure of whose kingly power and the charms of whose daughter were such powerful elements in the wrecking woe upon Medea. There were tawny-hued awnings extended above each of the five doorways that pierce the great Greek wall, and on each side of the central doorway tall, curiously fashioned tripods held concealed lights. A couple of settles of antique design were placed forward on the stage, and all those harmonious groupings of cypress trees, which had lent such grace to the cold, classic beauty of the stone background, had been removed; perhaps because, there being no tender Iphigenia to mitigate the atmosphere of desolation and doom in the play, a sterner scenic suggestion was considered to be in keeping.

The action of the play, therefore, took place entirely on the stage. All that thrilling pageantry which attended the advent of Clytemnestra and Iphigenia to Aulis had no parallel in "Medea." No picturesque use was made, as during the "Iphigenia" representation, of the side entrances below the stage level. The choral maidens, in the prevailing atmosphere of gloom and crime, could but express sadness, sympathy, or horror. Their young graces were not seen again in the dance. And yet, circumscribed as were the stage movements and tableaux in comparison with those of "Iphigenia in Aulis," on the stage at all times were forming, dissolving, and reforming pictures of surpassing beauty. Just preceding the opening of the play a flashlight picture was taken of the audience. It suggested the idea of how much greater importance was the perpetuating of the scenes on the stage, and I hope and believe that during the final dress rehearsals of each of these tragedies the pure Greek beauty of the stage pictures was also allowed to be perpetuated so far as photography could make it possible.

Those vast, stately spaces on the immense stage give all the atmosphere and background needed. How these modern scenic artists, with their passion for the relief of unbroken spaces, for harmonious architecture, for sympathetically psychologic suggestion, must revel in the perfection of the background which it is their task, their privilege, and their pleasure to bring into more complete rapport with the motives of tragedy. How perfectly, for instance, that stretch of basic space that skirts the columned wall is proportioned to the height of the human figures thrown in relief against it. There is precisely the right space above the heads of the choral maidens when they stand in grieving attitudes, making of themselves, in conjunction with the background of gray stone, a living dado of exquisite beauty.

The group of choral maidens is an immensely important part of the whole effect. They are on the scene every moment of the time, and as by their groupings and attitudes they give harmonious and beautiful expression to the emotions agitating the audience, they serve to transmute sentiments that are crudely felt, or inarticulate, into forms of inexpressible beauty. The choral maidens are

robed in the loose Greek costumes, draped with artistic simplicity, but with the resultant effect of grace and beauty. The colors chosen for their robes form an exquisite progression of golden russets and yellows: the varying shades of maize or the sun-warmed hues that blush and burn on the cheek of a ripe peach; the leader alone, who on this occasion was Ruth Holt Boucicault, being distinguished by a costume of differing tints and design. As in Euripides's Trojan tragedy they were the women of Troy, so in "Medea" they are the women of Corinth; only in the other play they enter into the action of the tragedy, moan and mourn and suffer with the royal women, while in "Medea" they are but the visible expression of our own emotions. With graceful but not too literal unanimity they lean forth in sympathy or recoil in horror. They supplicate the avenging Medea, as do we in our sympathetic thoughts, wishing this tragic creature, so much the woman in her scorned, abandoned, brooding solitude, to hold back from the darkness and awfulness of the deeds toward which vengeance beckons her. As the action and motives of the play rise to a pitch of mere tragic intensity the demonstrations of the maidens, although always guided by a sense of beauty and the almost spiritual rhythm of true poetry, become less seemingly controlled. In the long, brooding halts to which Medea tames her wild spirit they droop on the marble benches or melt against the gray stone of the wall like beautifully modeled reliefs seen against an entablature. At times one or other of their number gives utterance in song to the emotions of foreboding, pity, or dread which are shaking the bosom of the looker-on. To intensify the suggestion during the approaching of the climax a splendid cumulative effect is reached by the wild flight of part of the group to the other side of the stage, where they join their mates, standing in attitudes expressive of the utmost terror and horror of the tragic culmination that approaches.

These young players do not impress one at all as subordinates, in spite of the complete subordination exacted by the tragedy. In voice, speech, pose, and gait, in their excellent elocution, their unvarying grace, they stamp themselves as very superior to the average young lady group on the stage. This is due, no doubt, to the group having been very carefully chosen from a large number, so that the twelve or fourteen stand for natural physical advantages, grace, musical and elocutionary talent, and, no doubt, temperamental fitness. Two of their number, the Misses Merle Alcock and Marie Partridge Price, sang in rich, sweet, well-trained voices and with full, sympathetic suggestion the two or three solos that gave melodious relief to the intervals between scenes of taxing sombreness and intensity of emotion.

Miss Ruth Holt Boucicault acted as their leader, and her value as a reliable aid was made apparent by the fine quality of her work in this rôle, so widely different from that of Clytemnestra.

One lingers lovingly over the pictures left in the mind by the Greek chorus. Curiously enough, these ancient Greek tragedies, coming down to us from the years that number back into the thousands, contain in themselves that unity of arts which the pioneers in the new line of the art of the theatre consider so essential. While we on the outside, although warmly admiring and, I hope, in great part, cordially subscribing to their theories concerning stage art, are not as yet prepared to follow Gordon Craig's theories to their uttermost, yet I think everybody must recognize how much more beautiful are song and dance and stage *décor* when they are united in one synthetic form of stage art. It seems strange that we can find such conditions fulfilled only in drama that is twenty-five hundred years old. However, as no one knows just how Grecian drama was actually presented, neither shall we ever know of how much greater or less superiority these modern performances of ancient Greek drama can boast. One thing is sure: It would never do to give the version of a Greek tragedy to the impatient modern public in its original form. Miss Anglin saw to it that there were many cuts made in "Iphigenia in Aulis," and no doubt an equal proportion in "Medea." Still I think "Medea" might have been cut more. Both Medea and Jason might have said less with a gain in the interest of the audience, especially as "Medea" contains no such relief to its tragic gloom as was afforded by the dances and the pageantry of "Iphigenia in Aulis," and by the young joy and expectancy of Agamemnon's daughter.

In the character of Medea, as in that of Iphigenia, Miss Anglin compelled admiration by her marked development as a tragedienne. I remember years ago at the new old California Theatre seeing this actress in a very pretty, pictorial Greek comedy—I forget the name—in which she was a sort of Princess Ida, living on an island untrodden by the foot of man, and surrounded by a beautiful but man-hating population of women. Miss Anglin never looked prettier than in the Grecian costume of this play, but when she walked she betrayed her unaccus-

tomedness to it. Now how free, and noble, and splendidly tragic she is in gait, pose, and gesture. Medea, of course, is a woman who does not hesitate to do dreadful deeds when destiny menaces her too cruelly. She is a natural anarchist, a rebel against all established orders that take away from her what her passionate heart craves. If she were living in our own country and time she would, if poor, probably develop into a great physician and surgeon; if a rich and unmarried Englishwoman, and the war had not happened, she would be a furious suffragette, setting buildings on fire and smashing things generally. That nobleness of speech and gesture that we saw in Medea's better moments expressed Medea's better self; the self that, in modern life, would have turned her simple-and-poisons activity into a passion for help and healing; and so it was appropriate.

But Miss Anglin's Medea also expressed in bearing, appearance, and voice that other and night side of her character. I must pause here to call for admiration for the singular felicity of Medea's costume. The richness of the color of her robe, the flame-tints of her head drapery, the suggestion of savagery in the wild beast skin, all contributed to a psychological divination of the rich, stormy depths in the complex soul of this priestess of antique anarchy. The jeweled dagger at her belt lent a further significance. In her movements and poses Miss Anglin again translated the writings made by the soul of Medea. She who thus avenged herself by poison was something of a snake-woman. She crouched: one heard in her voice the warning rattle foreshadowing deadly peril; and she lowered her head to give the venomous wound. When she suffered she writhed. I thought of Rachel when we saw the dark, brooding woman piling up, with her baffled will, horrors on horrors, within whose scope all her world and herself would be destroyed. It is not that I wish to place Margaret Anglin beside Rachel, who exercised such a wonderful ascendancy over the imaginations of those of her time. But Margaret Anglin's portrayal of Medea, reminded me of Charlotte Brontë's eloquent, fascinated description of Rachel as Phèdre.

Nowadays all art-gallery hauntings come away from the Exposition with their eyes continually forming new pictures, and we are unconsciously studying the effect of color contiguities. These pictures that we saw on the stage, how their colorings assisted the idea. The dull red glow that shone through the latticed bronze doors of Medea's dwelling, was it not typical of the smouldering fires in the heart of the woman scorned? And how bold a challenge to it was made by the rich, greenish blue of her robe; almost as bold as the purple, blue, and orange in Söhlberg's startling "Oak Tree," which is so beautiful when one sees it from the opposite end of the annex gallery, down through a long perspective of open doors. For some reason greenish blue in a sumptuous fabric assists in conveying the idea of wickedness. And all the colors were in subtle accord with the fury, revolt, bitterness, and hate expressed in the varying tones of Medea's voice. A wonderful gamut was played upon that reliable voice of hers by Miss Anglin. The black revenge in Medea's heart colored and darkened her tones. Only one who had a naturally fine voice trained to stage use, and deepened and strengthened by stage experience, would dare to crush and choke out of it such a variety of hate-embittered tones. And yet, through it all, Medea was "but yet a woman." So hardly had she been used by Jason, she who had forsaken all for him, dedicated all to him, so great seemed the potentialities for better things in the heart that had loved with such ardor and generosity, that Medea's wrongs were championed by all the sympathies. Nobody had even a sigh of pity for Jason, who was an antique opportunist. And the anguished protests of the choral maidens, the longing to stay her when Medea first gives utterance to her dark intent, were evidence of how strongly Euripides felt that Medea was better than her deeds.

In the moment of supreme resolve, when Medea stood in the solitude of her self-made horrors, she was strangely gentle. This was something of an inspiration, for humanity is wont to turn gentle at such lonely moments and cling to some desolate semblance of the peace forever lost. As in Iphigenia, the pathos of the farewell was extreme and beautifully conveyed. It was like the relief of rain on a forest fire, after all those hot, ash-heaped smoulderings and sudden, wild outbursts of flame.

That is a magnificent climax when, dagger in hand, Medea rushes to slay her children, and Jason and his soldiers are summoned to save. We hear the fear-stricken cry of the children and the supplications of the maidens, see the wild rush of the enraged soldiers led by Jason, and thrill as the great doors fall under their furious charge. Our last sight of Medea is as she stands, safely isolated in her magic chariot of fire, which seems to float above the airy treetops of the deep-bosomed trees crowning her palace roof. A desolate calm has succeeded her sacrificial

rage, and all the frenzied recriminations of Jason can not disturb it. As she stands there, bathed in the lurid glow, she seems a noble woman foully wronged. Her voice rings out magnificently from those mysterious night spaces that encompass her, and she calmly repels the frenzied accusations of Jason, standing below, the centre of the amazed and baffled throng; and then, darkness.

As before, Miss Anglin's work was splendidly supplemented by that of her company Paul Harvey and W. Lawson Butt again making an imposingly fine appearance in the rôles of Creon and Jason. Just as Medea, as conceived by Euripides, who always emphasizes the human side, is all woman, even when she is "magnificent in sin," so is Jason the true picture of the man who is trying to justify himself to himself and to those around him for a deed of foul treachery. Jason put up a remarkably good front. He never lacked for words, pouring forth, in that curiously clanging voice of Mr. Lawson Butts, such a flood of accusation and self-justification as would stagger the unformed judgment and force the conviction that he was justified. This aspect of the character of Jason was well conveyed by the actor, who made him a true Greek of the ancient order, quite oblivious of the wrongs of others, but furious threatening, and revengeful when his sacred will or desires were menaced.

W. Fuller Mellish as Ægeus was, physically seen to much greater advantage in the rôle of a king instead of in armor, and was, as before, a fine exponent of the beauties of classic elocution. That comparatively brief interview between Ægeus and Medea was full of vocal variety and beauty and the stately charm of Greek antiquity.

Merle Stanton's nurse and Pietro Sossio's attendant were stamped by that fineness of dramatic quality which characterized the performance as a whole, and the intelligence with which the two children fell into the scheme of things and subordinated their carefully trained baby actions to the general movement of the scenes in which they figured furnished further evidence of the immensity of thought, care, and hard work expended on details.

A very long discourse descriptive of the terrible end of Creon and his child fell to the share of Pedro de Cordoba, as messenger and the young actor's triumphant hold of the attention of his audience in anything so typically Greek as this lengthy dramatic passage renders praise an obligation.

Mr. Walter Damrosch, composer of the music for "Medea," again led the fine orchestra in person. His "Medea" music is very different from those sinister clamors that leaped out upon the startled ear and expressed, in "Iphigenia in Aulis," the shock and tragic cruelty of young Iphigenia's doom. In "Medea" it seemed to shadow forth the whispering horror that brooded in the dark depths of the soul of Jason's mistress, which sometimes would seem to leap out in a flame and again sink back to smoulder in its bidding place. The lyrics and the motives of pity and death were also subordinated much more than in "Iphigenia" to the general action of the tragedy; a fortunate conception, since it harmonized with the idea of that rebellious evil in the soul of Medea which dominated the whole play; an idea of such somberly dark coloring that it is scarcely surprising to find that of the two plays "Iphigenia in Aulis" remains the most favored one.

At the conclusion of the play the company and Miss Anglin's staff received an ovation which rose to its greatest heights when the tragedienne and Mr. Damrosch faced the shouting and applauding thousands. Such experience tends to mutual exaltation: the thrill that the art of the player and the musician reinforced by all the aids of triumphant artistry, communicate to their auditors and the responsive leap of the pulses that the artists can but feel when they face the inspiring sight of all those tiers upon tier alive with an applauding multitude, standing shouting and waving, in honor of their art and their supreme expression of it.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Since its inauguration in 1811 the "Conscience Fund" of the Federal government has amounted to more than \$443,000. The initial contribution was for \$5. The accompanying note simply said "Stolen," and was signed "Conscience." From this nominal plume the fund took its name. Highest in the record is a contribution of \$18,669.60, received by the treasury on November 23, 1902 from the collector of port of New York, to whom it had been sent by a conscience-stricken soul, who confessed to having smuggled in goods worth that duty. Next largest was a draft for over \$15,000, sent by the vicar of St. Giles's Church, Cripple gate, London, on behalf of a "constituent."

"That man invariably agrees with what say," said the argumentative person. "Rather complimentary." "Not at all. He would rather agree with me than pay attention to what I am saying."—*Washington Star*.



FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

**Margaret Anglin Will Repeat "Iphigenia in Aulis."**  
Margaret Anglin has accepted an invitation to repeat her performance of the "Iphigenia in Aulis" of Euripides at the Greek Theatre, Berkeley, on Saturday evening, September 4th. This arrangement is brought about in response to requests of the multitudes who were unable to procure tickets for Miss Anglin's previous performance of the Euripidean tragedy.

The regular trilogy of plays originally scheduled, concluding with the performance of the "Electra" of Sophocles on this—Saturday—evening, has been epoch-making in the dramatic history of California and has placed Miss Anglin in the rank of the foremost English-speaking actresses of the world. The second performance of the "Iphigenia" will be precisely the same as that given two weeks ago. Mr. Walter Damrosch will again conduct his orchestra of sixty instrumentalists, which will interpret the symphonic musical setting which he composed for the tragedy. The picturesque and artistic pageant features, and the marvelous Greek chorus will again be in evidence under the personal direction of Livingston Platt, the noted artist-archeologist, who designed the costumes, stage decorations, and lighting effects for Miss Anglin's productions. The ensembles will employ upwards of two hundred soldiers, attendants, and supernumeraries. Miss Anglin will of course again be seen in the title character, to which she imparts such consummate art, rare intelligence, delicacy, restraint, and power. It will be a boon indeed to those who were unable to procure seats for the previous performance to see the most compelling production ever witnessed on any stage, presented in a manner which defies the art and powers of description. The seat sale for this special performance is now open at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, San Francisco and Oakland, the Students' Cooperative Store, Tupper & Reed's, Glessner, Morse & Geary's, the Sign of the Bear, and Sadler's, Berkeley.

**The Archibald War Talk at the Columbia.**

In response to many inquiries by thousands interested in the James J. F. Archibald war talk and motion pictures this attraction will return to San Francisco and will be offered at the Columbia Theatre this Sunday afternoon and night, August 29th. There is no gainsaying that this series of pictures and the talk prepared from first-hand observation by the famous correspondent are a wonderful attraction, the best proof being the crowds in attendance at their former presentation here. Mr. Archibald was on the ground in the midst of some of the most exciting combats in Europe. He secured priceless motion pictures, and the colored views are also remarkably fine. His talk is unbiased and in his description of the four months' campaigning on the firing line of eastern and western battle fronts he offers real thrills. The matinee will be given at 25c and 50c and the evening performance at 25c, 50c, and 75c.

**"Potash and Perlmutter" at the Columbia.**

"Potash & Perlmutter" returns to the Columbia Theatre next Monday night for an engagement of two weeks. "Abe" and "Mawruss" are the fellows whom Montague Glass, who writes pieces for the *Saturday Evening Post*, made so famous. Several million people have come to know the boys well, but it took A. H. Woods to put them into business for themselves, and since then they have been working overtime. The firm name is "Potash & Perlmutter." They have a designer named Ruth Goldman, who has a head like Andrew Carnegie and a shape like Lillian Russell; a lawyer named Feldman, who would sue a plate of hash for unlawful combination, and incidentally they have hearts of gold, which is what causes all the trouble, and of course if there wasn't any trouble there wouldn't be any play.

The story of "Potash & Perlmutter" re-

volves about the efforts of the two lovable partners to save their new hookkeeper, Boris Andricoff, from the clutches of the Russian government. They really know little about Boris, except as a bookkeeper he is a great musician, and they quarrel incessantly about him. But when there is danger that the young man is to be sent back to Russia and perhaps a Siberian prison they risk every cent to save him. For a long time it looks as though the partners would have to lose all through their quixotic ideas, and that Potash was going to lose besides a desirable son-in-law, when everything turns out happily. Cupid has been busy with Potash's partner, and so the ending is doubly happy. There are tears as well as laughter, and tears which are quickly chased away by smiles, for though there is pathos in the play there is also a mine of mirth.

Matinees are given on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

**The New Bill at the Orpheum.**

The Orpheum will have as its headline attraction next week Mrs. Leslie Carter, who has long been recognized as one of the principal legitimate stars of this country and who has frequently been styled the Bernhardt of America. She will present a tabloid version of "Zaza," which is not only her greatest success, but also one of the greatest triumphs ever achieved by an actress in the annals of the American stage. Mrs. Carter brings with her a specially selected company and the most perfect equipment.

Harry and Eva Puck will present their novel and artistic offering, "Sunshine and Showers," in which they introduce a number of songs all of which were written by Harry Puck, who is probably the youngest composer in this country and certainly one of the best liked.

Willie Solar, who comes direct from London, where he starred successfully at the leading vaudeville theatres, is an exceedingly clever and popular eccentric dancer.

Miss Eva Shirley, the youngest prima donna in vaudeville, is the possessor of a glorious soprano voice, which has profited by the best tuition. Her clearness of tone and wide range together with the judgment she has displayed in the selection of her repertory render her appearance a delight to her audience.

J. C. Nugent will present another of his clever sketches, entitled "The Regular." It is described as "a unique light on New York night life" and affords him and his clever associate, Miss Jule York, abundant opportunity for the display of their versatile ability. Han Ping Chien in his "Pekin Mysteries" and Rex's Comedy Circus will also be included in the bill.

Next week will positively be the last week of Thomas Egan, the famous Irish tenor, who will be heard in an entirely new repertory of Hibernian melodies.

**Final Week of "The Clansman" at the Cort.**

With the matinee and evening performances of tomorrow—Sunday—"The Birth of a Nation" or, "The Clansman," enters upon the second and what must be the final week of its return engagement at the Cort Theatre. The film could easily remain at the Cort indefinitely, but it must give way to the staged all-star production of "The New Henrietta," which comes on Monday, September 6th. "The Birth of a Nation" will be seen for the final times on Sunday, September 5th.

"The Birth of a Nation" has been pronounced by all reviewers to be the most potent film drama yet given to the public. While it is an epic of pictures, it is always intimately human; the great tragedy it depicts is illumined by constant natural comedy and by a beautiful romance which threads the series of historic events. There is a wonderful mastery of detail shown.

The terrors of negro domination in the South that caused the forming of the Ku Klux Klan, the fateful battles of the war

with all of war's unspeakable horrors, are shown as only an actual view could show them. "The Birth of a Nation" is so vivid, so thoroughly real of the events it portrays, that no description can give a faithful analysis of its values.

**Crane and All-Star Cast Coming to the Cort.**

When five stars of the dramatic reputation of William H. Crane, Thomas W. Ross, Maclyn Arbuckle, Amelia Bingham, and Mabel Taliaferro may be seen in the same performance for the customary high-class theatre price the hargain spirit of the times is certainly touching high spots, and the reminiscent playgoer will have to change his tune about the good old days. These stars are to appear in the delicious comedy, "The Henrietta," which was the pride and glory of Crane and the late Stuart Rohson for so many years. The modernization has been made by Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes. This red-letter hooking is announced for the Cort Theatre beginning Monday, September 6th.

**Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre.**

Another one of Holbrook Blinn's thrillers, "Any Night," that gripping story of the underworld, will be one of the big features on the new eight-act show which opens at the Pantages on Sunday. When "Any Night" was produced here last season with Holbrook Blinn and his Princess players in the cast, it was thought that police interference would bring to a close the performance of the one-act thriller after the first night, but those in authority claimed that the piece taught a strong moral, and sanctioned rather than condemned the production. Milton Stallard is the producer of "Any Night," and J. Anthony Smythe will play the leading rôle.

Klein's spectacular production, "The Sinking of the Lusitania" and "The Fight between the Emden and the Sidney," is a big feature of the new bill. The production shows all of the scenes which led up to the defeat of the German warship by the Sidney.

Josie Flynn and her merry minstrel girls introduce clever girl "end men," graceful dances, and a bunch of tuneful melodies sung by six pretty maidens.

Julietta Dika, the famous Parisian beauty, warbles lilting French songs with a flavor of the gay boulevards. Mlle. Dika carries an array of gowns and lingerie that baffle description.

Silher and North, "the Bashful Man and the Maid," are a comedy hit, as are Rico and Francis in "My Winter Girl." Ruo and Norman, "the Roman Gladiators," and Ruebens, the lightning artist, are other acts.

Margaret Anglin will follow "Potash & Perlmutter" at the Columbia Theatre. She will bring Paul Kestor's comedy, "Beverly's Balance." The original New York cast and production intact is promised. In fact San Francisco is to see this sparkling comedy exactly as did New York.

Cohan and Harris are to send "On Trial" to the Columbia Theatre in the near future. It will be played by a particularly strong cast, every member of which is well fitted for the portrayal of the rôle selected for them in this dramatic and sensational play.

This—Saturday—evening's presentation of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" by Mrs. Patrick Campbell at the Columbia Theatre will mark her fiftieth performance of the present engagement at this theatre. Half a hundred performances by any one attraction these times is quite a record.

First of the autumn premières of new German operas will be that of "Mona Lisa," completed by Max von Schillings in time for production at the beginning of the season just closed, but held over for the hoped-for less trouhous times. The première will take place at the Stuttgart Court Opera, of which Von Schillings is the musical director, on September 26th. Performances will follow at the Vienna Court Opera on October 4th and the Berlin Royal Opera on October 15th. Richard Strauss will direct the Berlin performances.

**Opening of the Racing Season.**

For the first time in years San Francisco is again enjoying horse-racing. The season opened last Saturday, amid perfect conditions, and every day since has seen augmented crowds in attendance. The Exposition track is in fine condition and the new grandstands are roomy and comfortable. The racing proves that the "hetless" variety can be and is as fully exciting and interesting as the old, which flourished latterly at Emeryville. On the opening day fully 20,000 spectators enjoyed the sport. The great event was the Exposition handicap, which was won by Brynimah, ridden by Bullman. The racing is under the able auspices of the Golden Gate Thoroughbred Breeders' Association, and it is likely that a season of the sport may be enjoyed here henceforth as a yearly event.

AMUSEMENTS

**FESTIVAL HALL**  
SUNDAY AFT., AUGUST 29, at 2:30  
**PADEREWSKI**  
Will Appear with the  
**EXPOSITION ORCHESTRA**  
80 Musicians  
**MAX BENDIX, Conductor**  
The Programme Will Include  
Concerto for Piano and Orchestra... Paderewski  
Symphony No. 4.....Tschaiowsky  
Prices: 75c, \$1, \$1.50, \$2 and \$2.50  
Seats Selling Now at 343 Powell St.  
Phone—Sutter 6646

**EXPOSITION RACE TRACK**  
6 High-Class Running Races Daily  
Sundays Excepted  
August 21 to September 18  
First Race Starts at 2:15 p. m. Daily  
**ADMISSION \$1,**  
Including Grand Stand Seat.  
**Season Boxes \$40**  
**Single Daily Box Seats 50 Cents**  
Run Under the Auspices of the  
**Golden Gate Thoroughbred Breeders' Association.**

**ORPHEUM O'FARRELL STREET**  
Between Stockton and Powell  
Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon  
Matinee Every Day  
**MRS. LESLIE CARTER**  
In a tabloid version of  
**ZAZA**  
HARRY and EVA PUCK in "Sunshine and Showers"; WILLIE SOLAR, Late Star of the Palace Theatre, London; MISS EVA SHIRLEY, the Youngest Prima Donna in Vaudeville; J. C. NUGENT in His New Oddity, "THE REGULAR"; HAN PING CHIEN, presenting "PEKIN MYSTERIES"; REX'S COMEDY CIRCUS; Last Week, Ireland's Famous Tenor, THOMAS EGAN—New Bal-lads.  
Evening prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Matinee prices (except Sundays and holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phone—Douglas 70.

**COLUMBIA THEATRE** The Leading Playhouse  
Geary and Mason Sts. Phone Franklin 150  
Special—Sun. afternoon and Night, Aug. 29  
**THE ARCHIBALD WAR TALK AND MOTION PICTURES**  
Beginning Mon., Aug. 31—Two Weeks Only  
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday  
The Success of the Nation!  
An up-to-date garment trimmed with a thousand laughs  
**POTASH AND PERLMUTTER**  
"Abe" and "Mawruss"  
Evenings and Saturday matinee, 50c to \$1.50; Wednesday matinee, 25c to \$1.

**CORT** Leading Theatre  
ELLIS AND MARKET  
Phone Sutter 2460  
Last Week Begins Sunday, Aug. 29  
2 p. m.—TWICE DAILY—8 p. m.  
D. W. Griffith's Film Masterpiece  
**"The Birth of a Nation"**  
(THE CLANSMAN)  
Nights, 25c, 50c, 75c; Daily Mats., 25c, 50c  
Com. Mon., Sept. 6—The Great Five-Star Aggregation in "THE NEW HENRIETTA."

**PANTAGES** MARKET STREET  
Opposite Mason  
Klein's Scenic Production  
**"THE SINKING OF THE LUSITANIA"**  
And the Fight between the Emden and the Sydney  
**JOSIE FLYNN**  
And Her Merry Minstrel Girls  
Milton Stallard presents J. Anthony Smythe in Holbrook Blinn's Underworld Playlet  
**"ANY NIGHT"**  
**JULIETTA DIKA**  
Famous French Beauty, in Character Songs of the Parisian Music Halls  
**EIGHT BIG PANTAGES FEATURES**

**ST. HELENA VINTAGE FESTIVAL AND FARM BUREAU FAIR**  
  
**ST. HELENA**  
Napa County  
Sept. 3, 4, 5, 6  
Spectacular Vintage  
**ALLEGORY**  
Industrial and Floral Parade  
on  
**LABOR DAY**  
Street Dance and Carnival  
Reached via Southern Pacific or Monticello Steamship Co. and Electric Railway.

IN RESPONSE

TO THE MULTITUDES WHO WERE UNABLE TO PROCURE

TICKETS TO SEE **MISS ANGLIN** IN EURIPIDES'

**"IPHIGENIA in AULIS"**

SHE HAS ACCEPTED THE INVITATION OF THE MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC COMMITTEE TO REPEAT THE PERFORMANCE IN THE

**GREEK THEATRE**

(University of California)

**Saturday Evening, Sept. 4**

GENERAL ADMISSION \$1.00 RESERVED SEATS \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50

TICKETS NOW ON SALE at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, San Francisco and Oakland; The Ass. Students' Store, Tupper and Reid's, Glessner, Morse & Geary's, The Sign of the Bear, and Sadler's, Berkeley.

**"ELECTRA"** Will Be Presented on **Saturday Eve., Aug. 28**



## VANITY FAIR.

It is interesting, and of course flattering, to notice that Judge Graham's advice to the married has been copied by an Italian newspaper. That degenerate Europe should thus look hopefully toward San Francisco for guidance past the rocks and through the shoals of matrimony is a humble tribute to our virtue that we may blushing admit to be well deserved. San Francisco now takes her place as a beacon light shining softly and chastely over the troubled seas of wedded life. Conscious of rectitude we hasten to adjust the laurel wreath so that it may show to the best advantage. Other newspapers please copy.

At the same time we may confess to having read Judge Graham's advice with some doubt, not of its good intentions, but of its efficacy. It seemed to us that the fact of marriage might be taken as evidence of a certain impenetrability to wise counsel that was an ill presage to admonitions such as these. Nevertheless there are other angles of view for which allowance should be made and that may be urged in Judge Graham's support. Drawing upon his judicial experience, he may point out that the incarcerated criminal, softened and subdued by suffering, is more amenable to persuasion than during the days of his liberty, and before the prison cell had given opportunity for penitence and remorse. The arrogance of youth may reject the advice that finds a welcome to the mind made abject by pain. There is something to be said for such a contention, and at least it is infinitely to Judge Graham's credit that he refuses to consider even the married as hopelessly lost or beyond the reach of the redemptive touch.

None the less there is a certain fallacy underlying the advice itself. Of course it is unquestionably true that if husbands and wives were perfect there would be no marital troubles, but a mere exhortation henceforth to be perfect can hardly be considered as the solution of a problem. We do not dispose of the question of criminality, for example, by a general admonition to be honest, although it is obvious enough that if there were no thieves there would be no prisons. Nor can we cure divorce by a general invitation to avoid the causes of divorce.

For example, the first of Judge Graham's rules for husbands is "never lie to your wife." We must confess to a feeling of perplexity and amazement, even indignation. Fancy launching a torpedo like that, and without even a chance to escape. It is true that non-combatants are never found on the ship of matrimony, but none the less the rules of war ought to be observed. Does Judge Graham realize that the average man is wholly defenseless except for the prevarication, and that while it would be more accurate to describe it as an emollient or a defense rather than as a weapon, it is the only implement in his armory? Is Judge Graham aware that the subterfuge—to put it mildly—has prevented more divorces than it has ever caused, and that not once only, but a thousand times, it has proved as oil upon the waves, soothing, tranquilizing, and soporific?

This may serve as a sample of the rules for husbands, but the rules for wives are similarly open to criticism. For example, the first on the list is "Never annoy your husband when he reads the evening paper." It does seem a pity to add to the fury naturally and properly caused by the evening paper, but candor compels us to say that the morning is really the critical time, and that the male beast is comparatively innocuous toward the end of the day. We did hear of a wife who was in the habit of whistling before breakfast, and it was accepted as an extenuating circumstance at the trial. A wife who really knows her husband will make no avoidable sound whatever until 9 a. m. After that time she may become vocal, and during the evening she may often say something with impunity after giving notice of intention. Judge Graham should amend that first rule. It should read, "Never annoy your husband at all." The ordinary wife will read that little injunction, and she will go away under the impression that she may annoy her husband at any time, provided he does not happen to be reading the evening paper. In other words, the close time for husbands will be about twenty minutes a day. Now, Judge Graham knows more about divorce than we are ever likely to, but we are persuaded that nine-tenths of the divorces that occur are due to the reprehensible habit prevalent among wives of annoying their husbands. As was truly remarked by a humble acquaintance who moves in the less favored ranks of society, if wives would only amend their ways in this respect they would not so often get "beat up."

The Styles Committee of the Manufacturing Jewelers' Association of Chicago has recently submitted a series of opinions regarding styles for the coming fall season. The most important conclusions are as follows:

"The prevailing styles in jewelry for fall, 1915, will be platinum and gold in their nat-

ural colors, without artificial finishes. Platinum displays to a marked degree the beauty of diamonds, and this metal will be used where diamonds are called for, either alone or in combination with other stones, but this will not prevent the use of the various colors of gold or the combination of enamel, especially where colored stones are to be shown.

"Diminutive designs will be the rule in all classes of jewelry.

"Brooches are assuming prominence again. "Rings will be made with an inclination to designs running across the finger and with various stones cut in shapes out of the ordinary. The reason for calling for odd-shaped stones is the increasing difficulty in securing regular sizes.

"Bracelets of flexible type and hangles in narrow widths, jeweled with diamonds and with semi-precious stones, will be the vogue, and for evening wear elbow styles will be particularly favored.

"The tendency of design in necklaces will be toward narrow, tight-fitting effects, with jeweled ornaments worked into the chain.

"Watches will continue to be worn in bracelets and will also hang pendant from the neck, the main ornament in the chain being placed next to the watch.

"Gold belt buckles mounted on leather and on material similar to that of the costume worn will continue to be fashionable.

"Hatpins of small design will continue in favor.

"Lorgnettes for all occasions will be shown, from the elaborately jeweled platinum for full dress to the simple gold for shopping.

"The trend in fashion for sleeve links will be toward loose links with the short connections to set well in soft cuffs.

"Waldemar chains will be shown with a ring, to which a charm, seal, or locket may be attached to hang near the pocket."

"The trouble is," said Wilkins as he talked the matter over with his counsel, "that in the excitement of the moment I admitted that I had been going too fast, and wasn't paying any attention to the road just before the collision. I'm afraid that admission will prove costly." "Don't worry about that," said the lawyer. "I'll bring seven witnesses to testify that they wouldn't believe you under oath." —Buffalo Courier.

Fire losses in the United States and Canada last year reached a total of \$235,591,351, or nearly \$11,000,000 more than the year before.

## DELINQUENT SALE NOTICE.

THE LUTHER BURBANK COMPANY.  
Location of Principal Place of Business,  
San Francisco, California.

Notice—There is delinquent upon the following described stock on account of assessment levied on the 29th day of June, 1915, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective stockholders, as follows:

| Name.                 | No. of Certificate. | No. of Shares. | Amount. |
|-----------------------|---------------------|----------------|---------|
| F. H. Crosby.....     | 136                 | 40             | \$40.00 |
| F. H. Crosby.....     | 137                 | 8              | 8.00    |
| F. H. Crosby.....     | 321                 | 3              | 3.00    |
| F. H. Crosby.....     | 379                 | 51             | 51.00   |
| J. Y. Eccleston.....  | 134                 | 20             | 20.00   |
| J. Y. Eccleston.....  | 338                 | 24             | 24.00   |
| J. Y. Eccleston.....  | 377                 | 364            | 364.00  |
| J. Y. Eccleston.....  | 464                 | 100            | 100.00  |
| L. C. Haycroft.....   | 463                 | 418            | 418.00  |
| Jesse I. Jewell.....  | 110                 | 40             | 40.00   |
| Jesse I. Jewell.....  | 212                 | 8              | 8.00    |
| Jesse I. Jewell.....  | 275                 | 40             | 40.00   |
| Jesse I. Jewell.....  | 303                 | 6              | 6.00    |
| Jesse I. Jewell.....  | 371                 | 94             | 94.00   |
| Paul F. Kingston..... | 92                  | 40             | 40.00   |
| Paul F. Kingston..... | 104                 | 8              | 8.00    |
| Paul F. Kingston..... | 298                 | 3              | 3.00    |
| Paul F. Kingston..... | 262                 | 51             | 51.00   |
| Chas. E. Knox.....    | 182                 | 100            | 100.00  |
| Chas. E. Knox.....    | 305                 | 7              | 7.00    |
| Chas. E. Knox.....    | 396                 | 107            | 107.00  |
| Ida M. Lackey.....    | 262                 | 8              | 8.00    |
| Ida M. Lackey.....    | 311                 | 1              | 1.00    |
| Ida M. Lackey.....    | 403                 | 9              | 9.00    |
| Mason McDuffie.....   | 501                 | 10             | 10.00   |
| Mason McDuffie.....   | 502                 | 20             | 20.00   |
| L. N. Oswald.....     | 242                 | 60             | 60.00   |
| L. N. Oswald.....     | 236                 | 4              | 4.00    |
| L. N. Oswald.....     | 400                 | 64             | 64.00   |
| W. Garner Smith.....  | 141                 | 100            | 100.00  |
| W. Garner Smith.....  | 142                 | 60             | 60.00   |
| W. Garner Smith.....  | 196                 | 600            | 600.00  |
| W. Garner Smith.....  | 197                 | 31             | 31.00   |
| W. Garner Smith.....  | 199                 | 200            | 200.00  |
| W. Garner Smith.....  | 227                 | 27             | 27.00   |
| W. Garner Smith.....  | 230                 | 2              | 2.00    |
| W. Garner Smith.....  | 276                 | 20             | 20.00   |
| W. Garner Smith.....  | 309                 | 81             | 81.00   |
| W. Garner Smith.....  | 342                 | 9              | 9.00    |
| W. Garner Smith.....  | 360                 | 1230           | 1230.00 |
| W. Garner Smith.....  | 443                 | 52             | 52.00   |

And in accordance with law and an order of the Board of Directors, made on the 29th day of June, 1915, so many shares of each parcel of stock as may be necessary will be sold at public auction at the office of the Company in the northeast corner room on the second floor of the Burbank Building, which is located at the southwest corner of Market and Beale Streets, San Francisco, California, on the 21st day of August, 1915, at ten o'clock a. m., to pay said delinquent assessments thereon, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

ROSS THOMPSON,  
Assistant Secretary and Acting Secretary of the  
Luther Burbank Company.  
Office of the Company, Burbank Building, Market and Beale Streets, San Francisco, California.

## NOTICE OF POSTPONEMENT.

Notice—By order of the directors, entered on the records of the corporation, the sale of delinquent stock referred to in the foregoing notice has been postponed to August 28, 1915, at ten o'clock a. m., at the place specified in said foregoing notice.  
ROSS THOMPSON,  
Assistant and Acting Secretary of the Luther Burbank Company.



## Southern Pacific

### Outdoor Life

#### At Seaside, River, Lake and Mountain Resorts



Surf-Bathing, Yachting, Boating, Sea-Fishing,  
Golfing, Tennis, Motoring

Beaches, Boardwalks, and Pleasure Grounds

Attractive Outing Places along  
the Coast and in Interior Valleys

SANTA CRUZ  
CAPITOLA  
DEL MONTE  
BYRON HOT SPRINGS

MONTEREY  
PACIFIC GROVE  
CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA  
ASILOMAR  
MT. HERMON

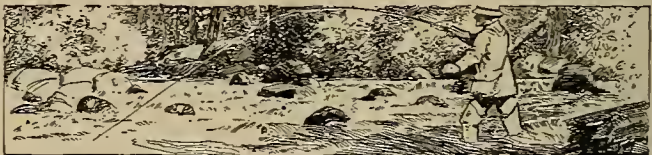
EL PIZMO  
PASO ROBLES  
SAN LOUIS OBISPO  
SANTA BARBARA

Also Noted Beach Resorts in vicinity of Los Angeles

SANTA MONICA  
VENTURA  
VENICE

REDONDO  
OCEAN PARK  
LONG BEACH

BALBOA  
NAPLES and  
CATALINA ISLANDS



Trout fishing in the YOSEMITE VALLEY, the AMERICAN, TRUCKEE, KINGS, KERN, UPPER SACRAMENTO, McLOUD, and KLAMATH Rivers in California; SPRING CREEK, WILLIAMSON, ROGUE, UMPQUA, and MCKENZIE Rivers in Oregon.

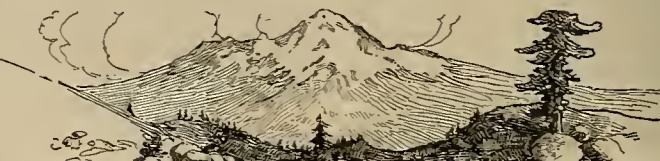
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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An Irish private in France asked a subaltern to write a letter for him to his wife. This was what he took down: "Dear Bridget—This is a terrible war. I am sending you en francs, but not this week."

A Montana woman sued for divorce because her husband kissed the servant girl. "You want this man punished?" said the judge. "I do," said she. "Then I shall not divorce you from him," said the judge.

The new cavalry trooper was being initiated into the mysteries of riding when his horse bolted. "Where the deuce are you going?" hundered the instructor. The reply came back in gasps: "Don't know—but the 'orse's name is at 'Ammersmith."

A tight old citizen in a country village, on having a subscription list handed him toward purchasing a new hearse for the place, thus excused himself: "I paid five dollars for a new hearse forty years ago, and me and my folks haint had the benefit of it yet."

A man out West, who married a widow, has invented a device to cure her of eternally praising her former husband. Whenever she begins to discant on his noble qualities, this ingenious No. 2 merely says: "Poor, dear man! how I do wish he had not died!"

Mr. Henry Clay Pinckney, an Afro-American of deepest, ebony hue, lay very ill. The mistress of the plantation called to ascertain his condition. "How is your husband this morning, Marinda?" she asked. "Mis' Jane, ley haint no imp'ovement one way or de udder."

A Bible teacher among the Southern blacks, desirous of waking the dormant powers of a scholar, asked the question: "What are we taught by the historic incident of Jacob wrestling with the angel?" The cautious reply came: "Dunno 'zactly, but I s'pose 'twas o tell us we mustn't rastle."

A gentleman who was spending a month in the Highlands went to hire a carriage for the purpose of taking his family for a drive. He looked at a vehicle and inquired how many it would hold. The hostler scratched his head thoughtfully and replied: "It hauds our gencrally, but six if they're weel acuant!"

The seedy person applied to a wealthy citizen for help, and received the small sum of five cents. The giver remarked as he handed him the pittance. "Take it, you are welcome; our ears are always open to the distressed." "That may be," replied the recipient, "but never before in my life have I seen so small an opening for such large ears."

It was at a soldiers' concert at which no alcoholic liquors were being supplied, the men being served with mineral waters by young lady helpers. Said a soldier to the young lady helper, "Do you see that man who is singing has got his eyes half shut?" "Yes. What's he doing that for?" "He can't bear to look at us. He knows wot we're sufferin'."

The centenarian was being eagerly interviewed by reporters and was asked, among other things, to what he attributed his long life and good health. "Wall," the old man replied slowly, "I'm not in any position to say right now. You see, I've been bargaining with two or three of them patent medicine concerns for a couple of weeks, but I ain't quite decided yet."

One day—so the story runs—an Austrian general, his moustaches well waxed and scented, called on General von Hindenburg to collaborate with the latter on some staff plans. The visitor, after bowing himself into the presence of the Prussian veteran, began, "Field Marshall, I have the honor—" "Yes," broke in the Prussian bulldog, "I suow you have the honor and I the work, so be brief."

All English battalions were recently warned to keep a careful watch for any contrivances which the Germans might use with the object of producing poisonous gases. Shortly afterward a certain regiment on taking over some trenches found an old bagpipe left in the lines. At once the colonel, who possessed a rare sense of humor, sent the following message to brigade headquarters: "A weird instrument has just been discovered in my trenches; it is believed to be used for producing asphyxiating noises."

A clergyman had taught an old man in his parish to read, and found him an apt pupil. Calling at the cottage some time after, he found only the wife at home. "How's

John?" asked he. "He is well, thank you," said his wife. "How does he get on with his reading?" "Nicely, sir." "Ah! I suppose he can read his Bible comfortably now?" "Biille, sir! Bless you, he was out of the Bible and into the sporting papers long ago!"

Bill Nye used to tell this story of the late Myron W. Reed of Denver: Reed was a bright and original preacher and many curious people came to hear him. Once a man from the Gunnison country arrived at his church rather late Sunday morning while Reed was making a low but earnest prayer. "Louder," yelled the late comer. Mr. Reed ceased his prayer for a moment, looked at the gentleman from over the range, and said: "My friend, I wasn't speaking to you; I was addressing God."

In one of the Southern States the negroes are great patrons of a matrimonial agency. One negro, anxious to find a wife for his son, went to this agent, who handed him his list of lady clients. Running through this the man came upon his own wife's name, entered as desirous of obtaining a husband between the ages of twenty-eight and thirty. Forgetting about his son, the darky hurried home to announce his discovery to his wife. She was not at all disturbed. "Yes," she said, "I done give him ma name. I puts it down when yo' wuz so sick in de winter and de doctah says we mus' prepah for de worst."

THE MERRY MUZE.

Official Ease.

When Uncle Jim was landed  
Into an office high,  
His luck, 'mongst us, commanded  
Of envy many a sigh.  
We pictured him, all free from care,  
Reclining in an easy chair,  
With servitors drawn up in line  
To tempt him with cigars and wine.

Yet when we rushed in gladness  
To visit Uncle Jim,  
His smile was full of sadness;  
His tone was rather grim.  
He never rests nor drinks nor smokes  
Lest he offend us voting folks,  
And those who stand in line are found  
Just ordering Uncle Jim around.

—Washington Star.

Summer Fashions.

Oh, mother, ope the cedar chest, the moth-proof closet, too,  
I must get at the fluffy furs, at once, without ado,  
My gowns are thin as thin can be, indeed they're cobweb weight,  
My dimity's translucent and the lawns, likewise, I'd state.

The X-ray stuffs are all the rage, they're sheer, the thinnest tulle,  
Or chiffon, rarefied in weave; the silks are far from cool.  
But when it comes to collars, stoles, the things about your neck,  
You can't get them too heavy, dear, no matter what they reck.  
So though it's getting hotter, nearly ninety in the shade,  
Fetch out my winter furs, mama, for I'm going on parade!

I want the Mufflon, Krimmer, Lamb, and don't forget the Fox,  
I'm sure some Ermine's left for use in that large wooden box.  
I'll have a muffler of that Lynx, Kolinsky for the eve,  
The Rabbit, Cat, or Skunk, hy day, will make my rivals grieve.

There's a Mole or Marten, Wolverine, Young Pony, Astrakan,  
Fur fichus, made the proper way, just fascinate "mere man."  
Or Tiger, Leopard, Beaver skin, with Monkey, Sable, Bear,  
Will go quite well, when colored up, and suit my newest hair.

For, though the air is blistering, quite near the century,  
I can't go out without my furs, 'tis Fashion's firm decree!

Don't hesitate! Just fill my trunk! One can't be out of style;  
I know my neck will look just sweet enveloped in soft pile.  
Of course, I wear but little else, my gown has quite a V;  
The skirt is short—well, just as short as summer skirts should be,  
And—well, I won't particularize, I'm ready for the train;

I'll put the jabots by themselves. Ob! no, I'm not insane!  
I know the cars are stuffy, but the biggest boa for me,  
I've got to lead the others, dear, you surely must agree.  
For though I melt to nothing and a heat-stroke threatens, too,  
I'll die a martyr to the cause; there's nothing else to do!

—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

"Well, Maria," said Jiggles after the town election, "for whom did you vote this morning?" "I crossed off the names of all the candidates," returned Mrs. Jiggles, "and wrote out my principles on the back of my ballot. This is no time to consider individuals and their little personal ambitions."—New York Times.



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JUNE 30th, 1915:

Assets.....\$10,321,343.04  
Deposits.....57,362,899.35  
Capital actually paid up in cash.....1,000,000.00  
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....1,958,443.69  
Employees' Pension Fund.....199,164.12  
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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The wedding of Miss Isabel Beaver and Mr. John Cushing took place Saturday afternoon at the home on Webster Street of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hope Beaver. Miss Miriam Beaver and Miss Helen Crosby were the maids of honor. Mr. Evan Evans attended Mr. Cushing as best man. Upon their return from their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Cushing will reside on Lake Street.

Senator Theodore Burton of Ohio was the complimented guest Friday evening at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Francis B. Loomis at the Burlingame Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Eyre Pinckard entertained a number of friends Wednesday evening at a dinner at their home on Pacific Avenue in honor of their house guests, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bowers of Washington, D. C.

Miss Mary Alexander was the guest of honor Wednesday evening at a dinner-dance given by Miss Helen Crocker at her home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. William T. Sesnon were host and hostess Friday evening at a dinner at their home on Devisadero Street in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Laidlaw Girault of Chicago.

Mrs. Norman Mack gave a luncheon at the Franciscan Club Friday, when a score of friends enjoyed her hospitality. The affair was in honor of Mrs. John Miller of Buffalo.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Pillsbury entertained a number of young people Tuesday evening at a dance at their home on Pacific Avenue in honor of Mrs. Pillsbury's nephew, Mr. Moseley Taylor of Boston.

Mrs. Herman Gade was hostess Monday at a luncheon at the New York State building. The affair was in honor of Dr. Peabody of Boston.

Mrs. William Holmes McKittrick was hostess Wednesday afternoon at a bridge-tee at her home on California Street.

Mrs. Richard Heiman entertained a number of friends Monday afternoon at a bridge-tee in honor of Miss Gladys Buchanan, whose engagement to Major Brown, U. S. A., has recently been announced. Miss Buchanan was the complimented guest again Wednesday at a similar affair given by Miss Mary Bates.

Mrs. William Post gave a dinner at the Fairmont Hotel Tuesday evening, when a dozen friends enjoyed her hospitality.

Mme. L. George Lambert was the complimented guest Tuesday afternoon at a tea given by Mrs. H. A. Van C. Torchiana at The Netherlands building.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Darrach gave a tea Sunday afternoon in honor of their niece, Miss Anna White Newlin, who left the following day for her home in New York.

Mrs. Louis F. Montague was hostess Tuesday at a luncheon at her home on Pacific Avenue in honor of Mesdames Charles B. Alexander, Charles B. White of Boston, and Charlemagne Tower.

Mrs. Eliot Rogers was hostess Sunday at a luncheon at her home at Montecito in honor of Miss Ysabel Chase.

The Misses Fanny and May Friedlander entertained a number of friends Tuesday at a luncheon at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner of Los Angeles were the complimented guests Saturday evening at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Remi P. Schwerin at their home in San Mateo.

Mrs. William Goddard was hostess Sunday at a luncheon at her home in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel C. Jackling entertained a number of friends Sunday at a luncheon on board their yacht, the *Cypress*.

Mrs. James Athearn Folger gave a luncheon at her country home at Woodside Thursday, when a dozen friends enjoyed her hospitality.

The Misses Harriet, Jeanetta, and Mary Alexander were the complimented guests Friday at a luncheon given by Mrs. J. Cheever Cowdin at the Burlingame Country Club.

Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy was hostess at a tea at her home in Burlingame, Friday afternoon, when a score of friends enjoyed her hospitality.

Mrs. Robert Newell Fitch gave a tea at her home on Washington Street Tuesday afternoon in honor of Miss Theresa Harrison.

Mrs. Eugene Lent entertained a number of friends Thursday at a luncheon and matinee party.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott have issued invitations to a dinner Monday evening, August 30th, at the Hotel St. Francis. The affair will be in honor of Mr. and Mrs. William Howard Taft.

Mr. and Mrs. John Drum were host and hostess at a picnic Sunday, when they entertained a score of friends.

Senator James D. Phelan was host Sunday at a luncheon at his country home in Saratoga.

The affair was in honor of Mrs. Thomas Walsh of Washington and Miss Lola Robinson of New York.

Mrs. George T. Marye was the complimented guest Friday at a luncheon given by Mrs. Edgar Peixotto at her home on Washington Street.

Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr., entertained a number of friends Thursday at a luncheon at her home on Pacific Avenue in honor of Mrs. C. C. Cuyler of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McCullough of New York were the guests of honor Saturday at a luncheon given by Mr. Raymond Armsby at the new club house on the race-track at the Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Ambler Curran were host and hostess Thursday evening at a dinner at the Burlingame Country Club.

Lieutenant-Commander Clark Woodward, U. S. N., was host Wednesday evening at a dinner at the Hotel St. Francis in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Clark Howell of Georgia.

Lieutenant Rose, U. S. A., entertained a number of friends Wednesday evening at a theatre and supper party.

Brigadier-General Bell, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bell were the complimented guests Thursday evening at a dinner given by Mrs. Eleanor Martin at her home on Broadway.

Captain Asher Carter Baker, U. S. A., was host Friday evening at a dinner in honor of the United States ambassador to Japan, Mr. George W. Guthrie, and Mrs. Guthrie.

Captain Edward Carpenter, U. S. A., and Mrs. Carpenter entertained a number of friends Saturday evening at a theatre and supper party in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Longworth.

Lieutenant James Howell, U. S. A. (retired), and Mrs. Howell gave a dinner and bridge party Wednesday evening at their home on Van Ness Avenue.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Morawetz departed Tuesday for San Diego, where they will spend a few days en route to their home in New York. They came from the East to visit the Exposition and spend two weeks in this city.

Dr. William J. Younger and Mrs. Younger, who arrived two weeks ago from Europe, are expected home Monday from the Yosemite Valley, where they have been spending the past week.

Bishop Sidney Partridge and Mrs. Partridge have returned from a visit in San Diego and are guests of Mrs. Partridge's mother, Mrs. John Simpson, at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Eddy spent the weekend in Saratoga as the guests of Senator James D. Phelan.

Mr. and Mrs. Elliott McAllister and their children have returned to their home in San Mateo after a few weeks' visit in Santa Barbara and at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bowers of Washington, D. C., are among the recent visitors who have come from the East to see the Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Porter Bishop and their little son are expected to arrive early in September from South America, where they have been spending the past six months.

Mrs. E. H. Harriman and her daughter, Miss Carol Harriman, have gone to their ranch in Idaho after a brief visit in this city.

Miss Ethel Crocker left Sunday evening for Lake Tahoe, where she has since been visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl.

Miss Louise Janin is in San Diego, where she is the guest of Mrs. Alexander Sharp.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Howard returned Friday from a week's visit in the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. Madison Grant departed Monday for his home in New York after a two weeks' visit in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Fuller, Jr., and their two children have moved to San Mateo, where they will reside permanently.

Mr. and Mrs. William Henry Pool have returned to their home in Virginia after an extended visit in this city. Mrs. Pool, who was formerly Miss Isabel Donahue, is the daughter of Mrs. Richard Sprague.

Mr. and Mrs. John Cushing are spending their honeymoon in Canada, where they will remain two weeks. Upon their return to this city they will reside on Second Avenue and Lake Street. Mrs. Cushing was formerly Miss Isabel Beaver.

The Messrs. Robert de Vecchi and Paola de Vecchi are here from New York and are visiting their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Griffin, at their home on Washington Street. They have been spending the past few days in the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt, Jr., and their children have been spending a few weeks at Long Beach, and expect to return shortly to their home in Tucson, Arizona.

Mrs. J. Borden Harriman arrived last week from the East and joined her daughter, Miss

Ethel Harriman, at the Peninsula Hotel in San Mateo. They are planning to sail with Mrs. George T. Marye, Jr., for the Orient and Russia.

Judge Elbert H. Gary and Mrs. Gary have returned to town after a two weeks' absence, during which time they visited Mr. and Mrs. Lewis E. Hanchett at their country home in Capitola and Mr. and Mrs. William Randolph Hearst at the San Simeon ranch in San Luis Obispo County.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Queen have returned from Lake Tahoe, where they have been spending the past two months. Mr. and Mrs. Roland Queen Hughes and Miss Virginia Queen Hughes of Owensboro, Kentucky, who were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Queen at the Tavern, are visiting them at their home on Sacramento Street.

Dr. Charles White, Jr., and Mrs. White of Boston are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Louis Findlay Montague in this city.

Miss Ysabel Chase has returned from Santa Barbara, where she has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Elliot Rogers.

Mrs. Henry Payot left last week for Los Angeles to spend several weeks with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. John N. Russell.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott has returned from a brief visit to Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Longworth are here from the East and are guests at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Sypher have returned from a two weeks' visit at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard and a party of friends left Thursday for a trip through Oregon.

Mrs. Drummond MacGavin and her two little daughters will leave shortly for Toronto, Canada, where they will join Mr. MacGavin, whose business interests will require him and his family to reside there indefinitely.

M. and Mme. de Cazotte have returned to their home in San Mateo after a visit of two months in Santa Barbara.

Captain James R. Pourie, U. S. A., is expected to arrive October 14th and will join his wife, who is residing in this city. Captain Pourie will be stationed at Fort Riley.

Captain Alfred Bjornstad, U. S. A., has been ordered to Fort Leavenworth, where he and Mrs. Bjornstad will reside during the next three years. Captain Bjornstad is at present on the Mexican border, and will soon join his wife, who is visiting her mother, Mrs. John I. Sabin.

Major Haldimand Putnam Young, U. S. A., has returned from San Diego, where he went last week with his niece, Miss Elizabeth Young, who has returned to her home in Boston.

Mrs. Frederick Andrews, wife of Captain Andrews, U. S. A., has returned from the Philippines and is visiting the Misses Virginia and Helen Gibbs at their home on Washington Street.

The home of Lieutenant Herman French Vulté, U. S. M. C., and Mrs. Vulté has been brightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. Vulté was formerly Miss Edith Pearkes.

The home of Dr. Alanson Weeks and Mrs. Weeks has been brightened by the advent of a daughter.

## Paderewski with Orchestra Tomorrow.

One of the most important musical events of the Exposition year will be the concert to be given this Sunday afternoon at half-past two in Festival Hall. The occasion will mark the second and last appearance here of the pianist, Ignace J. Paderewski, who will play his own Concerto for Piano and Orchestra in A major, op. 36, with the Exposition Orchestra of eighty musicians. Paderewski has never been heard with an orchestra in San Francisco before, but he has given this Concerto with marked success in other important musical centres. Last year when he had completed the number at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, so insistent was the applause that the absolute rule of that organization, "no encores allowed," was broken and Paderewski responded with several additional selections.

Max Bendix, who has just returned from the East, will conduct the orchestra, and in addition to the Paderewski Concerto, he has arranged a very attractive programme, opening with Beethoven's overture to Goethe's "Egmont." Then will follow Volkmann's Serenade for String Orchestra, with a cello obbligato by Horace Britt. The Symphony will be Tchaikowsky's No. 4 in F minor, op. 36, in four movements, and the symphonic poem, "Finlandia," by Sibelius, will conclude the afternoon. "Finlandia" was composed in 1894, before Finland lost its identity as a nation, yet it is so imbued with the national sentiment that during the last political conflict between Russia and Finland its performance was prohibited in the composer's native land.

The demand for seats for the concert is very large and reservations can be made at 343 Powell Street and at Festival Hall.

The war threatens to drive to this country next season the sensationally exploited and widely famed Russian dancing actress, Ida Rubenstein. She was formerly of the great Diaghileff ballet, in which she was the principal female pantomimist. She took a lone position as a star after she had caught the fancy of D'Annunzio, who wrote for her "Le Martyre de Saint Sébastien" and "La Pisanella; or, The Perfumed Death." Rubenstein made a great impression in two Russian ballets, "La Dieu Bleu" and "Cleopatra."

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**THE CITY IN GENERAL.**

Death has called Matthias David Howell, who came to San Francisco in the gold rush days of '49. He was eighty-five years old. He was one of the original owners of the Thomas Eureka mine, one of the oldest and richest gold mines in California. He leaves a widow and four daughters, Mrs. John F. Morse, Mrs. George H. Cabaniss, Mrs. A. A. Lemann, and Miss Howell.

The Rev. N. Lathrop, one of the best-known clergymen of San Francisco, has sailed for Europe from New York aboard the steamer *St. Paul* to take charge of the relief of 3,000,000 Belgians in the north of France. Two weeks ago the Rev. Mr. Lathrop resigned as rector of the Church of the Advent, a place he had held for years. He has accepted a call to be dean of the cathedral at Milwaukee, and upon his return from Europe in January he expects to assume his new duties.

Watt L. Brown, assistant city editor of the *aminer*, died recently at St. Mary's Hospital. He had been ill only two days.

Mayor James Rolph, Jr., will run for reelection. He officially announced his intentions last Saturday.

Permission has been granted by the state railroad commission to the Spring Valley Water Company to incur an indebtedness of \$500,000. This money will be raised by the issuance of notes. Of the new issue \$1,000,000 is to go for the retirement of an outstanding five and one-half per cent indebtedness that will be paid off on September 1st. There are also obligations to the extent of \$90,000 that must be paid which will leave about \$1,000,000 for the development of the system.

**NOTES OF THE EXPOSITION.**

John R. Hanify's sloop *Westward* won George's Cup last Sunday in the second race for the trophy held over the Exposition course on San Francisco Bay. The *Westward* had a margin of ten minutes and twenty-five seconds over the second boat, Captain Barneson's *Genevieve*. This second victory in the race for the cup ends the series and gives permanent possession of the gold cup to the owner of the *Westward*.

Beginning tomorrow—Sunday—the Exposition illumination and fireworks programme will start fifteen minutes earlier than heretofore. The change is on account of the shortening of the days. The illumination will begin at 7:30 o'clock and the pyrotechnic exhibition at 8 o'clock.

The Panama-Pacific International Exposition Company brought the following suits against defaulting stock subscribers on Tuesday afternoon: Schroeder & Herzog, Warack & Kelly, P. M. McGushin, S. J. Dean,

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More than 100 alumni of Wellesley College met in reunion on Wednesday at the Massachusetts building. A transcontinental telephonic conversation between Western graduates and members of the faculty of Wellesley took place at 10 o'clock a. m.

Over 11,000,000 people have passed through the gates to date.

**A Great Upheaval.**

I have just received the following letter, which I take the liberty of publishing, in order that good may come out of it, and that the public generally may be on the watch:

"WILLIAM NYE, Esq.—Dear Sir: There has been a great religious upheaval here, and great anxiety on the part of our entire congregation, and I write to you, hoping that you may have some suggestions to offer that we could use at this time beneficially.

"All the bitter and irreverent remarks of Boh Ingersoll have fallen harmlessly upon the minds of our people. The flippant sneers and wicked sarcasms of the modern infidel, wise in his own conceit, have alike passed over our heads without damage or disaster. These times that have tried men's souls have only rooted us more firmly in the faith, and united us more closely as brothers and sisters.

"We do not care whether the earth was made in two billion years or two minutes, so long as it was made and we are satisfied with it. We do not care whether Jonah swallowed the whale or the whale swallowed Jonah. None of these things worry us in the least. We do not pin our faith on such little matters as those, but we try to so live that when we pass on beyond the flood we may have a record to which we may point with pride.

"But last Sabbath our entire congregation was visibly moved. People who had grown gray in this church got right up during the service and went out, and did not come in again. Brothers who had heard all kinds of infidelity and scorned to be moved by it, got up, and kicked the pews, and slammed the doors, and created a young riot.

"For many years we have sailed along in the most peaceful faith, and through joy or sorrow we came to the church together to worship. We have laughed and wept as one family for a quarter of a century, and an humble dignity and Christian style of etiquette have pervaded our incomes and our outgoings.

"That is the reason why a clear case of disorderly conduct in our church has attracted attention and newspaper comment. That is the reason why we want in some public way to have the church set right before we suffer from unjust criticism and worldly scorn.

"It has been reported that one of the brothers, who is sixty years of age, and a model Christian, and a good provider, rose during the first prayer, and, waving his plug hat in the air, gave a wild and blood-curdling whoop, jumped over the back of his pew, and lit out. While this is in a measure true, it is not accurate. He did do some wild and startling jumping, but he did not jump over the pew. He tried to, but failed. He was too old.

"It has also been stated that another brother, who has done more to build up the church and society here than any other man of his size, threw his hymn book across the church, and, with a loud wail that sounded like the word 'Gosh!' hissed through clenched teeth, got out through the window and went away. This is overdrawn, though there is an element of truth in it, and I do not try to deny it.

"There were other similar strong evidences of feeling throughout the congregation, none of which had ever been noticed before in this place. Our clergyman was amazed and horrified. He tried to ignore the action of the brethren, but when a sister who has grown old in the church, and been such a model and example of rectitude that all the girls in the county were perfectly discouraged about trying to be anywhere near equal to her; when she rose with a wild snort, got up on the pew with her feet, and swung her parasol in a way that indicated that she would not go home till morning, he paused and briefly wound up the services.

"Of course there were other little eccentricities on the part of the congregation, but these were the ones that people have talked about the most, and have done us the most damage abroad.

"Now, my desire is that through the medium of the press you will state that this great trouble which has come upon us, by reason of which the ungodly have spoken lightly of us, was not the result of a general tendency to dissent from the statements made by our pastor, and therefore an exhibition of our disapproval of his doctrines, but that the janitor had started a light fire in the furnace, and that had revived a large nest of common, streaked, hot-nosed wasps in the warm air pipe, and when they came up through the register and united in the services, there was more or less of an ovation.

"Sometimes Christianity gets sluggish and comatose, but not under the above circumstances. A man may slumber on softly with his bosom gently rising and falling, and his breath coming and going through one corner of his mouth like the death rattle of a bathtub, while the pastor opens out a new box of theological thunders and fills the air full of the sullen roar of sulphurous waves, licking the shores of eternity and swallowing up the great multitudes of the eternally lost; but when one little wasp, with a red-hot revelation, goes gently up the leg of that same man's pantaloons, leaving large, hot tracks whenever he stopped and sat down to think it over, you will see a sudden awakening and a revival that will attract attention.

"I wish that you would take this letter, Mr. Nye, and write something from it in your own way, for publication, showing how we happened to have more zeal than usual in the church last Sabbath, and that it was not directly the result of the sermon which was preached on that day.

Yours, with great respect,  
"WILLIAM LEMONS."  
—Bill Nye's Red Book.

Just hack of the line of battle in Alsace, within the zone where thoroughgoing destruction is threatened, another of the marvelous, most worth while works of our civilization stands exposed to the varying chances of battle. This is the beautiful cathedral of Strassburg, an architectural glory which makes mock of modern satisfaction at the expense of earlier centuries. The enormous old minster, famed wherever joy in the ideal is felt, one of the choicest Gothic visions ever dreamed by a master mason, is a memory of ages when art was more a passion and religion, and less a means for preference and daily bread. Strassburg cathedral is a Christian epic in stone. Exquisite in proportion and detail, it rises, a great pile, out of the surrounding city. The spire of the minster is a masterpiece, excelled by no other steeple and equaled by but few. After finishing the one spire, builders never attempted to construct the proposed companion to it. Strassburg differs from other German cathedrals in that it possesses a greater width in proportion to its height. The building was begun in 1176.

Recently discovery was made by forest rangers of an unexplored ruin of the ancient cliff dwellers in the Mesa Verde Park, and subsequent developments have proved that it is both extensive and interesting. A long ladder was constructed and swung over the face of the cliff at a height of 600 feet from the bottom of the cañon. The ruins contained twenty-five rooms, but no kiva, or large ceremonial chamber, such as is usually found in similar ruins. The rangers in a brief and cursory exploration of the ruins found in plain sight ten stone axes, fourteen large stone jars, each eighteen inches high and three feet, six inches in circumference, two small jars, two parts of woven baskets, one wooden slab five inches wide, twelve inches long and one-half inch thick, curved up at the sides; several pieces of yucca rope, one piece spliced with sinew, one piece of woven yuca fibre and several human bones.



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**A Locust Plague.**

Costa Rica recently suffered from a locust plague of such dimensions—the first since 1878—that the resources of the government were called forth to combat it. The population was for a time thrown into a panic and even women and children turned out to fight the insects. Some of the methods used in exterminating the pests were not unlike those employed in destroying human beings on the European battlefields, and gave to the fighting a semblance of real warfare. Although blasts of sand from cannon, trains of gunpowder, asphyxiating gases and rockets were all used with more or less success, it was thought by the government officials that had it not been for the appearance of disease among the swarms the coco-bacilli would have undoubtedly proved the most efficient means of getting rid of the pest. This disease killed the locusts by millions. It consisted in the development of a worm in the stomach of the insect, which gradually increased in size until the insect was unable to fly and fell dead to the ground. The disease seemed to be highly infectious among the swarms, which quickly succumbed. The plague has now completely disappeared. The insect did not touch coffee or sugar cane, confining itself chiefly to corn and bean cultivations.

A report, coming by way of Amsterdam, says that the engagement of Siegfried Wagner has been announced. His fiancée is the daughter of Richard Schillingworth, a manufacturer of Nuremberg.

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### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Gladys Frogley was married this morning." "Who's the happy man?" "Her father."—*London Mail*.

"Father, what's superfluity?" "The words 'Please deposit promptly' on the back of a check."—*New York Sun*.

"When you refused him my hand, papa, did he get down on his knees?" "Well, I didn't notice just where he lit."—*Washington Post*.

"Isn't your wife, sir, a little addicted to loquacity?" "Of course not, doctor! My wife never touches a drop of anything strong."—*Baltimore American*.

Jim—John, why is it that all you fat fellows are so good-natured? John—We have to be good-natured. You see we can't either fight or run.—*Type Tattle*.

Finbub—Isn't there some fable about the ass disguising himself with a lion's skin? Synicus—Yes, but now the colleges do the trick with a sheepskin.—*Buffalo Courier*.

"When you didn't have your fare did the conductor make you get off and walk?" "Only get off. He didn't care whether I walked or sat down."—*Topeka Journal*.

"I have just been reading the Constitution of the United States." "Well?" "And I was surprised to find out how many rights a fellow really has."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"So, doctor, you are still single. Ah, I fear that you are somewhat of a woman hater." "Nay, madam; it is to avoid becoming one that I remain a bachelor."—*New York Post*.

"More tough luck," whispered his wife. "Well, what now?" he muttered. "You know Miss Green never sings without her music?" "Yes." "Well, she's brought her music."—*Stray Stories*.

"What opera did you hear last night?" "Cecil had the programme, and he said it was Libretto." "How amusing!" "Yes, wasn't it?—because it really wasn't Libretto at all."—*Harvard Lampoon*.

Jay Hayrake (of continuous performance)—Gol darn it! Mandy, them's the same two actors that come out three hours ago an' they're doin' the same old tricks! This is another o' them cheats!—*Puck*.

"Are you going to have a garden this year?" "No," replied Mr. Growcher. "It isn't my turn to make a garden. I'm going to keep chickens this year and let my neighbor make the garden."—*Boston Globe*.

"She's an old maid. That proves that she couldn't get a husband." "Not at all. It may indicate that she was more particular than some. I never see you exhibiting your husband around."—*Kansas City Journal*.

"Lady," said Plodding Pete, "do you want any wood chopped?" "Yes." "Well, if you'll gimme my dinner I'll hang around an' give yer husband an' yer two grown sons an eloquent discourse on how wrong it is of 'em not to turn in an' do their duty."—*Dallas News*.

Moneybags (steruly)—James, after this please uncork all of the bottles in my presence. I notice that when you draw the corks in the pantry the wine is extremely décolleté. James (the butler)—Extremely décolleté, sir? Moneybags—Yes, James; very low in the neck.—*Judge*.

"My wife got a cold the other day and she is suffering terribly," said the fat man. "That so?" inquired the thin man. "What is it, pneumonia?" "No, it is nothing serious." "Then why is she suffering so much?" "She is so hoarse that she can't talk."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

Sister (writing letter to brother at the front)—And hae ye anything else tae say, feyther? Father—Ay! Tell Donal' that gin he comes ower yon German waiter that gaed us a bad saxpence for change when we had a bit dinner in London a while syne, tell him—tae—tak—steady aim.—*Punch*.

Guest—I thought this was a temperance hotel, and yet I find that in one of the underground rooms you have a bar for the sale of intoxicants. Clerk (in astonishment)—Goodness me, man! What do you expect? You didn't think to find the bar anywhere else in a temperance hotel, did you?—*Puck*.

Unctuous Stranger (who has been asked to lead in prayer)—Oh, Lord! prepar us all to die; so dat when dat dread moment arrives we kin calmly say, "Oh, death! whar is dy sting? Oh, grave! whar is dy victory?" And, oh, Lord, if dar am any present here tonight dat am not prepared to die, guide them, we beseech Thee, around to room 47, at de American Eagle Hotel, whar I am stoppin' as de general agent ob de Coontown Life Insurance Company!—*Life*.

Doctor (examining Red Cross candidate)—What would you do to the patient first of all? Candidate—Give him some brandy. Doctor—

Quite right; hut what would you do if you hadn't any brandy? Candidate—Promise him some.—*London Opinion*.

"Everything has got to be improved right along to go these days." "Not at all. Take love-making. There hasn't been any improve-

ment for years and yet it goes great."—*Pittsburgh Post*.

"Why didn't you go out for track practice yesterday instead of going to see Ruth?" "Oh, a miss is as good as a mile any day."—*Siackton Record*.

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## THIRTY-NINTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### A Sop to Local Vanity.

Our neighbor the *Chronicle*, in a becoming spirit of devotion to local interest, gives itself over day by day to "booming" San Francisco as the Republican convention city next year. None the less the suggestion is not supported by the expediences of the case. San Francisco is on the extreme edge of the continent. Attendance upon the convention for delegates from anywhere east of the continental divide would involve a long and costly journey. A convention at San Francisco would probably be a convention of alternates and proxies; and this is just what the Republican party at this time does not want. Of all conventions in recent years there is most need to make this in the largest sense representative. It is not a time for the party to go before the country without the fullest possible endorsement of its membership. Furthermore, local conditions in San Francisco are hardly what they ought to be for a national convention.

It will be time enough for San Francisco to bid for a national convention when its local policies shall be guided by respect for law; when it shall have ceased to kotow to the dictates of class organization, and when it shall have learned to put character and dignity at the head of its affairs. The natural, the proper, the inevitable convention city is Chicago. It is a common crossroads, affording by its situation the maximum of convenience and the minimum of cost to delegates. Furthermore, it has an available auditorium and in facilities for transmission of news everything that is requisite. Party interest points to Chicago, and it is a case where party interest ought and must outweigh other considerations. The *Chronicle's* "campaign" is dictated neither by judgment nor by a serious expectation that anything may come from it. It is just a cheap little sop to local vanity.

### Elihu Root.

There came a crisis in the New York Constitutional Convention on Wednesday. It was in connection with a proposal to reorganize the elective and administrative system upon the "short ballot" principle. Concretely the proposition was to limit the elective officials of the state to the governor, lieutenant-governor, attorney-general, and comptroller. The plan provides that the 152 state departments shall be reduced to 15, all the minor appointments to be made by the governor.

The motive of this proposal is that of destroying what has come to be called "invisible government"—in other words, boss government. The Tammanyites in the convention representing the Democratic organization, and the Barnes group representing the Republican organization, bitterly opposed the change. The discussion which has been running through a course of weeks reached a critical stage on Wednesday, and at a moment when it hung at balance Mr. Root took the floor, making a speech of great earnestness and power. His argument was to many a surprise, due to the fact that his long identification with New York politics has been in more-or-less affiliation with organization forces. Mr. Root declared that his support of the "short ballot" was founded in the hope that it would destroy "invisible government." Upon this foundation he spoke at length, with earnestness and with convincing force.

The incident has been widely interpreted as implying a declaration of presidential candidacy on the part of Mr. Root. The suggestion is that he seized the occasion as a means of illustrating to the country his practical sympathy with certain progressive ideas in government as distinct from the stand-pat theory with which his name has somehow become associated in the public mind. To the *Argonaut* all this seems a bit far-fetched. We do not easily fall in with the idea that Mr. Root is using the New York Constitutional Convention as a pawn in a scheme of personal politics. It is not his way of doing things. He has other and more effective ways of reaching the public whenever he chooses to use them. If he should be a candidate for the presidency he is likely to find a more direct method of exploiting the fact.

It is beyond question that of all our public men Mr. Root is best equipped for the responsibilities of the presidential office in the immediate situation. We are in the thick of tremendous events and of tremendous issues. They relate to the reorganization of Europe—perhaps we would better say to reorganization of the world, since the settlement of immediate European contentions must affect the whole world, America not excluded. Foreign affairs, it is plain, must during the next few years provide the paramount motives of American policy. Who among us so capable as Mr. Root? The answer is—nobody! Mr. Root is

easily our first international lawyer, our first man of international connections and of international respect. Putting politics aside, he is the man above all other Americans competent to sustain our interests and to expand our influence in proper and wholesome ways.

The objections to Mr. Root as a presidential candidate have been so often stated, so taken for granted, that they appear more serious than they are in fact. Forty years ago Mr. Root was the attorney for William M. Tweed, the first great "boss" of New York City politics, when brought to bar for his crimes. There was in fact nothing in Mr. Root's part in this celebrated case to discredit him with rational men; yet the incident has been so often exploited as to have become a sort of political hugaboo. Again, as a very able and famous lawyer, Mr. Root has in times past had a certain identification with "big business." Large men and large interests have naturally sought the best legal talent and have employed Mr. Root whenever his services have been available. But it is not in evidence that Mr. Root ever violated a legitimate personal or professional standard or principle. As a lawyer he has had wide practice. His services have been in demand very naturally in cases involving great interests and large principles. But nobody has ever put his finger on an incident in Mr. Root's career calculated to bring his character into question.

On the other side of the account there is evidence more than enough in support of Mr. Root's character as a self-sacrificing patriot. Twenty years ago, when in the fullness of his professional efficiency and able through professional efforts to earn prodigious sums, he threw over private employments to take public service. Now for full twenty years he has sustained arduous labors for the public for a compensation not above five per cent of what he might have earned in professional practice. Surely such a record should relieve a man from the reproach of sinister motives. That it has so relieved him among the more thoughtful, patriotic, and intelligent men of the country is evidenced by the attitude of leading men in all parties in respect of his character and qualifications.

That the nomination of Mr. Root by the Republican party would be judicious from the standpoint of political expediency may as yet hardly be conceded. But as to his individual fitness for the responsibilities of the presidential office there can be no question. Especially at a time when questions of foreign policy dominate the hour to the subordination of minor and domestic considerations, it is not too much to say that Elihu Root stands head and shoulders above every other personal figure in the United States. In the presidency, and in conjunction with the readjustments which must follow the war in Europe, Mr. Root may be easily conceived as a preëminent figure in world affairs.

In other crises, domestic and foreign, we have somehow contrived by luck or instinct to have the right man in the right place. We put George Washington in the presidency when supreme character and supreme prestige were necessary for the foundation of national respect. We put Alexander Hamilton in charge of the machinery of government when supreme constructive talent was essential to the organization of our national life. We had Andrew Jackson in the presidency when the peculiar qualities which he above all other men possessed were essential to the integrity of the Union. In the greatest of our trials we had at the head of our affairs the godlike personality of Abraham Lincoln. Somehow, either through fortune or inspiration, we have unfailingly had the right man for every crisis. And if the Providence which has served us in times past still watches over and guides our courses we shall again have the right man for the problems which promise to crowd the immediate years before us.



man most fit under the judgment of those best qualified for judgment is Elihu Root.

### Political Speculation.

Official endorsement by the Kentucky Democrats of President Wilson as the party candidate in 1916 may be taken as a practical declaration of Mr. Wilson's intentions. He will disregard the plank in the Baltimore platform committing the party and its then candidate to the principle of a single presidential term. Both the President and his party will have to do a little "gulping," but that sort of thing is common in politics and men of all parties have come to regard it with a certain toleration. Practically it will have no effect on Mr. Wilson's candidacy. That he will be nominated is a foregone conclusion. Every first-term President has it practically within his own hands to direct the course of his own party as to his successor. Mr. Wilson may be depended upon to employ this advantage in his own behalf; and this means that in his judgment, as matters stand now, his chances of reelection are rather more than good.

Not in many years have the Republicans of the country so closely approached a convention date without something like assurance of what is going to happen. The nomination of McKinley was a certainty long before the convention of 1896, and his renomination four years later was a mere ratification of a fact pre-ordained. It was the same with Roosevelt in 1904; and again in 1908 the country knew months in advance that Taft was to be nominated. Again, in 1912, it became obvious long before the convention that Roosevelt could not take the nomination away from Taft. But here, with the time for choosing delegates approaching, nobody is better informed as to the probabilities of 1916 than of those of 1920. There is a large and a brilliant field of candidates, but no one man stands in a position of marked advantage or preference. The extreme East, particularly New York, would like to bring about the nomination of Mr. Root, but lacks the courage to go at the matter insistently. There are factions, or perhaps we would better say geographical groups, favorable to one candidate or another, but no one with any positiveness or assurance. Senator Burton, we think, stands the best placed of them all, but there is uncertainty about his backing in his own state of Ohio.

Reorganization of the Republican party is now practically if not nominally complete. So many of the Bull-Moosers of 1912 have "come back" that the rebellious faction can hardly be said to have corporate existence. Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Perkins still before the public sustain the fiction of party organization. But it may be suspected that it is less with the intention of independent action than of preventing certain ambitious lesser leaders from seizing the abandoned party standard and using it as a personal possession. There are indications that they will themselves endeavor to make it the basis of a scheme of bargaining to the end of reestablishing Mr. Roosevelt in effective relations with the party he abandoned and betrayed.

Other indications in line with this suggestion are discoverable, and there is little doubt in the minds of careful observers that Mr. Roosevelt is laying wires in the hope that there will arise a situation which will enable him to come forward in dramatic pose and seize the Republican nomination. Even though Mr. Roosevelt still professes character as a Bull-Mooser there is no obstacle to action on the part of his supporters in certain states looking to the election of delegates to the Republican convention in his interest. Probably it is calculated that a small inside group prepared to act with spirit at the right moment may start a stampede in Roosevelt's behalf. The plan is a characteristic one, and no close observer can doubt that it is being duly considered.

While the shadow of Mr. Roosevelt is not yet a very definite one, it has impressed itself upon a good many party leaders as making protective measures necessary; and as time goes on it is very likely to crystallize sentiment upon some one of the many candidates who represent the vital purposes of the party. The chances, we think, look toward Mr. Burton; and those who are more positively for him are not without hope of bringing Mr. Borah into the combination as a vice-presidential candidate.

The first effort in crystallization of party sentiment is likely to manifest itself in the Southern States as yet unhampered by primary requirements. It is the

habit of the Southern Republicans to choose delegates in midwinter, a good half-year before the meeting of the convention. Usually this business has been supervised from Washington in the interest of the administrative faction. How it will be under present conditions, with the party out of power, has not yet developed. In the Northern States definite primary laws are very general, and selections of delegates will not be made until well along in the spring. The new laws have radically changed the workings of the game. It will not be so easy as in times past to set up the pins, and the chances are that when the convention meets there will be no assurance as to who the nominee will be. The present prospect is for a convention uncontrolled, divided at its beginnings by the hopes of half a dozen favorite sons. On the whole it may be regarded as a wholesome situation. An unprogrammed convention is always an interesting convention.

### Portland's Bid for Colonel Goethals.

Portland, Oregon, wants Colonel Goethals for city manager. The idea is to do away with the present board of five municipal commissioners, concentrate their powers, and put them in the hands of Goethals. The five municipal commissioners now cost \$25,000 per year, and the suggestion is that this sum be fixed as the manager's salary. It is realized that the community would not consent to so large a stipend, therefore it is proposed to make up the amount in large part by private subscription. One public-spirited citizen, Mr. Simon Benson, has volunteered to contribute \$5000 per year to this fund.

It is, we think, questionable if Portland or any other American city would long consent to one-man rule, no matter who the man or what his methods. Still less would it submit to an autocratic military authority. And just this is what Colonel Goethals would naturally seek to enforce. His training has been military and his practice at Panama has been strictly in line with it. He knows nothing and cares less about politics, and could hardly be expected to make diplomatic concessions. So radical a change, while it might promote efficiency, would likewise promote dissatisfaction and rebellion. It is not in the American idea—certainly not in the present state of the American mind—to be "personally conducted" in connection with public affairs.

Again, it is not within the practicabilities to permit a group of private citizens to provide the salary of a public official. No matter how free the city manager might be from private influences, the public feeling would be that contributors to the salary fund had a disproportionate authority over affairs. The contributors themselves, no matter how disinterested they might feel themselves at the beginning, would speedily come to a sense of special privilege and special authority. It is an old and a true principle that whoever pays the bills is ultimately the boss. The power of the purse is in the last analysis the controlling power. So unconsciously the group putting up the salary would come to be the dominating factor in municipal affairs.

Probably we shall come in time to accept the sound business rule embodied in the city manager plan. In it lies the ultimate solution of the problems of municipal administration. But it must come, not as a revolutionary project, but by the processes of evolution. Before Portland or any other American city shall turn her affairs over to a city manager, the idea must be acceptable to practically the whole community. And the salary of the manager must be paid, not by a volunteer group of citizens, but by the whole public.

There is no question as to the business wisdom of this idea. Many years ago the late David P. Thompson, then mayor of Portland, declared publicly that he would like to make a contract to conduct the whole affairs of the municipality—police, fire protection, public works, and all the rest of it—for thirty-three per cent of the cost under the system then (and now) prevailing. "I could," he said, "give the city a better all-round administration of its affairs than now upon the basis of one-third the present cost and find a handsome margin of profit in the contract."

But municipal government on such a basis would be a contradiction of our fundamental theories, likewise it would be a radical change from all our practices. It will take time and multiplied experiences of the wastefulness of political methods to bring the public of Portland or any other American community to

consent to a policy so out of line with practice and tradition.

Colonel Goethals when invited some two or three years ago to assume the city management of Dayton, Ohio, declined the job. True, at that time he was able to put his declination on the ground that he had unfinished work to do at the Isthmus. But as a man of very practical sense he probably had reserved motives. He must have known then, as he must know now, that there would be great hazard to his individual prestige in accepting such a commission. The chances that he would fail are at least nine to one, and in failing there would be involved the loss of a very high repute—a repute which now makes him one of the notable personal figures in the world.

### Spiritual Aids to Valor.

Miss Jane Addams in a Chautauqua address—surely an ill-omened occasion—repeats her conviction that European soldiers must be drugged before they will charge with the bayonet. She says she was told so by an official of the French war office, by an Oxford professor, and by a German lieutenant. She might have disbelieved the soldier and doubted the official, but when the Oxford professor joined in the chorus she naturally succumbed to conviction. The Oxford professor, knowing all things with true professorial omniscience, would naturally be versed in the usages of the battlefield.

It would be ungallant to argue with a lady. Also useless. But we may wonder if Miss Addams is aware of the fact that a large number of modern soldiers are total abstainers from choice and a still larger number from compulsion. Perhaps this objection may be met by a further assurance from the professor that the order to charge is understood to apply only to those who have looked upon the wine when it is red or upon the absinthe when it is green. Total abstainers proceed to the rear when the bayonet comes into play.

There is an old military tradition not unsustained by history that it is well to beware of soldiers who neither drink nor swear, and that if to these negative virtues is added the positive virtue of a disposition to pray the combination is of the most deadly kind. The Mohammedan soldiers from India and Algiers are said to be peculiarly ferocious, and they do not drink at all and they pray a great deal, in season and out of season. Most of them carry the kukri, a weapon more horrid than the bayonet, and their main idea of an earthly paradise is an opportunity to use it perpetually—when not engaged in prayer. The Scotch Covenanters and the Ironsides of Cromwell were a godly folk, studiously avoiding both wine and women as snares of Satan—as indeed they are—but they were "first-class fighting men" as Kipling would say. The men of Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden were well versed in piety and in all kinds of temperance, but they got the better of a foe whose self-restraint was not so manifest, to say the least of it. And so we are quite firmly persuaded that victory would speedily crown the efforts of any one of the European nations that could put into the field a reasonable force of men trained in habits of sobriety and in whom the practice of prayer was firmly established. Certainly we should quite heartily wish ourselves elsewhere if we should see such men advancing upon us with the bayonet. And this suggestion is respectfully offered without breach of a cherished neutrality alike to the official of the French war office, to the Oxford professor, and to the German lieutenant.

### Lynch Law.

The country at large is still muttering its indignation at the assassination of Leo Frank, and it is well that it should do so. That a good deal of the muttering comes from Georgia is a sign of grace that may yet bring forth fruits meet for repentance, and repentance and a better life seem to be the chief needs of Georgia just at the present time.

But there is a larger issue than the murder of a probably innocent man, however horrid that murder may have been. The defiance of law, and the general spirit of law defiance are much more grave, and it is to be hoped that public opinion will presently turn itself to causes rather than to effects. And law defiance is by no means confined to Georgia nor to mobs. Atlanta and Kishinev are by no means the only places where it seems to be accepted as an axiom that unpopular laws are instantly to be set on one side by resistance.



nd violence. Nor is this evil spirit to be found only among brutalized crowds intent upon crime and engance.

Indeed it is hard to see the essential difference between the behavior of the Atlanta ruffians who murdered Leo Frank and the behavior of Mayor Rolph, who proudly demands the applause of the public for his contemptuous defiance of a court of law. The spirit is precisely the same, and it is a portentous one. It is the lynching spirit. It is a spirit that would prove fatal to any system of government yet devised by man, and that it should find a vaunting expression in the chief officer of a great city is the symptom of a disease that will have to be cured. If the mayor of San Francisco can defy a court order why should any citizen obey any court order if it pleases him to disobey it, and it happens to be strong enough to do so with impunity? Why should any law have any sanctity at all with any one? Mayor Rolph happens to have a somewhat childish mind, and therefore he loves to pose and to "show off." But he may easily be imitated by others whose virility would make them dangerous. And then we might have serious trouble, even more serious than they have in Georgia.

Mayor Rolph's attitude is actually more mischievous than his actions, which of course are discounted by his natural disabilities. He has done his little best to popularize the theory that the public and the courts are natural enemies and that the proudest function of a popular champion is to defy the law, and such newspapers as the *Examiner* and the *Bulletin*, quick in response to the summons of anarchy, have done their share in the same evil work of pulling down the pillars of orderly government. There is a general and well-founded impression that Mayor Rolph took an oath to sustain the law, and that such an oath is binding even in the presence of an opportunity to strut about like a protoplasmic William Tell and to draw attention to his valor in breaking a law and outraging a court.

It might therefore be well to direct some of the indignation now being poured forth against a specific crime toward a general discouragement of the lynching spirit wherever it may be found.

Editorial Notes.

There is a paragraph in the Atlanta correspondence of the *New York Times* that must surely arrest the attention of every Californian. The writer enumerates some of the causes that produced the feeling against Leo Frank, and the last of these may well be quoted verbatim and as follows:

Another, and one of incalculable influence, was the appearance in the case of Detective William J. Burns. It is astonishing how that one thing brought things to a head; how it brought men hitherto incredulous of Frank's guilt, or doubtful, or indifferent, into the ranks of those clamoring for his blood; how it crystallized sentiment, and how it sharpened mere antagonism toward Frank into furious hatred. This was not due alone to Burns's employment by Frank's friends, which tended to increase both the feeling against "outside interference" and the belief that money was outweighing the life of a working girl; it was made tenfold more injurious to Frank by Burns's behavior here, every feature of which seemed expressly designed to foster and intensify a feeling already bitter enough because of his mere presence.

How familiar it sounds, especially the concluding sentence.

The Federal Commission on Industrial Relations comes to an end amid a general sigh of contemptuous relief. If such a commission should ever have been created—a highly questionable point—it should have been composed of men of the ripest judgment and authority. An inquiry into "the causes of industrial unrest" is similar in its magnitude and fruitlessness to an inquiry into the causes of original sin. And the men appointed to this absurd commission were, with one or two exceptions, mere mediocrities, busybodies, agitators, representative of the gnawing vanities of the day, and led by a man who seems to be a sort of modernized Judge Jeffries, without capacities, or judgment, or toleration. There were nine members to the commission and consequently there are nine reports, with all sorts of cross-reports and subsidiary findings. Three of its members are in agreement, curiously enough, upon a single recommendation. Industrial unrest will disappear, it seems, as soon as the government can make up its mind to confiscate all fortunes over a million dollars. But why this moderation? It appears that only about ten per cent of male wage-earners receive more than \$20 a week. Why not confiscate all incomes over that sum?

THE THEATRE OF WAR.

The accompanying map shows the whole line of the eastern battle and its immediate relationships to the Balkan States and to Turkey. Since the map was drawn the German lines have advanced to Brest Litowsk, and Grodno also is threatened and is likely to be evacuated. The centre of the Russian line has given way more than the wings, presumably because of the heavier attacks. Indeed there are stories of Russian successes on the wings and of the capture of prisoners and guns. The attack upon Riga from the water having failed, it is being prosecuted from the land. With certain reservations the German triumph in the east may therefore be said to continue.

At the same time it is necessary to discriminate between the winning of battles and the winning of a campaign. The German strategical object was not to drive back the Russian armies, but to capture them or place them out of action. It has been a recognized axiom of German strategy that in the event of simultaneous war east and west there must be a crushing and final blow in one direction and then a concentration in the other. It is the attempt to pursue this plan that we are now watching. Now it may be that Germany will yet succeed in wiping Russia from the slate, at least for a long time. But she has not done so yet. The Russian armies are evidently full of fight. If they can fight so tremendously in a retreat they can do something similar in an advance. Germany does not seem yet to be in a position to liberate men for work elsewhere. Russia has just called another 2,000,000 men to the colors, she is said to be getting her munitions down from Vladivostok, and Japan is making great efforts to help her. There will be no disposition any-



THE EASTERN FRONT.

where to minimize the surprising display of efficiency that the Germans have made, but the fact seems none the less certain that their main strategical intention has not succeeded and that they have lost vastly more men than they can afford to lose.

We need not pay too much attention to the guesswork statistics of what these losses amount to. The estimates vary from 750,000 to 1,000,000 men, but they have no basis except the general possibilities. It is quite likely that Russia has lost still more heavily, but then she can the better afford to do so. The Germans have been attacking fortified positions, always a costly procedure, and they have been compelled to fight with a certain recklessness, for want of a better word, under the spur of time.

We may assume that the Russian account of a naval victory in the Gulf of Riga is substantially correct, since there has been no official denial. And it may be suggested here that there is no such thing as a semi-official denial. Reports are either official or unofficial. There is no mediate course. And the fact of a Russian victory is not surprising. There is hardly a port in the world so easy to defend as Riga. It is nearly landlocked and its narrow approaches are easy to guard. The distance from Dal Graund to the Courland coast is only eight miles, and as this is the chief entrance to the gulf the waters here were heavily mined. Another entrance is through Mohn Sound, but the navigation here is very much like threading a needle. The Russian naval manoeuvres have usually been directed to the theoretical defense of Riga and of Reval, to the north of Riga. The importance of Riga depends on the fact that it lies directly on the main trunk line from Warsaw to Petrograd by way of Vilna. There is also a line direct from Riga to Petrograd. If the Germans had succeeded in occupying the Gulf of Riga their way would have been open to an attack on Reval, on the Gulf of Fin-

land, and with Reval in their possession it would be comparatively easy to advance on Petrograd. The Russians have always proceeded on the theory that the Gulf of Finland is safe so long as the Gulf of Riga is in their hands. There is a railroad direct from Reval to Petrograd. Riga is closed by ice from November 1st until early in March, and therefore after another two months it will be fairly safe. At the same time it seems that the German ships did actually succeed in making their way into the gulf, a most notable feat, which is only partially explained by the misty weather. It is also significant that at least one British submarine participated in the fight and must therefore have found its way into the Baltic through the Scandinavian narrows. When the time comes for the writing of personal narratives there should be some stirring yarns from the men of the German submarines in the North Sea and from the British navigators who reached the Gulf of Riga in the north and the Sea of Marmora in the south. We may suppose that the submarine demands as high a type of daring as the human race has yet produced.

When Italy entered the war it was generally believed that she would preserve a certain independence of action and that her alliances with France, Russia, and England would be of the indirect kind. In other words, she was expected to fight exclusively for her own immediate ends and to cooperate with the other powers only so far as those ends might dictate. There are now evidences that she has abandoned this plan, as she must certainly be forced to do. She knows that she must stand or fall with her Allies and that a full cooperation is necessary to her success and even to her preservation. A few days ago a large force of Italians left Taranto and Naples and they have not yet appeared elsewhere. It was supposed that they were bound for the Dardanelles, and indeed a report from Greece and now another report from Rome says that they have landed there and that they are actually fighting, but we are still without any confirmation. They may be on the way to Salonika with the plan of advancing through Macedonia, or they may be intended for the defense of Bulgaria against the German threat.

In the meantime events seem to proceed slowly in the main Italian campaign. Gorizia has not yet fallen and the fighting seems to have settled down into the familiar trench tactics. General Cadorna is evidently a cautious man, fortunately for Italy, and careful of the lives of his troops. None the less his plan is evident enough. No matter what victories he might win on the Isonzo they would be turned instantly into calamity if a Teuton force should succeed in breaking through anywhere on the northern frontier or in The Trentino. Therefore we hear of a slow and steady process of fortification on this long and vulnerable line in order that there may be no danger of an attack on the rear of the Isonzo armies. But Gorizia itself has not been neglected. It is now nearly surrounded, and it is evidently the Italian plan to starve it out rather than to carry it by assault. The Italian forces are in possession of both banks of the Isonzo from its source to a point about four miles south of Gorizia, where the Carso plateau begins. Their plan is to move across the Carso northward so as to cut the supplies from the city. The Austrian resistance is directed toward a recovery of the Isonzo line south of Gorizia. But it is certain that the Italians will not attempt any large-scale operations on the Isonzo until they are quite satisfied that their northern frontiers are secure. In the meantime their aid to their Allies, even though indirect, is of a substantial kind, since they are engaging the attention of a large force of Austrians who would otherwise be available for service against Russia or Serbia.

Among the many explanations advanced for the deadlock in the west is the impossibility of an advance from either side in the face of rapid-fire artillery. The trenches are no longer mere ditches. They are concreted, armored, and casemated. They contain bomb-proof chambers and they are linked together by communicating passages. Every angle and salient are protected by rapid-fire guns and by heavy artillery and they are manned by men equipped with rifles, hand grenades, and every implement of destruction. And, lastly, they are hedged in with barbed-wire entanglements, while innumerable subterranean mines can be fired by a finger on an electric button. The only way to attack these fortifications is by an artillery fire of many thousands of shells, which sweep away the wire entanglements and reduce the concrete works to powder. But only a comparatively small number of men can engage in actual assault, and the moment they have left their base they are not only exposed to an annihilating fire from guns and rifles, but they are cut off from reinforcements by a screen of projectiles directed behind them and that constitutes an almost solid wall of metal. If they succeed in taking the trench they must then hold it, and already it has practically been destroyed by their own fire. They are instantly subjected to an artillery attack as destructive as their own, and probably more destructive, since the enemy has carefully ascertain the range in view of just such an eventuality. Small wonder that we hear of trenches taken and retaken three or four times in as many hours, and this not so much that ground may be gained as that the enemy may be depleted and discouraged.

The *New York Tribune* gives currency to another story in explanation of the inactivity in the west. The Allies, we are told, are waiting for a supply of new British guns which will fire a shell of unprecedented strength. Experiments made with the new explosive resulted in the destruction of the guns used for the trial and the arsenals have been busily at work ever since in the production of guns strong enough to stand the strain. These will be 17-inch guns and capable of tearing



ing a shell for twenty-five miles, and it was to these guns that Lloyd-George referred on July 28th, when he said in the House of Commons: "We have reserved a good deal of the available shell powder for a special programme we are about to develop, and if members who know that in their districts there is a good deal of lathe and machine tool power which has not been used yet to the full extent will only wait for a short time they will know the reason why we have not utilized those workshops for the moment. It is because we need them for another purpose which in our judgment is for the time being more important." In the meantime we may defer our belief in these guns until such time as they shall become visible—or audible.

Germany's need for cotton is supposed to be connected wholly with the ammunition supply, but it is evident that the clothing of her men must be a problem that presses with equal severity, perhaps indeed with much greater severity. A uniform lasts about six weeks, and assuming that Germany has ten million men to clothe she must provide thirty million uniforms for eighteen weeks of a winter campaign. And the men must also have overcoats and blankets. If there is not enough cotton for ammunition it will be seen that there can be none at all for clothing, and the wool supply is so small that not much help can be expected from that quarter. Even supposing that the army could be furnished with clothing, what is to become of the vast civilian population, which also must be clothed and that must depend almost entirely upon a supply of cotton that is now to be cut off just at the time when it is most needful. The task of supplying an army with every necessity of life from an overcoat to a safety pin is a feat of paternal government that eclipses the wildest dream of the most rabid socialist. And yet this feat is being performed for armies that must aggregate some twenty-five million men or about one-fourth of the population of the United States. It staggers the imagination.

The expenditure of cotton in ammunition alone is almost incredible. According to the calculation of Lloyd George, Germany fires 1660 bales of cotton a day from her artillery alone, on an estimate that she uses 250,000 shells a day on both fronts, and probably she uses more than this. Machine guns and rifle ammunition presumably accounts for as much more, and this would mean a total of 800 tons of cotton a day. Fairly reliable calculations show that Germany has about 250,000 tons of cotton in store, and this would supply her with ammunition until about January 1st. It is true that we hear reports of a substitute for cotton, but then we hear all kinds of reports, and most of them are tributes to the inventive capacities of the reporters. The fact remains that the German authorities have recently imposed severe restrictions upon the use of cotton and have forbidden the manufacture of anything save absolute necessities.

Picric acid as a high explosive was first heard of in a general way during the Boer war and in connection with the lyddite shells used by the British. It was already known as a dye and also as a drug, but its real "value" for war purposes was discovered by accident. Picric acid is a combination of sulphuric acid and carbolic acid with a subsequent addition of nitric acid. After various processes the mixture crystallizes, and these crystals are ground into a yellow powder known as lyddite. But lyddite by itself has very little power, owing to its poverty in oxygen, and it must therefore be wrapped in gun-cotton and packed tightly into the metal sheath of the shell, when it becomes the most forceful explosive yet invented.

It may be worth recording that Dr. Carrel's new antiseptic is based on a preparation of hypochloride of lime. This chemical has hitherto been unavailable because of the difficulty of preserving it and also because of its unwholesome acidity. Dr. Carrel has overcome the first difficulty by the addition of boric acid and the second by the addition of carbonate of lime. The new preparation is said to have had extraordinary effects upon even the most frightful wounds. In the course of a week their appearance is much modified, while cases of gangrene have been cut short from the start. If the new antiseptic is applied in time the danger of infection is a remote one.

When Miss Jane Addams said that this is a war of old men she meant that it was the work of the older school of politics rather than of the newer and theoretically better generation. But it is curious to note that nearly all the generals are old men. A correspondent of the New York Sun points out that Von Hindenburg is 69, Von Buelow 70, Von Bissing 71, Von Heeringen 69, Von Mackensen 65, Von Kluck 67, Joffre 64, Pau 70, Kitchener 65, French 63, and Fisher 72. Old age, says this correspondent, is not considered as a disadvantage except in America, where there is a belief "that it is the oozing of the gray matter of the brain into the hair which makes the latter lose color."

SAN FRANCISCO, September 1, 1915. SIDNEY CORYN.

The quantity of quicksilver used in the United States in recovering precious metals has shown a steady decline in recent years. It is estimated that the quantity so used has decreased from 1290 flasks in 1911 to 1150 flasks in 1913. This was less than eight per cent of the domestic quicksilver output, and of this more than fifty per cent of the quantity so used in 1913 was by California mills.

Wild pigeons are known to be the most voracious eaters of the animal kingdom in proportion to their size. One consumed 1000 grains of wheat in a day.

## THE COUNTESS AND HER BRIGAND.

And He Was Really Such a Good Dancer, Too.

My dear friends, you know, do you not, the Countess Etienne de Repey—the young one, of course, not the old one—my black-eyed demon? When I say "my" it is a form of speech, for she is not mine—not in the least mine. You, he, I, we all know her. You, he, I, we have all sighed for her; but none of you have had the happiness, which I have had, of being in the dead of the night with her in her own carriage. It is true that her companion was there also; but, nevertheless, it was a great happiness. And yet I would willingly have deprived myself of it. We were at her chateau of Kerchvar. It was already very late in the evening when she suddenly remembered that there was a ball the next night at the Arad Casino, and that she had positively promised to be present. She ordered the carriage, and as I was her only guest, she came to me and begged me to accompany her. "Baron, come with me; will you, dear baron?"

What could I answer? "Countess, my goddess, the night is very dark; we shall be upset, we shall break some limb, and how shall we dance after that? We have the three Kerass to pass; the bridge over one of them is not firm, and we have every chance of being drowned. The forest near Szalonta is a nest of brigands. How can I defend you all alone? And then what is the necessity of going this evening? We can get into the carriage tomorrow morning after we have had our tea; your superb dapple grays will put us down at Arad in the afternoon, and we shall have plenty of time to think about your toilet."

That is word for word what I said to her; but I spoke in vain. The more I dissuaded her the more she held out. She did not wish to drive post haste; she wished to be able to rest after the journey. She did not wish to jump from her carriage, worn out and heated, into the ballroom. Then, too, she thought there was nothing more beautiful than the stars, the frogs, and heaven knows what else. Her whim must be gratified though the world should come to an end. I could choose; either I could accompany her, or remain in the chateau alone. I went with her, and as a compensation she granted me the favor of sitting opposite to her in the carriage.

The journey was really charming. The countess loaded me with favors. First of all, she placed a hat-box on my knees, to which she soon added her muff; then she hung a work-box on my arm; then she loaded me with some other package, and finally went off to sleep. It was in vain that I spoke; she never answered. Nevertheless, when too sudden a jolt shook the carriage, she condescended to ask me a series of questions about her work-box, her satchel, her basket, and made inquiries as to whether I was not seated on her hat-box. Upon being reassured, she went off to sleep again. Her companion moaned and gave vent to a few *her Gotts* about her headache. I, in my turn, made believe to sleep.

Suddenly a more violent jolt than any of the others woke us all up. The carriage seemed to have half upset. The countess, who was still drowsy, asked what had happened. The footman got down from the box and came to the carriage door.

"Excellency, we have lost our way."

"Well, what does it matter? Is that a reason for stopping? If there is a road before, we shall arrive in the end."

"Yes, but—"

"What do you mean by 'yes, but'? The road must surely lead somewhere?"

"That is true; but I fear it does not lead to a good place."

"You are crazy! Is there such a thing as a bad place in the world? Where are we?"

"In the forest of Szalonta."

"The forest is not interminable. You can get out of it in two hours, whether you go lengthways or breadthways."

"Yes; but the coachman fears—"

"The coachman, in his contract, did not reserve the right of fearing."

"He fears an accident for your excellency."

"That is no affair of his."

"Or with the horses."

"That is no affair of his either."

"The forest is frequented by poor boys." (*Szegeny leguonijek*—it is thus that brigands are designated in Hungary.)

"The coachman is a goose. Is he not a poor boy also?"

"He means the poor boys who steal horses."

I thought it right to take part in the conversation.

"Countess, my goddess, there is no reason for jesting. You see, it was hardly worth while to start in order to sleep in the depths of the forest. You may have your horses stolen, or your life taken, or lose something else. If I at least only had my revolver!"

"To have that stolen, too."

And thereupon the little demon opened the door, and before I could prevent her she had alighted.

"What a magnificent night! How deliciously the forest smells! How the fireflies sparkle! Just look, baron."

"Look? Why you can't see three steps before you!"

"Yes, yes, you can. Don't you see a light down there among the trees?"

I turned cold. We had fallen into den of thieves. From the top of his box the coachman answered, in voice stifled with fear: "Excellency, it is the *czarda*, which keeps its guests." (A proverbial expression for saying: The tavern from which you never go out.)

"If it keeps its guests it is just what we want. Let us go there."

I was in despair. "Countess," I said, "in the name of heaven, what do you mean to do? This is a rendezvous for robbers, where we shall have our throat cut; a den, of which the proprietor lives in communication with all the bandits of the country, and where they assassinate people every night."

The wicked creature only laughed at me. She told me that we read of such things in romances, but that they did not really exist; that she would go to another inn if we could find one for her, but as there was only that one she had no choice. And she ordered the coachman to follow with the carriage, declaring that she would go first, in order to serve as our guide.

All objections, all supplications, were useless. We were obliged to direct our steps toward the cursed inn with all our luggage, for she threatened, if we were frightened, to go alone. Truly, she was afraid of nothing. As we approached the *czarda* we suddenly heard the strains of merry music, which reached us through the half-opened windows. The inn was indeed full of bandits.

"Well," said the countess, merrily, "we were going to a ball, and here we find one. We can not escape from fate."

While she was speaking she darted toward the door. For a moment I was impelled to turn on my heel, to leave her there in the lurch, and make good my own escape. But that would not have been proper; besides, I could never have rid myself of her companion, who was clinging, in despair, to my arm. The poor woman was half dead with fright, and followed her mistress with trembling steps. Through the door we heard the deafening noise of the dance, and the frantic hurrah of the men as they rushed about the room. But the countess was not alarmed; she opened the door boldly and walked in.

The room was whitewashed, and was both long and wide. In the first moment of emotion I thought there must be at least fifty men in it, dancing and rushing around. Later, on counting them, I saw there were nine, including the inn-keeper and three tsiganes, who composed the orchestra. They were all strong, tall fellows. Their pipes, which were stuck through the ribbons of their hats, almost touched the principal beam in the ceiling. Their shoulders were formidable. Their five rifles were placed against the wall in a corner.

We were in a pretty wasps' nest.

When the wretches saw us they ceased dancing, and appeared surprised at our audacity. The countess said to them, with her conquering smile: "Excuse us, my good friends, if we disturb your amusement. We have lost our way, and as we can not continue our journey tonight we have come here to seek refuge."

One fellow, straight as the letter I, and finely formed, broke away from the group, twisted his mustaches took off his hat with a swaggering gesture, brought his heels together, bowed to the countess, and told her that her appearance did not disturb him; that, on the contrary, it made him very happy; that he was master of the premises for the moment, and that his name was Joszi Feketé (a famous Hungarian brigand). He then asked her excellency who she was.

Before I could pull the countess by the sleeve, to caution her to hide her name, she had already answered: "I am the Countess Repey; I live at Kerchvar, near here."

"Oh! I have the honor of knowing you. I knew the old count, also. He fired his double-barreled gun at me one day, but he missed me."

"A charming acquaintance."

The countess sat down on a bench, and the bandit placed himself beside her. As for me, no one asked me to sit down.

"And where are you going in this way in the middle of the night?"

"I made a sign to her not to tell."

"To the ball at the Arad Casino."

Farewell our jewels!

"Then it is very fortunate you have lost your way. Your excellencies have no need to continue your journey. It so happens that we are just giving a ball, and I hope you will accept an invitation. Our tsiganes are excellent; it is the Szalonta troupe. They play magnificent *czardas*. Hallo, more" (a term of contempt given to gipsies in Hungary), "play us the air from the 'Beautiful Woman,' and do not let your eyes wander from the violin."

The rascal did not even ask permission. As soon as the musician had stuck up the *czardas*, he threw his dolman over his shoulder, took the countess by the wrist, and drew her into the middle of the room. Another bandit threw himself on Mlle. Cesarine and seized her, half frightened to death and half fainting. Ah she had no need to seek partners, for she passed from hand to hand, and so quickly that her foot hardly ever touched the ground.

The countess showed what she knew. She danced with as much ardor and with as much fire as if she



were on the waxed floor of the Arad Casino. Never had I seen her more fascinating, more beautiful. Up to that time the Hungarian dance had never seemed to me, at the best, anything but strange. No one had ever made me understand before what a *vettyar* was (another expression for designating a brigand). He began by dancing round his partner with a lofty mien, affecting to be very proud of her, looking at her from head to foot, and over his shoulder, mingling his cries with the music. When he was weary of this diversion, he placed her in the middle of the room, and it became the lady's turn to dance round her partner. She faced him, whirling round discreetly, with a modest reserve, like that of a butterfly hovering above every flower without resting on any. I can say, without exaggeration, that her feet did not seem to touch the ground. The fellow, with a coquettish gesture, bent toward her, as if he meant to kiss her, but he stopped, striking his foot. The enchantress threw her head back proudly, flew off on the tips of her toes, and pirouetted to the very end of the room; but they never took their eyes off one another. Finally the brigand turned away impatiently, manifesting his anger by dancing furiously before the tsiganes, then suddenly wheeling round, he seized his partner, and made her fly round him like a whirlwind. Yes, the countess danced like a will-o'-the-wisp.

In the midst of the intoxication of this dance I had one preoccupation, and that was lest the wild fellow, in his fervor, should make some unseemly demonstration before the countess. As you may well believe, the temptation was strong. She was entirely in his power, and for a man on whose head a price had long been set one crime more or less was of small account. At the first impropriety I was resolved to seize one of the guns in the corner and blow out his brains. On my honor, I was firmly resolved to do it. Happily, there was no need of going so far. The dance ended peacefully with the three traditional turns, and the bandit chief led his partner to her seat, after having kissed her hand very respectfully. He then stepped up to me, and striking me insolently on the shoulder, said:

"And you, my little chap, don't you dance?"  
To call me little chap!  
"Thanks; I do not know how to dance."  
"All right," said he, and returned to the countess. "You must excuse us, excellency, we were not prepared to receive such illustrious guests. Pray accept heartily of what we can offer you. It is little, but it is good."

He alluded to the supper.  
The banquet was exceptional. I can well so describe it. They placed on the long table a large saucapan full of *gulyas*, a sort of stewed veal. There was no sign of a plate. They ate with their fingers, holding in one hand a piece of bread and fishing out with the other a piece of meat from the tureen on the point of a knife.

The countess ate as though she had been fasting for three days. The brigand chief was much occupied in catching for her with his pocket-knife the most appetizing pieces of meat (all of which were floating in a gravy of red pepper) and placing them on her white bread. She declared the dish to be excellent.

The bandit presumed to remark that I did not eat.  
"Eat, little old chap. This dish will fatten you; it is stolen goods."

Just as I had expected.  
"I thank you; I could not eat it; it is too peppery for me."

"All right," said he, and once more left me alone.  
There was no use of thinking even of a glass; the wine was served in wooden cups. According to the custom of the peasantry, Feketé drank the first, and having wiped his mouth on the loose sleeve of his shirt, he presented the can to the countess. She drank. Oh! my friends, what an extraordinary woman.

The vagabond then turned toward me and offered me a drink.

"Drink, little old chap," (always the same epithet), "or else you will fall asleep."

"Thank you, I can not drink; I am following a homeopathic treatment."

"Oh! ho!" said he, laughing, "*similia similibus*" (the rogue knew Latin). "I, too, am following that treatment, and as wine made me ill yesterday, I am curing myself with wine today."

I was perfectly convinced that, once drunk, they would fall on us. The five of them emptied a cask between them, and yet, when they rose from the table, not one of them staggered.

While the others were giving supper to their musicians, the chief came again to me.

"My little old chap, you do not eat, drink, nor dance. How do you amuse yourself? Are you fond of cards?"

And at the same time he drew a pack from his pocket.

"Ah," thought I, "now he wants to know how much money I have with me."

"I know no game of cards."

"I will teach you one in a moment; it is very easy—see. I place one card here, another one there; you cover one, I another, and the first one who draws a court card wins."

He went on explaining to me from point to point a species of lansquenet, as if I had not lost two estates at that game. I was obliged, however, to learn it from

him. What could I do? Sit down and play with him. I had in my pocket a certain amount of copper coin, which I decided to risk, and which I spread out on the table.

"What's that? You do not intend to play with coppers here?"

And he took from his pocket a handful of zweizigers, an Austrian coin worth something less than twenty cents, and some ducats.

I also had some zweizigers in my pocket. Trembling, I placed one on a card. It was a court card; I had won. The chief paid. For nothing in the world would I have dared to pocket that money, so I left it on the table. I won once, twice, thrice, and each time I left my winnings on the table. The fourth, fifth, sixth times, it was still I whom Fate favored. I began to feel excessively warm. My position was dreadful—playing cards with a brigand, and winning his money steadily. The seventh time I won again. I had a whole string of zweizigers spread out before me. A cold perspiration ran down my brow. I continued to leave my winnings on the table, while I silently murmured the following prayer:

"Lord grant that I may lose this money!"  
Vain prayer; for the eighth time I won again.

This time certainly, thought I, I am marked out for death. The wretch said to me, laughingly: "You are probably one of the fair countess's unhappy lovers, for you win outrageously, my little man." He dared to laugh at me.

At the ninth turn I was trembling in every limb. I won again. The robber struck a fierce blow on the table, and still laughing, said:

"Listen, my little man; if you go on at this rate I shall lose a province in an hour."

He gathered together what remained of his money on the table, and rose. I offered to return to him the sum which I had gained, but he eyed me from head to foot with the haughtiness of a hidalgo: "For what do you take me? Put up that money, or I'll pitch you out of doors with your zweizigers." Then I took the whole sum and threw it to the tsiganes. It was only when it was too late that I understood that what I had just done was madness, for I had myself revealed my wealth.

The tsiganes surrounded me, begging me to let them play the tune I liked best. I got rid of them by sending them to the countess. The madcap soon made her choice. With her siren's voice she began the popular air:

"My home is in the desert in winter as in summer."

She sang so well, and with such irresistible charm that I fancied myself in a box at the Pesth Casino, and set to work to applaud her. The brigand chief applauded also, and was kind enough in his turn to regale us with a tune. He drew out a flute and played some rustic melody. What it was I do not remember.

"It is your turn now, my little old chap; sing us something."

This demand embarrassed me cruelly. For me to sing! In a state of mortal anguish! I, who never in my life could sing anything!

"I do not know how to sing," I replied.

Generally the countess laughed at me if I happened unconsciously to hum a few bars from some opera in my frightful peacock voice. But this time, speaking to me in French, she begged me to sing, if I did not wish by my refusal to expose us all to some insult. This request was all that was wanting to deprive me of the remainder of my confidence. What could I do? With trembling heart and choking voice I began to sing laboriously. For a moment the countess listened to me with great composure, but, in attacking one of the verses, I made an effort to raise my voice, when it broke so ludicrously that she burst out laughing. The whole band followed suit, so much so that at the end I did as the others, although I had not the slightest wish to imitate them.

The dance began again. The countess was indefatigable. She whirled about until daylight. When the sun smote the window-panes she thanked the brigand for the pleasure he had given her, and begged him to have her carriage got ready, so that she might continue her journey.

Now, surely, our last hour had come!

Joszi Feketé went out, woke up the coachman and the footman, had the horses harnessed, and came back to tell us that we could get into the carriage.

Then I felt sure that he intended to assassinate us on the road.

I got back into the carriage with more fear than I had got out of it. The most suspicious thing to me was that I had not been asked for my pocket-book.

The bandit chief mounted his horse and accompanied us as far as the high road, keeping always by the carriage door. On arriving there he showed us our way, took off his hat, wished us much pleasure, and disappeared.

I felt safe only when we reached Zernid. Then I reproached the countess, and told her that if my presence had not restrained the rascals this sad adventure might have had the most frightful end for her.

She listened to my observations patiently, and, by way of reply, asked:

"Apropos, dear baron, are you not sleepy?"

"No," I answered, curtly.

"Then sing to me the end of that tune you could not finish last night."

"In that case I am sleepy."

All along the road I made myself happy by dreaming of the favors which the countess would have to lavish on me in order to buy my silence about this escapade. However, we had only just arrived at Arad, and she had not yet crossed the passage from the hotel door to her room before she had already related the whole story to three persons. When we entered the ball-room every one knew of it. That did not prevent her from being the queen of the ball, as she had counted on being, or else why should she have come, seeing that she did not dance once? To those who invited her to dance she replied that she was tired. I should think so! She had danced eighteen *czardas* from midnight to morning. I, who had not moved, could hardly keep on my legs.

I rushed to the gaming-rooms, saying to myself: "Now that Fortune has come to you, press her to your heart." At one table they were playing lansquenet. "Away with you," I said; "I have the devil's own run of luck today at this game!" Yes, I was in for one thousand florins! Fortune only pursues me when she sees she terrifies me.

Six months later I took up a newspaper. I read in the official part (I never read any other) that the famous brigand, Joszi Feketé, condemned to death by court-martial, had been hanged.

I carried the interesting paper to Epionette de Repey, and showed her the news.

"Ah!" said she, when she had finished reading the sentence, "he was such a good dancer!"—*Translated from the Hungarian.*

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Ezio Garibaldi, son of General Ricciotti Garibaldi and grandson of the great Garibaldi, has been severely wounded in the face during the fighting with the Austrians.

Rear-Admiral A. G. Winterhalter, the new commander of the Asiatic fleet, succeeds Admiral Walter C. Cowles at his new post. For some time past Admiral Winterhalter has served in the Navy Department at Washington as aid of the Secretary for Material.

Frank L. Polk, who has just been appointed counsellor for the State Department, having been recommended by Secretary Lansing, is corporation counsel of New York City. He received his A. B. from Yale in 1894, and his LL. B. from the law department of Columbia University in 1897. He was appointed corporation counsel by Mayor Mitchel on January 24, 1914.

Professor C. E. Rugh, winner of the \$1000 prize offered to a member of the National Educational Association for the best essay on the essential place of religion in education, is professor of education at the University of California and principal of the University High School in Oakland. The contest opened last December with 1381 entrants, closing in June. In all, 432 essays were entered.

Dr. Louis Renon, who has created a stir in medical circles by his announcement that he is able to prove, after long research, that tuberculosis must be treated by chemical means and not by serum, is a member of the medical faculty of the University of Paris. He is recognized as a leader in his work, and his stand has opened a new path in the treatment of the disease to which he has devoted so much study.

Prince Leopold of Bavaria, the man who, technically at least, captured Warsaw, is within a few months of his seventieth birthday. Until the war broke out he was a rather inconspicuous figure, and until recently was not widely known as a military leader. Prince Leopold is a veteran in military experience. His military education was received in the Austro-Hungarian army before Bavaria became a part of Germany. He took a prominent part in the Austro-Prussian-Italian war of 1866. He fought entirely through that war and came off without a scratch.

Miss L. Bernie Gallaher, one of the ablest women specialists in the Federal service, has for some thirty years been doing expert work in photography for the United States National Museum. Miss Gallaher's work ranges from the direct photographing of subjects for the museum—living types of men and women for ethnological purposes, inanimate objects, lantern slides, paintings, and engravings—through a complicated line of photo-micrography up to the very latest operations in scientific photography. Her X-ray reproductions are said to be among the finest made.

Joseph Stewart has resigned after serving for seven years as Second Assistant Postmaster-General. In one way or another he has been associated with the Post-office Department at Washington since 1882. He began his business life in the insurance and banking business, and in 1882 became a clerk in the postal service in Washington. After five years he returned to Kansas to practice law, but in 1891 he was appointed assistant superintendent of railway adjustments. Four years later he became superintendent of his department. In spare moments he has been active in a literary way, and among his publications may be mentioned "The Esoteric Art of Living." He is succeeded by Otto Pracger, postmaster of Washington.



## ITALY AT WAR.

Mrs. M. G. Foster Writes of Some of the Things That She Has Seen and Heard.

SIENA, ITALY, August 4, 1915.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: When I last wrote, from Rome, war had just been declared. All was activity and patriotic enthusiasm. The young men who had so insistently clamored for intervention proved their earnestness by hastening to enroll. Professional men, clerks, students, youths of leisure—rich and poor alike—got into the gray uniform and were soon marching stationward. Great vans containing military supplies rumbled in the same direction. The populace looked on, crowding the sidewalks, every one wearing a breast knot of red, white, and green, while overhead the tricolor fluttered from a thousand windows. No back street of the Eternal City so poor as not to display a few flags.

Relatives and friends of the soldiers accompanied the various regiments on their marches across town, often carrying packages, sometimes walking with an arm thrown affectionately across a companion's knapsack. Now and then a woman with a baby in her arms kept step beside her husband over the rough pavement, but only to the station gate. Good-bys must be said there.

The crowds used to wait outside, peering in until the troop train started, and then there would be plenty of evidence in the way of bowed heads and moist eyes that the tragedy lurking behind all their show of bravery was making itself felt.

Trainloads of recruits were constantly arriving, men from the country who had done their preparatory service and were now called in to be armed, equipped, and sent forth to that mysterious "front" of which no one except a few in authority knew the exact location.

When I left for the country in the middle of June men were still being poured into Rome, transformed into soldiers, and poured out again. The news of the first Italian successes was keeping enthusiasm at fever heat. Blank spaces staring from the war news columns of the daily papers meant only that the censor was endeavoring to conceal the whereabouts and movements of the army from the enemy. To this date no casualty list has been issued. The British government has published its awful Roll of Honor from the outset, but it is not the Italian way to give pain if it can be avoided—or postponed.

At the same time nothing has been omitted in the way of preparation for the care of the wounded. Palaces, public buildings, hotels, and country villas have been turned over to the government and fitted out as hospitals and convalescent homes. The enormous extent of this work is ominous.

There is no part of Italy, be it ever so distant from the fighting zone, that is not directly affected by the war, no section where sacrifices are not being made for it. In the country there is less noise, less martial music and decorative bunting, but no less of giving—and of hoping.

I found this condition in the heart of peaceful Tuscany. The hotel porter met me at the station with a one-horse vehicle. The sturdy team of last year had been appropriated by the government. I learned later that it was next to impossible to find a horse for hire in the neighborhood, so many had been taken away for army service.

Next morning I walked over to the little town—one mile by short cut from the hotel—to register at police headquarters. Another reminder of war. Foreigners are now required to present themselves with their passports for registration within twenty-four hours of arrival. Time was when passports were not absolutely necessary except in certain far countries. We carried them because they were useful for purposes of identification at postoffices and banks. They were nice to have. Their wording conveyed such a pleasant sense of our importance at home, it almost made us want to hurry back before the United States of America should miss us too much. At present they are indispensable, and are guarded as carefully as our checkbooks.

I had not proceeded far that morning before I observed that something was wrong with the fair Tuscan landscape. The olive orchards glistened in all their olden silvery-green beauty, the tall pointed cypress trees stood in their usual orderly rows, but over the brown and green expanse of fields there was an unwonted emptiness. The familiar white oxen were missing! In former years at this season the roads and farm lands would be dotted white with them. Now in the whole stretch of country about me two pairs only were in sight.

A peasant woman at work in the field in reply to a question or two poured out the tale of the absent oxen. They had gone to the war. Gone to draw heavy vans of supplies and to haul great guns up the steep hillsides in the Trentino. "Was it not sad?" she asked. Truly it seemed so, to put to such uses these soft-eyed, slow-stepping creatures so long associated in mind with brown furrows and white roads. The government had paid well for them, she said, and also for all cattle, donkeys, mules, and horses that were too old for farm work which they had taken. These were driven ahead of the marching army to test

the roads and passes for Austrian mines and were the means of saving many brave soldiers' lives.

The tiny country town—too insignificant to be mentioned by Baedeker—is perched on the spur of a hill and enclosed within a towering wall. Passing through a battlemented gateway, I walked up a steep street and, escorted by a company of street urchins, found the police station. It occupies a grim mediæval palace standing so close to the edge of the hill that its back walls rest on the fortifications.

The official I sought was in an upper room at his desk by an open window, where he could enjoy a bird's-eye view of Tuscany in leisure moments. My errand seemed to abash him. He frowned over the passport and confessed that he had never before seen an American one. Furthermore he knew no English, but this we overcame by my translating it. He could hardly have listened more gravely had it been a morgue report, while after each item of personal description he scrutinized me to see if I filled the bill. The photograph attached was then studied, and this, after a long and careful comparison, he pronounced far too old for me! I hope I may be forgiven if up to that moment I had thought him a stupid man. At this juncture a benevolent-looking elderly gentleman came in. An important citizen, I judged, from his reception. The official at once invited him to inspect the rare document. He was more than merely interested; he was impressed. Every detail was carefully examined, and you will never guess the particular one that fixed his deepest attention. Not the imposing red seal of our government, not the eagle of the aggressively spread tail feathers, nor my photograph. It was the signature of William J. Bryan.

This was one of the greatest men in America, he loftily informed the police official, who made an effort to look interested. Then, turning to me, he asked in the apologetic way of one hesitating to probe into painful family secrets if it were true that the great Signor Bryan drinks not wine, but the unfermented juice of the grapes. I told him that to the best of my knowledge this was true. He lifted his shoulders as only an Italian can. "It is fit only for babes," referring to the grape-juice. "Why, instead, could he not drink the light wines, of which much may be consumed without producing intoxication?" I was so occupied with spelling English names for the official who was filling out a blank to go with my passport that I missed the full import of the last remark. When half way across the fields on my return it occurred to me that the Italian gentleman might be under a wrong impression as to why our famous Nebraskan drinks grape-juice.

Our little summer resort, consisting of an ancient hotel with several medicinal springs upon its grounds, had not escaped the blighting touch of war. The proprietor's son was at the front. The dapper young doctor of last season also had been "called." Half the usual number of guests only had come this year. People have no heart for leaving home when sons and brothers are away fighting. But a cheery hopefulness abounds. Even among the neighboring peasantry there exists the belief that with the return of peace will come a new prosperity.

The government pays the soldiers half a lira (ten cents) a day. The wives receive sixty centesimi (twelve cents) for themselves and an additional thirty centesimi for each child. But the families of the poorer soldiers are so assisted by the more prosperous that they are better off in many instances than when they depended solely on the head of the family for support.

The peasants about the hotel have great faith in the curative properties of the springs. There are special bath-houses within the enclosure where for a few coppers baths may be taken. In this year of war and hard times, when coppers are scarce, a strange thing has happened. A beautiful new hot sulphur spring has burst forth out in the fields away from the hotel. It is all very well for the wise and learned to attribute it to the late earthquake, but the peasants know better and give the madonna full credit for the gift.

The new doctor, a chubby, voluble little man, escorted a party of us out to see this wonder. On the way he explained the almost mediæval state of the hotel buildings in this way: "The owner dies, leaving sixty heirs—mostly women. They can not be expected to agree to any plan of improvement, but after the war—who knows?" "Let us hope," returned one of the ladies, politely ignoring the slur at her sex.

At the spring we found several peasant women. A basin had been scooped out in the earth below the place where the clear warm water bubbled up. One of them sat on its edge, her clothes tucked above her knees and her legs immersed in the healing waters. "You see what I'm doing," she said, smiling at us collectively. "I see," replied the doctor with a great assumption of dignity, "that you are making a spectacle of yourself." Still smiling, she pulled from her blouse front a soiled letter and held it toward him. "Will you please read this that I may again hear the good news from my boys?" It was a soldier's letter, secretively headed "War Zone." As the doctor read it aloud we listened with scarcely less interest than the mother treating her rheumatic joints in the free spring. It told of an engagement with the enemy on Alpine heights, of the snow far above, and the incessant rumble of cannon echoing about them. Of a comrade

wounded, while he and his brother had escaped without a hurt. It closed with many affectionate salutations and an assurance that "our dear Italy" would soon be victorious.

"It is well," was the doctor's quiet comment as he returned the letter. He, too, had a son fighting the Austrians, and while he was giving minute and particular directions for the woman's treatment after her open-air bath I wondered how much of his solicitude was prompted by professional instinct and how much by tender sympathy for one who had laid a double offering on their common altar.

MARY GARTON FOSTER.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## Know Thyself.

When gentle Twilight sits  
On Day's forsaken throne,  
'Mid the sweet hush of eventide  
Muse by thyself alone,  
And at the time of rest,  
Ere sleep asserts its power,  
Hold pleasant converse with thyself  
In meditation's bower.

Motives and deeds review  
By Memory's truthful glass,  
Thy silent self the only judge  
And critic as they pass;  
And if their wayward face  
Should give thy conscience pain,  
Resolve with energy divine  
The victory to gain.

When morning's earliest rays  
O'er spire and roof-tree fall,  
Gladly invite thy waking heart  
Unto a festival  
Of smiles and love to all,  
The lowliest and the least,  
And of delighted praise to Him,  
The Giver of the feast.

Not on the outer world  
For inward joy depend;  
Enjoy the luxury of thought,  
Make thine own self thy friend;  
Not with the restless throng,  
In search of solace roam,  
But with an independent zeal  
Be intimate at home.

Good company have they  
Who by themselves do walk;  
If they have learned on blessed themes  
With their own souls to talk;  
For they shall never feel  
Of dull ennui the power,  
Not penury of loneliness  
Shall haunt their hall or hower.

Drink waters from the fount  
That in thy bosom springs,  
And envy not the mingled draught  
Of satraps or of kings;  
So shalt thou find at last,  
Far from the giddy brain,  
Self-knowledge and self-culture lead  
To uncomputed gain. —Mrs. Sigourney.

## Raphael's Account of the Creation.

Heaven opened wide  
Her ever-during gates—harmonious sound—  
On golden hinges moving, to let forth  
The King of Glory, in his powerful Word  
And Spirit, coming to create new worlds.  
On heavenly ground they stood; and, from the shore  
They viewed the vast, immeasurable abyss,  
Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,  
Up from the bottom turned by furious winds,  
And surging waves, as mountains, to assault  
Heaven's height, and with the centre mix the pole.

"Silence, ye troubled waves, and, thou deep, peace,"  
Said then the omnific Word; "your discord end!"  
Nor staid, hut, on the wings of cherubim  
Uplifted, in paternal glory rode  
Far into Chaos, and the world unborn;  
For Chaos heard his voice; him all his train  
Followed in bright procession, to behold  
Creation, and the wonders of his might.  
Then staid the fervid wheels, and in his hand  
He took the golden compasses, prepared  
In God's eternal store, to circumscribe  
This universe, and all created things;  
One foot he centred, and the other turned  
Round through the vast profundity obscure,  
And said, "Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,  
This be thy just circumference, O world!"  
Thus God the heaven created, thus the earth  
Matter unformed and void; darkness profound  
Covered the abyss; hut on the watery calm  
His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspread,  
And vital virtue infused, and vital warmth  
Throughout the fluid mass.

Then founded, then conglobed  
Like things to like, the rest to several place  
Disparted, and between spun out the air;  
And earth, self-balanced, on her centre hung.

"Let there be light," said God; and forthwith light  
Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure,  
Sprung from the deep, and from her native east,  
To journey through the airy gloom began,  
Sphered in a radiant cloud: for yet the sun  
Was not; she in a cloudy tabernacle  
Sojourned the while. God saw the light was good,  
And light from darkness, by the hemisphere,  
Divided: light the day, and darkness night.  
He named; thus was the first day even and morn;  
Nor passed uncelebrated, nor unsung  
By the celestial choirs, when Orient light  
Exhaling first from darkness they beheld:  
Birth-day of heaven and earth; with joy and shout  
The hollow universal orh they filled.  
And touched their golden harps, and hymning praised  
God and his works; Creator him they sung,  
Both when first evening was, and when first morn.

—John Milton.

Oysters can only live in water that contains at least thirty-seven parts of salt to every 1000 parts of water.



## THE SOUL OF GERMANY.

Dr. Thomas F. A. Smith Writes a Volume of Observation and Analysis.

It seems that there shall be no end of books on the German people and the German character. One of the latest contributions is "The Soul of Germany," by Dr. Thomas F. A. Smith. Dr. Smith might have chosen a better title—for almost from the outset of his volume he denies that Germany has a soul. The land of the Kaiser is materialistic almost to the verge of brutality, he asserts, and all spirituality has been crushed and trained out of her, partly through her system of education and partly through military training. One may assume that Dr. Smith is capable of speaking with authority on the Teutonic educational system, as he has been lecturer in English at German universities for twelve years.

In what he writes of the military system of the country he repeats what others have told of the sacredness in which the uniform is held, of the privileges that are extended to officers, and of the arrogance and brutality that they employ in taking full advantage of these privileges.

German schools train the male to be the complete slave of the state, Dr. Smith asserts, declaring that the Teutonic educational system kills all individuality. The education of woman is amply provided for; but he asserts that she is little benefited by it, home life offering her no opportunity to employ what she has learned. She weds and takes her place as the head of a home, and—

In that domain she forgets modern languages, maths., and other plagues of school life in order to fulfill her mission in life, i. e., mother and housekeeper. With *sparen* (economy) as her motto she devotes and sacrifices herself to the household and her children's material welfare.

These virtues have gained for her the unstinted admiration of Germany's menfolk, who never tire in praising the German *Hausfrau*—and it is all deserved. But in just that she has missed a still higher mission, the right and power to form the character and opinions of her children. Her sons look to her as a housekeeper, and therefore never learn that reverence for womanhood which inspires the noblest chivalry. Hence she fails utterly to instill any higher respect for her sex in the youth's heart than that which allows him to treat waitress and shopgirl as his playthings—to be replaced later by a "wife-housekeeper" of his own social standing.

It is mainly to the effect of the educational system, giving to men the spirit of materialism and to women the attitude of vassals, that the author traces the unsentimental and finance-ridden marriage customs of Germany. The German woman looks upon marriage as the only end and aim of her daughter's existence, and is willing to pay a bonus to see her wedded. The German male, taking advantage of this spirit, holds himself high. Therefore:

When men meet together and a young lady's name is mentioned, the next remark will almost certainly be of this kind: "Was bekommt sie mit?" or "Wie hoch schätzen Sie ihr Mitgift?" That is to say, how much hard cash will be paid down at her "marriage"? According to the figure mentioned the young lady is an interesting object of conversation or is dropped.

Should one of the supermen feel inclined to offer her the position of housekeeper he will pursue diligent inquiries among his and her friends to discover whether the *Mitgift* (dowry) has been correctly estimated. If these sources fail him he proceeds to an *Auskunftei* (inquiry agency) and endeavors to get information about his prospective bride and her family through what is no other than a spying institution. There are branches and agents of these in every town and village, while no German newspaper is without such advertisements as the following: "Before getting engaged or married take up information about the dowry, bride's past life and family." "Marriage—I am seeking suitable husband for my niece" (sometimes sister or daughter), "aged twenty-four, blonde, good-looking, fine figure; gets £2000 down and more later. Box No. . . ." "Official" (sometimes officer) "in high position seeks the acquaintance of educated lady who must dispose of at least £10,000. Correspondence through parents or relative not objected to. Secrecy a matter of honor. Address to, etc."

In peace times it was impossible to read any issue of the *Berliner Tageblatt* or the *Frankfurter Zeitung* without finding all sorts of marriage offers emanating from the Jewish world. These often began with the word *Schadchen*, which means that the advertiser requires a commission of about two per cent on the dowry. *Schadchen* is untranslatable, but the form is usually the following: "*Schadchen* moving in the best circles is prepared to introduce gentleman to several rich young ladies, etc."

It is exceedingly illuminating to think that your well-groomed German guest carries the art of spying into the "best circles" and exploits your family life to gain a commission by finding a husband for your daughter.

Dr. Smith draws an unpleasant picture of the home of the higher-class German, describing it as altogether lacking the "homey" atmosphere sought by the Anglo-Saxon; and the home of the peasant is made to appear repellent:

German cottages maintain a minimum of comfort and, except in the mountainous districts, are seldom picturesque; even there the inhabitants have a strong objection to fresh air within their homes! The best that can be said of the peasantry is they are a hard, brutal, thrifty race, placing little value upon the refinements of life and seemingly possessing no inclination to acquire them. Dour and revengeful, quarrelsome and ever ready with the knife, they never allow a village festival to pass without knifing events or the smashing of beer-mugs on each other's heads being duly chronicled in the local press.

The humanities are entirely overlooked in the curriculum of the German school, says Dr. Smith. The whole plan is to cram knowledge into the pupils' heads; but no attention is paid to developing his soul or his morals, teaching him kindness toward his fellow-beings, or instructing him in anything that resembles ethics. There is absolutely no feeling of

friendliness or comradeship between the teacher and the pupil:

School life is not softened or enlivened by sports, although there are a number of lessons given in the open air, but the teacher accompanies his class on such occasions as if he were a field marshal condemned to march with a squad of soldiers. It is unprofessional for him and utterly *infra dig.* to unbend and become a comrade or friend.

To sum up, his appeal—based on strict pedagogic principles—is directed to the child's head—never to his heart; whereby the aim of the German school is attained of helping to make machines of human beings, with this result, too, that the latter cherish little affection for their school in after life.

He says further along this line:

Herr Kirschensteiner, the founder of trade schools, relates in one of his educational works that a Secondary School Teachers' Congress, held in Munich, passed a resolution to the effect that they had nothing to do with formation of character in the school. Their duty was simply to impart knowledge and train the mental faculties; questions relating to character are matters for the nursery and home. How different indeed are England's ideals and methods! Just as in all other branches of German life, the individual must submit to authority and allow himself to be absorbed by the mass.

The German government does not wish any of its schools to teach self-reliance or independence of thought and action; it is no part of the school's duty to cultivate in the individual a conscience which is to become his king. The dictates governing a man's actions, the motives inspiring his deeds must not come from within, the state will supply those—from without. In this manner educated automata are created, whose impulses of motion do not radiate from within, but from a brain centre outside them.

Germany's desire to educate all its people is reciprocated by its citizens, but the author does not regard the results as invariably beneficial:

Failing the opportunity to become an officer, there is perhaps no more ardent desire in the heart of young Germany than to go to a university. There are many facilities to this end, for with care the student—unless he is studying law or medicine—can manage to squeeze through on £50 to £60 a year. Large numbers keep themselves going by giving private lessons, while not a few are supported by waitresses, whom they afterwards marry—or leave in the lurch, to marry a girl with a dowry.

Such advertisements as the following are quite common in the newspapers: "Student (medical), smart-looking and gentlemanly, seeks the acquaintance of a lady with means, who will enable him to complete his studies. A lady with a regrettable incident in her past not excluded. Marriage later a matter of honor. Apply Box 99."

Notwithstanding such instances as the above, large numbers of young fellows may be met who live hard, studious lives, whose pluck and self-denial (although compulsory) deserve unstinted admiration. On the other hand, not a few become hardened beer-drinkers, confirmed loafers, petty criminals, stealing books, platinum, etc., from the various institutes, or lose themselves utterly in the primrose paths of dalliance. Many families give their addresses to the vice-chancellor, signifying their willingness to give poor students free meals on one or more days of the week.

Two or three chapters of the volume are devoted to the religious aspects of German life. The author finds little genuine religion in Germany. The German church is a state affair, supported by public funds, its clergy certificated by the government, and saving souls under government rule and guidance. The church is described as strictly a civil service affair, lacking spirituality, and therefore unable to impart any of that quality to its adherents. The chief enemy of religion in Germany is the Social Democratic party, which has millions of members, and which is openly inimical to all churches and their teachings. While Dr. Smith can not commend the German religious system, he finds nothing but evil in Social Democracy:

The spread of Social Democratic teachings in Germany has only tended to increase class hatred, envy, and irreligion, and up to the present the *Genossen* have displayed no vestige of the brotherly feelings which they preach towards the man who happens to wear a better coat.

Nuremberg and Firth are great industrial centres, employing many thousands of workmen, many of whom live in the surrounding villages, even so far afield as Erlangen, which is twelve miles distant from Nuremberg. Any one traveling by the 6:17 p. m. train from Nuremberg to Erlangen during peace times had a splendid opportunity of observing several hundred *Sozis* (German nickname). The train is always overcrowded and any attempt to ventilate meets with violent abuse. Language, conversation, and manners illustrate in a forcible manner the general brute level of Germany's lower classes. It is a convenient train for ladies to return by after a day's shopping in the larger city. Woe betide a lady if she is isolated among some fifty of the "brothers." Vile obscenities and filthy songs are bandied about until she changes into another carriage.

The writer has traveled by this train on hundreds of occasions and often witnessed such scenes—treatment to which his own wife has been subjected. A gentleman is only "talked at," especially so if he is suspected of being connected with the Erlangen University.

In his chapters on militarism the author contends that the army is the slave of the Kaiser, and that the public is the slave of the army. He is unsparing in his condemnation of the attitude of the officer toward the common soldier, and especially toward the civilian, who in the eyes of the officer is still more common:

The uniform is the emblem of the Kaiser, and Germans feel it to be the emblem of Germany—in either case it commands respect. Nothing which has been written concerning the obliteration of individuality in the German army could exaggerate the true state of affairs. The authorities have a certain ideal of the perfect soldier, and the whole machinery, from the Highest War Lord down to the N. C. O., is arranged so as to turn out the desired pattern. Above all he must be without individual will or desire. Whatever the War Lord wills that must be his will. He is trained and drilled till he becomes an efficient machine. When an officer is addressing him he becomes a rigid figure without a gleam of expression in his countenance. During those moments his superiors' will becomes his own—and afterwards he puts it into execution. All Germans love discipline, and when they escape from it hardly know what to do with themselves; the superior will is missing and the individual will is not developed; on the contrary, it is effaced. So it is from the

cradle to the grave for millions of Germans, but their mental and cultural development has only reached the stage which makes this the best system for getting the last ounce out of the last man.

No real military discipline can be obtained without sacrifice on the part of the soldier. The German soldier makes the greatest sacrifice of all—personality; and the state is thus able to construct the most disciplined army machine in the world.

And again:

Tradespeople who wish to impress a new customer whisper reverently that "*Die Herren Offiziere kaufen bei uns ein*" ("The Mr. Officers deal here"); the restaurant proprietor is proud to mention the fact that officers eat on his premises, and the coffee-house owner boasts that officers drink his coffee. It is quite superfluous for the restaurant host to impart this information; other guests may find it out by painful experience when the waiters have neglected their orders a few times in order to give the uniform pride of place. On all occasions, at all times, the officer's uniform is in the front rank, and with very few exceptions it is in the very first place.

In the street or public places the officer swaggers with overbearing condescension towards the lowers orders of society, and is ever ready to resent or revenge any conduct in another person which he believes to be derogatory to his own dignity—the Kaiser's honor. The most trifling provocation on the part of a civilian is sufficient cause for his sword to leap from its scabbard.

The newspapers of Germany come in for wholesale condemnation. The author finds no good in them, describing them as narrow, provincial, corrupt, unenterprising, conducted by men of low mental and moral calibre. He especially attacks the humorous papers, pronouncing them unspeakably vulgar. He says of the daily press:

Every constant reader of German newspapers could not arrive at any other conclusion than that they are prevented from discussing German affairs with moderate freedom, but are permitted unlimited license in their gibes at foreign countries and monarchs, and it is only in such abusive attacks that any semblance of unity is visible. In what degree such campaigns were engineered by the official Press Bureau in Berlin it is impossible to determine, but there is no evidence which proves that the "reptile press" is in any way less supine than in Bismarck's day. Its voice may be, and is, bought and sold. Its financial position is much too precarious to encourage the hope that they are above corruption.

The class of men—journalists are wretchedly paid and have no social status—who are engaged in the press world do not inspire confidence. The rich man whose son has compromised himself simply telephones to the papers and all reports are suppressed—for a consideration! If a flourishing business man does not advertise in the local papers he will certainly expose himself to vulgar attacks inspired by his competitors. The writer concurs entirely in a remark made to him by a prominent Bavarian: "The German press is capable of anything!"

German *Kultur* has nothing to recommend it, says Dr. Smith:

*Kultur* is really only one exterior, not many; it is whitewash—the exterior which hides the horrors of the German national sepulchre. As such it does not inspire our admiration nor arouse our envy. In fact, we should prefer to leave it severely alone, but the German attempt to whitewash the world with *Kultur* compels us to give it passing notice.

The writer has dealt with the question of morality in the Fatherland in another chapter. In support of the contention that immorality is widespread a number of proofs have been given. The *Verhältnis System* does not flourish in vain; every year nearly five army corps of illegitimate children are born. To be precise, the average number of children born of unmarried German women during the periods of 1901 to 1910 was 178,115 per annum.

The author devotes considerable space to Nietzsche and Treitschke and their influence on German thought and manners. He sheds no new light on Treitschke, quoting what many others have quoted from the military utterance of the advocate of war. When he writes of Nietzsche he shows that he is not at all on firm ground. He lacks the touch of authority that he has been able to give his views on education. He treats Nietzsche superficially, having evidently conceived an adverse opinion of him and never taken the trouble to dissipate it. Otherwise he would have known that greater authorities than himself have held that Nietzsche was not completely an apostle of selfishness—that his Superman ideal was not for the dominating few, but for the many. Nietzsche can be viewed in many lights, and it is evident that Dr. Smith has viewed him in only one; and that he has not read, or at least not at all comprehended "Zarathustra," which is the ripened summary of the Nietzschean doctrine.

However, Dr. Smith has written an interesting volume, which touches upon many aspects of German life that have not been dwelt upon by other writers upon the same topic. That he has not been able wholly to exclude the taint of bias is a part of the frenzy of the day. It must be neutralized by the good sense of the reader.

THE SOUL OF GERMANY. By Thomas F. A. Smith. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.

Serbian soldiers enjoy a pension, granted only to invalid cases. These pensions are for past wars, not the present. The ordinary veteran who does not suffer some injury which would render him invalid does not receive a pension, military service in Serbia being compulsory. Invalid pensions in Serbia are paid by the year; that is, each applicant who is granted a pension receives a certain sum each year. In case the soldier receives injuries which would only render him partially invalid he receives only part of the yearly amount, most likely one-half; but in case of the soldier being totally invalid he gets the full amount.

Dredge mining was first started in California in 1896, and the total quantity of gold recovered by that method of mining up to the end of 1914 was 307,766.



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

Me.

This is said to be the autobiography of a well-known woman novelist, and it certainly seems to be a transcript of a life story. It describes how the author left her Canadian home at the age of seventeen in order to take up a journalistic position in the West Indies. From there she goes to Richmond at the invitation of a doctor who offers her a situation as his secretary, although his intentions are actually of the usual and foreseen kind. Escaping from the trap through the aid of a wealthy man, whom she meets on the train, and who may be said to become the pivot of her future career, she goes to Chicago, fails to secure newspaper work, and is engaged as a stenographer at the stockyards. Eventually she finds her way to New York, and we leave her somewhat tragically at the start of her literary career.

The story, say the publishers, is autobiographical rather than autobiography. Doubtless the incidents are arranged and dramatized, but the resulting picture of the mind of a young girl is unquestionably accurate. It is a curious portrayal of unawareness—innocence is the wrong word—and intuitive caution, perhaps the best of all protective combinations.

It would be interesting to know what the officials of the Young Women's Christian Association of Chicago have to say to this statement of personal experience at their virtuous and cruel hands. It is as unlovely a picture of institutional methods as we have yet read. The vision of young and friendless girls being turned away into the streets of Chicago because they have no "references" from clergymen is not a pleasant one.

ME. New York: The Century Company; \$1.30 net.

## Edgar Chirrup.

Peggy Webling has written so many good stories that her name on a title-page should now prove a sufficient attraction for the discriminating reader. She has not only the power of narration to an unusual degree, but she can also draw gracious and ingratiating characters that remain alive in the memory and that are good to recall.

She has done so here. Not readily shall we forget Edgar Chirrup, nor his sister, although the woman whom he eventually marries, the heroine, is not quite so radiant. Edgar Chirrup is a poor boy who becomes stage-struck, not in the usual and emotional way, but with a certain steady purpose and the ability to carry it into being. He passes through all the usual stages of apprenticeship, of unrecognized merit, and at last of success, and although we think we are reading a story of the stage, and evidently by one who knows the stage, it is actually the character of Edgar Chirrup that fascinates and holds us. It grows in loveableness, even in stateliness, before our eyes, and it never loses its rich humanity.

The author has material enough to give us a liberal allowance of characters, and we feel that even the smallest of them has received the same minute care as the largest. There is Chirrup's sister, who works as a domestic servant until her brother can give her the comforts that her saintliness deserves. There is Chirrup's first wife, who makes us wonder why good men can be so deluded and enthralled. There is the curio dealer, and the villain who wants to marry the heroine, and the broken-down actor, and all the rest of the crowd, who march, usually merrily, over the bridge of life. There is no novel now before the public with more unmistakable marks of competence and care, and—far more important—of imaginative capacity.

EDGAR CHIRRUP. By Peggy Webling. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.35.

## Getting a Wrong Start.

Had this book borne a name on the title-page we should doubt its genuinely autobiographical character. But it bears none. It seems to be what it professes to be—the life story of a man who reached the age of forty-five and was ready to write himself down a failure, but who then took stock of himself inside and outside and made a success of his life. It is written in manful vein, without petulance and boasting, and because we have so high an opinion of the writer we must

## The Galleries of the Exposition

By Eugen Neuhaus.

A Critical Review of the Fine Arts Exhibit.

Illustrated. \$1.50 net.

Paul Elder & Co.  
239 Grant Avenue

take issue with some of his conclusions. We do not believe that such a character as he unconsciously paints for himself ever yet went down to defeat. He may have lacked some little thing, but it was a part of his character that he should presently find it.

Nor can we agree with the emphasis that he places on heredity and good health as factors to success. Experience gives no ground for the belief that character is transmissible, although subsidiary traits may seem to be. The genius for acquisition is rarely to be found in the second generation, and we proverbially allow three generations for the passage from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves. Nor can we forget that almost without exception the supremely great men of the world have been physically defective. A philosophy that so largely boils itself down to irresponsibility and chance must be judged as lacking much of inspiration. None the less the author sets forth to state his own opinions, and that he has done this so frankly is his chief charm.

GETTING A WRONG START. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1 net.

## Athalie.

Mr. Chambers advances, doubtless in response to what must sometimes prove an almost irresistible desire to write intelligently. The characters in his latest story are neither vicious, nor idiots, as things go nowadays. One of them, the heroine, is poor, good, and charming, an almost incredible combination, but she is so set down in these pages. Moreover, she has an uncanny clairvoyance or second sight, and knows when people are going to die, but she does not parade her accomplishments, nor even make money of them. The hero is a young aristocrat who falls in love with Athalie, like Copetua, and we have all the notes of a love-making scale, and without the allurements of lingerie. Mr. Chambers is to be congratulated on a partial return to old excellences and a novel that can be read without loss of self-respect.

ATHALIE. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.40 net.

## Holland and Belgium.

Such a book as this reminds us of the tremendous part played by Holland and Belgium in the history of the world, a part that seems to have its concluding chapters still unwritten. Tacitus says of the Hollanders, or Batavians: "Others go to battle; these go to war." Elsewhere he reminds us that the whole population of Holland was once sentenced to death by the King of Spain and that the Duke of Alva was sent as executioner. It is part of the strange mystery of human fate that certain parts of the world seem to attract the vortices of suffering as well as of glory, to be, as it were, the ganglia of the nervous system of humanity.

There is no need to follow Mr. Morris through the pages of his admirable history. He begins with the Roman wars and he concludes with the fall of the Belgian forts last summer. The fact that a general knowledge of European history is included in the average education will rob this graphic volume of none of its novelty or interest. It is pre-eminently suited to those who would link the events of the present with those of the past and who would identify that continuity of destiny which seems to belong so peculiarly to Holland and Belgium.

FAMOUS DAYS AND DEEDS IN HOLLAND AND BELGIUM. By Charles Morris. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25 net.

## Prudence of the Parsonage.

Ethel Hueston writes with great vivacity, but her story of a Methodist minister and his large family of girls seems hardly to strike a very popular note. Prudence is the eldest of the family, and sometimes we feel a faint enthusiasm for her charm and devotion to her motherless sisters. But even Prudence becomes just a little bit of a prig. Conscience is a beautiful thing, but even conscience may be overdone.

The author shows that she is fully up to date in her description of the interview between Jerrold, who wants to marry Prudence, and the young lady's father. He is asked, "Are you a Christian?" and he explains that his attitude is one of friendly neutrality, but that it shall be changed. He drinks a little, but he will swear off. And he smokes—"not cigarettes, of course," and on the whole he would like to continue. "Can you pass a strict physical examination?" Jerrold can and will. "Tell me about your relations with your mother." Jerrold scores again "with some emotion." And now comes the culminating genuflection to modernity: "Has there been anything in your life, about women, that could come out and hurt Prudence later on?" And then Jerrold hesitates, but he steers a zigzag course and escapes the submarine.

PRUDENCE OF THE PARSONAGE. By Ethel Hueston. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

## Gossip of Books and Authors.

Announcement is made by Doubleday, Page & Co. of the publication on August 17th of "Michael O'Halloran," the new story by Gene Stratton-Porter, whose popular novels and na-

ture books have found well over two million readers. Naturally this is one of the most important dates on the calendar of the Garden City publishers. The readers of Mrs. Porter's books have enjoyed the adventures of "Freckles," the stories of the "Girl of the Limberlost," "The Harvester," and the pictures of wholesome Middle Western life in "Laddie," and they will all want to read the story of "Michael O'Halloran." Indications are that 200,000 copies of "Michael O'Halloran" were disposed of on the date of publication. On August 17th the green covers of "Michael," with their moccasin flower decorations, appeared in every city and town, every small village and hamlet in this country.

Jeffery Farnol has just completed the manuscript of his first long novel since he wrote "The Amateur Gentleman," and it will be brought out by his American publishers, Little, Brown & Co., in the autumn under the title of "Beltane the Smith." Mr. Farnol, who has been at work on this book for over two years, is now enjoying a holiday in rural England.

Charles Scribner's Sons announce the publication in the immediate future of a new novel by John Galsworthy, entitled "The Freelanders." It is at once a romance of boy-and-girl love—that theme of "The Dark Flower" in which Galsworthy is at his best—and a brilliant commentary on some of the immediate social questions of the day—questions which are absorbing all thinking people.

"The Winner" is a tale of the International Sweepstakes, written to delight all motor enthusiasts. It is a tale of modern daring and invention and adventure, written to delight any reader who relishes a rousing story, even if he does not know a carburetor from a sparkplug. William Winter tells his exciting story simply, without pretense, straightforwardly, and with eye constant to the goal. His characters, good and bad, speak for themselves. They interest and amuse and are recognized as real. The hero, a speed coward made brave by love and determination, is a man of mark. The book is published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Little, Brown & Co. will resume publication on September 8th. Their first novel for the fall will be "The Way of These Women," by E. Phillips Oppenheim, a mystery story. Other September books from this house will be "The Adventures of Chatterer the Red Squirrel" and "The Adventures of Sammy Jay," two new titles in the Burgess Bedtime Story-Books; "Canning, Preserving, and Jelly-Making," by Janet McKenzie Hill; "Tad and His Father," by F. Lauriston Bullard, a study of Lincoln's home life; "The Scout Law in Practice," by Arthur A. Carey; and "The Reminiscences and Letters of Sir Robert Ball," edited by his son, W. Valentine Ball.

On the Scribner list for early publication there is a "Life of Robert Louis Stevenson for Boys and Girls," by Jacqueline Overton. To one who remembers the romance of Stevenson's life, with its enthusiasms and courage and high spirit of adventure, and his eternal "spirit of boyhood," it is surprising why such a book has never been written before.

In contradiction of the recent report that his name is pronounced "Onyons," to rhyme with "Lions," Mr. Oliver Onions, the brilliant novelist, author of "Mushroom Town," etc., writes to an American friend that his name is pronounced "in the common or garden way."

Miss Annie Peck, the mountain-climber and authority on South America, recently came out for suffrage and has taken the stump in a

## The White House

## NEW, TIMELY BOOKS

THE FREELANDS.....\$1.35

By John Galsworthy.

NOTEBOOK OF AN ATTACHE.....1.60

By Eric Fisher Wood.

AUCTION UNDER THE LAWS OF 1915....1.00

By Milton C. Work.

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By Robert W. Chambers.

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number of places. Miss Peck's magnum opus, "The South American Tour," has been purchased by a number of the biggest exporters, business concerns, and business men in general, not so much for its value as a guide for traveling in South America as for its hints for business men at this time, when we are turning toward the south for new markets.

## New Books Received.

THE MAGIC OF EXPERIENCE. By H. Stanley Redgrave, B. Sc., F. C. S. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1 net.

Divided into three parts, entitled "Idealism," "Mysticism," and "The Nature and Criteria of Truth."

THE BOAT OF GAETA. By John Henry Clauson. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net. A volume of verse.

HIS LADY OF THE SONNETS. By Robert W. Norwood. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net. A volume of verse.

WAR, SCIENCE, AND CIVILIZATION. By William E. Ritter. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net.

Showing that the ethical solution of the problems of civilization is also the scientific one.

THE YOUNG MAN ABSOLOM. By E. Charles Vivian. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A novel of the labor struggle.

THE WINNER. By William Winter. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.25 net. A novel.

THE UNDERLYING PRINCIPLES OF MODERN LEGISLATION. By W. Jethro Brown, LL. D., Litt. D. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

A third edition, revised and enlarged.

I ACCUSE (J'ACCUSE). By a German. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.50 net.

"The book in which a German, a real German, who has been holding high rank in the government service, warns his countrymen that they are the insane victims of the imperial hypnotist."

THE TOLLHOUSE. By Evelyn St. Leger. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1 net.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Blue Blood and Red.

Geoffrey Corson may be congratulated on a distinctive novel, well conceived and strongly written, one of the few modern stories that are worth while. The theme is the young aristocrat who is called on to choose between the girl of his own caste and the maiden of low degree. Ada is rich, beautiful, and with the selfishness of entire concentration upon her own pleasures. Patricia, curiously misnamed, is a daughter of the people and with the characteristic virtues of Irish poverty. Neal Carmichael, not appreciating the extent to which he is already captivated by Patricia, succumbs to the fascinations of Ada and marries her, and with the inevitable awakening, and the equally inevitable divorce.

The idea is, of course, as old as the hills and as young as the daisies. It is in characterization that the author excels. He is as felicitous in his picture of the aristocrat as in his picture of the plebeian. He shows us the people of the Hill with their blue blood and the ancestral home that can be saved only by a wealthy marriage. And down below is the Irish family with their rigid virtue and their beautiful daughter torn between her religious loyalties and her love. And Neal oscillates between the two. We may think that Neal Carmichael is more spineless than he has a right to be and that he hardly deserves his great reward, but then fate is so often kind to the unworthy that we feel we have no valid complaint upon that score. Social exclusiveness may be accepted as an extenuating circumstance.

The author will hardly expect to be told that he has written the great American novel, whatever that may be, but at least he has written of one phase of American life, and he has done it so well as to deserve all the applause that he will get.

BLUE BLOOD AND RED. By Geoffrey Corson. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.35 net.

Prayer for Peace.

William Samuel Johnson should have given some other name to his volume of verse. For the moment we feared a new eruption of the maudlin, but we remembered that Mr. Johnson wrote "The Poor Little Guy," and so were encouraged to look further, and with happy results in the form of some fifty poems of an extraordinary energy and musical vigor. Mr. Johnson has a reason for writing every one, and something definite to say, and worth saying, upon every page. Amid the chaos of platitudinous versifiers who eternally utter the things that do not matter and never could matter, calling them optimism, it is a delight to welcome this strong and virile voice.

PRAYER FOR PEACE. By William Samuel Johnson. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$1.25 net.

Briefer Reviews.

"The American Navy," by Rear-Admiral French E. Chadwick, has been added to the American Books Series now in course of issue by Doubleday, Page & Co. (60 cents net). The name of the author is sufficient guaranty of competence to write not only of naval history, but of everything that goes to the making of the modern navy.

The theatre-goer who rejoiced in Margaret Illington's presentation of "The Lie" will be pleased to possess the play in volume form as published by the George H. Doran Company (\$1 net). It is a study of two sisters and the contest between them for the love of a man which makes one of them forget all scruples, but can not touch the self-control of the older sister.

Play-goers should not fail to possess themselves of "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife," a comedy in two acts by Anatole France, translated by Curtis Hidden Page and published by the John Lane Company (75 cents net). Those who saw the production of this play will know it as one of the finished productions of the modern stage. And those who read it in its present form will know the same.

Under the title of "More Than Conquerors," Ariadne Gilbert has written a series of biographies for young people, designed to show the heroism which has been so much a factor in real success. These biographies include Lincoln, Scott, Lamb, Emerson, Agassiz, Brooks, Washington Irving, Stevenson, St. Gaudens, Beethoven, Livingstone, Edwin Booth, Thackeray, and Pasteur. The volume is published by the Century Company. Price, \$1.25 net.

"Doodles" is the sort of book which makes people feel really acquainted with the characters, and the author, Emma C. Dowd, receives many letters from readers who want to tell her how much pleasure the book has given them. This is from a woman of seventy-five years: "I can't tell you now what I think of your book; I am too full of it. I finished it last night before I went to bed. Couldn't have slept if I hadn't. Every one of those people are alive and I know them." The Houghton Mifflin Company is the publisher.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Comforter.

Silent is the house. I sit  
In the firelight and knit.  
At my ball of soft gray wool  
Two gray kittens gently pull—  
Pulling back my thoughts as well,  
From that distant, red-rimmed hell,  
And not tears the stitches blur  
As I knit a comforter.

"Comforter" they call it—yes,  
Such it is for my distress,  
For it gives my restless hands  
Blessed work. God understands  
How we women yearn to be  
Doing something ceaselessly—  
Anything but just to wait  
Idly for a clicking gate!

So I knit this long gray thing  
Which some fearless lad will fling  
Round him in the icy blast,  
With the shrapnel whistling past;  
"Comforter" it may be then,  
Like a mother's touch again,  
And at last, not gray, but red,  
Be a pillow for the dead!

—Dundee Advertiser.

The Great Highway.

As I came down the great highway  
The river hills were bright with dew,  
And where the hill trees lined the way  
The morning light was streaming through.  
I do not know if you have felt  
The thrill of beauty when the day  
Is breaking through the river mists  
So softly delicate and gray—  
But God was in His Heaven then,  
As I came down the great highway.

Within a day so many pass  
Upon that wide and brimming road,  
But do they all, I wonder, know  
That beauty there has her abode?  
Do their hearts, too, make tender songs  
For beauty of the summer day—  
For willows mirrored in the stream,  
And great green hills in their array?  
I wondered while my own heart sang,  
As I came down the great highway.

The great highway is there for all  
To travel as their fancies choose—  
The great boats welcome and the small,  
Alike for all their gallant crews.  
Within a day so many pass,  
But do their fancies ever play,  
As children might, in that broad road,  
Delightfully? I can not say.  
I only know my own heart sang  
As I came down the great highway.

—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Revelation.

If I could come again to that dear place  
Where once I came, where Beauty lived and moved,  
Where, by the sea, I saw her face to face,  
That soul alive by which the world has loved,  
If, as I stood at gaze among the leaves,  
She would appear again as once before  
While the red herdsman gathered up his sheaves  
And brimming waters trembled up the shore,  
If, as I gazed, her Beauty that was dumb,  
In that old time, before I learned to speak,  
Would lean to me and revelation come  
Words to the lips and color to the cheek,

Joy with its searing-iron would burn me wise;  
I should know all; all powers, all mysteries.  
—John Masfield, in Harper's Magazine.

The Poor Little Guy.

While the legions are locked on the dead line,  
While the dreadnoughts are glooming the seas,  
While horrors of rumor and headline  
Give a tang to an evening of ease,  
Let us kneel in the dust of all faction,  
Let us pray to the Peace from on high  
For a small, unspectacular fraction—  
The poor little guy!

In the fangs of the tangling wire  
He slips in the slime of the dead;  
He blinks at the spume of the fire  
And the scream of the stream of the lead;  
And yet—he knew nought of the plotting  
And nought can he profit thereby;  
But his is the dying—and rotting—  
The poor little guy!

Let us pray for his kine in the stable,  
For his ox and his ass and his swine,  
For his chair and his plate on the table,  
For his cornfield and orchard and vine,  
For the tilth where the women are yoking,  
For the bed where he never shall lie,  
For the ache that is worse than the dying—  
The poor little guy!

A pitiful pawn of Vienna,  
Of Kaiser, of King, or of Czar,  
He is pushed to the pit of Gehenna.  
To the slide of the Great Abattoir.  
He goes as the wailing denial,  
As the infinite, travelling cry  
Of the Peace to be born from his trial—  
The poor little guy!

The Peace of the pure consummation  
Foretold in the ages before  
When nation shall strive not with nation,  
Nor shall they learn war any more.  
But, Jesus!—the carion faces  
That glare at the pestilent sky  
And the trench at the foot of the glaci—  
The poor little guy!

—William Samuel Johnson.

In 1884 an artist finished a likeness of Emperor Franz Joseph in characters, forming no less than 8000 words.

Catching a Buffalo.

A pleasing anecdote is being told through the press columns recently of an encounter on the South Platte, which occurred some years ago between a Texan and a buffalo. The recital sets forth the fact that the Texans went out to hunt buffalo, hoping to get enough for a mess during the day. Toward evening they saw two gentlemen buffalo on a neighboring hill near the Platte, and at once pursued their game, each selecting an animal. They separated at once, Jack going one way galloping after his beast, while Sam went in the other direction. Jack soon got a shot at his game, but the bullet only tore a large hole in the fleshy shoulder of the hull and buried itself in the neck, maddening the animal to such a degree that he turned at once and charged upon horse and rider.

The astonished horse, with the wonderful courage, sagacity, and sang froid peculiar to the broncho, whirled around two consecutive times, tangled his feet in the tall grass and fell, throwing his rider about fifty feet. He then rose and walked away to a quiet place, where he could consider the matter and give the buffalo an opportunity to recover.

The infuriated bull then gave chase to Jack, who kept out of way for a few yards only, when, getting his legs entangled in the grass, he fell so suddenly that his pursuer dashed over him without doing him any bodily injury. However, as the animal went over his prostrate form, Jack felt the buffalo's tail brush across his face, and, rising suddenly, he caught it with a terrific grip and hung to it, thus keeping out of the reach of his enemy's horns, till his strength was just giving out, when Sam hove in sight and put a large bullet through the bull's heart.

This tale is told, apparently by an old plainsman and scout, who reels it off as though he might be telling of his own experience.

Now, I do not wish to seem captious and always sticking my nose into what is none of my business, but as a logical and zoological fact, I desire, in my cursory way, to coolly take up the subject of the buffalo trail. Those who have been in the habit of killing buffaloes, instead of running an account at the butcher shop, will remember that this noble animal has a genuine camel's hair tail about eight inches long, with a chenille tassel at the end, which he throws up into the rarefied atmosphere of the Far West whenever he is surprised or agitated.

In passing over a prostrate man, therefore, I apprehend that in order to brush his face with the average buffalo tail it would be necessary for him to sit down on the bosom of the prostrate scout and fan his features with the miniature caudal bud.

The buffalo does not gallop an hundred miles a day, dragging his tail across the bunch grass and alkali of the boundless plains.

He snorts a little, turns his bloodshot eyes toward the enemy a moment and then, throwing his cunning little taillet over the dashboard, he wings away in an opposite direction.

The man who could lie on his back and grab that vision by the tail would have to be moderately active. If he succeeded, however, it would be a question of the sixteenth part of a second only, whether he had his arms jerked out by the roots and scattered through space or whether he had strength of will sufficient to yank out the withered little frizz and hold the quivering ornament in his hands. Few people have the moral courage to follow a buffalo around over half a day holding on by the tail. It is said that a Sioux brave once tried it, and they say his tracks were thirteen miles apart. After merrily sauntering around with the buffalo one hour, during which time he crossed the territories of Wyoming and Dakota twice and surrounded the regular army three times, he became discouraged and died from the injuries he had received. Perhaps, however, it may have been fatigue.

It might be possible for a man to catch hold of the meagre tail of a meteor and let it snatch him through the coming years.

It might be that a man with a strong constitution could catch a cyclone and ride it bareback across the United States and then have a fresh one ready to ride back again, but to catch a buffalo bull in the full flush of manhood, as it were, and retain his tail while he crossed three reservations and two mountain ranges, requires great tenacity of purpose and unusual mental equipoise.

Remember, I do not regard the story I refer to as false, at least I do not wish to be so understood. I simply say that it recounts an incident that is rather out of the ordinary. Let the gentle reader lie down and have a jack-rabbit driven across his face, for instance. The J. Rabbit is as likely to brush your face with his brief and erect tail as the buffalo would be. Then carefully note how rapidly and promptly instantaneous you must be. Then closely attend to the manner in which you abruptly and almost simultaneously have not retained the tail in your memory.

A few people may have successfully seized

the grieved and startled buffalo by the tail, but they are not here to testify to the circumstances. They are dead, abnormally and extremely dead.—Bill Nye's Red Book.

A Curious History.

Sir William Cavendish, known in English history as the first Duke of Newcastle, was commander of King Charles the First's royal army in his contest with Cromwell. Sir William's second wife, the Duchess Margaret, wrote a life of her husband, in which she depicted him as a "Most Illustrious Prince" and in every respect the pink of perfection. The work was supposed to be entirely authentic and truthful, for Sir William himself assisted in its preparation. It was published early in 1667, and many complimentary copies were sent out, including one to the officials of St. John's College, Cambridge University. In acknowledging its receipt they wrote: "Your excellency's book will not only survive our university, but hold date even with time itself; and inconsequently this age, by reading your book, will lose its barbarity and rudeness, being made tame by the elegance of your style and manner." But old Samuel Pepys was not quite so favorably impressed. In his celebrated "Diary," under date of March 18, 1667, he made this entry: "Staid at home reading the ridiculous History of my Lord Newcastle, wrote by his wife; which shows her to be a mad, conceited, ridiculous woman, and he an ass to suffer her to write what she writes to him and of him."

In the years 1649-50 there arose a strange party in England called the Diggers. They might be seen in large numbers in some localities, diligently digging up and cultivating the waste lands and out-of-the-way places. They objected to the land being held by a few proud, covetous men, "to bag and barn up the treasures of the earth from others." Yet, as one of their leaders said, "they intended to meddle only with what was common and untitled, and to make it fruitful for the use of man." Gerard Winstanley, their chief leader, urged that the poor should be settled on the common or waste lands, and that in this way the country would yield much larger crops, the hungry be fed, and times be made better for everybody. The Diggers were very peaceable people, and not at all disposed to make trouble, but the movement was suppressed by the authorities. Nevertheless it had its influence in later years, for from 1760 to 1830 more than a thousand acts of Parliament were adopted for inclosing and utilizing waste lands.

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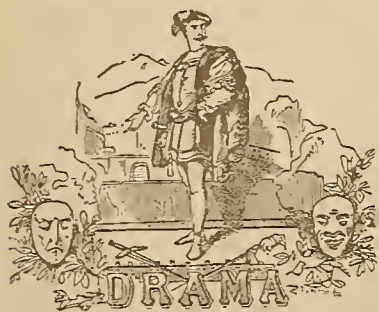
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"ELECTRA."

The third of the Margaret Anglin presentations of Attic tragedy at the Greek Theatre took place on last Saturday evening, a delicious summer night of perfect temperature. As before the vast edifice was filled; indeed, the press of next day chronicled the return to San Francisco of a disappointed thousand who could not secure seats.

"Electra," although this is Margaret Anglin's second appearance at the Greek Theatre in this rôle, showed the same phenomenal drawing power as the two other plays. No doubt the presence of the Exposition crowd has helped to swell the attendance, which, by the way, has consisted largely of young people, who, no doubt, at the romantic and idealizing stage of life, are enjoying, devoutly or irreverently, according to their temperament, the comparatively rare experience of hearing floods of beautiful poetry roll out with fine, stately, sonorous elocution. And how the players must love it, this rare felicity of giving vent to the pent-up powers within them! Ordinarily confined as they are to the prose and matter-of-factness—some of it—and realism of modern drama, it must be a labor of love to act in these majestic tragedies in which terror, dread, and awfulness are hatched from actual representation and suggested in stately verse.

If we were not getting to be old hands at witnessing Greek tragedy we would have thought, toward the end, that Orestes was actually going to slay Ægisthos in sight of the audience. But no; we knew better. Through that great, fateful doorway, within whose double portals such graceful pageantry emerged, such dire events had birth, Ægisthos had to pass, and it was only by the clashing of their weapons, and the dolorous death-cry of the loser in the duel, that we knew that Orestes had dealt the death-stroke to his mighty father's unworthy successor.

Electra strikes one as the most taxing of the three rôles played this season by the star. Medea and Electra, while animated by kindred emotions of vengeance, are not similarly circumstanced. The humiliations which are heaped upon Electra, proud daughter of a mighty house, the manner in which fate plays foothall with the pent-up emotions in that too-constant vessel of wrath; the blow that is dealt her persistent hope, affection, and vengeful longing by the tidings of Orestes's death; the fixed, unyielding, vengeful purpose which animates her while Clytemnestra's death-cries reach us through the great door, the powerful representation of all these tidal emotions made an immense demand upon the splendid reserve of histrionic resources which Miss Anglin has stored up within her dynamic being. But meet them she did, with a splendid vocal reserve that responded to every demand, and with a strength and fury of emotional power worthy of the name of the famous Greek heroine.

Electra, robed in her dismal mourning, not, like Medea, jeweled, her beauty adorned with rich colors and fabrics, not, like, the guilty Clytemnestra, crowned and attended by a regal train, must express with her own feeble woman's voice and body and mien all the energy of baffled will, and pride of family, and filial affection, and repressed royalty that drive her on to her dark purpose. It is difficult to decide just why "Electra" is more truly dramatic than "Medea"; but so it is, and, although the mere curiosity-seeker might weary of the almost unrelieved gloom of "Electra," yet the lover of tragedy has his full return in the grand, onward movement which sweeps on from the war of words between the two royal women, to the false news of Orestes's death, the mourning of Electra, her ineffectual efforts with her feeble-souled sister, to the great scene of the recognition, and, finally, to the fearful vengeance ordained by the gods and accomplished by the matricidal son of the dead hero.

In the matter of spectacle "Iphigenia in Aulis" still stands ahead; which is, doubtless, added to the greater simplicity and pathos of its motive, the reason why it is chosen for a repetition. In "Electra," however, the orchestra space, and the majestic stairway descending thereto, are again in requisition. The chororal maidens, with their finger-cymbals clashing in time to a charming dance measure, make a beautiful entrance, and, as in "Iphigenia," circle around the central space with graceful semi-dancing movements. A

stone altar occupies the central point of the orchestral circle, and thither Clytemnestra descends, after making a truly royal entrance with her garlanded train of youths and maidens, laden with fruits and flowers, to make votive offering to Apollo and appeal for his continued protection. The queen's train was costumed, decorated, and grouped with the nicest sense of color, proportion, symmetry, and pose, and it is certain that every soul in the audience who possessed any sense of beauty must have richly joyed in this simply imposing spectacle every moment that Clytemnestra and her train were on the stage of the great outdoor theatre.

Ruth Holt Boucicault, as before, two years ago, was the Clytemnestra, and, as before, she was robed in the red of psychological significance. A golden crown rested on her black hair, and draperies of a golden hue swept royally from her shoulders; for Clytemnestra, the guilty queen, defiantly arrogated to herself all the splendor denied to the too-constant and mourning Electra. Miss Boucicault, as ever in her work in this line, was splendidly in keeping with the exalted atmosphere of Greek tragedy, in which she shines by her elocution and by the physical imposingness which she hestows on the royal characters she represents.

Mr. W. Lawson Butt was absent from the cast on this occasion, but Pedro de Cordoba, the young actor who distinguished himself in "Medea" by the fine elocution with which, as the messenger of woe, he described the death of Cleon's daughter, was a fine Orestes, full of youthful fire and fervor, but, in the hour when Clytemnestra's punishment was meted out, dignified by the fatalistic exaltation and calm of one who has been chosen as an instrument of the gods.

Not so firm and assured in her touch as the rest of the company, nevertheless there was something very commendable in the work of Miss Saxone Morland, who, as Chrysothemis, expressed the tender youth, the relative timidity, and the weaker fibre of the young sister of Electra.

Fuller Melish was well placed in the rôle of the foster-father of Orestes, and Paul Harvey's imposing proportions, and, for some reason, less imposing elocution on this occasion, were displayed in the rôle of Ægisthos.

A lessened orchestra gave a much reduced musical accompaniment as compared with that of the two other plays, but every note gave its due effect: the dance measure and the pageantry music which accompanied the advent of Clytemnestra and her train being particularly enjoyable; perhaps as a gratefully felt relief to the sombreness of the general theme.

#### THE ORPHEUM.

It was hard, hard, to have to step down from Margaret Anglin in Greek tragedy to Leslie Carter in a tabloid version of "Zaza." It is not only that I love real tragedy more, but that I love "Zaza" less. "Zaza," even in its palmiest days, was always detestable. The play makes a low appeal, and any pity that Zaza excites in us by her undoubted sufferings loses the quality of refreshment that gentler emotions give the soul because of the atmosphere of hot flesh, stray underclothes, soiled tinsel, Parisian corruption, and fiercely animal love which makes such a mixed and murky essence around the love-horror of poor Zaza. Mrs. Leslie Carter is still able to draw on her reservoir of emotionalism, but I feel that I am perfectly consistent in my dislike of her methods. I always felt and always asserted in this column that she was not an artist. Art must contain some spiritual beauty in its message, and there is none in "Zaza" nor in Mrs. Carter's impersonation of its heroine. In her best days this apostle of violent emotions jangled our nerves instead of playing on our sensibilities. She does it still. She is hysterical, violent, screaming, pitiable as before, only more so, in a retrogressive sense.

The play is pushed through at a rapid trot, all information necessary being propelled, panting, as it were, on the scene, so that those who have hitherto had the felicity of not knowing "Zaza" in its entirety may lose nothing essential to a full understanding of the liaison between the café chanteuse and her objectionable mate in the liaison. The act that is chosen is that in which Zaza, after her visit to Bernard Dufrene's house, receives her lover at breakfast in her suburban nest and betrays her knowledge of his marital felicity. The comedy in this scene always was of the cheapest, paltriest description, and time has not improved it. The jealous fury and despair of Zaza, not quite so jarring and terrific as in the past, can still make the yokels stare. And so, no more of "Zaza." Let us change the subject and open the windows.

Rex's Comedy Circus afforded us a highly entertaining interval with "The Greatest Bucking Mule in the World." Well, I am ready to believe it. I liked that mule. It kicked so spunkily yet harmlessly, was so handsome and silky, and had such a gorgeous time. Professor Rex almost supplied the star of the afternoon, but I think, on the whole, that in

spite of the really exciting time we had seeing the mule down the men, and the men down the mule, that Willie Solar was the star of the programme. Willie, late star of the London Hippodrome, is direct from Europe. I believe that, too. As far as we can make out here in America all the European stars who can get a job are heading this way. Willie Solar sings in various assorted accents, in several languages, does lip-gymnastics of an entirely original nature, hisses, whistles, and gives wierd simian demonstrations, and dances frantically. He makes a great hit, does Willie, but he could make a greater one still if he would appear before us costumed as a Kewpie, for upon his broad, twinkling countenance is expanded the Kewpie expression, just waiting to be histrionically conveyed.

Harry and Eva Puck give a song-and-dance act, in which Eva wears good clothes and dances with some dash, and Harry pianoizes and holds up the male side of the act generally. Harry, by the way, composed "California and You," and says he is proud of it. Unfortunately he came a little late, for "California and You," which was billed for swift popularity and an early death, has now sung and played itself out. I don't think, however, that Harry quite understood this, for while he was making his final how upon his rather nice, likable, youthful, and ingenious countenance there was a puzzled look, as one expecting an ovation that didn't materialize.

"Ireland's famous tenor," Thomas Egan, is still on the hill, pouring forth his light, sweet, flowing tenor in the lays made famous to us by Chauncey Olcott. He himself so resembles Chauncey Olcott in voice and method that he might be own son to that stage child of Ireland. Like Mr. Olcott, he never forces a note. His brogue is not quite so fully developed as that of the older man, but it is a very neat affair. His highest note is a falsetto, but he treats it with such miraculous gentleness that he wins a round of applause with it every time.

Han Ping Chien, with three assistants, repeated some effects in Chinese magic that we have already seen demonstrated by others, and furnished an additional novelty or so. Han Ping Chien is a merry soul with a waggish look in his twinkling eye and jokes in Chinese on his tongue; he celebrated the successful accomplishment of each trick by playing a triumphal tin-tin-tin on a brass plaque, the which greatly tickled his audience. I felicitate him on the professional gravity of his boy assistant, which remained unmoved until the joy of performance chased it away with smiles.

J. C. Nugent continues this week with a change of bill. "The Regular" is a thoroughly vaudevilian sketch, in which J. C. Nugent, the author, does a very neat hit of monologizing. He makes his effects with fascinating quietude, but he makes them, and he wins his audience by pleasing glints of sentiment, quickly concealed, à la American, by a swiftly following jokelet. Mr. Nugent, who writes his own material—he calls "The Regular" "an oddity"—winds up with a nice little hihulous club man's homily administered to a silly country girl in boy's clothes who wanted to play the sport; and the "oddity" left a good taste in people's mouths, for, after all, even the toughest and hardest men in a vaudeville audience, that will snigger at reflections on female virtue, prefer stage sentiments looking to the conservation rather than the destruction of that quality when it exists in a state of innocence.

I believe all that there is left to consider is Miss Eva Shirley, billed as "the youngest prima donna in vaudeville." I don't know how little Eva ever managed to penetrate the sacredly guarded precincts of high vaudeville. But he who let her in should be chosen to let her out. Over the vocalism of Eva—especially her high notes—we will, with cotton in our ears, draw a veil, not even pausing to advise her to waste her spare cash in singing lessons. It would be all in vain.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

#### A Rare Autumn Music Festival.

The music department of the Exposition announces an Autumn Music Festival to be held in Festival Hall from September 29th to October 3d. The Exposition Chorus of 400 voices under the leadership of Emil Mollenhauer, conductor of the Handel and Haydn Society and the Apollo Club of Boston, with the Exposition Orchestra of eighty (Max Bendix, conductor), will present Mendelssohn's "Elijah" Wednesday evening, September 29th, and Verdi's "Requiem" Sunday afternoon, October 3d, and there will be a public rehearsal of the last work Friday evening, October 1st, at 7:30. The soloists engaged for the festival include Mme. Emmy Destinn, soprano from the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York; Mrs. Grace Bonner Williams, the Boston soprano; Mme. Florence Mulford, contralto, from the Metropolitan Opera Company; George Hamlin, tenor, from the Chicago Grand Opera Company; Evan Williams, the famous Welsh tenor; Frederic Martin, America's greatest oratorio basso; Earl Cartwright, the New York haritone, and Fritz Kreisler, the violinist. Kreisler will play Thursday evening, September 30th, and there will be an "Artists' Concert" Saturday afternoon, October 2d, at 2:30.

#### The Kreisler Concerts.

Fritz Kreisler will be heard in recitals at the Cort Theatre Sunday afternoons, October 3d and 10th, under the direction of Frank W. Healy, and there promises to be such an outpouring of musical folks as San Francisco has seldom seen. The idol of music lovers the world over, Fritz Kreisler's emotional playing makes a great appeal to the masses, and he will be given such a warm welcome as seldom falls to any other artist.

Mail orders for the Kreisler concerts if sent to Frank W. Healy, care of Sherman, Clay & Co., will be filled in the order of their receipt, and as near the desired location as possible.

The Von Ende School of Music of New York City, which is under the patronage of Dr. Karl Muck, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, has been presented with special scholarships amounting to more than \$10,000, through the generosity of two friends of the school. These special scholarships will be awarded for a term of three years, and divided among five singers and two violinists. The five voice scholarships are to be awarded to a coloratura soprano, a dramatic soprano, a contralto, a tenor, and a basso. At the expiration of the term of study the winners of these special scholarships will be given valuable assistance to enable them to enter their respective professional careers auspiciously. The competition for these scholarships will be held beginning September 20th, and the scholarships awarded by a jury composed of eminent authorities in the musical profession. In case the examinations between any two competitors are so close that it is hard for the judges to decide a special scholarship will be added.

A kingdom was once set up on Beaver Island, in northern Lake Michigan, and flourished for some years. James Jesse Strang, a prominent Mormon, had quarreled with the leaders of his church, and in 1846 withdrew with a few followers to that island. Other Mormons joined the colony from time to time, and by the winter of 1848 they were sufficiently numerous to threaten control of the island. On July 8, 1850, Strang was crowned king with elaborate ceremonies. There was much controversy between the Mormons and the other inhabitants of the island, mostly fishermen. While on a visit to Detroit President Fillmore heard of this little kingdom within the domain of the United States. He sent an armed vessel to Beaver Island and King Strang was captured and tried for treason. He conducted his own defense, and made such an eloquent plea that he was acquitted. In 1856 he was assassinated, and his kingdom fell with him.

## IN RESPONSE

TO THE MULTITUDES WHO WERE UNABLE TO PROCURE

TICKETS TO SEE MISS ANGLIN IN EURIPIDES'

## "IPHIGENIA in AULIS"

SHE HAS ACCEPTED THE INVITATION OF THE MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC COMMITTEE TO REPEAT THE PERFORMANCE IN THE

## GREEK THEATRE

(University of California)

Saturday Evening, Sept. 4

GENERAL ADMISSION \$1.00 RESERVED SEATS \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50

TICKETS NOW ON SALE at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, San Francisco and Oakland; The Ass. Students' Store, Tupper and Reid's, Glessner, Morse & Geary's, The Sign of the Bear, and Sadler's, Berkeley.



FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Miss Anglin to Repeat Greek Tragedy in Berkeley.

More than 30,000 have witnessed the three stupendous Attic productions by Margaret Anglin in the Greek Theatre, marveled at the genius which made them vibrant with life and thrilling with intimate interest, and from present indications it would seem that 30,000 more desire to attend. The demand for reservations so far exceeded the supply that an extra performance was inevitable, and "Iphigenia in Aulis," the Euripides tragedy of youthful martyrdom, was selected for the farewell performance which Miss Anglin was urgently requested by the Music and Dramatic Committee of the University of California to present. At considerable trouble, Miss Anglin rearranged her plans, which originally contemplated but the three performances. The repeat production of "Iphigenia in Aulis" on Saturday evening, September 4th, will positively be the last in which the public will be enabled to witness the marvel of Miss Anglin's art to renew the fire on the altar of ancient classic drama.

Choice fell to "Iphigenia in Aulis" for several reasons, not the least of which was the overwhelming number of requests made on the Music and Dramatic Committee and Miss Anglin that it be given one more production before the season of Greek drama in English was brought to a close. Above her "Medea" or her "Electra" of this year's offering or her "Antigone" of four years ago, "Iphigenia" conjoins the elements of appeal which have rendered Miss Anglin's presentations in the Greek Theatre unique in all the world.

In "Iphigenia" there is opportunity for superb pageantry, disclosing Miss Anglin's Greek chorus in the costume designed by Livingston Platt, archaeologist-artist, and staged by Gustav von Seyffertitz, probably the greatest stage director in America, and who worked jointly and enthusiastically with Miss Anglin to the end that the productions should be—what they have proved to be—artistic and dramatic triumphs. There is scope in "Iphigenia" for the genius of Walter Damrosch, who at great difficulty also rearranged his plans and has consented to remain and direct his symphonic score, which added so much of attractiveness to the first presentation of the work. There is also in "Iphigenia" opportunity for Miss Anglin's splendid supporting company to distinguish itself collectively in the ensemble scenes and individually as well, and finally, before all else, Miss Anglin herself appears in a rôle of such tender pathos at first and later in so triumphant an expression of patriotic, fervent martyrdom that nothing else seen at the hands of this gifted daughter of Thespis is comparable to her pure daughter of noble, harassed Agamemnon.

In all respects of music, pageantry, costuming, lighting, and scenic investiture the forthcoming repetition, Saturday night, September 4th, will find "Iphigenia" exactly as it was done by the same cast as that which presented it three weeks ago.

Seats are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s stores in San Francisco and Oakland and in the bookstores of Berkeley.

Unique Setting for Delightful Play.

"The Taming of the Shrew" is to be presented on Saturday, September 4th, at 8:15 p. m., and Sunday, September 5th, at 2:30 p. m., in the beautiful amphitheatre amidst the trees at Pinchurst Station, Redwood Cañon. Never has this fanciful play had so worthy a setting. The stage is surrounded by trees and a sloping bank forms a most delightful background. This amphitheatre has just been created and forms an addition to the attractions of Redwood Cañon on the Oakland, Antioch, and Eastern Railway. The audience,

seated beneath the trees, will watch a delightfully amusing play given by the Garnet Holme Players. The Oakland, Antioch, and Eastern Railway will afford every facility for those who wish to be present at this unique and delightful performance.

Last Times of "Potash and Perlmutter."

Montague Glass's famous *Saturday Evening Post* stories, "Potash & Perlmutter," in their stage form appear to have made even a bigger hit than did the magazine works. The comedy woven around the Glass stories is now visiting San Francisco for the second time within this year, and the return engagement at the Columbia Theatre is proving as big a drawing card as did the first presentation here of the piece.

Demand for seats for the second and final week of "Potash & Perlmutter" is very heavy. Jules Jordan, Lew Welch, Lottie Kendall, Marie Howe, and all the others of the large company manage to get as many laughs out of "Potash & Perlmutter" this season as ever before. They do splendid team work, and all of the big scenes are played with good effect. There will be matinees Wednesday at "Pop" prices. The evening and Saturday matinee prices range from 50 cents to \$1.50. The final performance will be given Sunday night, September 12th.

Margaret Anglin will be the next attraction at the Columbia Theatre, where she will play a limited engagement in her latest comedy success, entitled "Beverly's Balance." It is the work of Paul Kester, and Miss Anglin has met with unusual success in the piece both in New York and Chicago. A heavy advance inquiry for seats indicates a strong interest in the engagement. The entire New York supporting cast and production will be seen here.

All-Star Cast for "The New Henrietta."

Five stars in the theatrical world—William H. Crane, Thomas W. Ross, Maclyn Arbuckle, Laura Hope Crews, and Mabel Taliaferro—come to the Cort Theatre on Monday evening, September 6th, all in one play, "The New Henrietta." It is an old friend that has been weighed and not found wanting. It means a revival, and that in turn means the new ways of reaching the public.

Revolutions are a blessing to a changing world, because they justify only the best of other days, and institute comparisons that fall like heavenly dew on the drying-up egotism of a younger generation. Joseph Brooks has fathered more important revivals than any of the legitimate theatre managers. Last season he revived "Tribby" with an all-star cast, and now comes "The Henrietta," under his guiding direction, with the stars mentioned, who will be supported by an excellent company, including James J. Ryan, Edward Poland, Arthur S. Hull, Malcolm Bradley, J. H. Huntley, Zeffie Tilbury, Rosalind Coghlan, and Zandie Appleton.

"The New Henrietta" has the advantage of an American story, a model of technical drawing and human interest, enacted by players singularly fit for their respective rôles, and sensitively revised by Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes to suit the taste and vision of a passing generation. That Mr. Brooks has read his public aright is abundantly evident in the affectionate greeting his stars receive at every performance.

Tonight and tomorrow matinee will mark the final presentations at the Cort Theatre of "The Birth of a Nation; or, The Clansman," the film masterpiece.

Models in Famous Paintings at Pantages Theatre.

When the Germans shelled Louvain many of the world's greatest masterpieces were destroyed by the guns of the Teutons. Mlle. Henrietta de Serris, whose fifteen living models appear as the feature attraction at the Pantages on Sunday, happened to be in Louvain three years ago and made copies of the beautiful paintings and marble groupings. Among the selections to be offered will be "The Angelus" and "The Gleaners," two of Miller's greatest paintings. Other well-known copies will be "The Passing of the Regiment," "The Defense of the Flag," "Priam at the Feet of Achilles," and the wonderful grouping, "The Winners." All of the details of Mlle. de Serris's tableaux vivants are posed with care for absolute detail, and her living pictures have been the headline feature on practically every big vaudeville theatre in the world.

Sunny Kilduff and Arthur May in their ludicrous bucolic travesty, "The Limb of the Law," is the big laughing hit of the new show. This act, which was seen here last season, will be remembered for the eccentric "Reuben Glide" danced by May Weber's fourteen juvenile "Melodyphinds," who are another big feature of the programme. The youngsters have a repertory of the newest popular instrumental selections and introduce several bright song numbers in their specialty.

Other good acts will be "Dancing Davey," the eccentric German; the Alexander Brothers, ball-bouncing experts; the University Four, harmony singers, and Welch and Car-

basse in a delightful sketch, "The Wedding Night."

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

Next week will positively be Mrs. Carter's last at the Orpheum. She will continue to present her tabloid version of "Zaza," which is proving a success.

In conjunction with her a great new show will be presented, which includes several of the most famous acts in vaudeville.

Ralph Dunbar's Salon Singers, an excellent quintet, who shared headline honors with William Jennings Bryan on the Chautauqua Circuit, will present a delightful programme of popular numbers.

Billie Burke is known as an originator and producer. His latest success is entitled "Tango Shoes," and is a novelty in which the element of curiosity and mystery play an important part. To go into further details would be to lessen the enjoyment of one of the most diverting acts in vaudeville.

Charles E. Evans, the favorite comedian of Evans and Hoey "Parlor-Match" fame, will be a welcome feature of the coming bill. He will be assisted by Helena Phillips, recently prominent in the support of David Warfield. The two will present a laughable farce entitled "A Forgotten Combination."

Shirley Rives and Ben Harrison will appear in a new "Bench Act." Miss Rives is an accomplished vocalist and comedienne and is also a beautiful woman; Ben Harrison is a clever, versatile, and original comedian.

The others who will take part in this programme are Harry and Eva Puck, Eva Shirley, and Willie Solar.

THE MUSIC SEASON.

Damrosch to Conduct Wagnerian Programme

The weekly concerts of the Exposition Orchestra in Festival Hall are drawing the attention of thousands of music lovers, and the one to be given this Sunday afternoon promises to be among the most attractive yet offered. Walter Damrosch is to be the conductor, the music department of the Exposition having been able to secure his valuable and greatly sought services on account of his having had charge of the musical settings of Margaret Anglin's productions at the Greek Theatre recently. He has heard the Exposition Orchestra several times, expressed his admiration of that organization of eighty musicians, and concluded that he would like to present a Wagner programme. Consequently the conductor of the famous New York Symphony Orchestra will wave his baton over selections from "Die Meistersinger," "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," "Tristan and Isolde," "Die Götterdämmerung," and "Die Walküre." There will be three numbers from "Die Meistersinger," including the Prelude, Walther's Prize Song, and the Prelude to the third act.

Pierre Henrette, concert-master of the orchestra, will play the violin solo in "Dreams," a study from "Tristan and Isolde," and Mrs. Merle Alcock will be the vocalist of the afternoon. This dramatic contralto, who has made thirty-two appearances with the New York Symphony Orchestra and who also sang with great success in Miss Anglin's Greek Theatre productions, will be heard in Adriane's Aria from Wagner's "Rienzi." The concert will begin at half-past two, and seats are going with a rush at the Exposition ticket office, 343 Powell Street.

Mme. Melba to Open Season Here.

Manager Will L. Greenbaum announces that his season will open on September 19th with a superb programme of song to be rendered by Mme. Nellie Melba, the greatest lyric soprano of her generation.

This season Mme. Melba will devote her time entirely to concert work, with the exception of three special appearances with the new Chicago Opera Company.

With Mme. Melba will come a young baritone, Robert Parker, late of the Quinlan Opera Company, and Frank St. Leger, a European accompanist. Two concerts will be given at the Cort Theatre, on Sunday afternoon, September 19th and 26th.

The prices of seats will range from \$2.50 down to \$1, and mail orders may now be sent to Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. Special attention will be given to out-of-town orders.

In Oakland Mme. Melba will have the distinction of being the first great artist to sing in the new Auditorium Opera House, a theatre with perfect acoustics. The date of this event is Thursday night, September 23d. Tickets will be on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Oakland store and at the Auditorium box-office. For this event address Mr. Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Oakland.

Kreisler Special Concerts at Greek Theatre.

Professor William Dallam Armes, chairman of the Faculty Committee on Music and Drama, announces that on Friday night, October 8th, for the first time, a great musical star will appear at the Greek Theatre. The artist will be Fritz Kreisler and he will be supported by a big symphony orchestra by ar-

rangement with Will L. Greenbaum. On this occasion the master violinist will play a Concerto by Mozart, the Mendelssohn Concerto, and groups of solo numbers. Reserved seats will be \$2, \$1.50, and \$1, and mail orders should be addressed to Professor Armes at the University of California.

"Somewhere in France" is the title of a new book of stories by Richard Harding Davis. The title story—one of the most fascinating he ever wrote—is a story of the present war. No one could be better fitted to write a story with such a setting, for Mr. Davis was on the spot during some of the most thrilling and memorable episodes of the war. This book is published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

AMUSEMENTS

FESTIVAL HALL

SUNDAY AFT. SEPT. 5, at 2:30

WAGNER CONCERT

by the  
EXPOSITION ORCHESTRA of 80  
Conducted by

WALTER DAMROSCH

Soloist, MRS. MERLE ALCOCK  
Dramatic Contralto.

Prices, 50c, 75c, \$1, and \$1.50; box seats, \$2  
SEATS SELLING NOW at 343 Powell St.  
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Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon

Matinee Every Day

Last Week

MRS. LESLIE CARTER

In a Tabloid Version of "Zaza"

In Conjunction with

A GREAT NEW SHOW

RALPH DUNBAR'S SALON SINGERS;  
BILLIE BURKE'S TANGO SHOES; SHIRLEY  
RIVES and BEN HARRISON in "Another  
Bench Act"; HARRY and EVA PUCK;  
WILLIE SOLAR; EVA SHIRLEY; CHAS.  
E. EVANS of Evans & Hoey "Parlor Match"  
Fame, assisted by HELENA PHILLIPS, in  
the one-act farce, "A Forgotten Combination."

Evening prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Matinee  
prices (except Sundays and holidays), 10c,  
25c, 50c. Phone—Douglas 70.

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Playhouse

Geary and Mason Sts. Phone Franklin 150

Nightly, Including Sunday

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday

Evenings and Saturday matinee, \$1.50 to 50c  
Wednesday matinee, "Pop" prices, 25c to \$1

A. H. Woods presents the

HIT OF THE NATION

"Potash and Perlmutter"

"Abe" and "Mawruss"

Monday, Sept. 13—MARGARET ANGLIN  
in the comedy, "Beverly's Balance."

CORT Leading Theatre  
ELLIS AND MARKET  
Phone Sutter 2460

Last times Sunday—"The Birth of a Nation;  
or, The Clansman"

Commencing Monday Night, September 6  
Joseph Brooks presents the great five-star  
aggregation

Wm. H. Crane Thomas W. Ross  
Maclyn Arbuckle Laura Hope Crews  
Mabel Taliaferro

Supported by an excellent company, in

"THE NEW HENRIETTA"

Nights and Sat. mat., 50c to \$2; Wed. mat.,  
50c to \$1.50.

Note—This attraction will not play any other  
city in California.

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Opposite Mason

HENRIETTA DE SERRIS  
And Her Fifteen Living Models  
Reproducing World's Greatest Masterpieces  
Which Were Destroyed During the  
Siege of Louvain

WEBER'S FOURTEEN JUVENILE  
MELODYPHINDS

Harmony Instrumental Selections

ARTHUR O. MAY and SUNNY KILDUFF

In the riotous comedy travesty  
"A LIMB OF THE LAW"

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Will L. Greenbaum announces Mme.

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Direction CHARLES A. ELLIS, Boston

CORT THEATRE

Sunday aft, Sept. 19th, at 2:30, and  
Sunday aft, Sept. 26, at 2:30

Prices—Box Seats \$3.00; Orchestra \$2.50, \$2.00;  
Balcony \$2.00, \$1.50; Entire Gallery \$1.00.

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Order to Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay &  
Co.'s, cor. Sutter and Kearny Streets, S. F. NOW.

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Thursday eve, Sept. 23d, at 8:20

OAKLAND AUDITORIUM OPERA HOUSE

Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Audi-  
torium Monday, Sept. 20th.

The Mason & Hamlin Piano Used.

FRITZ

KREISLER

With Symphony Orchestra

GREEK THEATRE

Friday night, Oct. 8, at  
8:30 Sharp

Tickets, Reserved, \$2.00, \$1.50,  
\$1.00. Mail Orders NOW to

Wm. Dallam Armes, University of Cal., Berkeley.

Steinway Piano Used.





## VANITY FAIR.

We invariably search the columns of the New York *Sun* with the hope that some editorial writer will have proved unequal to his task and that a little extra space will therefore be available for the correspondents who are anxious to unburden their souls before the public gaze. We have an inner suspicion—not even wild horses could draw it into expression—that these communications are not written by the public at all and that the *Sun* staff contains some luckless wight whose duty it is to write letters to the editor. There is often a certain diabolic cleverness about them not to be found anywhere on earth except upon the *Sun* staff, and so we assume that it is exclusively a *Sun* product, made on the premises, so to speak, and probably patented or copyrighted or quarantined or something.

On this particular occasion our search has been rewarded by the discovery of nearly a column of letters on "unmated hearts." It seems that there are a large number of unmarried young men and women who are simply yearning to enter the hymeneal state, but who are prevented from doing so by the difficulty of meeting the right persons to serve as confederates. Leading lonely lives either through temperament or circumstance, they are perpetually on the yearn, as one might say, ever hoping, in the words of one correspondent, for "the happy accidental meeting, elusive and unaccountable."

And the young women are no better off. They would like to dally by the wayside once in a while, to investigate the police record of some likely looking loiterer who might serve for a brief summer or two as a kind of husband, and possibly to put to him a few coy questions on his eugenic history or even to beg for a little of his spinal cord, like they do in Wisconsin, for the usual chemical tests. But what chance do they get? None at all. They are "dragged around to lunches, teas, receptions, matinees, dinners, lectures, and philanthropies." No man, says this mournful letter-writer, ever did or can do a great work alone. But he has no chance to find any one to do it with him. He lacks the necessary introductions. And on the other hand there are ever so many unmarried women "whose mission is divine and whose snowy natures lead like tracks of light upward." And here we feel that this gifted writer in the stress of an honorable enthusiasm has momentarily allowed his imagination to run away with him. There may be such women, but certainly there are not enough of them to embarrass the traffic. And we are not sure that we should want a woman whose snowy nature leads like tracks of light upward. Just plain woman is good enough for us. And she will probably go to uplift and purity meetings anyhow, and we are by no means certain that we want to be led upward. It does not sound very enticing.

The letter is a long one, but it comes to an end at last with a sort of impassioned appeal in its tail. "Ah!" says the writer with feeling and fervor in every syllable. And then he adds: "It does seem that a woman's very highest mission in life is to make some one man supremely happy, yet often she is compelled to exclaim, 'Where is that one man?'" Well, we sympathize very heartily, but it is of no use to come round here. We haven't got him. Advertising rates on application.

Of course there are other letters. There is a nasty cynical note from a person in Long Island City, whose name we should scorn to print, and who says in so many words that bachelors do not marry because they would rather "go it alone"—evidently a most unpleasant person. Then he adds "married happiness is an illusion."

Now it has never seemed to us that there was any difficulty in getting married—or unmarried. All this stuff about needing introductions is pure moonshine. And equally moonshine is the stuff about the one man and the one woman who alone can fill the bill. Why there are thousands of them. So far as the man is concerned, it is hardly possible for him to make a mistake. Almost any woman he gets will be far too good for him. He may be fairly sure that her chief defect will be the mental debility that permitted her to take any notice of him.

Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, not having broken into print for about a day and a half, now writes to the New York *Evening Post* to point out that the people who argue against the franchise and who draw lines always draw the line outside of themselves. Not long ago she went to Fifth Avenue and spoke in one of the ballrooms at an after-dinner lecture. When it was over one of the ladies said to her: "In our hearts we all believe in woman suffrage; it would be all right for us; we are educated, we are cultured; but what do you think those foreigners down in the East End would know about it?" Now the week before Dr. Shaw had addressed a company of young Russian Jews on the East Side, and a young girl had said to her afterwards: "That's all right; we believe in woman suffrage; but,

then, we are educated, we have been driven out of our country, become exiles in a new land; you have not welcomed us; we have had a training in hardship and discouragement and despair; we know what we want, but what do those women up on Fifth Avenue know about it?"

Now there is quite a knotty problem for decision. Were the ladies of Fifth Avenue in the right or the young Jews of the East End? First we incline to one side and then to the other. But probably both were right.

This is the time for the *nolens-volens* stay-at-home gourmand to explore his own hunting ground (says Mr. August Stander in the New York *Evening Post*). At present, when all roads to the once famous restaurants of Paris are closed, when the epicure is prevented from paying homage at the altar of the Parisian Gasterea; when he has to forego his *Barbue Durand*, his *Poularde Voisin*, his *Crêpes des Gourmets*, his German *Forelle blau*, his Italian *Frittura Mista*, his Russian *Rassolnik* and *Koulbianka*; when he is fully convinced that nothing can recompense him for his apparently lost delights, he ought not to despair, but like Kipling's mongoose "run and find out," and he will do as Columbus did, that is, discover gastronomic America.

He will then find that a vast amount of thought is given to holly nutrition by American specialists, and that not even in Europe has the art of eating been so refined and elaborated as in this country. It is true that not so very many years ago, when America's culinary art was yet in its infancy, we had nothing to boast about. The last quarter of a century, however, has made rapid strides forward. The older generation will yet delight in reminiscences of succulent dinners and piquant suppers in gay Paris. It will still tell you of the beef tea of the Café Riche and of the numbered ducks at the Tour d'Argent, where Frederic himself made the process of pressing an almost sacerdotal function. What a world of deliciously wicked memories! But conditions have changed entirely. It is no longer Paris, but New York, that leads in the gastronomic world. How could it be otherwise? The choicest products of the vineyard, the vegetable garden, and the orchard have for years found their way to the New York markets to the detriment of the home consumer in France, Belgium, or Italy. Nevertheless, the tables have been turned, for whereas Europe supplied New York with its most delectable products in the past, it is now our greatest consumer of delicacies. Just think of our juicy oyster, our gustful alligator pear, our luscious terrapin, our refreshing grapefruit, which have taken Europe by storm. American restaurants have sprung up everywhere in London, Paris, and Berlin. Corn on the cob and corn cakes are no longer strangers in these capitals, and a Boston cream pie and a Lady Baltimore cake may be found even upon Rumpelmeyer's list of dainties in Nice and Monte Carlo.

Just one hundred years ago today there arrived in this country an exile from France, the ever great Brillat-Savarin, the author of "Gastronomy as a Fine Art," to remain here for three years. These years were most fruitful for our country, for Savarin, a maitre of culinary art, taught Julius, the Boston hotel-keeper, how to make a *fondue*, while a Captain Collet amassed a fortune in New York by introducing ices and sherbets. Ever since the influence of French cooks has been steady. France is, indeed, complaining that her most distinguished chefs expatriate themselves to appreciative America. Other countries also have honored us by sending over their master cooks, until today New York outdoes all other cities of the world in culinary excellence. Paris, heretofore the only city which maintained an academy for the study of gastronomy, gastrosophy, and cooking, will soon have a rival in New York. The leading restaurateurs and hotel proprietors of our metropolis have been working for years under the initiative of Mr. William C. Muschenheim of the Hotel Astor to perfect the plans for a high school in cookery. This very creditable undertaking will insure the permanent excellency of our cooking for years and generations to come, when the immigration of cooks will have stopped. It deserves the appreciation of all who value good dining, and who in the meantime will benefit by the art of the prospective teachers, who serve today the dishes made famous by Carême, Duhois, and Rottentoffer.

The velocity of a star seems to be a factor of its effective age. Unlike ordinary human experience, the speed of a star increases with its advancing years, and in the whirl of spheres above us it is the young who can not keep the pace. The average velocity of stars ranges from about six kilometers, or between three and four miles, per second for "young" stars to about thirty kilometers per second for "old" ones. But notable exceptions occur. At Mount Wilson solar observatory of the Carnegie Institution some stars have been found to move with velocities of 141, 150, 179, 233, 216, and even 325 kilometers per second, the highest speed yet known.



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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A girl was asked to explain why men never kiss each other, while women do. She replied: "Men have something better to kiss; women haven't."

A young lady called one day on Rubinstein, the great pianist, who had consented to listen to her playing. "What do you think I should do now?" she asked when she had finished. "Get married," was Rubinstein's answer.

A Baltimore physician boarded a crowded car. A woman was standing and a big German was sprawling over twice the seat area that was necessary to him. Indignantly the physician said to him: "See here! Why don't you move a little so that this tired woman may have a seat?" "Say, dot's a choke on you, all right! Dot's my wife!"

A man entered a famous restaurant and asked for coffee. After he had finished his repast he called the waiter, and said: "Waiter, this coffee has its good points and its bad points. One of its good points is this—it has no chicory in it." "Yes, sir," replied the waiter, quite gratified. Visions of a handsome tip floated before his mind's eye, and he rubbed his hands gleefully. "But," resumed the customer, "its bad point is this—it has no coffee in it."

During the past season a traveler in the South stopped in a small town to make a purchase. The storekeeper could not make the correct change for the bill which was presented, so Mr. Boak started in search of some one who could. Sitting beside the door, whittling a stick, was an old dandy. "Uncle," said Mr. Boak, "can you change a ten-dollar bill?" The old fellow looked up in surprise; then he touched his cap, and replied: "Diced an' Ah can't, boss, but Ah 'preciates de honor, jest de same."

The only unoccupied room in the hotel—one with a private bath in connection with it—was given to the stranger from Kansas. Next morning the clerk was approached by the guest when he was ready to check out. "Well, did you have a good night's rest?" the clerk asked. "No, I didn't," replied the Kansan. "The room was all right, and the bed was pretty good, but I couldn't sleep very much, for I was afraid some one would want to take a bath, and the only door to it was through my room."

At a funeral in Nebraska the preacher who had been asked to deliver the funeral oration was a stranger in town and didn't know the departed sister very well. After he had said all that he could he suggested that any one who could add a few words about the dear departed would be heard gladly. Three or four arose in turn and paid tribute to the memory of the woman who had passed beyond. Then there was a pause. Finally one old brother arose and said: "Well, if we're all through speaking about the departed sister I will now make a few brief remarks on the tariff."

Goddard had gotten as far as the sixth hole and was all set for a three-foot putt. Only those who have played golf know what an important moment this is and how necessary it is that everybody and everything should be quiet. Just as he brought the head of the putter back to hit the ball a young caddy came running up waving both arms and yelling: "Hey, Mr. Goddard, that is your factory in Long Island on fire!" Goddard watched his ball go wide of the cup by at least two feet, then he turned to the caddy and asked: "Don't you know enough to keep quiet when a man is trying to putt?"

The antipathy which Dr. Johnson bore to Scotland was not singular or unprecedented. Lord Stanley came plainly dressed to request a private audience of King James I. A gayly dressed Scotchman refused him admittance into the king's closet. The king, hearing an altercation between the two, came out, and inquired the cause. "My liege," said Lord Stanley, "this gay countryman of yours has refused me admittance to your presence." "Cousin," said the king, "how shall I punish him? Shall I send him to the Tower?" "Oh, no, my liege," replied Lord Stanley, "infect a severer punishment; send him back to Scotland."

Two men with the same name and both members of the same club found a letter in their box at the club. The wrong man opened it first. It was just a little dun from a tailor, who threatened to do everything but murder. He knew the missive didn't belong to him, so he put it in the box. The next night the wrong man and the right man happened to come to the club at the same time. Both went to the letter-box, the right man reaching it first. The wrong man stepped back because he didn't want to embarrass

the right one. But not he; he was there with the nerve. The right man read the epistle over very carefully twice. Then he tore it into bits, which he tossed carelessly into the nearest cuspidor, with a deprecating smile. "Poor little girl," said the right man. "How she loves me."

Sir Henry Wotton, for twenty years England's ambassador to the court of Venice, discovered to his sorrow that it is not always wise to be witty, even in so simple a matter as writing in an autograph album. Once when visiting at the house of a friend his host brought out the visitors' book and requested Sir Henry to inscribe his name in it, together with some appropriate sentiment. Willing to oblige and wishing to say something at once neat, witty, and wise, he wrote the following, and appended his name to it: "An ambassador is an honest man, sent abroad to lie for his country." But King James the First did not appreciate the effort of his ambassador. It was five long years before he received another appointment at the royal hands.

The late George A. Hearn, millionaire art collector of New York, was noted for his kind and reasonable treatment of his employees. Mr. Hearn used to smile at the new scientific management craze, of which he once said at a dinner: "These scientific management people, with their impossible schemes of doubling and trebling a man's labor, remind me of the simple-minded hodcarrier's impossible promise. A facetious boss said to him: 'Look a-here, friend, didn't I hire you to carry bricks up that ladder by the day?' 'Yes, sir,' said the hodcarrier, touching his cap. 'Well, I've had my eye on you, and you've only done it half a day today. You spent the other half coming down the ladder.' The hodcarrier touched his cap again. 'I'll try to do better tomorrow, sir,' he said, humbly."

Sandy Brown, a grocer in a small village in Forfarshire, discovered a bad two-shilling piece, which his wife (who was afflicted with weak eyesight) had taken during the day. Being of a parsimonious disposition, this annoyed him greatly, and he determined to pass the coin at the first opportunity. The next day, while at work, he saw "Daft Jimmie," the village idiot, pass. Calling him over, he said: "Here's a bad two-shilling piece, Jimmie. I want you to go to Simpson's" (a rival tradesman) "and buy an ounce of tobacco. You can keep the tobacco, but bring me the change." Jimmie hurried off and soon reappeared, and handed the delighted Sandy his change. "Did Simpson not suspect anything?" he asked. "Ach," said Jimmie, "I didna fash gaen so far as Simpson's. I just passed it in yer ain shoppie."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Marriage a la Mode.

"Oh, wilt thou take this form so spare,  
This powdered face and frizzled hair,  
To be thy wedded wife;  
And keep her free from labor vile,  
Lest she her dainty fingers soil—  
And dress her up in gayest style  
As long as thou hast life?"  
"I will!"

"And wilt thou take these stocks and bonds,  
This brownstone front, these diamonds,  
To be thy husband dear?  
And wilt thou in his carriage ride,  
And o'er his lordly home preside,  
Or be divorced while yet a bride,  
Or ere a single year?"  
"I will!"

"Then I pronounce you man and wife;  
And with what I've together joined,  
The next best man may run away  
Whenever he a chance can find."—Judge.

They Would Try Anything Once.

There was a man who fancied that by driving good and fast  
He'd get his car across the track before the train came past.  
He'd miss the engine by an inch, and make the train hands sore.  
There was a man who fancied this; there isn't any more.

There was a man who thought that he could win a little bet  
By quenching in some gasoline a lighted cigarette.  
He thought the fluid, being wet, would douse the flames somehow.  
There was a man who reasoned thus. He is not with us now.

There was a man, once on a time, who confidently swore  
That he'd jump off the Brooklyn Bridge and calmly swim to shore.  
He said the thrill that he would get would prove extremely pleasant.  
There was a man who held these views. There isn't at the present.

There was a man who, to his friends, would frequently declare  
That he would strangle with his hands a hungry grizzly bear.  
He spoke of hungry grizzlies with a fascinating sneer.  
A man like this there was; but now he's gone away from here.  
—New York American.



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Assets.....\$90,321,343.04  
Deposits.....57,362,899.35  
Capital actually paid up in cash.....1,000,000.00  
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....1,958,443.69  
Employees' Pension Fund.....199,164.12  
Number of Depositors.....66,965  
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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The wedding of Miss Gladys Buchanan and Major Lawrence C. Brown, U. S. A., took place Wednesday at the home in Presidio Terrace of the bride's grandmother, Mrs. Crawford W. Clark. It was a quiet affair, only relatives and a few intimate friends being present. Major Brown and Mrs. Brown will reside at Fort Barry, where Major Brown will be stationed for another year.

The wedding of Miss Beatrice Miller and Lieutenant Henry Gantz, U. S. A., took place Wednesday at the home in Santa Barbara of the bride's mother, Mrs. Ferdinand Bane. Miss Beatrice Nickel was the only attendant. Lieutenant Gantz, who is in the Army Aviation Corps, is stationed at Coronado.

News comes from England of the announcement of the engagement of Miss Clare de Trafford and Mr. Edric Charles Wolsley. Miss de Trafford is the daughter of Lady Agnes Maria de Trafford of Hothorpe, Theddington, Rugby. Mr. Wolsley is the son of Sir Charles Wolsley and Lady Wolsley of London. He is a nephew of Mr. Daniel W. Murphy of this city. No date has yet been set for the wedding.

Mrs. William Goddard of Rhode Island was the complimented guest Thursday at luncheon given by Mrs. William G. Irwin at her home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Ignace Paderewski entertained a number of friends Friday evening at a dinner at the Palace Hotel in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Landfield.

Mrs. Thomas Walsh was hostess Sunday evening at a dinner at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of Mr. and Mrs. William Howard Taft.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton gave a luncheon Sunday at the Burlingame Club in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, who were the complimented guests at a similar affair Sunday evening given by Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin. Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels are among others who entertained in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Longworth.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Howard were the complimented guests Friday evening at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. George Howard at their home in San Mateo.

Mrs. Daniel C. Jackling was hostess Thursday at a luncheon on board her yacht, the *Cypress*.

Dr. Arnold Genthe was the guest of honor Saturday evening at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Peixotto at their home on Washington Street.

Mrs. Norman E. Mack was hostess Tuesday at a luncheon at the Burlingame Club in honor of Mrs. James Wadsworth of New York.

Mrs. Dent Hayes Robert entertained a number of friends Wednesday afternoon at a tea at her home on California Street in honor of her mother, Mrs. Emmett L. Woodson, of New York.

Miss Emily Timlow was the guest of honor Saturday evening at a dinner given by her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan, at the Burlingame Club.

Mrs. George A. Moore was hostess Tuesday at a luncheon at her home in Ross. The affair was in honor of Mrs. William Sperry of Chicago, who is visiting Mrs. J. K. Armshy.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant entertained a number of friends Thursday evening at a dinner at their home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. John Ryan of New York were the guests of honor Wednesday evening at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Daniel C. Jackling at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. Starr Keeler was hostess recently at a luncheon at her home in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker entertained a number of friends Saturday evening at a dinner at their home in San Mateo. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Claus August Spreckels.

Mrs. H. M. A. Miller was hostess Tuesday at a luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. George T. Marve entertained a number of friends Tuesday evening at a dinner at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. Charles Howry of Washington, D. C., was the complimented guest Monday at a luncheon given by Mrs. William Bailey Lamar at the Francisco Club.

Mrs. William Post was hostess Tuesday at a luncheon at the Francisco Club.

Mrs. William Kent will give a luncheon at her home in Kentfield today, when a score of friends will enjoy her hospitality.

Mr. Herman Herkimer was host Monday afternoon at a tea at his studio on Post Street.

Mr. William H. Crocker entertained a number of friends Wednesday at a luncheon at the Pacific Union Club. The affair was in honor of Senator James W. Wadsworth, Jr., of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Baker Spaulding, Jr., were the complimented guests Sunday at a luncheon given by Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin at their home in San Mateo.

Miss Ruth Ghirardelli was hostess Monday evening at a dance at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Alexander Van Keuren was hostess recently at a bridge-*tea* at her home at Mare Island. The affair was in honor of her mother, Mrs. R. P. Moulton, of Philadelphia.

Mrs. Walter Cowles was the complimented guest Tuesday afternoon at a bridge-*tea* given by her daughter, Mrs. Leo Sahm, at her home at Mare Island.

Mrs. George Bell, Jr., entertained a number of friends Sunday evening at a dinner at the Palace Hotel.

Captain Ashley Robertson, U. S. N., was host Friday evening at a dinner on board the U. S. S. *Colorado*, anchored at Coronado.

Lieutenant John E. Lewis, U. S. A., and Mrs. Lewis, who recently arrived from Fort Huachuca, Arizona, were the complimented guests Monday evening at a dinner given by Mrs. Thomas Gillespie Carlsen at her home on Van Ness Avenue.

Mrs. Arthur B. Owens was hostess Friday at a luncheon at the Francisco Club in honor of Mrs. Tomlinson of New York.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Farquhar and Miss Joan McCall are here from Los Angeles to visit the Exposition. Mr. Farquhar was one of the architects of the Exposition. Mr. and Mrs. John P. Jones and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Jones of Los Angeles accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Farquhar from the southern city.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Waterlow Ford have returned to Ross, after a visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Ford on Broadway. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Waterlow Ford, who have been living in Berkeley, have moved to Ross.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Gade, who have been spending the summer at San Mateo, are established at the Fairmont Hotel for the winter. Mr. Roekwell King, who has been the guest of his sister, Mrs. Gade, will be at the Fairmont during the remainder of his visit in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, Mrs. Alexander Garceau, and Miss Jennie Hooker left last Friday for Seattle. They will spend two weeks traveling through Oregon and Washington.

Mrs. Claus August Spreckels has returned from a visit with Mrs. William G. Irwin at Burlingame and leaves today for her home in New York.

Mrs. William E. Pullian of Washington is visiting her sister, Mrs. W. F. Graham, wife of Captain Graham, U. S. A., at the Presidio. She is the wife of the former receiver-general of Santo Domingo.

Among the recent visitors who have come from Boston to see the Exposition are Mr. and Mrs. Codman, Miss Dorothea Codman, Mrs. Walcott Howe Johnson, Miss Rosamond Johnson, and Mr. Edward George Johnson.

Mr. and Mrs. Hennen Jennings of Washington and their family are established at the Clift Hotel. Since their arrival a month ago they have been guests at the Hotel Oakland. Mrs. Jennings is a sister of Miss Janet and Miss Persis Coleman.

Mr. Horacio Anasagasti has returned from a two weeks' visit to Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels have returned to their home on Pacific Avenue, after having spent the summer at their country home at Sothe Vista in Sonoma County.

Mrs. George Tallant, who is here from her home in Santa Barbara, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Charles Farquharson.

Mr. Russell Veit has arrived from New York and is staying at the Hotel St. Francis. Mr. Veit formerly resided in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith have returned from a visit with Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Moffitt at their home on Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Rosenstock and her daughter, Mrs. J. R. K. Nutall, have returned to their home on Jackson Street after spending the summer at Hotel Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Jean Saint Cyr, who have been spending a month in this city, have returned to their home in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Sypher have returned from a two weeks' visit at Lake Tahoe and are at the Hotel Monroee.

Mrs. John Rodgers Chadwick and the Misses Nan and Katherine Chadwick left for their home in the East after an extended visit with Senator James D. Phelan and Miss Mary Phelan.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Monsarrat have moved from their home on Broderick and Green Streets and have taken an apartment at the Warrington, where they will reside indefinitely.

Mrs. William Post departed Wednesday for Santa Barbara, where she will spend two weeks en route to her home in New York. Mrs. Post came to San Francisco in June, expecting to stay

only a week, but extended her stay in order to thoroughly see the Exposition.

Dr. Herbert C. Moffitt and Mrs. Moffitt and their children have returned from Lake Tahoe, where they have been spending the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Buckbee and their niece, Miss Helen Holman, have returned from an automobile trip through the Tahoe and Feather River countries.

Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Jackling left Monday evening for Arizona for a brief visit.

Mrs. Clarence Carrigan is en route here from Nantes, France, to visit her mother, Mrs. James W. Sperry, in Sausalito. She is accompanied by her little son, John Carrigan II.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Lamont and their family left last week for New York after a visit to the Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Bixby have arrived from Los Angeles to reside in Oakland. Mrs. Bixby, who was formerly Miss Florence Green of Berkeley, is a sister of Mrs. Howard Huntington.

Mr. and Mrs. Jay Cooke have arrived from Philadelphia and are at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Maud have gone to their home in Monterey after a visit with Mrs. Clara L. Darling on Clay Street.

Colonel William H. C. Bowen, U. S. A. (retired), and Mrs. Bowen, accompanied by their daughter, Miss Gladys Bowen, are guests at the Hotel Cecil, where they will reside permanently.

Brigadier-General Frank Taylor, U. S. A. (retired), has come down from Seattle on a leave of absence.

Major-General Arthur Murray, U. S. A., Western Department commander, has returned from an inspection of army posts and stations in the Northwest.

Lieutenant-Colonel Alfred M. Hunter, U. S. A., and Major Samuel F. Bottoms, U. S. A., have returned from Fort Winfield Scott.

Lieutenant Ralph W. Newton, U. S. A., who has been stationed at Fort George Wright, leaves on September 20th for Calexico, California, where he will be stationed for the next two years.

Lieutenants J. R. Simons, Jr., U. S. A., W. S. Greaser, U. S. A., E. F. Witsell, U. S. A., and A. L. Rockwood, U. S. A., who have been stationed at the Presidio, will sail on the transport *Logan* September 7th for Honolulu.

Colonel John D. Barrett, U. S. A., who is to succeed Colonel James B. Erwin as adjutant of the Western Department, will assume his new duties next month.

Dr. Robert Hoyt, U. S. N., and Mrs. Hoyt arrived last week from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and are guests of Mrs. Hoyt's mother, Mrs. Lincoln Karmany, at Mare Island. They are en route to the Bremerton Navy Yard, where Dr. Hoyt will be stationed for some months.

Mrs. Walter Cowles, wife of Admiral Cowles, U. S. N., is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Leo Sahm, at Mare Island.

Mrs. R. P. Moulton of Philadelphia is visiting at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Alexander Van Keuren, at Mare Island.

A great deal of ventriloquism is not ventriloquism at all. In fact, the modern wonder in this line of pleasant and deceptive art needs to have none of the old-time ventriloquists' ability at all. He may—and often does—stand on the opposite side of the stage from his manikin and puff a cigar quite contentedly, to the amazement of the audience. The dummy answers with a ready line of repartee, delivered in stentorian tones. Nor is that all, for he turns and twists his head, waves his arms, kicks up his feet, and otherwise acts in a very lifelike manner. The secret of the dummy's voice is the loud-speaking telephone, and of his actions various electro magnets. As may be guessed, both are operated by some one off the stage. In order to produce all the desired effects the dummy figure is fitted inside with a loud-speaking telephone receiver, with the horn or large mouthpiece pointing toward the audience. The receiver is connected with a special transmitter in an anteroom some distance away. An ordinary operator's breast transmitter is also concealed in the body of the dummy, so that whatever is said by the ventriloquist on the stage is transmitted to the operator in the anteroom, enabling him to speak for the dummy at the proper time.

The earliest coinage of money for America is said to have been made for Virginia in 1612. The London Company had been formed for the purpose of pushing colonization work in Virginia, and in 1609 Sir George Somers, an active promoter of the company, set out with an expedition. His vessels encountered a storm and were wrecked on the coast of one of the Bermuda islands. Somers took possession of the islands in the name of Great Britain. He was forced to remain there ten months, but finally reached Virginia. The Bermudas, often since then called Somers islands, were largely colonized by people from Virginia, and the relations between the two became intimate. This accounts for Virginia's first coins being made there. They were of brass, and on one side was represented a ship under full sail, firing a gun. On the other side were the words, "Somers Island," and the figure of a hog, "in memory," as an old-time writer quaintly says, "of the abundance of hogs which the English found on their first landing."

Tom—Why do you make a horse of yourself this way, Jim? What's the idea of working like a city janitor? Jim—I'll tell you. I just got my lawnmower hack from Bill and I'd like to get my grass cut before Smith tries to borrow it.—Judge.

The First American Book.

The first book printed on the American continent was issued, not in Boston, or New York, or Chicago, but in Mexico City. Jules Cromberger had a printing establishment in Seville, Spain, and in 1535 he concluded it would be a good idea to have a branch office in the new world. Accordingly, he sent over a printing press in charge of Juan Pablos, who was to be foreman and manager of the new office. This was the first printing press in America, and next year, 1536, the first book was issued. It was a Spanish translation of a work originally written in Greek, the Spanish title being "Escala Espiritual Para al Cielo." Translated into English, this means "A Spiritual Ladder for Reaching Heaven." No copy of this book is known to be now in existence. The same printing press turned out twelve other books before 1550, and eighty-five in all by the end of the century.

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

Fire, believed to have started from an open grate, caused the death of Mrs. John J. Pershing, wife of General Pershing, and three of their little children during the early morning hours of Friday of last week. The tragedy occurred at the Presidio, death being due to suffocation. One child, Master Warren Pershing, was rescued from the burning structure. General Pershing arrived from El Paso on Sunday. The funeral services were held later in the day, and the bodies were taken to Cheyenne, Wyoming, for burial.

The funeral of Machael J. ("Pop") Myers took place last Sunday morning, under the auspices of Fidelity Lodge of Masons, of which he had been tyler for more than forty years. In the early days of the city he was one of the best-known residents of San Francisco. He came to San Francisco from Germany soon after the first gold rush and became prominent in the pioneer life of the city. He was president of St. Francis Hook and Ladder Company of the volunteer fire fighters. When the paid department replaced the volunteers he enlisted in the National Guard, of which he was an active member for forty years. Myers was married in this city July 21, 1861, and last month celebrated with Mrs. Myers the fifty-fourth anniversary of their wedding. He leaves a widow, six sons, and a daughter. He retired from business ten years ago.

Archbishop Hanna presided on Friday of last week at the Founders' Day exercises of Sacred Heart College in the college auditorium, Eddy and Larkin Streets. The exercises included addresses by the archbishop and John J. Connolly, president of the student body, followed by a musical programme.

On Wednesday of last week the Pacific Mail liner *Mongolia* made its farweld voyage from this port under the American flag. Captain Emery Rice was in command of the *Mongolia* and every officer aboard was an American. Many regrets were expressed that the company which first ventured into the transpacific trade had been forced to retire from service because of destructive legislation. The company has since made a sixty per cent cut in all of its local office force, 125 men being dropped from the pay-roll on last Tuesday. The remainder, with the higher officials of the company, will be retained in service for the Central American trade.

William H. McCarthy, present member of the board of supervisors and member of the finance committee, has announced his candidacy for the office of assessor.

Thomas I. Bergin, pioneer California lawyer, who, as the partner of the late Hall McAllister, figured in most of the historic litigation in California, died recently at his home, 1012 Jackson Street, of a complication of diseases incident to old age. Bergin came here in 1849. He was the first graduate of the University of Santa Clara, receiving his diploma in 1857. With McAllister he participated in the famous Colton case, the Comstock litigation, the Pioche litigation, and the Lake Merced cases. He amassed a fortune estimated at \$1,000,000. He leaves five nieces, the Misses Morrison of San Jose, and a nephew, Peter F. Dunne, San Francisco attorney.

The signing last Monday of a new mail contract between the Oceanic Steamship Company and the United States Postoffice Department for a three weeks' service between San Francisco and Sydney, Australia, is expected to revive the tourist travel between those ports. The *Sierra*, now running only to Honolulu, will be put into the Australian service, along the with the *Ventura* and *Sonoma*.

In the will of the late Bernhard Nathan, of the Nathan-Dohrmann Company, just filed for probate, \$50,000 is left to various California charities. Nathan, who was a San Francisco pioneer, moved from here to Germany thirty years ago, and died in Dresden May 19th. The chief beneficiary among the charitable institutions is the Hebrew board of relief, which is given \$10,000. The balance of the estate is divided among relatives and friends.

An agreement to pay judgments aggregating \$20,000, awarded in damage suits arising from the elevator accident last January at the California-Pacific building, has been made in Superior Judge Graham's court by John Partridge, attorney for Mrs. Mary S. Merrill, owner of the building.

The California Wine Association took steps on last Saturday to consolidate with the Italian-Swiss Colony and Lachman & Jacob.

A meeting of the board of directors was held and a resolution was passed empowering the executive board to proceed with the consolidation. The reason given for the step is that neither the California Wine Association nor the other two companies subsidiary to it have made a profit since the first of this year. By consolidation a decrease in expenses is expected.

The will of the late Annie A. Selby, daughter of former Mayor Thomas H. Selby, has been filed for probate. The petition says the value of the estate has not been ascertained, but it is much in excess of \$10,000. Miss Selby bequeathed her home at 2119 Buchanan Street to her mother, Mrs. Henrietta I. Selby. The remainder of the estate is to be divided among her sister, Clara L. Ralston, her brother, Percival W. Selby, and Faxon D. Atherton, Jr., a nephew.

NOTES OF THE EXPOSITION.

Former President William Howard Taft, who has been here for more than a week, was the Exposition's guest of honor Thursday. The officials designated the date as "Taft Day." An impressive loving cup was presented by the Exposition directorate "for his unflinching friendship and the fulfillment of his confidence that 'San Francisco knows how.'" He delivered an address on "Preparedness" at the ceremonies in the Court of the Universe at 3:45 o'clock. Vice-President William H. Crocker, chairman of the buildings and grounds committee of the Exposition, was chairman of the exercises.

Denmark's representative in the international yacht race for President Woodrow Wilson's cup won the first race for the trophy Sunday over the official Exposition course. The *Nurdug IV*, champion of the six-meter class in her home waters, proved superior to the *Lady Betty*, Captain Barneson's local defender, by four minutes and three seconds. The boats sailed on even terms, there being no time allowance.

For the first time in the history of the Exposition solemn high mass was celebrated in the Court of the Universe Sunday with Father Raymond M. Mestres of the San Carlos Mission, Monterey, as celebrant. Thousands of Catholics knelt in the open air, while the impressive ceremonies were being sung. The mass, which was given by special dispensation of Archbishop Edward J. Hanna, followed the presentation of the historical and religious pageant, "The Landing of Junipero Serra." The pageant, which relates the landing of Junipero Serra at Monterey in the year 1770, has been an annual event at Monterey for many years.

Chevalier Van Rappard, minister of The Netherlands at Washington, arrived in San Francisco on Sunday to pay an official visit to the Exposition. He is the first minister of a participating country to do so. He was received at the Ferry station with great ceremony, United States cavalry and mounted police forming a guard of honor.

Edouard Fahre of the Richmond Athletic Club of Montreal won the Panama-Pacific international race last Saturday. He finished more than a mile ahead of Hugh Honahan, who took second place. The winner's time for the 26 miles 385 yards was 2 hours 56 minutes and 41 4-5 seconds. Oliver Millard of the Olympic Club of San Francisco finished third, almost two miles behind Honahan.

Wednesday was celebrated as Netherlands Day and also as the thirty-fifth anniversary of Queen Wilhelmina. W. L. F. C. Chevalier Van Rappard, as special envoy of Queen Wilhelmina, was the central figure. He made the principal address of the day in The Netherlands pavilion at 3 o'clock. Here he presided at the planting of an orange tree as a tribute to the princess of the House of Orange. The chairman of the day was J. C. Van Panthaleon Baron Van Eck, president of the Holland-American Chamber of Commerce.

On Labor Day, September 6th, the Exposition will stage a great celebration that will eclipse any past observance of the holiday on the Pacific Coast. Every union in the state will be represented by a delegation. It is approximated that no less than 200,000 persons will visit the Exposition for the festivities.

Japan Day was celebrated last Tuesday, more than 20,000 Japanese being present to celebrate the thirty-eighth birthday anniversary of the Mikado. The day began with a parade of Oriental splendor. Kite-flying, wrestling bouts, and a lantern parade at night were among the many features. More than \$10,000 in prizes was given away during the day. The crowning expression of the "hands-across-the-Pacific" sentiment came in the exercises, which were held in Festival Hall, with former President William Howard Taft

the principal speaker. Fully 5000 persons gathered in the hall. Dr. Henry H. Guy, president of the Japan Society of America, acted as president of the day. Among the speakers were Dr. Frederick J. V. Skiff, S. Asano, president of the Toyo Kisen Kaisha Company, C. C. Moore, Consul-General Yasutaro, and Mayor Rolph.

The Exposition is now out of debt. On Wednesday of this week cash to the amount of \$110,159.02 was paid to the Union Trust Company in settlement of all indebtedness on the part of the Exposition. The Exposition is now financially clear and the directors expect to make a half-million dollars before the gates are closed. Various sums amounting to \$962,340.98 had been previously paid to the Union Trust Company, which has held a mortgage on the Exposition property.

The Congressional Filibuster.

While the congressional filibuster has now developed to a fine art, it has had practice since the first crude efforts were introduced as far back as 1787. It is of record that the first filibuster took place in that year, and ended when three recalcitrant congressmen were thrown bodily into their seats and the quorum they had fought against was secured. Up-to-date long-distance talking began in 1891, in the contest over the latest force bill. The bill had been introduced by Senator Lodge of Massachusetts for the purpose of amending and supplementing the election laws. It was passed in the House, but was hotly opposed in the Senate by a clique of Republicans and Democrats, who agreed to use their utmost efforts to sidetrack it. With this intention Senator Charles J. Faulkner of West Virginia took the floor at 11 o'clock in the evening on January 16th and talked until 10:30 a. m. on January 17th. Senator Faulkner, who had a big, bull voice, spoke vociferously and read at length from law books. As time went on and there was no sign of his stopping it began to look as though he would be deserted. Five of his opponents and only one colleague were in their seats. The colleague's name was Casey. His head dropped. A Democrat who sized up the situation moved for an adjournment. But he mistook his man. Quick as a flash Casey went into action. Dashing into the cloakroom he woke his supporters and summoned reinforcements; the motion for adjournment was lost and Faulkner went bellowing on. At five minutes past 10 a senator from Kentucky "wanted to know" what day it was. The Senate was to convene at 10, he said, and it was already past that hour. This started a discussion as to the date that ended when the chair decided that it was still yesterday, and that the present day would never take place in legislative time. The efforts of the filibusters were successful and the bill was sidetracked.

Where Silence Was Deadly.

Rome is said to have once been saved by the cackling of geese, but silence cost the people of Amyklæ, an ancient Grecian city, their liberty. The report that an enemy was approaching had been spread so often, creating consternation among the inhabitants,



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and as often proved false, that the authorities finally passed a law forbidding any one to speak of such a thing. All went well for a time, but there came a day when an enemy did appear, a hostile Spartan army. But the citizens of Amyklæ were law-abiding. They talked of the weather, of the crops, of the approaching track meet, but never a word did they speak about the approaching army. Everybody obeyed the law, and no one told the authorities of the impending danger. Thus the city fell an easy victim to the invaders through the faithful obedience of its citizens to the law.

Edwin J. Clapp, whose "Economic Aspects of the War" has just appeared from the Yale University Press, is well qualified to present a summary of the economic phase of the European struggle as it affects this country. A graduate of Yale University, he studied several years abroad, gaining his doctor's degree there. On his return he was awarded the Hart, Schaffner & Marx prize for his essay, "The Navigable Rhine," published by the Houghton Mifflin Company. While in the department of economics at Yale he wrote "The Port of Hamburg," which won high praise from those interested in the economics of traffic and freight transportation. He was later engaged by the directors of the Port of Boston to act as advisory expert to that city and has had much other experience in the field of practical economics. Professor Clapp occupies the chair of economics at New York University.

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### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

*Heugug*—He's a low-down crook. *Bildad*—Who's a low-down crook? *Heugug*—The man higher up.—*Chicago Herald*.

*Wife*—All that you are you owe to me, John. *John*—If that was all I owed I could quit work tomorrow.—*Dallas News*.

"What did your husband think of the ball game?" "Oh, he doesn't go there to think. He just hollers."—*Washington Star*.

*City Boarder*—I suppose you're up with the lark? *Farmer*—Before that. I have to git the hired man up with the lark.—*Puck*.

*Blinks*—Where was the declaration of independence signed? *Thinks* (recently a gross audacious)—Reno, of course.—*Denver Republican*.

*Marcel*—Do you know, Claude, chorus girls have a hard time? *Claude*—Yes, they do have to bare a great deal.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

"You went and fed that cake I made to the dog, you mean thing!" "I know I did; but, honest, I didn't know you were so stuck on that dog."—*Houston Post*.

*Man* (drinking at bar)—Well, cuss the Kaiser! Ever since this bloomin' war started I've been in work all the time, an' no chance of gittin' out of it!—*London Opinion*.

"Six months ago I lent you \$10. I don't suppose I'll ever see it again." "I know just how you feel. I don't suppose I'll ever see it again, either."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

*American*—I suppose you will abolish the House of Lords some day? *Englishman*—But I don't see how we can, me hoy. There is no precedent for such a thing.—*Puck*.

*Hokus*—Why do you liken Harduppe to the busy bee? He isn't particularly industrious, is he? *Pokus*—Oh, no; it isn't that. But nearly every one he touches gets stung.—*Town Topics*.

*Gossipy Wife*—When my husband married me he said he would lay down his life for me. *Second G. W.*—So did mine, hut now I can't even get him to lay down the stair carpet.—*Topeka Journal*.

"I see a man has just been arrested for a crime committed in 1870." "That kind of news makes me nervous." "Why so?" "When I was a young man I played the cornet."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

*Le Capitan*—You may have one wish gratified before you die. *L'Espion*—May I choose the place in which I shall be shot? *Le Capitan*—Certainement. *L'Espion*—I wish—I wish—to be shot in the arm.—*Figaro*.

"My dear, a burglar fired a revolver at a Boston man, and the bullet struck a button, thus saving his life." "Well, what of it?" "Only this. A man could shoot at me with a shotgun and never hit a button."—*Dallas News*.

*Hokus*—Fluhdub seems to have a wonderful opinion of his knowledge. *Pokus*—I should say he has. Why, I have actually heard him attempt to argue with his son, who is in his freshman year at college.—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

*Belle*—It looks like love at first sight with him. *Beulah*—Oh, he loved her before he saw her. *Belle*—Impossible. *Beulah*—No, it's not. He had read about her. *Belle*—Where, for goodness' sake? *Beulah*—In Bradstreet's.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"Yes," said the young singer complacently, "I had a great reception after my song last night. The audience shouted 'Fine! fine!'" "Good thing you didn't sing again," said the cynic. "Why, what do you mean?" "They would have yelled 'Imprisonment!'" the second time.—*Stray Stories*.

*Employer*—Well, what did he say when you called to collect that bill? *Clerk*—That he would break every bone in my body and pitch me out of the window if I showed my face there again. *Employer*—Then go back at once and tell him he can't frighten me by his violence.—*Stray Stories*.

*Former Mistress*—I would like to give you a good recommendation, Delia, but my conscience compels me to state that you never got the meals on time. I wonder how I can put it in a nice sort of way. *Delia*—Yez might jist say thot Oi got the meals the same as Oi got me pay.—*Puck*.

"What are you rummaging for?" "Some of the love letters I used to write my wife before we were married." "That bit of sentiment does you credit. Want to peruse 'em again, ch?" "Aw, g'wan. She's away for the summer now. I promised to write frequently, and I want to give those old letters to my stenographer to use as forms."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Don't complain when the children around you make a little noise," said the man with the kind heart. "Remember you were once a little hoy." "I'm not forgetting it," replied

the man with a perpetual frown. "I was one of those little boys who are always compelled to sit around dressed up and watch the other boys have a good time."—*Washington Star*.

*Deacon*—Susie, I am sorry your papa was not at meeting. *Susie*—Please, no, sir; he went out walking in the woods. *Deacon*—I am afraid, Susie, your papa does not fear God. *Susie*—Oh, yes, sir; I guess he does; he took his gun with him.—*Buffalo Courier*.

"Why are you offering such a thundering big reward for the return of that half-starved-looking animal?" "Simply to please the

wife." "Goodness, hut such a reward will surely bring it back, and then you won't half look sick." "But, you see, I know it won't. I drowned it myself."—*Tit-Bits*.

*O'Brien*—So the landlord lowered the rint for yez. He'll save money at that. *Caszy*—How so? *O'Brien*—Shure, it's less he'll be losin' when ye don't pay it.—*Punch*.

*Jones*—That seedy-looking individual is Professor Ragtag. He is working on a scheme that will make him rich if he can perfect it? *Smith*—What is the scheme? *Jones*—A plan to cnable outsiders to make money in Wall Street.—*Puck*.

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# The Argonaut.

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## THIRTY-NINTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### The Mayoralty "Layout."

It's a rotten mess we're in in the matter of the mayoralty. Leaving out of the reckoning tailor Valentine and the other quacks and cranks who periodically exploit themselves as mayoralty candidates, we come down to a field of three. There is Andy Gallagher, professional Irishman and laborite, on a platform of direct appeal to class spirit. Mr. Gallagher is for "labor." If he were honest he would declare himself the candidate of organized as distinct from free labor. Of course he is for "home industry," the "immediate construction of Hetch Hetchy," higher wages, pensions, and all the rest of it. Then there is Eugene Schmitz former mayor, whose platform is "the good old times" when he and Abe Ruef managed things and divided the spoils. Then there is Little Jimmy, who combines elements of jackass, jackanapes, damphool, and decent citizen, all subject to an incurable childishness, painfully self-conscious and pitifully weak, dominated by an itch to "show off" upon all occasions. Truly, it's a sorry layout. After one gets over being mad about it, he suffers an abiding sense of shame. But even as between evils there is a choice, and people of intelli-

gence and good intentions will find no difficulty in making it this year. Gallagher, regarded as an agent of class greed, is unthinkable. Schmitz, as a known corruptionist, is scandalous in the mere suggestion. There remains Little Jimmy Rolph. The *Argonaut's* gorge heaves at the thought of him. But all things considered, it will vote for him, in the meantime gulping hard to suppress a natural feeling of nausea.

### Pax Vobiscum!

German diplomacy historically and notoriously defective, has achieved a signal success in recent dealings with the United States. It is not the success implied in a demonstration of force, nor yet in a play of bluff. It is the infinitely larger and finer success of reasonable concession to just demands. Not often under the fever of war do nations bring themselves to this attitude. The commoner way under such conditions is to add affront to injury, to transmute offense into insolence, to sacrifice moral ground under the common subterfuges and pretenses of diplomatic jugglery. We may do well to identify this concession as among the indications tending to peace. It marks a spirit distinctly less militant than the answers of Germany to our several *Lusitania* notes. While there is in it no bid for peace, it still illustrates a state of mind which is an inevitable precedent of peace. For a government which can calmly reverse its policies in respect of the opinions of the world is a government disposed to hearken to reason.

Probably we go a step beyond the mark in referring to "indications tending to peace." As yet nothing has developed definitely justifying this phrase. Yet somewhere outside the lines of definite fact and of logic there are suggestions of a better state of mind in Europe. It is in the atmosphere, too vague for identification, yet there. Whoever closely follows the course of events, we think, somehow feels the force of unspoken sentiment on the part of the leading figures in the conflict. Intangible as yet, like the faint and uncertain shimmerings which precede the first gleam of daylight, come intimations that the war is not merely horrible and wasteful, but futile.

Looking at the situation from this side the Atlantic, there appears no possibility of triumph for anybody. Plainly if the struggle shall go on the end when it comes must be the paralysis of universal exhaustion. Perhaps some consciousness of this fact is reflected in the German concession to the demands of the United States. In the financial developments of the past ten days as directly related to Britain may we not have another intimation to the same effect? And are there not like suggestions in current reports from France?

Viewing the matter in large, would not infinite harm rather than any good to the civilization of the world come through an overwhelming triumph on the part of either of the combinations in the great conflict? Would not, in fact, the moral lessons of this war be lost through an overwhelming victory implying an abject defeat? There are obvious faults in the German system and in what we may term the arrogant state of the German mind. But is there anybody whose thoughts rise above the mere passions of human feeling who wishes to see Germany crushed, deposed from her power and dignity in the life of Europe? There are sad weaknesses in the British social organization. Recent events have exposed them to plain view. But can any good come to anybody—even to Germany—through the collapse of British character and influence? France is not without her vices of temperament, certain faults of character, but is there any intelligent man who can conceive of a world made better by the humiliation and subordination of La Belle France?

The moral values of this horrible war will surely

be lost through any radical alteration of national lines, any serious loss of national spirit. Rapidly, we think, this sentiment grows, even among the combatants. A crushed Germany would involve the degradation not merely of one of the world's great racial and social groups, but a sacrifice of qualities and powers of inestimable value in the scheme of modern social organization. So with England, so with France. So, possibly, with Russia. Somehow out of the ruck of this awful conflict we think this feeling grows and grows, and that it is forcing itself upon the consciousness of all the nations.

What are the essential and legitimate requirements of the countries at war? Germany wants her place in the sun. She wants protection against a possibly engulfing Slavic wave. She wants leave to pursue her domestic and commercial schemes of development. Ask her spokesmen and the demand would no doubt be more than this. But we limit the account to what she really and legitimately wants. England wants freedom from the nightmare of German militarism. She, too, under an arrogantly-nurtured imperial sentiment, would demand more—perhaps something like commercial monopoly—but she has no right to it and no reason to insist upon it. The wants of France, reduced to the limits of logic and justice, relate only to her lost provinces. The wants of Italy perhaps have less moral force than any other and ought not to be difficult of satisfaction within bounds. Russia wants in the final analysis leadership of the Slavic race wherever it may abide, with free access to the Mediterranean. Belgium—and Belgium's demand voices the sentiment of the whole world—wants the restoration of the privileges of peaceful life, with compensation for the cruelties which have been imposed upon her.

Taking the situation as it stands—regarding the status of today as a basis for interchange of views and for adjustment of rights—and eliminating passions which have no right to consideration, is there not opportunity for a fair and satisfactory adjustment? We think there is, even for an adjustment whose influence would tend to common justice and to common satisfaction. We can conceive of conventions that would protect Germany on her eastern border and yield to the divided Polish race its long-cherished dream of national independence; that would yield satisfaction of every legitimate demand of Russia through elimination of the Turk, who has no rights in Europe, historical or moral; that would give to Germany the "freedom of the seas" to which she aspires; that would remove from before the eyes of England the spectre of German militancy; that would yield to France the fulfillment of her dreams; that would restore to Belgium her ravished lands. The scheme as it unfolds itself in imagination is one of mighty comprehensiveness. It would call for sacrifices, but of a kind that would contribute to the wholesome progress of the race. It would imply a condition relieving Germany of the burden of her great military organization and England of the cruel charge of her over-developed navy. It would further imply a tremendous advance toward the ideals of government by law. It would bring the world nearer to the goal of universal peace.

If this war shall be fought along the lines as they now present themselves, the end will be, not triumph for anybody, but rather a reign of universal misery. Unless there shall be reason and concession, when peace comes it must be the peace of common impotence, attended by poverty and chaos.

All this being so, and all this being apparent, the logic of the situation looks to cessation of this cruel and futile strife. The *Argonaut* thinks it sees signs, very dim and indistinct, but still signs tending towards peace. It finds these signs in certain states of mind of which the most concrete evidence yet to appear is



the concession of Germany to the established rules of war upon the sea.

### The Case of the "Hesperian."

Less than one week ago the United States government was informed through an official though informal note signed by the German ambassador resident at Washington that—

*Liners will not be sunk by our submarines without warning and safety to lives of non-combatants being assured, provided that the liners do not try to escape or offer resistance.*

This with direct reference to the case of the *Arabic*, sunk off the coast of Ireland, and in response to a protest and demand for reparation for loss of American lives made by the Washington government.

Now comes the case of the *Hesperian*. News dispatches describe the incident as an assault by a German submarine. Before accepting this construction of the incident we think the government at Washington and the country would better wait for full information. Surely, unless honor and good faith have wholly lost their place in the interrelations of nations, there is some mistake. It is not possible, humanly speaking, that immediately following an assurance so definitely given the German government should have authorized the assault upon the *Hesperian*. If it were the act of a submarine, it must have been a "stray" out of communication with central authority since the change of policy. More likely the *Hesperian* struck a floating mine—one of the many hundreds now drifting about in the northeastern Atlantic. Time will develop the facts, and in the meantime judgment should be held in abeyance.

### Mr. Pennell Speaks.

Mr. Joseph Pennell, writing on "An Artist's Impressions of the Fair" in the current issue of *Vanity Fair*, gives us an example of a "certain condescension" in art experts that James Russell Lowell found it so hard to bear from foreigners. It is true that he confines his comments to a short column or two, and that the reproductions of his drawings are some slight compensation for the asperities that he evidently considers to be an essential part of his rôle as critic. It is unfortunate that Mr. Pennell did not confine himself to his pencil as a medium of expression. His pen leads him into paths that are neither kindly nor felicitous.

That comparisons are odorous is evidently not a part of Mr. Pennell's philosophy. The Court of Honor at the Chicago Exposition is "supreme in my memory," and "there is nothing in San Francisco to equal it." But even the Court of Honor at Chicago was not perfect. What would become of the art critic if mere laymen should venture too close to perfection? The Chicago Exposition was marred by the lack of a few big trees. In San Francisco there are too many trees, too many flowers. The landscape gardener was so anxious to "show his cleverness" that he has simply smothered us with plants. He should have exercised more moderation and self-restraint. He should have been guided by the expertism of the expert, and so "too often the result was that a building had no base, except a flower bed."

The Art Gallery, even its exterior, can hardly be said to rise to the level of Mr. Pennell's contempt. Words fail him. The only "decent thing" about it is the rotunda in front of it, and here the landscape gardener has once more worked his fell purpose and the rotunda is "nearly ruined by a ridiculous set-on-end flower garden." And of course it should have stood on a platform "with steps leading down to the water on every side." Mr. Pennell speaks with the weariness of one who can not be everywhere at once and who finds to his disgust that something is sure to go wrong whenever he turns back. Indeed his feelings lead him to say with a touch of something like real temper that "one would have thought it impossible, for an architect even, to have made such a mess of things." It is only our reverence for genius that saves us from a suspicion of professional jealousy. The augurs of antiquity are said to have met each other with their tongues in their cheeks. The modern augurs meet each other with their tongues out.

The landscape gardener is the object of Mr. Pennell's special reprobation. He appears in nearly every paragraph, and doubtless he wishes by this time that he

had never appeared upon earth at all. He and the "color man" have come "mighty near ruining the whole show," and the work of the luckless "color man"—whoever he may be—is "unpardonable." Coloring, design, illuminations, and the Tower of Jewels "are just the sort of thing that people who like that sort of thing will like."

There is more in the same tone and the same taste, and neither is good. We can only regret that so many thousands of people have visited the Exposition and have allowed themselves to admire and to applaud without authority, so to speak, and without that expert guidance that Providence has so inscrutably concentrated upon one mind. Mr. Pennell should have favored us at some earlier date. He should not have allowed us for so long to grope in the Cimmerian darkness of artistic ignorance. The Exposition is drawing to a close and it is too late to reconstruct it. Perhaps we may still do something with the city itself in spite of the fact that it has been "daubed, smeared, and messed with paint," but if there should ever be another Exposition we may hope that its promoters will be able to secure Mr. Pennell's condescending services at an early date, so that the exuberances of color men, landscape gardeners, and architects may be duly restrained by the only man alive who is artistically competent to do so.

### Governor Johnson at Los Angeles.

Ex-President Taft is officially a guest of the Exposition and unofficially a guest of California. As a community we are under special and peculiar obligations to him due to the fact that his favor practically gave us the Exposition when others contended with us for that privilege. It is an obligation only possible to be paid by courtesy.

Responding to the wish of our people and as becomes his history and position in the world, Mr. Taft while here has spoken with engaging frankness upon occasions great and small. Despite the fact that through an act of political jugglery Mr. Taft's presidential candidacy of 1912 was nullified in California he has made no reference to that incident. Neither by word nor act has he exhibited any memory of injury, much less any grouch. He has dealt in a large way with public questions, but he has confined his expressions as they relate to California affairs entirely to the principles involved. He has spoken no word critical in a personal sense of anybody or anything in California. Without affectation of reserve, he has none the less sustained the proprieties at all times and in all places.

It would seem that this fine example ought not to be lost even upon one commonly so little regardful as Governor Johnson of the finer proprieties. It would seem that in any comment it might please him to make upon Mr. Taft's utterances Mr. Johnson ought to have confined himself to principles, with careful avoidance of personalities. But not so. At Los Angeles on Monday, the occasion being Labor Day and a natural invitation to demagoguery, Mr. Johnson "let himself loose" in a coarse assault upon the ex-President. He put wholly to one side the issues discussed by Mr. Taft, making no attempt to match argument with argument. He expounded no principle, defended no principle. That part of his address which has been reported was nothing more nor less than a sneering, personal arraignment of our guest. It was the kind of departure from every standard of propriety and taste which we have come to expect from Mr. Johnson.

Governor Johnson is unquestionably a man of ability. And there is no reason why he should persistently be a man of bad manners. If not exactly a polished man, he none the less knows the rules of common civility. In private life he is not unamiable. Why, then, does he on pretty much every public occasion do the wrong thing when he might so easily do the right thing? Apparently he is moved to passionate outbursts through a desire to play to the political gallery. Something may be due to his training in the criminal court. But whatever the motive, the fact remains that Mr. Johnson is distinctly a loser by it. Popular figure as he is, he has somehow contrived to miss consideration and respect at the hands of those whose consideration and respect is best worth having, and which, if he had it, would contribute to his higher political effectiveness. But there appears fixed in the character of the man a predisposition which leads him in wanton spirit to turn

his back upon what is better to make appeal to what is worse. The pity of it is truly great.

### Editorial Notes.

Mr. Montgomery, whose letter on "fundamental theories" appears in another column, makes out a pretty strong case. If we can not concede the claim implied in his characterization of representative government as a thing of "inaneities and anarchies," we may at least go with him to the extent of recognizing that the tendency in the United States is distinctly toward dependence upon persons. We see it in the increasing authority of the President and in the popular dependence upon other executives. Mr. Montgomery makes a striking exhibit in his reference to California, where practically the whole powers of the state have been taken over by the governor without general or serious protest. Plainly enough, however we may define "fundamental theories," the American people come more and more to distrust assemblages and laws and to rely upon men. It is not a wholesome sign—at least the founders of the republic would not have thought so.

It seems clear that the Austrian government has been operating in this country under a definite plan to create industrial disturbances. Her ambassador, Dumba, does not deny that in organizing strikes in munition factories he was obeying official orders. With childlike naïveté he said, "If I can not advise my countrymen I might as well not be here." Much better, we should say. Dr. Dumba's mental attitude is singularly primitive and he ought to be sent home under suggestions that he devote himself to the study of the limitations of ambassadorial privilege. Some twenty years or more ago a then British minister, Lord Sackville-West, was given his walking papers because in response to an inquiry he suggested to an Englishman who had become an American citizen how to vote. The cases are not exactly analogous. The presumption of Ambassador Dumba is on the whole more grievous than that of Sackville-West. Our government would be abundantly justified in the sharpest possible rebuke both to the Austrian government and her ambassador. The disposition of the President no doubt will be towards a kindly course; but the incident ought not to be permitted to pass without a positive expression of resentment of an act of interference in our domestic affairs by the agent of a foreign government.

It is the common opinion at Washington that the more furious champions of preparedness are practically doing the cause more harm than good. Particularly the effect of Mr. Roosevelt's activities is to make a political issue of something which has no legitimate relationship to party politics. Secretary Garrison after a good deal of effort has got the President to the point of recommending a real military programme, which God knows the country needs. It is clear that the President has meant to use his great power in Congress to put the programme through. The danger is that Roosevelt's intrusion of political motives may spoil the whole plan.

It appears that Secretary Garrison's rebuke to ex-President Roosevelt over the head of General Wood for his speech at the Plattsburg military camp was a "promoted" incident. The story is to the effect that Mr. Oswald Villard, editor of the *New York Evening Post*, and for the moment very much in favor at the White House, has long held a grudge against General Leonard Wood. Wood is an outspoken champion of national defense and Villard is a pacifist. The day after Roosevelt delivered his Plattsburg speech Villard arrived at the White House and breathlessly demanded of Secretary Tumulty what was going to be done about the "insult" that had been hurled at the Administration through the connivance of Wood. Mr. Tumulty blinked and wanted to know, "What insult?" Villard recited the main points in the Roosevelt speech and suggested condign punishment for Wood. Tumulty mildly suggested that "Maybe it's because I'm Irish and therefore always look on the bright side of things. But do you really think it so very bad?" Villard thought it was. He was advised to see Secretary Garrison about it. Two hours later Mr. Garrison issued the order of rebuke to General Wood. The common idea at Washington is that Garrison made a mistake in taking any notice of Roosevelt's speech be-



cause it gave the latter the opportunity for back talk which of all things is what he loves best. But Mr. Garrison really did the wise thing. The slap which he gave General Wood was not serious and it had the effect of closing the incident. If the matter had been allowed to simmer it probably would have broken out in the form of a serious scandal with General Wood as the victim. Probably Mr. Garrison understood the situation and took the course calculated most promptly to put a quietus upon an unpleasant incident.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### "Fundamental Theories."

LOS ANGELES, September 5, 1915.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: The proposal to appoint Colonel Goethals as city manager of Portland, Oregon, is of course an impossible one under the conditions that were suggested. This is so clearly shown in your editorial of September 4th that further comment is needless. Colonel Goethals is a soldier, and he is so good a soldier that he could never govern a modern city in normal times. And the suggestion to raise his salary with the aid of private subscriptions is preposterous—indeed it is almost preposterous enough to commend it to the forces of reform.

But I am not so sure that you are upon equally solid ground when you condemn the general idea of city management as "a contradiction of our fundamental theories," and a "radical change from all our practices." It is true that you give your general approval to the theory as something to which we may eventually attain when we shall have grown tired of wandering in the wilderness, but you seem to think that the wandering must continue for a long time to come, and that we shall not readily pull up the anchors of practice and tradition.

Now it seems to me that so far as popular government is concerned we have already done this very thing, and that a sort of silent revolution has actually been accomplished before our unobservant eyes. I think it might be hard to point to a "fundamental theory" of government that now commands sufficient loyalty to promise its immortality, or even a respectable old age. There was a time, and not long ago, when the various legislative bodies, from boards of supervisors to congresses, were considered as the backbone of our system and the final guaranties of human rights. But who so regards them now? The general attitude toward all of these bodies is now one of a certain wearied and languid contempt, as things that must be endured, but of which the evils may, and must, be mitigated. We choose our mayors, not in the expectation that they will cooperate with our civic elective bodies, but in the hope that they will be strong enough to coerce and restrain them. We elect our state governors on the principle that only a strong executive can moderate and defeat the inanities of the legislature. And we have grown careless about our congresses on the theory that their calibre does not so much matter so long as the presidency is filled by a man who is strong enough to cope with them and to ward off the mischief of which they will certainly be guilty. We do not blame Congress for passing the Shipping Bill. We now assume that this is the sort of thing that Congress will do. We do not blame Congress for exempting labor unions from the Sherman Act. Once more it is taken for granted that Congress will be servile to any organization with votes. But we do blame the President for signing these measures. Imagine the fate of the country at large if mayors and governors and Presidents were deprived of their power of veto. It is the one-man veto that stands between us and the inanities and anarchies of the "representatives of the people," and we know it and count upon it. It is now generally true that the summoning of the state legislatures is looked upon generally as a sort of public calamity which is only rendered bearable by the veto power of the governor. And on a somewhat higher plane the same may be said of Congress. Everywhere there is a general shifting of responsibility to the shoulders of the one strong man.

So far as municipal government is concerned it may be said that the "fundamental theories" are already abolished. Seventeen states have granted special charters to their cities for the commission form of government. Nineteen other states have passed general acts authorizing all their cities to adopt the same form of government. A great many cities are governed in their every department by three commissioners, or managers. For example, all cities in Alabama of over 100,000 population are so governed. Fifteen states provide for city government by three commissioners. Elsewhere we find four, five, six, and seven commissioners. Now there is no essential difference between government by three commissioners, or managers, and government by one, and the fact that there has been so extensive an adoption of the commission form of government seems to show a "radical change from all our practices" that has probably not yet reached its limit. It seems to show that the people at large are sick and tired of discriminating between the clamors of the shabby and shoddy claimants for their favor, and that they are inclining toward those same methods of responsible management the lack of which would wreck a corner grocery.

Here in California we have had a remarkable example of a return to the autocratic or non-elective system. The railroad commission, once elective, is now nominative. There were no protests. There was no outcry against an attack on the "fundamental theories" of democracy. It is true that some persons found their way to that commission whose rightful habitat was the bucket-shop or the ribbon counter, but we can only imagine what sort of a crew would have been elected to those places. The commission would have had the status of a board of supervisors. It would have been a department of the Labor Council. At present there is a movement to abolish the Senate and to decrease the size of the assembly. Another movement is toward the appointment of judges. They are all parts of the same tendency, the tendency to abandon the "fundamental theories" and to establish government by one man. Never before in the history of the nation has the President occupied so large a place in government, and this not through any constitutional change, but through the irresistible forces of devolution and through the exigencies of national and world crises. The Romans in times of emergency were wise enough to put all the machinery of their government into abeyance and to choose a dictator. It was often the "tyranni" who were the best and most beneficent of governors. They were the bridge from the oligarchy to the democracy. And there is no lack of evidence that the principle of dictatorship is as strong as ever it was. We are still disposed to elect our dictators, but—who knows?

J. C. MONTGOMERY.

The hottest region on the earth is thought to be the part of Persia bordering on the Persian Gulf.

## THE THEATRE OF WAR.

Intangible rumors of peace were never so numerous as at the present moment. The Vatican has evidently taken a step, but no one knows what it is. Cardinal Gibbons has called upon the President, and while he admits that he was on a peace mission, he will disclose nothing of its nature. From a dozen different sources we hear statements of the terms that Germany would be willing to accept. These statements may not come from any authoritative direction, but at least they come from Germany, and that is enough. Nothing can be printed in Germany without permission, and therefore we may say in effect that while none of them is authoritative, they are all authoritative, since their publication was permitted.

But nothing of the kind comes from the other side of the fence. That, too, is significant. France and Great Britain have still the same reply that they had six months ago. They said then that the evacuation of the occupied western territory was an essential preliminary even to discussion. They say precisely the same thing now, and they say it with some energy. They even go so far as to add that they will regard peace proposals as an unfriendly act in view of their specific statements, and we are told that the President is unwilling to take any initiative in the matter in view of the attitude thus clearly avowed. We are thus forced to the conclusion, a conclusion adopted by many competent Eastern observers, that Germany is now willing to make peace and that she is sending up trial balloons in order to ascertain the direction and strength of the wind. That she now denies responsibility for any of these rumors is natural enough and true enough. But she allowed them to start. She allowed the *Vorwärts* to print its statement and then suppressed it for doing so. She allowed Maximilian Harden to fulminate in the *Zukunft*. It is part of the diplomatic game as practiced everywhere.

It is natural enough that she should wish to know the way of the wind. In spite of her amazing successes in Russia, successes that will rank above all the great military feats of the world, it is now evident that they will not avail her at all, unless she shall presently succeed in doing something far more than she has yet done. To split the Allies has been her dream from the beginning. It was her only hope of success. We know that she offered terms to France long ago. We know that she offered terms to Russia within the last two months. In each case they were rejected. Therefore it became necessary for her to do by arms what she could not do by diplomacy, and Russia was the weakest link in the chain. Her enemies in the west are as strong as ever they were, and they are growing stronger every day. The fortifications on both sides are nearly invincible, but in Russia there were fortresses to be taken and there was the chance of pitched battles, which she was nearly certain to win. If Russia could be beaten to the ground Germany would then be in a position to wage war with some hope of success. But it does not seem that she is yet nearer to that end.

For Russia has not been beaten to the ground. She is very far from being beaten to the ground. She has lost an enormous number of men that she can spare, and she has exacted from Germany a price in human lives that Germany can not spare. She has withdrawn in some semblance of good order. There is now practically no hope of the enveloping movement from which so much was expected. The pursuit has sensibly slackened, and we read of very few captures of men or guns. Russia is still able to inflict a smart defeat upon the Austrians to the south, which the Austrians themselves admit. This means probably that the German officers have withdrawn, as we were told that they would. Germany sunk her hooks into the Russian rear, but we may suspect that she would now like to withdraw them. Winter is coming on apace, and the lines of communication are growing very long. It seems likely that the Germans will presently "dig in," and endeavor to hold the Russians where they are, but they will need so many men for this purpose that they will have few to spare for other quarters. And Russian recuperation is likely to be speedy. Japan evidently means to do all that she can for her, and munitions are always trickling down from Vladivostok as fast as the railroads can bring them. It is easy to assume that Russia is "out of action for months to come," but there is no reason why she should be, and we may remember that winter is a Russian ally.

Let us then make a guess at what Germany would be willing to do. She has to face not only her enemies in the field, but the public opinion of the world. She knows that there can never be peace so long as her soldiers occupy a single square inch of Belgium or France. But the public opinion of the world would not be quite so sensitive about Poland. Poland is too far away and too little known, and it might be said quite plausibly that the people of Poland would be as well off under German rule as under Russian. Germany is already in occupation of a large part of Poland. She is the man in possession. Why, then, should she not be willing to evacuate Belgium and France and recoup herself in the east? Is she considering this as a possibility and is this the card that she is willing to play? That she has a card to play is evident, and she must know that no card involving the retention of Belgium or a part of France is worth laying on the table. She may think that the offer of peace, with the Czar to pay the piper, would prove irresistible to France and Great Britain. Whether it would prove irresistible is another matter and beyond the sphere of this column to dis-

cuss. But it seems incredible that Russia should be deserted in such a way as this.

In confirmation of this idea we have the statement of Theodor Wolff in the *Berliner Tageblatt*. Of course it is not official, but its publication was permitted. In this statement we are told that "Those who, like ourselves, want a free road to Constantinople must take care that in achieving this task we do not divide our strength and invite possibilities that we might avoid." Now if this is in any way authoritative it seems to point to another shift in the German plans. First of all Russia was the great enemy and the cause of the war. Then it was Great Britain that must be crushed at all costs. Now it seems that the centre of importance is in the east and that the road to Constantinople must be opened. It is reasonable enough that there should be such a change in view of the deadlock in the west that makes any success there or against Great Britain a matter of extraordinary difficulty. There can hardly be such a thing as a continuous plan in war. And this would account for the move against Russia and the present determination of Austria, if it should be confirmed, to move against Serbia, presumably with a view to the coercion of Bulgaria and an open road to Turkey. If Germany should be able to make peace on the condition that she annex a large part of Poland and that in some way she be allowed to secure an open road to Constantinople she might fairly assume that she had taken a trick and gone a long way to consolidate her European power. But then—it's a long way to Tipperary.

Whatever terms of peace might prove acceptable to Germany would certainly include the restoration of her colonies, and in estimating the present gains and losses in the way of territory it must be remembered that the whole of Germany's colonial possessions are now in the possession of her enemies. And here there are the seeds of a grave difficulty. What would South Africa say to a proposal that she hand back the territories taken by General Botha at so great a cost? What would New Zealand and Australia say? The sense of imperial unity may be very strong, but this would certainly strain it.

It would be easy for Germany to make a proposal that would have a strong effect upon neutral sentiment. She might suggest the formation of a Polish kingdom to which both Germany and Russia would contribute. In return she might offer the evacuation of Belgium and France and the settlement of the Alsace and Lorraine problem by a vote, her own colonies to be returned to her and the freedom of the seas to be assured. This would seem reasonable enough to be applauded. It may be that the German government would be pleased enough by such a solution, but what would the German people say? What would the German professors say? It is open to question if it has yet occurred to the masses of the population that there is the least doubt of a great accession of territory and the payment of a vast war indemnity that shall recoup and repay everything. There is certainly nothing in the military situation to justify such expectations.

The extent of Russia's losses is still mysterious. We read of vast numbers of prisoners and we are apt to assume that the dead and wounded are in the usual proportions. But this by no means follows. It depends on the vigor of the resistance, and this again upon the inspiration of officers who are often bad. It has been said that the German system of enumeration is faulty and that different bulletins sometimes include the same prisoners. It is said also that civilians are sometimes counted into the lists. To err is human, as we all know, and while the first bulletins of a battle are likely to err or to overlap there is no reason to doubt the accuracy of the statistics as they come finally from the German war office. And this is a matter where the estimates of outsiders can hardly be considered to have any value at all. The Berlin statistics of the fighting since May 1st give the number of Russian prisoners as 1,100,000 and of the killed and wounded as 300,000, which seems to be reasonable, especially as we are told that the Russians saved their artillery "by recklessly sacrificing their infantry." Guns, of course, are of more value to Russia than men. Berlin statistics show that Russia has lost in all about 2,000,000 prisoners and probably this would imply about 600,000 killed and wounded. We may therefore suppose that her total losses since the beginning of the war from all causes are about 3,250,000 men, which is not very greatly in excess of the German losses.

The unreliability of casualty estimates is strikingly shown by a bulletin from the Overseas Agency, which reads as follows: "Army headquarters estimates the strength of the Russian troops which were then directly engaged in that region at about 1,400,000. In the fighting since May 2d 1,100,000 have been captured and a minimum of 300,000 wounded or killed. This is a very conservative estimate." Let us hope that the Overseas Agency will not be tempted to depart from its conservatism, since it has already disposed of the whole Russian army to the very last man.

The Russian armies now stretch in a nearly straight line from Riga in the north to Czernowitz in the south, but with a slight curve westward in the vicinity of Grodno. South of Brest Litovsk is the Pripiet Marsh on the Pripiet River, and here the line is broken by the marsh. General von Mackensen is in command here and his object is to turn the Russian line, but of course the marsh is as much a difficulty to him as to his enemies. The reports say that the campaign to the south of the marsh will be entrusted entirely to



the Austrians, and this seems likely to be true, since it is here that we read of an Austrian defeat. It is evident that the Russians are as much superior to the Austrians as they are inferior to the Germans. The defeat was by no means inconsiderable, since we read of 10,000 prisoners and many guns.

It seems now to be fairly certain that the submarine that sank the *Arabic* was herself destroyed, but it is significant that no intimation to that effect was given by the British government, which doubtless has its own reasons for such reticence. In this connection the New York *Evening Post* says that "it simply confirms the suspicion long held in some quarters that a great many German submarines have been sunk, and that the price paid for what one German critic has called 'very modest' results has been a very high one." Elsewhere the *Evening Post* attributes German compliance to American demands to this same cause, and to the fact that "Germany's loss in undersea boats has been far heavier than she has admitted." It is evident that a submarine war has small chance of success against a proper patrol service. The submarine is compelled to show herself frequently if she is to be effective, and if she finds herself within reach of a patrol boat she has a very small chance of escape, since submerison takes time to accomplish. And until her periscope is out of the water she does not know what dangerous neighbors she may have. There may be a patrol boat a hundred yards away. At the same time we may notice the denial of the German admiralty of the sinking of a submarine by an aeroplane.

The stories of Russian dissatisfaction with the quiescence of the Allies in the west are presumably ill-founded. At least there can be no dissatisfaction in Russian military quarters, where the situation must be perfectly understood. The creation of a new shambles anywhere between the North Sea and Metz at the present time would begin and end exactly there. A few hundred yards of trenches might change hands, but nothing that the Allies could now do would necessitate the transfer of large bodies of men from the eastern front. And nothing short of this could help Russia. There is no reason to suppose that Joffre has changed his plans at any time or that he sees any reason to do so. His policy, as he himself expresses it, is one of "nibbling." That is to say, he is counting upon the loss of life and upon exhaustion. The Allies can sustain their strength almost indefinitely simply because they have a vastly greater population to draw upon. At the same time if the nibbling should disclose a weak spot there would of course be an assault with unknown results. At the present time we bear of a heavy French bombardment which is assumed to be preliminary to something vital. But if it were the preliminary to something vital it is not likely that we should have heard of it. It is still true to say that the critical point is neither in the west nor in Russia, but in the Dardanelles.

Major Morait says very truly that the French have so far borne most of the brunt of the western fighting, and he then adds: "Obviously the English war office will excuse itself to the French government by pleading the greater danger by sea of the large 'new army' necessary for the offensive in the west." At the same time it is to be remembered, and the French newspapers point this out energetically, that the main British participation was to be a naval one and that the navy has been effective in the protection of the French coasts. We may remind ourselves, moreover, that the Dardanelles fighting is chiefly by the British and that very large forces are engaged there.

Germany has so far taken twenty fortresses, a record that is certainly without a parallel and that, with equal certainty, must mean the doom of this kind of defense. In the west she has taken Liège, Namur, Longwy, Montmedy, La Fere, Laon, Mauberge, Antwerp, and Lille. In the east she has taken Libau, Rozan, Pultish, Ivangorod, Warsaw, Lomza, Ostrolenka, Kovno, Novo-Georgievsk, and Brest-Litovsk.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 8, 1915. SIDNEY CORYN.

A new American industry, that of the domestic manufacture of medicinal oil formerly imported from Russia, has developed since the war began. As soon as it became apparent that imports of liquid petrolatum were no longer possible American refiners, with characteristic promptness, set about to supply the established market, and before the close of 1914 a score of refiners were experimenting in the new field and at least ten sources of domestic white oil for medicinal use had been developed, the product being retailed under fifty or more different trade names. In the year 1914 the total quantity of medicinal oil marketed in the United States was not less than 435,950 gallons, and that at least 87,400 gallons, or twenty per cent of this quantity, was obtained from petroleum of domestic origin. This showing is considered most gratifying when the fact is considered that it is the result for the most part of only a few months' effort.

The oldest ironclad in the world is the U. S. S. *Holzerine*, now completing her seventy-first year of service. She was built at Pittsburgh and shipped in sections to Lake Erie in 1844, having since been stationed on that body of water. The *Holzerine* was a prison for 2000 Confederates during the Civil War.

That is said to be the largest smelter in the world is being constructed in this country for operation in Belgian Congo.

## THE STORY OF THE LOST LAST TRUMP.

And How Mr. Parchester Came Back to Himself.

Heaven, you must know, is a kindly place, and the blessed ones do not go on forever singing Allelujah, whatever you may have been told. For they, too, are still finite creatures, and must be fed with their eternity in little bits, as one feeds a chick or a child. So that there are morning and changes and freshness. There is time to condition their lives. And the children are still children, gravely eager about their playing and ready always for new things—just children they are, but blessed, as you see them in the picture beneath the careless feet of the Lord God. And one of these blessed children, routing about in an attic—for Heaven is, of course, full of the most heavenly attics, seeing that it has children—came upon a number of instruments stored away, and laid its little chubby hand upon them. . . .

Now, indeed, I can not tell what these instruments were, for to do so would be to invade mysteries. . . . But one I may tell of and that was a great brazen trumpet, which the Lord God had made when He made the world—for the Lord God finishes all His jobs—to blow when the time for our judgment came round. And He made it and left it; there it was, and everything was settled as the doctrine of predestination declares. And this blessed child conceived one of those unaccountable passions of childhood for its smoothness and brassiness, and he played with it, and tried to blow it and trailed it about with him, out of the attic, into the gay and golden streets, and after many fitful wanderings to those celestial battlements of crystal of which you have doubtless read. And there the blessed child fell to counting the stars and forgot all about the trumpet beside him until a flourish of his elbow sent it over. . . .

Down fell the trump, spinning as it fell, and for a day or so, which seemed but moments in heaven, the blessed child watched its fall until it was a glittering little speck of brightness. . . .

When it looked again the trump was gone. . . . I do not know what happened to that child when at last it was time for Judgment Day and that shining trumpet was missed. I know that Judgment Day is long overpassed because of the wickedness of things. I think perhaps it was in A. D. 1000, when the expected Day should have dawned that never came, but no other heavenly particulars do I know at all because now my scene changes to the narrow ways of this earth. . . .

And the Prologue in Heaven ends.

\* \* \* \*

And now the scene is a dingy little shop in Caledonian Market, where things of an incredible worthlessness lie in wait for such as seek after an impossible cheapness. In the window, as though it had always been there, and never anywhere else, lies a long, battered, trumpet of brass, that no prospective purchaser has ever been able to sound. In it mice shelter and dust and fluff have gathered after the fashion of this world. The keeper of the shop is a very old man and he bought the shop long ago, but already the trumpet was there; he has no idea whence it came, nor its country or origin, nor anything about it. But once in a moment of enterprise that led to nothing he decided to call it an Ancient Ceremonial Shawn, though he ought to have known that whatever a shawn may be the last thing it is likely to be is a trumpet, seeing that they are always mentioned together. And above it hung concertinas and melodeons and cornets and tin whistles and mouth organs and all that rubbish of musical instruments which delight the hearts of the poor. Until one day two blackened young men from the big motor works in the Pansophist Road stood outside the window and argued.

They argued about these instruments in stock and how you made these instruments sound, because they were fond of argument; and one asserted, and the other denied, that he could make every instrument in the place sound a note. And the argument rose high and led to a bet. "Supposing, of course, that the instrument is in order," said Hoskin, who was betting he could.

"That's understood," said Briggs.

And then they called as witnesses certain other young, black, and greasy men in the same employment, and after much argument and discussion that lasted through the afternoon they went in to the little old dealer about tea time, just as he was putting a bleary-eyed, stinking paraffin lamp to throw an unfavorable light upon his always unattractive window. And after great difficulty they arranged that for the sum of one shilling, paid in advance, Hoskin should have a try at every instrument in the shop that Briggs chose to indicate.

And the trial began.

The third instrument that was pitched upon by Briggs for the trial was the strange trumpet that lay at the bottom of the window, the trumpet that you, who have read the introduction, know was the trumpet for the Last Trump. And Hoskin tried and tried again, and then blowing desperately, hurt his ears. But he could get no sound from the trumpet. Then he examined the trumpet more carefully and discovered the mice and fluff and other things in it, and demanded that it should be cleaned, and the old dealer,

nothing loth, knowing they were used to automobile horns and such-like instruments, agreed to let them clean it on condition that they left it shiney. So the young men, after making a suitable deposit (which, as you shall hear, was presently confiscated), went off with the trumpet, proposing to clean it next day at the works, and to polish it with the peculiarly excellent brass polish employed upon the honk, honk horns of the firm. And this they did and Hoskin tried again.

But he tried in vain. Whereupon there arose a great argument about the trumpet, whether it was in order or not, whether it was possible for any one to sound it. For if not, then clearly it was outside the condition of the bet.

Others knowing the young men tried it, including two who played wind instruments in a band and were musically knowing men. After their own failure they were strongly on the side of Hoskins and strongly against Briggs, and most of the young men were of the same opinion.

"Not a bit of it," said Briggs, who was a man of resource. "I'll show you that it can be sounded."

And taking the instrument in his hand he went towards a peculiarly powerful foot blow-pipe that stood at the far end of the tool shed.

"Good old Briggs!" said one of the other young men; and opinion veered about.

Briggs removed the blow-pipe from its bellows and tube, and then adjusted the tube very carefully to the mouthpiece of the trumpet. Then with great deliberation he produced a piece of bees-waxed string from a number of other strange and filthy contents in his pocket, and tied the tube to the mouthpiece. And then he began to work the treadle of the bellows.

"Good old Briggs!" said one who had previously admired him.

And then something incomprehensible happened.

It was a flash. Whatever else it was it was a flash. And a sound that seemed to coincide exactly with the flash.

Afterwards the young men agreed to it that the trumpet blew to bits. It blew to bits and vanished, and they were all flung upon their faces—not backward. be it noted, but on their faces—and Briggs was stunned and scared. The tool shed windows were broken and the various apparatus and cars around were much displaced, and no traces of the trumpet were ever discovered.

That last particular puzzled and perplexed poor Briggs very much. It puzzled and perplexed him the more because he had had an impression, so extraordinary, so incredible, that he was never able to describe it to any other living person. But his impression was this: that the flash that came with the sound came not from the trumpet, but to it; that it smote down to it and took it; and that its shape was in the exact likeness of a hand and arm of fire.

\* \* \* \*

And that was not all; that was not the only strange thing about the disappearance of that battered trumpet. There was something else, even more difficult to describe—an effect as though for one instant something opened. . . .

The young men who worked with Hoskin and Briggs had that clearness of mind which comes of dealing with machinery, and they all felt this incredible something else, as if for an instant the world wasn't the world, but something lit and wonderful—larger.

This is what one of them said of it: "I felt," he said, "just for a minute—as though I was blown to Kingdom Come."

"It was just how it took me," said another. "'Lord,' I says, 'here's Judgment Day!' And then there I was, sprawling among the files."

But none of the others felt that they could say anything more definite than that.

\* \* \* \*

Moreover, there was a storm. All over the world there was a storm that puzzled meteorology, a moment's gale that left the atmosphere in a state of wild swaygog, rains, tornadoes, depressions, irregularities for weeks. News came of it from all the quarters of the earth.

All over China, for example, that land of cherished graves, there was a dust storm, dust leapt into the air. A kind of earthquake shook Europe, an earthquake that seemed to have at heart the peculiar interests of Mr. Algernon Ashton. Everywhere it cracked mausoleums and shivered the pavements and cathedrals, swished the flower-beds of cemeteries and tossed tombstones aside. A crematorium in Texas blew up. The sea was greatly agitated and the beautiful harbor of Sydney, in Australia, was seen to be littered with sharks floating upside down in manifest distress. . . .

And all about the world a sound was heard, like the sound of a trumpet instantly cut short.

\* \* \* \*

But this much is only the superficial dressing of the story. The reality is something different. It is this, that in an instant, and for an instant, the dead lived and all that are alive in the world did for a moment see the Lord God and all His powers, His hosts of angels and all His array looking down upon them. They saw Him as one sees by a flash of lightning in the darkness and then instantly the world was opaque



again, limited, petty, habitual. That is the reality of this story. Such glimpses have happened in individual cases before. The lives of the saints abound in them. Such a glimpse it was that came to Devendranats Tagore upon the burning ghat at Benares.

But this was not an individual, but a world experience; the flash came to every one. Not always was it quite the same, and thereby the doubter found his denials, when presently a sort of discussion broke out in the obscurer press. For this one testified that it seemed that "One stood very near to me" and another saw "All the hosts of Heaven flame up towards the Throne."

And there were others who had a vision of brooding watchers and others who imagined great sentinels before a veiled figure, and some who felt nothing more divine than a sensation of happiness and freedom such as one gets from a sudden burst of sunshine in the spring. . . . So that one is forced to believe that something more than wonderfully wonderful, something altogether strange was seen and that all these various things that people thought they saw were only interpretations drawn from their experiences and their imaginations. It was a light, it was beauty, it was high and solemn, it made this world seem a flimsy transparency. . . .

Then it had vanished. . . . And people were left with the question of what they had seen. And just how much it mattered.

\* \* \* \*

A little old lady sat by the fire in a small sitting-room in West Kensington. Her cat was in her lap, her spectacles were on her nose; she was reading the morning's paper and beside her on a little occasional table was her tea and a buttered muffin. She had finished the crimes and she was reading about the royal family. When she had read all there was to read about the royal family she put down the paper, deposited the cat on the hearth-rug, and turned to her tea. She had poured out her first cup and she had just taken up a quadrant of muffin when the trump and the flash came. Through its instant duration she remained motionless with the quadrant of muffin poised half way to her mouth. Then very slowly she put the morsel down.

"Now, what was that?" she said. She surveyed the cat, but the cat was quite calm. Then she looked very, very hard at her lamp. It was a patent safety lamp and had always behaved very well. Then she stared at the window, but the curtains were drawn and everything was in order.

"One might think I was going to be ill," she said, and resumed her toast.

\* \* \* \*

Not far away from the old lady, not more than three-quarters of a mile at most, sat Mr. Parchester in his luxurious study writing a perfectly beautiful, sustaining sermon about the need of faith in God. He was a handsome, earnest, modern preacher, he was rector of one of our big West-End churches, and he had amassed a large, fashionable congregation. Every Sunday, and at convenient intervals during the week, he fought against Modern Materialism, Scientific Education, Excessive Puritanism, Pragmatism, Doubt, Levity, Selfish Individualism, Further Relaxation of the Divorce Laws, Evils of Our Times—and anything else that was unpopular. He believed quite simply, he said, in all the old simple, kindly things. He had the face of a saint, but he had rendered this generally acceptable by growing side whiskers. And nothing could tame the beauty of his voice.

He was an enormous asset in the spiritual life of the metropolis—to give it no harsher name—and his fluent periods had restored faith and courage to many a poor soul hovering on the brink of the dark river of thought. . . .

And just as beautiful Christian maidens played a wonderful part in the last days of Pompeii, in winning proud Roman hearts to a hated and despised faith, so Mr. Parchester's naturally graceful gestures and his simple, melodious trumpet voice, won back scores of our half-pagan rich women to church attendance and the social work of which his church was the centre. . . .

And now by the light of an exquisitely shaded electric lamp he was writing this sermon of quiet, confident belief (with occasional hard smacks at current unbelief and rival leaders of opinion) in the simple, divine faith of our fathers. . . .

When there came this truncated trump and this vision. . . .

Mr. Blatchford caught it. . . .

\* \* \* \*

Of all the innumerable multitudes who for the infinitesimal fraction of a second had this glimpse of the divinity, none were so blankly, profoundly astonished as Mr. Parchester. For—it may be because of his subtly spiritual nature—he saw, and seeing, believed. He dropped his pen and let it roll across his manuscript; he sat stunned, with every drop of blood fled from his face and lips and his eyes dilated.

While he had just been writing and arguing about God, there was God!

The curtain had been snatched back for an instant, it had fallen again; but his mind had taken a photographic impression of everything that he had seen:

the grave presences, the hierarchy, the effulgence, the vast concourse, the terrible gentle eyes. He felt it, as though the vision still continued, behind the book-cases, behind the pictured wall and the curtained window, *even now there was judgment!*

For quite a long time he sat, incapable of more than apprehending this supreme realization. His hands were held out limply upon the desk before him. And then very slowly his staring eyes came back to immediate things, and fell upon the scattered manuscript on which he had been engaged. He read an unfinished sentence, and only slowly recovered its intention. As he did so a picture of his congregation came to him as he saw it from the pulpit during his evening sermon, as he had intended to see it on the Sunday evening that was at hand, with Lady Rupert in her sitting and Lady Blex in hers and Mrs. Munbridge—the rich and, in her Jewish way, very attractive Mrs. Munbridge, running them close in her adoration, and each with one or two friends they had brought to adore him, and behind them the Hexams and the Wassinghams, and behind them others and others, ranks and ranks of people; and the galleries on either side packed with worshippers of a less dominant class; and the great organ and his magnificent choir waiting to support him and supplement him; and the great altar to the left of him, and the beautiful new lay chapel, done by Roger Fry and Wyndham Lewis, and all the latest people in art, to the right. He thought of that listening multitude, seen through the haze of the thousand electric candles, and how he had planned the paragraphs of his discourse so that the note of his beautiful voice should float slowly down, like golden leaves in autumn, into the smooth tarn of their silences, word by word, phrase by phrase, until he came to "Now to God the Father, God the Son—"

And all the time he knew that Lady Blex would watch his face, and Mrs. Munbridge, leaning those graceful shoulders of hers a little forward, would watch his face.

There were many people who would watch his face. All sorts of people would come to Mr. Parchester's services at times. Once it was said Mr. Balfour had come. Just to hear him. After his sermons the strangest people would come and make confessions in the beautifully furnished reception room beyond the vestry. All sorts of people. Once or twice he had asked people to come and listen to him; and one of them had been a very beautiful woman. And afterwards he had dreamt of the people who might come; prominent people, influential people, remarkable people. But never before had it occurred to Mr. Parchester that a little hidden from the rest of the congregation, behind the thin veil of this material world, there was another auditorium. And that God also sat under him and watched his face. And watched him through and through.

Terror seized upon Mr. Parchester. He stood up, as though divinity had come into the room before him.

He perceived that it was hopeless to try and hide what he had written, what he had thought, what he was.

"I did not know," he said at last. The click of the door behind him warned him that he was not alone. He turned and saw Miss Skelton, his typist; for it was her time to come for his manuscript and copy it out in the specially legible type he used. For a moment he stared at her strangely.

She looked at him with those deep, adoring eyes of hers. "Am I too soon, sir?" she asked, and seemed prepared for a noiseless departure.

He did not answer immediately. Then he said: "Miss Skelton, the Judgment of God is close at hand!" And seeing she stood perplexed, he said: "Miss Skelton, how can you expect me to go on acting and mouthing this tosh when the Sword of Truth hangs over us?"

Something in her face made him ask a question. "Did you see anything?" he asked.

"I thought it was because I was rubbing my eyes." "Then, indeed, there is a God! And He is watching us now. And all this about us, this sinful room, this foolish, this preposterous life of blasphemous pretensions—!"

He stopped short with a kind of horror on his face. With a wild gesture he rushed by her. He appeared, wild-eyed, upon the landing, before his manservant, who was carrying a scuttle of coal upstairs. "Brompton," he said, "what are you doing?" "Coal, sir."

"Put it down, man," he said. "Are you not an immortal soul? God is here—as close as my hand. Repent! Turn to Him! The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand!"

\* \* \* \*

Now, if you are a policeman perplexed by a sudden and unaccountable collision between a taxicab and an electric standard, complicated by a blinding flash and a sound like an abbreviated trump from an automobile horn, you do not want to be bothered by a hatless clerical gentleman suddenly rushing out of a handsome private house and telling you that "the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand!" You are respectful to him, because it is the duty of a policeman to be respectful to gentlemen; but you say to him, "Sorry I can't attend to that now, sir. One thing at a time. I've got

this little accident to see to." And if he persists in dancing round the gathering crowd and coming at you again, you say, "I'm afraid I must ask you to get away from here, sir. You aint being a 'elp, sir." And if, on the other hand, you are a well-trained clerical gentleman, who knows his way about in the world, you do not go on pestering a policeman on duty after he said that, even although you think God is looking at you and judgment is close at hand. You turn away and go on, a little damped, looking for some one else more likely to pay attention to your tremendous tidings.

And so it happened to the Rev. Mr. Parchester. He experienced a curious little recession of confidence. He went on past quite a number of people without saying anything further, and the next person he accosted was a flower-woman sitting by her basket at the corner of Chexington Square. She was unable to stop him at once when he began to talk to her, because she was tying up a big bundle of white chrysanthemums and had an end of string between her teeth. And her daughter, who stood beside her, was the sort of girl who wouldn't say "Bo!" to a goose.

"Do you know, my good woman," said Mr. Parchester, "that while we poor creatures of earth go about over our poor business here, while we sin and blunder and follow every sort of base end, that close to us, above us, around us, watching us, judging us, are God and His holy angels. I have had a vision, and I am not the only one. I have seen. We are in the Kingdom of Heaven now and here, and Judgment is all about us now! Have you seen nothing? No light? No sound? No warning?"

By this time the old flower-seller had finished her bunch of flowers and could speak. "I saw it," she said. "And Mary, she saw it."

"Well!" said Mr. Parchester. "But Lord! It don't mean nothing," said the old flower-seller.

\* \* \* \*

At that a kind of chill fell on Mr. Parchester. He went on across Chexington Square by his own inertia.

He was still almost as sure that he had seen God as he had been in his study, but now he was no longer sure that the world would believe that he had. He felt perhaps that this idea of rushing out to tell people was precipitate and inadvisable. After all, a priest in the Church of England is only one unit in a great machine, and in a world-wide spiritual crisis it should be the task of that great machine to act as one resolute thing. This isolated crying aloud in the street was unworthy of a consecrated priest. It was a Dissenting kind of thing to do. A vulgar individualist screaming. He thought suddenly that he would go and tell his bishop, the great Bishop Wampach. He called a taxicab, and within half an hour he was in the presence of his commanding officer. It was an extraordinarily difficult and painful interview. . . .

You see, Mr. Parchester believed. The bishop impressed him as being quite angrily resolved not to believe. And for the first time in his career Mr. Parchester realized just how much jealous hostility a beautiful, fluent, and popular preacher may arouse in the minds of the hierarchy. It wasn't, he felt, a conversation. It was like flinging himself into the paddock of a bull that has long been anxious to gore you.

"Inevitably," said the bishop, "this theatricalism, this star-turn business, with its extreme spiritual excitements, its exaggerated soul crises, and all the rest of it, leads to such a breakdown as afflicts you. Inevitably. You were, at least, wise to come to me. I can see you are only in the beginning of your trouble, that already in your mind fresh hallucinations are gathering to overwhelm you; voices, special charges and missions, strange revelations. . . . I wish I had the power to suspend you right away. To send you into retreat."

Mr. Parchester made a violent effort to control himself. "But I tell you," he said, "that actually I saw God."

He added, as if to reassure himself, "More plainly, more certainly than I see you."

"Of course," said the bishop, "this is how strange new sects come into existence; this is how false prophets spring out of the bosom of the church. Loose-minded, excited men of your stamp."

Mr. Parchester, to his own astonishment, burst into tears. "But I tell you," he wept, "He is here. I have seen. I know."

"Don't talk such nonsense," said the bishop. "There is no one here but you and I."

Mr. Parchester expostulated. "But," he protested, "He is omnipresent."

The bishop controlled an expression of impatience. "It is characteristic of your condition," he said, "that you are unable to distinguish between a matter of fact and a spiritual truth. . . . Now listen to me. If you value your sanity, and public decency, and the discipline of the church, go right home from here and go to bed. Send for Broadhays, who will prescribe a safe sedative. And read something calming and graceful and purifying. For my own part I should be disposed to recommend the 'Life of Saint Francis of Assisi.'" . . .

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Unhappily Mr. Parchester did not go home. He went out from the bishop's residence stunned and



amazed, and suddenly upon his desolation came the thought of Mrs. Munbridge. . . .  
She would understand. . . .

He was shown up to her own little sitting-room. She had already gone up to her own room to dress, but when she heard that he had called and wanted very greatly to see her, she slipped on a loose, beautiful tea-gown negligée thing, and hurried to him. He tried to tell her everything, but she only kept saying, "There, there!" She was sure he wanted a cup of tea: he looked so pale and exhausted. She rang to have the tea equipage brought back; she put the dear saint in an armchair by the fire; she put cushions about him and ministered to him. And when she began partly to comprehend what he had experienced, she suddenly realized that she also had experienced it. That vision had been a brain wave between their two linked and sympathetic brains. And that thought glowed in her as she brewed tea with her own hands. He had been weeping! How tenderly he felt all these things. He was more sensitive than a woman. What madness to have expected understanding from the bishop! But that was just like his unworldliness. He was not fit to take care of himself. A wave of tenderness carried her away. "Here is your tea," she said, bending over him; and, feeling conscious of her fragrant warmth and sweetness, and suddenly—she could never afterwards explain why she was so moved—she was moved to kiss him on his brow. . . .

How indescribable is the comfort of a truly womanly friend!

About half-past seven that evening Mr. Parchester returned to his own home, and Brompton admitted him. Brompton was relieved to find his employer looking quite restored and ordinary again.

"Brompton," said Mr. Parchester, "I will not have the dinner tonight. Just a single mutton cutlet and one of those quarter bottles of Perrier Jouet on a tray in my study. I shall have to finish my sermon to-night." . . .

And he finished it and delivered it even as he had intended before the blowing of the last trumpet distracted his attention.—*Reginald Bliss in London Clarion.*

Mortality among wild birds at Salt Lake has attracted widespread interest in recent years, and there have been many speculations as to its cause. Thousands upon thousands of ducks, snipe, sandpipers, and other birds have perished, and the situation is of more than local importance, as immense numbers of birds stop in this region while migrating and many of them succumb to the prevailing malady. A similar mortality has been reported at Tulare and Owens lakes in California, and probably occurs at many other points in the West. This matter has recently been investigated by the United States Biological Survey, which finds that in all probability the trouble is due to an alkaline poison. The birds probably sicken in shallow water bordering the mud flats. As these flats dry after high water, salts and alkalies crystallize on the surface of the ground. Later pools from rain, or a steady wind blows the water over the flats; the highly soluble salts are taken up by the water; and birds feeding in the water thus charged are poisoned. Concentration of the salts by evaporation in poorly drained pools leads to the same result. Measures for keeping the water fresh are the only remedy thus far indicated.

Government experts have for three years been endeavoring to find out how much of the nicotine they can take out of the tobacco leaf without reducing the cigar to the quality of cabbage leaf. The percentage of nicotine has already been reduced from 3.5 to 1.31 per cent. Dr. W. W. Garner of the bureau of plant industry at Washington says that the flavor of the tobacco has not been changed. Three years ago an analysis of ten stalks of tobacco was made and showed a nicotine content of 3.5 per cent. The plant with the lowest content was taken and the seed planted the next year. From this tobacco ten stalks were selected and the same process gone through. Last year it was found that the nicotine content had been reduced to 1.31 per cent.

Tonopah, Nevada, since its discovery in 1900, has produced silver and gold to the value of more than \$60,000,000 from veins in the Tertiary volcanic rocks. Goldfield, founded in 1902, was a direct outcome of the development at Tonopah. The deposits here also occur in Tertiary volcanic rocks, but in form and character they are entirely different from the Tonopah veins. The total production from Goldfield to the end of 1913 was over \$65,000,000 in gold and silver.

Seattle is the only city in the United States boasting a tin smelter. This industry depends on the Alaskan mines for its raw material, but hopes to develop connections enabling it to draw upon Bolivian and Chinese sources. The Straits Settlements are the present world leaders in tin production with 70,000 tons annually. Bolivia yields 20,000 tons and all other sources 30,000 tons.

Canned whale meat is now used extensively in Japan.

## BELGIAN CONGO.

### The Rich Colony of a Devastated Motherland.

Belgium is small in territory, having an area of but 11,373 square miles, but the Belgian Congo State in Africa is nearly eighty times larger. Today the flag of the Congo State, with its golden star on a blue ground, floats over a hive of industry in a fruitful garden. Dotted with churches, hospitals, trading stations, and promising new settlements, threaded with wagon-roads and highways of steel, with steamers plying upon its rivers, and the produce of its forests and plantations enriching both the natives, colonists, and the rest of the world, the transformation is as marvelous as a fairy tale.

King Leopold had founded in 1876 the International African Association and sent Belgian officers to establish the first stations at Lake Tanganika. After Stanley's discoveries, the king organized the International Association of the Upper Congo and sent exploring parties up the mighty river and into its numerous affluents. The United States of America was the first great power to recognize this association as a properly constituted state. This work of civilization made such rapid progress that at the Congress of Berlin, in 1885, the powers recognized the Congo as an independent state under the sovereignty of King Leopold. The Belgic Anti-Slavery Society, under Cardinal Lavigerie, primate of Africa (1825-1892), was founded to repress the slave trade, the "heart disease of Africa." It was even hoped that a fraternity of armed laymen would restore the fertility of the Sahara. This did not come to pass, but gradually the slave-hunters were driven out of the Congo Free State—a notable triumph of civilization.

The Congo Free State, bounded by "the white man's Africa," as partitioned among Portuguese, Germans, French, and British, has an area of over nine hundred thousand square miles with a population of possibly thirty millions. It was brought into being wholly through the ambition and force of one man, King Leopold. At first the Belgians insisted that he alone should be the responsible owner and manager. Within ten years King Leopold spent six millions of dollars on his African estate, but later he more than recouped his outlay and became very rich. The Congo Free State was thus at first a monopolist trading concern, in which abuses soon grew intolerable.

This led to a movement in Belgium for direct annexation. After prolonged discussion and negotiations the Congo Free State ceased on November 14, 1908, and the Belgian Congo, as a colony of the mother country, began its life. The first foreign power to recognize the transfer was Germany, in January, 1909. The old system of absolute monarchy, with forced labor, was changed to a colonial system of thirteen districts and one province, each governed by a commissary, the power of legislation being vested in the Belgian Parliament.

By the Berliet act missionaries of all names and creeds have perfect freedom of action and are the chief educators of the natives, though the state has established agricultural and technical schools. Provision is made for orphans, foundlings, abandoned, or neglected children, and those rescued from slavery. In 1907 there were five hundred missionaries at over one hundred stations in the colony. These give technical and manual as well as religious training.

King Leopold II, a man of great public virtues, but with a record of private life over which, after death, his friends prefer to draw the veil of charity, died on December 17, 1909, after a reign of over forty-four years.—*From "Belgium, the Land of Art."*

Of interest in connection with the Tertiary gold-bearing river gravels of California is the story of the Calaveras skull. For a time this skull attracted much attention not only from the people in California, but from scientific men the world over. It was reported to have been found in 1866 near the town of Angels, Calaveras County, at a depth of 130 feet, in Tertiary gravels underlying Tertiary lava. The finding of a human skull imbedded in such deposits was for a time believed to indicate that man had been in existence in North America longer than had been supposed. Strange to say, the skull is of a higher type than skulls which, although known to antedate historic times, are known also to be much younger than the Tertiary. Although Professor J. D. Whitney, then state geologist, accepted the skull as a bit of genuine scientific evidence, it is generally believed by students of the antiquity of man that the Calaveras skull, while undoubtedly old, probably did not come from the auriferous gravels at all.

King Ferdinand of Roumania, for whose favor both sides in the war are bidding, is by a birth a Prince of Hohenzollern, that is to say a member of the Prussian reigning house of which the Kaiser is the chief, while King Ferdinand of Bulgaria is a scion of the German sovereign family of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha and was born and brought up in Austria, where he made his home as an Austrian subject until he was elected ruler of Bulgaria a little over a quarter of a century ago.

## OLD FAVORITES.

### Old Ironsides.

SEPTEMBER 14, 1830.

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!  
Long has it waved on high,  
And many an eye has danced to see  
That banner in the sky;  
Beneath it rung the battle shout,  
And burst the cannon's roar;—  
The meteor of the ocean air  
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,  
Where knelt the vanquished foe,  
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,  
And waves were white below,  
No more shall feel the victor's tread,  
Or know the conquered knee;—  
The harpies of the shore shall pluck  
The eagle of the sea!

Oh, better that her shattered hulk  
Should sink beneath the wave;  
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,  
And there should be her grave;  
Nail to the mast her holy flag,  
Set every threadbare sail,  
And give her to the god of storms,  
The lightning and the gale!  
—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

### Barbara Frietchie.

SEPTEMBER 13, 1862.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,  
Clear in the cool September morn,  
The clustered spires of Frederick stand  
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,  
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,  
Fair as the garden of the Lord  
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall  
When Lee marched over the mountain-wall;  
Over the mountains winding down,  
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,  
Forty flags with their crimson bars,  
Flapped in the morning wind: the sun  
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,  
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;  
Bravest of all in Frederick town,  
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic window the staff she set,  
To show that one heart was loyal yet.  
Up the street came the rebel tread,  
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right  
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.  
"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.  
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;  
It rent the banner with seam and gash.  
Quick as it fell from the broken staff  
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf.

She leaned far out on the window-sill,  
And shook it forth with a royal will.  
"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,  
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,  
Over the face of the leader came;  
The nobler nature within him stirred  
To life at that woman's deed and word;

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head  
Dies like a dog!" March on!" he said.  
All day long through Frederick street  
Sounded the tread of marching feet:

All day long that free flag tossed  
Over the heads of the rebel host.  
Ever its torn folds rose and fell  
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light  
Shone over it with a warm good-night.  
Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,  
And the Rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear  
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.  
Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,  
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw  
Round thy symbol of light and law;  
And ever the stars above look down  
On thy stars below in Frederick town!

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

One of the interesting things in the U. S. Grant Post, No. 327, Grand Army of the Republic, post-room, of Brooklyn, is the altar, presented by William Berry. It is a glass case, in the centre of which are the stumps of two trees taken from the battlefield of Chickamauga, and in each of these stumps there is imbedded a large, unexploded shell.

The size and value of the cocoanut industry in Ceylon may be gauged when it is considered that fully 60,000,000 cocoanut trees are under cultivation.



## LITERARY DEVOTIONS.

John Cowper Powys Writes a Volume of Brilliant and Appreciative Literary Essays.

A "book of literary devotions," John Cowper Powys, of Oxford and of the University Lecturers' Association of New York, sub-titles his recently published volume of literary essays, "Visions and Revisions." Vivid admiration, that is almost adoration in some places, that is reverent and painstaking always, and a splendid and creative enthusiasm warm his pages. He is scornful of the average criticism that dares to criticize, berate, or commend those big works which are so beyond the usual accomplishment. His own aim is to tell us of his personal emotions and experiences of contact rather than to give a valuation by some exact standard to the varied products of diverse minds that he has read and loved. Constructive in a true sense is his work, in spite of his scorn of criticism that is classed under that heading:

There is an absurd notion going about, among those half-educated people who frequent Ethical Platforms, that Literary Criticism must be "constructive." Oh that word "constructive"! How in the name of the mystery of genius can criticism being anything else than an idolatry, a worship, a metamorphosis, a love affair! The pathetic mistake these people make is to fancy that the great artists only lived and wrote in order to buttress up such poor wretches as these are upon the particular little, thin, cardboard platform which is at present their moral security and refuge.

No one has a right to be a critic whose mind can not, with Protean receptivity, take first one form and then another, as the great Spells, one by one, are thrown and withdrawn.

Who wants to know what Professor So-and-so's view of Life may be? We want to use Professor So-and-so as a Mirror, as a Medium, as a Go-Between, as a Sensitive Plate, so that we may once more get the thrill of contact with this or that dead Spirit. He must keep his temperament, our Critic; his peculiar angle of receptivity, his capacity for personal reaction. But it is the reaction of his own natural nerves that we require, not the pallid, second-hand reaction of his tedious, formulated opinions. Why can not he see that, as a natural man, physiologically, nervously, temperamentally, pathologically different from other men, he is an interesting spectacle, as he comes under the influence first of one great artist and then another, while as a silly, little, preaching schoolmaster, he is only a blot upon the world-mirror!

If we do not fall under the spell of the master whose magic we seek, then we fail to attain his message—is somewhat Mr. Powys's idea. He has an interesting bit to say in his preface of that quality which gives to a book the wings of immortality because it deals with the things and emotions that are permanent and recurrent. He suggests a new idea of the consecration of living:

If there is any unity in these essays, it will be found in a blurred and stammered attempt to indicate how far it may be possible, in spite of the limitations of our ordinary nature, to live in the light of the "grand style." I do not mean that we—the far-off worshippers of these great ones—can live as they thought and felt. But I mean that we can live in the atmosphere, the temper, the mood, the attitude towards things, which "the grand style" they use evokes and sustains.

I want to make this clear. There are a certain number of solitary spirits moving among us who have a way of troubling us by their aloofness from our controversies, our disputes, our arguments, our "great problems." We call them Epicures, Heathens, Egoists, Hedonists, and Virtuosos. And yet not one of these words exactly fits them. What they are really doing is living in the atmosphere and the temper of "the grand style"—and that is why they are so irritating and provocative! To them the most important thing in the world is to realize to the fullest limit of their consciousness what it means to be born a Man. The actual drama of our mortal existence, reduced to the simplest terms, is enough to occupy their consciousness and their passion. In this sphere—in the sphere of the "inevitable things" of human life—everything becomes to them a sacrament. Not a symbol—be it noted—but a Sacrament! The food they eat; the wine they drink; their waking and sleeping; the hesitations and reluctances of their devotions; the swift anger of their recoils and retreats; their long loyalties; their savage reversions; their sudden "lashings out"; their hate and their love and their affection; the simplicities of these everlasting moods are in all of us—become, every one of them, matters of sacramental efficiency. To regard each day, as it dawns, as a "last day," and to make of its sunrise, of its noon, of its sun-setting, a rhythmic antiphony to the eternal gods—this is to live of the spirit of the "grand style." It has nothing to do with "right" or "wrong." Saints may practice it, and sometimes do. Sinners often practice it. The whole thing consists in growing vividly conscious of those moods and events which are permanent and human, as compared with those other moods and events which are transitory and unimportant.

Rabelais is the first subject of Mr. Powys's pen, and he is recommended to us as a wholesome tonic:

The reading of Rabelais is not easy to every one, and perhaps to those for whom it is least easy to he would be most medicinal. What in this mad world do we lack, my dear friends? Is it possibly courage? Well, Rabelais is, of all writers, the one best able to give us that courage. If only we had courage, how the great tides of existence might sweep us along—and we not whine or wince at all?

In this over-"cultured" and fastidious day the "courage" of Rabelais, his humor, his broad physiological viewpoint, have a place as in the older days, and according to Mr. Powys those who are offended by his attitude toward sex "are the incurably vicious," and—

Little they know of Rabelais who call him a lewd buffoon—the profanest of mountbanks. He was one of those rare spirits that redeem humanity. To open his book—though the steam of the grossness of it rises to Heaven—is to touch the divine fingers—the fingers that heal the world.

How that "style" of his, that great oceanic avalanche of learning and piety and obscenity and gigantic merriment, smells of the honest earth!

How, with his huge scholarship, he loves to depend for his

richest, most human effects upon his own peasant-people of Touraine! The proverbs of the countryside, the wisdom of tavern-wit, the shrewdness and fantasy of old wives' tales, the sly earthly humors of farmers and vine-tenders and goat-herds and goose-girls—these are things out of which he distills his vision, his oracles, his courage.

There is also—who could help observing it—a kind of royal domesticity about much that he writes. Those touches, as when Gargantua, his little dog in advance, enters the dining-hall, when they are discussing Panurge's marriage, and they all rise to do him honor; as when Gargantua bids Pantagruel farewell and gives him a benediction so wise and tender; remain in the mind like certain passages in the Bible. These are the things that aesthetic fools "with varnished faces" easily overlook and misunderstand; but good simple fellows—"honest cuds" as Rabelais would say—are struck to the heart by them. How proud the man might be, who in the turmoil of this troublesome world and beneath the mystery of "le grand Peut-être" could answer to the ultimate question, "I am a Christian of the faith of Rabelais!"

Rather paradoxical is Mr. Powys's dealing with Dante; and there will be some disagreement with the observation that he is peculiarly the poet of woman:

The truth is, women love Dante for the precise reason that these men hate him. He makes sex the centre of everything. One need not be deceived by the fact that Dante worships "purity," while Voltaire, Goethe, and Nietzsche are little concerned with it. This very laudation of continence is itself an emphasis upon sex. These others would play with amorous propensities; trifle with them in their life, in their art, in their philosophy; and then, that dangerous plaything laid aside would, as Machiavel puts it, "assume suitable attire, and return to the company of their equals—the great sages of antiquity."

Now it is quite clear that this pagan attitude towards sex, this tendency to enjoy it in its place and leave it there, is one that, more than anything else, is irritating to women. If, as a German thinker says, every woman is a courtesan or a mother, it is obvious that the artists and thinkers who refuse alike the beguilements of the one and the ironic tenderness of the other, are not people to be "loved." Dante refuses neither; and he has, further, that peculiar mixture of harsh strength and touching weakness, which is so especially appealing to women. They are reluctantly overcome—not without pleasure—by his fierce authority; and they can play "the little mother" to his weakness. The maternal instinct is as ironical as it is tender. It smiles at the high ideals of the eccentric child it pets, but it would not have him different. What a woman does not like, whether she is mother or courtesan, is that other kind of irony, the irony of the philosopher, which undermines both her maternal feeling and her passionate caresses.

Perhaps here is a prophecy for us:

The beginning of the Inferno contains the cruellest judgment upon our generation ever uttered. It is so exactly adapted to the spirit of this age that, hearing it, one staggers as if from a stab. Are we not this very tribe of catiffs who have committed the "Great Refusal"? Are we not these very wretches whose blind life is so base that they envy every other Fate? Are we not those who are neither for God or for His enemies, but are "for themselves"; those who may not even take refuge in Hell, lest the one damned get glory of them! The very terror of this clear-cutting sword-sweep, dividing us bone from bone, may, nay, actually probably will, send us back to our gentle "lovers of humanity" who, "knowing everything, pardon everything." But one sometimes wonders whether a life all "irony," all "pity," all urbane "interest," would not lose the savor of its taste! There is danger, not only to our moral sense, but to our immoral sense, in that genial air of universal acceptance which has become the fashion.

What if, after all—even though this universe be so poor a farce—the mad lovers and haters, the terrible prophets and artists, were right?

That the incomparable bard of Avon has become obscured by overmuch "criticism" and comment greatly disturbs Mr. Powys. He feels that we have lost Shakespeare the man through looking at him in the sullied mirrors of other minds, instead of finding him in his books. That he is no false optimist our author protests:

Shakespeare is, at bottom, the most extreme of Pessimists. He has no faith in "progress," no belief in "eternal values," no transcendental "intuitions," no zeal for reform. The universe to him, for all its loveliness, remains an outrageous jest. The cosmic is the comic. Anything may be expected of this "pendant world," except what we expect; and when it is a question of "falling back," we can only fall back on human-made custom. We live by illusions, and when the last illusions fail us, we die. After reading Shakespeare, the final impression left upon the mind is that the world can only be justified as an aesthetic spectacle. To appreciate a Show at once so sublime and so ridiculous, one needs to be very brave, very tender, and very humorous. Nothing else is needed. "Man must abide his going hence, even as his coming hither. Ripeness is all." When Courage fails us, it is—"as flies to wanton boys are we to the gods. They kill us for their sport." When tenderness fails us, it is—"Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow, creeps in this petty pace from day to day to the last syllable of recorded time." When humor fails us, it is—"How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable seem to me all the uses of this world!"

And that he is, first of all, a poet:

No natural person can read him without feeling the pulse of extreme personal passion behind everything he writes.

And this pulse of personal passion is always expressing itself in Poetry. He will let the probabilities of a character vanish into air, or dwindle into a wistful note of attenuated convention, when once such a one has served his purpose as a reed to pipe his strange tunes through. He will whistle the most important personage down the wind, lost to interest and identity, when once he has put into his mouth his own melancholy brooding upon life—his own imaginative reaction.

And so it happens that, in spite of all academic opinion, those who understand Shakespeare best tease themselves least over his dramatic lapses. For let it be whispered at once, without further scruple: As far as the art of the drama is concerned, Shakespeare is shameless. The poetic instinct—one might call it "epical" or "lyrical," for it is both these—is far more dominant in our "greatest dramatist" than any dramatic conscience. That is precisely why those among us who love "poetry," but find "drama," especially "drama since Ibsen," intolerably tiresome, revert again and again to Shakespeare. Only absurd groups of Culture-Philistines can read these "powerful modern productions" more than once! One

knows not whether their impertinent preaching, or their exasperating technical cleverness is the more annoying.

After Shakespeare, Keats, and then, perhaps, Charles Lamb receives the most overflowing measure of Mr. Powys's enthusiasm:

Elia can not say anything, not the simplest thing, without giving it a turn, a twist, a lift, a lightness, a grace, that would redeem the very grease-spots on a scullion's apron! There is no style in the world like it. Germany, France, Italy, Russia have no Charles Lamb. Their Flauberts and D'Annunzios belong to a different tribe. Even Turgeneff, just because he has to "get on with his story," can not do precisely this.

Every single one of the "essays" and most of the "letters" can be read over and over again, and their cadences caressed as if they were living people's features. And they are living. They are as living as those Japanese prints so maddening to some among us, or as the drawings of Leonardo. They also—in their place—are "pure line," to use the ardent modern slang, and unpolluted "imaginative suggestion."

The mistake our "aesthetes" made, these lovers of Egyptian dancers and Babylonian masks, is that they suppose the simplicity of Lamb's subjects debar him from the rare effects. Ah! They little know! He can take the wistfulness of children, and the quaint gestures of dead comedians, and the fantasies of old worm-eaten folios, and the shadows of sun-dials upon cloistered lawns, and the heart-breaking evasions of such as "can never know love," and out of these things he can make a music as piteous and lovely as Ophelia's songs. It is a curious indication of the lack of real poetic feeling in the feverish art-neophytes of our age that they should miss these things in Elia. One wonders if they have ever felt the remote translunar beauty that common faces and old, dim, pitiful things can wear sometimes. It would seem not. Like Herod the Tetrarch, they must have "Peacocks whose crying calls the rain, and the spreading of their tails brings down the Moon"; they must have "opals that burn with flame as cold as ice," and onyxes and amber and the tapestries of Tyre. The pansies that "are for thoughts" touch them not and the voices of the street-singers leave them cold.

It is the fashion today to ignore Charles Dickens. Perhaps it is the reaction from his extraordinary fame of the Victorian period. We say that we have outgrown him. That there is yet meat in Dickens Mr. Powys surely proves, and points out that his permanence is indeed due to that quality which many modernists deny he possesses:

... I think it is to be found in his childlike Imagination. Now, the modern cult for children has reached such fantastic limits that one has to be very careful when one uses that word. But Dickens is childlike, not as Oscar Wilde—that Uranian Baby—or as Paul Verlaine—that little "pet lamb" of God—felt themselves to be childlike, or as the artificial-minded Robert Louis Stevenson fooled his followers into thinking him. He is really and truly childlike. His imagination and vision are literally the imagination and vision of children. We have not all played at Pirates and Buccaneers. We have not all dreamed of Treasure Islands and marooned sailors. We have not all "believed in Fairies." These rather tiresome and over-rung-up aspects of children's fancies are, after all, very often nothing more than middle-aged people's damned affectations. The children's cult at the present day plays strange tricks.

But Dickens, from beginning to end, has the real touch, the authentic reaction. How should actual and living children, persecuted by "new Educational Methods," glutted with toys, depraved by "understanding sympathy," and worn out by performances of "Peter Pan," believe—really and truly—in fairies any more? But, in spite of sentimental Child-worshippers, let us not hesitate to whisper: "It doesn't matter in the least if they don't!" The "enlightened" and cultivated mothers, who grow unhappy when they find their darlings cold to Titania and Oberon and to more "poetic" modern fairies, with the funny names, may rest in peace. If the house they inhabit and the street they inhabit be not sanitized and art-decorated beyond all human interest, they may let their little ones alone. They will dream their dreams. They will invent their games. They will talk to their shadows. They will blow kisses to the Moon. And all will go well with "the Child in the House," even if he has not so much as heard of "the Blue bird!"

At this point it is needless to remark that Mr. Powys is noticeably iconoclastic in his dealings with all of our gods. He admits Dickens's right to what are called his faults:

He was a vulgar writer. Why not? England would not be England—and what would London be?—if we didn't have a touch, a smack, a sprinkling of that ingredient!

He was a shameless sentimentalist. Why not? It is better to cry than to comb one's hair all day with an ivory comb.

He was a monstrous melodramatist. Why not? To be born is a melodrama. To play "hide-and-seek" with Death is a melodrama. And some have found melodramatic satisfaction in letting themselves be caught. All the World's a Puppet-Show, and if the Big Showman jerks his wires so extravagantly, why should not the Little Showman do the same?

In the chapter on Dostoevsky are some ideas which will furnish food for thought for the eugenist, as does the chapter on Dickens for the modern child-culturist:

One of the most arresting "truths" that emerge, like silvery fish, at the end of the line of this Fisher in the abysses is the "truth" that any kind of departure from the normal may become a means of mystic illumination. The same perversion or contortion of mind which may, in one direction, lead to crime may, in another direction, lead to extraordinary spiritual clairvoyance. And this applies to all deviations from the normal type, and to all moods and inclinations in normal persons under unusual excitement or strain. The theory is, as a matter of fact, as old as the oldest races. In Egypt and India, as well as in Rome and Athens, the gods were always regarded as in some especial way manifesting their will, and revealing their secrets, to those thus stricken.

El Greco, Milton, Goethe, Matthew Arnold, Shelley, Nietzsche, Thomas Hardy, Edgar Allan Poe, Walter Pater, and Walt Whitman complete the list of the great inspired ones with whom Mr. Powys deals in his exceptionally interesting, unusual, and peculiarly alive volume of impressions.

VISIONS AND REVISIONS. By John Cowper Powys. New York: 1735 Grand Central Terminal; G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## Thirty.

Here we have the reform novel, written somewhat on the usual lines, but with a variation in the climax. The "higher-ups" are represented by Roger and Judith Wynrod, brother and sister, wealthy, fashionable, and irresponsible. Then comes Brent Good, representing a socialist newspaper and anxious to secure an interview on the rioting in the Alcona mines, in which the Wynrods are financially interested. Good's personality is so forceful that he converts first the sister and then the brother, persuades Judith to buy a newspaper, and presently we find the whole trio engaged in the now congenial task of exposure. There is also a fashionable clergyman who sees the error of his ways and turns toward the light. This is quite an innovation, and the author is to be congratulated on his courage in attempting the reformation of a clergyman, a feat hitherto considered impossible.

The story has no depth, although it is quite readable. Probably it will not occur to the average reader that Roger Wynrod could not become a highly efficient newspaper manager in the course of a few days, since it is well known that newspaper work requires no experience and that good intentions are an all-sufficient equipment.

THIRTY. By Howard Vincent O'Brien. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

## Accidentals.

This volume of 320 pages contains ninety sketches of life in Paris, silhouettes and impressions caught in the streets and parks and cafés and presented with the literary art that springs from sympathy and feeling. Helen Mackay tells us in her preface, which she calls an Apologia, that they are the work of the last two or three years, and now she knows that they are pictures of a Paris that has ceased to be. Something has happened to the road and streets and rivers; and to the people who pass along them; and to the forests and cities and fields; and to the people in thatched cabins, and to the people in castles. Nothing will ever be any more as it was.

ACCIDENTALS. By Helen Mackay. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.25 net.

## Millstone.

It is evident that the novel can be used to an unlimited extent for the advancement of any social "cause" whatsoever, since the author need never look beyond his own imagination for his evidence. And it is unfortunately true that an emotional public looks upon the novel and its "disclosures" precisely as it would look upon a governmental report of sworn and proved testimony. Indeed the novel has a much greater authority, since the novel is read and the governmental report is not read.

This particular novel by Mr. Harold Begbie is based on the white slave trade, and it is horrid beyond belief. Its "hero" is an elderly man, superannuated from vice and therefore intent upon the consolations of penitence and piety. He is murdered by a woman with whom he comes accidentally into contact, and then we learn that the woman is the mother of an abducted child who was sold into slavery and who died horribly a few years later. There is no more repulsive story on the market, and while we must necessarily believe that the author was actuated by the highest and purest motives we may none the less protest against the mechanism that he employs, a mechanism that appeals to the credulous as evidence and that has none of the credentials of evidence. If Mr. Begbie has any facts about the white slave trade he should introduce them as facts to the proper arena of criticism and analysis. And the proper arena is certainly not a novel.

MILLSTONE. By Harold Begbie. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.

## The Tollhouse.

There is much of the pathos of war felt in reading this unpretentious story by Evelyn St. Leger, who has depicted with apparent sincerity and sympathetic understanding the attitude of simple-minded English villagers toward the war. The story all revolves around the great house, by means of the villagers' intercourse with an old nurse, retired

with honor from Siveury's family, who lives at the Tollhouse, and who exerts a beneficent influence on her fellow-townpeople. The semi-feudal attitude of these people to their squire is shown, and the sense of responsibility felt by the great people toward the villagers, who share, during the tragic months of the war, in all the joys, the sorrows, and the romances which spring into life under the great influence which destroys dullness as well as security.

The author has been obliged to paint sorrows, happily mitigated by the floods of sympathy compelled by so many griefs, but her tendency is to avoid too sombre a suggestion of it. The villagers, ardently interested in the romance of Miss Mary, are immensely cheered up when it comes to a happy conclusion; rather a difficult feat, one would say, with the war yet unended. The author, however, meets the situation by temporarily crippling Miss Mary's hero, which is about the most cheerful thing that can happen to a soldier during these terrible days of wholesale slaughter.

THE TOLLHOUSE. By Evelyn St. Leger. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1 net.

## Through Stained Glass.

In this novel the author of "Home" gives his readers as much novelty as they can reasonably ask. Brazil, London, Paris, and New England are the various locales of the numerous highly interesting scenes through which the reader is transported. Mr. Chamberlain has a very independent, and, indeed, emancipated point of view. His survey of human nature is quite racy. He is clean-minded, nevertheless, and likes a clean-minded hero; the youth in question being, indeed, a sort of modern Parsifal. However, this does not prevent the enjoyment of many mondaine types, although there is considerable exaggeration to their eccentricities, as well as to those of the sharers of Lewis's art life. The book is too *outré*, too brilliantly colored, to pronounce it a really fine work. Its defects, however, are not in the line of crudity or bad taste. There is not a dull page in it. That, at least, is sure. But neither is the psychology of the book, its character study, its pictures of life, of sufficiently solid worth to give it high rank. However, the average reader, once he has begun it, will continue, absorbed, to the end.

THROUGH STAINED GLASS. By George Agnew Chamberlain. New York: The Century Company; \$1.30 net.

## Brief Reviews.

Those who read "Buell Hampton," by Willis George Emerson, will be attracted toward "The Treasure of Hidden Valley," by the same author (Forbes & Co.; \$1.25). It is a good story of Western life and includes the same character of Buell Hampton.

A volume useful to the war student is "Fleets of the World, 1915," just issued by the J. B. Lippincott Company (\$2.50 net). The information is compiled from official sources and classified according to types, and it appears to contain every detail helpful to a comprehension of the present naval situation. The many illustrations of different types of battleships are particularly good.

It is evident that A. S. Mackenzie's "Manual of Comparative Literature" has proved its value, since now we have a new and cheaper edition from the Thomas Y. Crowell Company (\$1.50 net). The songs, dances, stories, drawings, and other expressions of higher development in primitive races are traced, continent by continent, until the reader is enabled to correlate them for himself in certain definite groups of literature. The work is unique and invaluable in that it goes far toward placing the study of comparative literature among the exact sciences. Its utility is heightened by indices of authors and subjects.

Since the French revolution may be said almost to have created a new heaven and a new earth, it would certainly be strange if it were not vividly reflected in the contemporary English novel. It was the violent invasion of the mind of the world by a new ideal, and it was inevitable that it should appeal with peculiar force to those who dealt, so to speak, in ideals and the imagination. None the less the author of "The French Revolution and the English Novel," Allene Gregory, has done a useful work by identifying the revolutionary influence in the English novels of the day and in tracing the vein of radicalism as it found a place in contemporary fiction.

## Gossip of Books and Authors.

Paul Elder & Co. announce for publication this month "The Architecture and Landscape Gardening of the Exposition," with an introduction by Louis Christian Mullgardt, member of the architectural commission of the Exposition. This volume will present a comprehensive, pictorial survey of the most beautiful and interesting features of the Exposition, as it will be illustrated with ninety-six carefully selected views picturing both the perspectives and groupings of the buildings and

avenues, and the exquisite architectural details.

Doctor of medicine, successful dramatist, London clubman, wanderer in several countries, student of human society, and now revealed as a realistic novelist of genuine power—such is William Somerset Maugham, who is only forty-one years old. His latest revelation, as novelist, has just come, with "Of Human Bondage," published on August 3d—a story so strong and sincere and vivid that it may well outlast his cleverest stage comedies. It is published by the George H. Doran Company.

At the benefit sale of books, manuscripts, etc., held by the Authors' Club in New York recently on behalf of Belgian sufferers one of the most interesting items was a copy of Cyrus Townsend Brady's last novel, "The Eagle of the Empire," in the copy of which Dr. Brady had inscribed, "It is, I think, rather interesting that a book which treats of the war in Belgium a hundred years ago and the great battle of Waterloo, in which the Belgians bore so gallant a part, and in which all of the parties now engaged participated, although in different combination, should be sold for the Belgian Relief Fund."

Paul Elder & Co. will publish in October "The Sculpture and Mural Paintings of the Exposition," with an introduction by A. Stirling Calder, acting chief of sculpture of the Exposition. It will be illustrated with mounted duo-tone prints reproducing ninety-six choice selections of the sculpture and mural paintings. Many of these are to be in detail, and others will be given in their settings, affording delightful glimpses of the architecture and landscape gardening of the Exposition.

Harper & Brothers recently published "Pudd'nhead Wilson" in their new limp-leather edition of Mark Twain. Albert Bigelow Paine, in his "Mark Twain—An Autobiography," recalls the fact that the title the author first gave this story was, "Those Extraordinary Twins," and that he said of it, "I don't think it resembles anything in literature."

Clarence B. Kelland, well known as the author of the "Mark Tidd" stories for younger readers, has been busy lately in furnishing an old house which he has bought and is making over in a picturesque Vermont village. "Mark Tidd in Business," the new volume of the series, will be published this month.

Frederic C. Howe, author of "The Modern City and Its Problems," has written a new book which is scheduled for early publication by the Scribners. It is entitled "Socialized Germany," and is a frank attempt to portray the programme of constructive statesmanship inaugurated by Bismarck and extended by the present Kaiser, which is largely responsible for Germany's unparalleled commercial and industrial progress.

Harper & Brothers have just reprinted the limp-leather edition of "The Turmoil," by Booth Tarkington. They are reprinting also "Milton," by Mark Pattison, and "Life of Charlotte Brontë," by Elizabeth C. Gaskell.

Henry Holt & Co. are bringing out this fall "The Ollivant Orphans," by Inez Haynes Gillmore, author of "Phoebe and Ernest." It is the story of two years in the life of a "down and out" family of six orphans, ending in their complete rehabilitation as a family. These girls and their three brothers, each with a distinct individuality of her or his own, learn to adjust themselves (with sacrifices, little and big) to their family life together.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Sea-Hawk.

Rafael Sabatini fills his stage with familiar characters who do familiar things in familiar ways, but those who like stories of pirates and adventures are not over-particular about originality so long as the oceans of gore are broad enough and deep enough for satisfactory wading.

The sea-hawk is Sir Oliver Tressilian, whose young brother Lionel commits a crime for which Sir Oliver himself saddles the blame. But to make assurance doubly sure Lionel has his brother kidnaped and sold as a galley slave in Africa. Sir Oliver manages to extricate himself from his predicament and becomes the captain of a corsair band which does all kinds of terrible things in the most approved way. Then Sir Oliver comes home and finds that Lionel is betrothed to marry the beautiful girl who had promised to marry Sir Oliver himself before his downfall, and naturally there are more difficulties before things finally shape themselves out. The story is good enough for the somewhat uncritical audience to whom it appeals, while in places it becomes vivid.

THE SEA-HAWK. By Rafael Sabatini. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25 net.

Microbes and Men.

The simultaneous arrival of three heavy volumes by the same author, and on cognate topics, must necessarily be viewed with alarm, if not resentment. Dr. Robert T. Morris is unquestionably a ready writer and even a readable one, but he should exercise self-restraint.

These three volumes are entitled "Microbes and Men," "A Surgeon's Philosophy," and "Doctors versus Folks." They may be

said to cover more or less the whole field of human research, and therefore it is not surprising to find very many instances of shallow thought based on inadequate facts, but always with that priestly pose of superior, indeed exclusive, knowledge that seems inseparable from the medical literature.

But microbes may be said to be the author's "long suit." He may be described as having microbes on the brain, but he would probably regard that as confirmation of the guesses that he is so fond of advancing as scientific knowledge. Stevenson, Nietzsche, Mrs. Browning, De Musset, Strindberg, Mirabeau, Rabelais, Carlyle, Shakespeare, and uncounted others are all victims of microbes. The only way to secure a clean bill of health is to be absolutely and hopelessly commonplace, and as Dr. Morris is certainly not commonplace we may ask him, with suitable genuflections to "science," from what form of microbe he himself happens to be suffering. As a further favor we will ask him to indicate the antitoxin, which should then be urged upon him in liberal doses.

But these books are amusing. They are written with brilliance, and there are frequent flashes of shrewd and clever common sense interspersed among the microbe absurdities. We wonder sometimes if he means the whole thing as a joke, because if so it is rather a bad one. At least it is late in the field because a somewhat credulous public has now recovered from the microbe mania. The volumes are published by Doubleday, Page & Co. Price, \$2 net each.

New Books Received.

PIANO MASTERY. By Harriette Brower. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company; \$1.50 net.

Talks with master pianists and teachers, and an account of a Von Bülow class. Hints on interpretation by two American teachers (Dr. Wil-

liam Wood and William H. Sherwood) and a summary by the author.

PROBLEMS OF READJUSTMENT AFTER THE WAR. By seven eminent specialist authors. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1 net.

After the war—what?

THE PREVENTION AND CONTROL OF MONOPOLIES. By W. Jethro Brown, LL. D., Litt. D. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.25 net.

A suggested remedy.

SHADOWS OF FLAMES. By Amélie Rives. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

THE CARNIVAL OF FLORENCE. By Marjorie Bowen. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

CIRCE. By Isaac Flagg. East Aurora, New York: The Roycrofters.

A dramatic fantasy.

THE PENTECOST OF CALAMITY. By Owen Wister. New York: The Macmillan Company.

"The tragedy of Germany."

NICKY-NAN, RESERVIST. By "Q" (A. T. Quiller-Couch). New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

THE POEMS OF MU'TAMID. Translated by Dulcie Lawrence Smith. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; 40 cents net.

Issued in the Wisdom of the East Series.

THE IRISH NUNS AT YPRES. By D. M. C. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A war narrative.

CANADIAN ESSAYS AND ADDRESSES. By W. Peterson, Principal and Vice-Chancellor of McGill University. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.; \$3.50 net.

A memorial volume.

POLITICS AND CROWD MORALITY. By Arthur Christensen. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50 net.

"Is civilization outgrowing parliamentarism as it outgrew absolutism?"

JOHN M. SYNGE. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.

A few personal recollections, with biographical notes.

THE PRINCIPLES OF FLORICULTURE. By Edward A. White. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.75.

Issued in the Rural Text-Book Series.

The Frederick A. Stokes Company has restricted its list of autumn fiction to seven volumes, but these have been carefully selected. The first, appearing on September 1st, was "Shadows of Flames," by Amélie Rives (Princess Troubetzkoy). The first half only of this novel appeared serially. On September 10th Stokes issued a new novel by Harold Bindloss, entitled "Harding of Allenwood," a story of an adventurous and capable American in the rapidly developing Province of Saskatchewan. On the same day appeared a novel by the author of that charming and successful volume, "My Lady of the Chinese Courtyard." This time Elizabeth Cooper has written, under the title of "Living Up to Billy," a piece of New York fiction centred on a young dancer. On September 17th Richard Dehan's new volume of short stories, entitled "Off Sandy Hook," will be ready, and also the significant and affecting story by Anna Strunsky Walling, entitled "Violette de Père Lachaise." On the last day of the month volumes by Owen Johnson and Edna Ferber appear together. Edna Ferber's "Emma McChesney & Co." brings that favorite heroine to a second marriage and to greater triumphs in both business and home life. Owen Johnson's "Making Money" is perhaps his most popular novel in that it appeals to readers of every class through its delightful romance and in the persons of its charming and wholesome heroine and its energetic, typical American hero.



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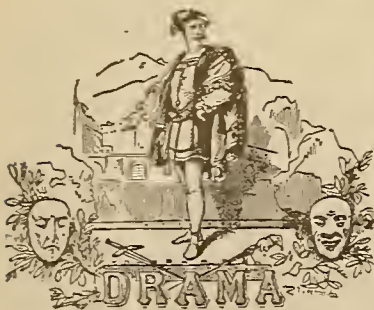
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### "THE NEW HENRIETTA."

The old one was a typical American comedy, and its immense popularity evidenced the taste of the public for plays affording a humorous reflection of the life of the wealthy and the way they played the game to obtain and keep their wealth.

The new one has these same features, but whether or not the plot is the same deponent sayeth not, and probably few remember. In its day the villain, apparently, still prevailed through four acts and was doomed in the fifth. He is still on deck in "The New Henrietta." Not content with saddling him with the sin of business treachery and financial dishonesty, the merciless authors have made him the seducer of an invisible woman character and the father of an unacknowledged child. The villainy of the villain is decidedly an old-fashioned feature of the play, and is instrumental in causing an old-fashioned act of self-sacrifice on the part of Bertie, the good fool. The second act, indeed, is a stumbling block in the path of the remodelers, who, with taxis, motor-cars, and telephone messages flying around, with off-scene "honk-honks," and with due elimination of soliloquies and asides, have modernized, to a considerable extent, the manner if not the matter of the play. For the second act—I think it is—is certainly very old-fashioned comedy-melodrama.

My gorge always has risen in a play at foolish, futile, sentimental self-sacrifice. Bertie was a fool, indeed, to shoulder the faults of Mark Turner, in order to save Sister Rose sorrow, when he had a nice little sweetheart of his own to be afflicted and estranged by the apparent evidences of his heartlessness and duplicity.

However, the Wall Street office scene is splendidly worked up. That always did enormously tickle our sentimental, yet business-loving public. Finance and sentiment simultaneously assailing the capable resources of a Wall Street magnate; a fair and greatly desired, if somewhat elusive and capacious widow on one hand, and the ticker on the other, ruthlessly ticking out ruin. All of Nicholas Van Alstyne's resources were needed to win the widow and retain his fortune. To gain one might mean to let the other go. And all the while imperative summons from the telephone, additional distracting records from the ticker, excited, wild-eyed men rushing in reporting financial moves on the floor, formed a business diapason to the mellow notes of Nick Van Alstyne's love affair.

The great, always popular scene which was, to the old "Henrietta," of the same value and saliency as the screen scene in "The School for Scandal," held its own; its modernity was well-established, its humor sound, and its Americanism, as ever, of a highly popular flavor.

Bronson Howard's general attitude toward human nature in the old play has been preserved in the new. He was a dramatist who recognized the pleasure derived by the public from seeing the kindlier aspects of human in evidence, twinkling, frequently, through a veil of humor, but still there, reassuring the optimistic spectator who looks for happy solutions mixed up with a gale of laughter which, he feels, should follow the clearing away of the clouds.

William H. Crane is of course, preëminently, the man for the rôle of Nick Van Alstyne. Like the play, he belongs to an earlier epoch of the dramatic art; and, like the play, he can not be made over entirely. Fortunately he does not try. His freshness of feeling seems to be all there, and although we know and recognize his comedy methods, it is as old friends who do not pall. His audiences like him just as much as ever, and all his comedy points are infallibly followed by gales of laughter.

The part of the Rev. Murray Hilton, which is in Maclay Arhuckle's capable hands, is also unmodernizable. Mr. Arhuckle played it on decidedly broad comedy lines, but did it so well that, with the numerous clever entrances and exits he made, he won for himself ample and reassuring recognition from the laughter-lovers. Yet, after all, one is forced to chronicle the truth, which is that this sort of rôle is not intrinsically humorous and that it belongs to the more archaic features of the play; a something which, in

the superior comedy of the day, is done away with.

As to Bertie—well, when Robson played the part it was his eccentricities, his acquired mannerisms, and his natural peculiarities of voice, appearance, and manner which helped him to the fame he gained in the rôle. I mean that just Robson, without any new study, beyond memorizing the lines, was enough to make the rôle a success. It was Crane who had to hustle around and do the harder work and the actual comedy study.

So it was rather a question as to how another Bertie would seem. Mr. Thomas W. Ross's conception is that of a dull, slow, literal, but good and affectionate fellow who consorts with the gilded youth of the New York metropolis because there isn't anything else to do, but whose innate slowness and cleanliness of mind have kept him out of the tinselled mud. Mr. Ross bestows upon him an honest, dull countenance unlighted by anything save an occasional artless grin. His voice he makes almost inflectionless, going too far in this respect, it seems to me, because of the ready response of the audience. That this wooden creature is able to win Agnes's affection is due to her recognition of the warmth, truth, and honesty of the heart that beats beneath Bertie's gorgeous, white-garnished gray vestments. I confess I am a little puzzled to know whether or not Mr. Ross's conception was clever—in outward seeming, I mean—but the audience had no doubt whatever, and rewarded everything he did with instantaneous and cordial approval.

Mabel Taliaferro had the nice little rôle of a nice little girl with a warm and constant heart and a sweet, discerning nature. The little actress, although she is not so very well known out here, seemed to step immediately into a sunny nook of friendly regard, and demonstrated by the character of her work how prudent was the judgment instrumental in her selection for the rôle.

Miss Rosalind Coghlan—I wonder if she belongs to the Rose Coghlan family?—a very good-looking brunette, occupies the rôle of the daughter and sister of the Van Alstyne, and wife to the villain. If the young lady is related to Rose Coghlan, apparently she has had no fold of the mantle of comedy fall on her shoulders. They are very pretty shoulders, however, and Miss Coghlan herself, though not a very successful dresser, is a decorative element in the play, with the bright colors and rich fabrics she affects, with her black hair, and her décolleté attractions. I ought to add that this actress was not called on to depict comedy, but she is the literal and conscientious type of player, with a little too much manner.

There was, however—perhaps to throw out in stronger relief the character of the coquettish widow—rather an absence of opportunity to fall into mental or physical attitudes of simple naturalness in the rôles of Rose and Agnes. That of the widow calls for restrained coquetry, and Laura Hope Crews displayed the provocative withdrawals of Nick's prettily maturing siren with the utmost neatness and good taste. She also dressed with discreet coquetry, and in her white yachting costume rose fully and effectively to every demand in the famous office scene.

Mr. James J. Ryan played the rôle of an old-fashioned villain in modern spirit. He did it very well, leaving us uncertain as to his ethical standing, but faintly dubious, until the cloven hoof was unmistakably displayed. His methods were in the line of quietude; no side-glances, no guilty starts, no long and lingering dalliance with his cigar to slowly penetrate us with a knowledge of his villainy, but those quiet ways, those scarcely realized suggestive touches, made the knowledge penetrate just the same.

We had just a glimpse of Zeffie Tilbury in a short but well-acted scene, and Messrs. Hull, Bradley, Huntley, Poland, and Goddard in smaller rôles rounded out a cast that was rather unusual in the number of well-known names it contained and in the general fitness and finish of the work in its entirety.

The comedy, of course, does not go deep; it hails from an epoch in our theatrical history in which both comedy and sentiment were rather shallow. But it is very plain that when it retired from view it had not outlived its welcome; a fact which was unmistakably demonstrated by the size and the enthusiasm of the opening night at the Cort Theatre.

### THE DAMROSCH-WAGNER CONCERT.

It is rather a large commission to fill Festival Hall, but Paderewski, I learn, was the motive that drew a crowd nearly a thousand in excess of the fill of that huge auditorium. It takes a much bigger crowd to fill the Greek Theatre, and Damrosch was, if not a twin agent with Margaret Anglin, still a very big proportion of the attraction that drew the ten thousand and more each of those four successful nights. Figuring roughly, for of course many people went repeatedly, that from thirty to forty thousand

people heard Damrosch compositions under Damrosch leadership on those four occasions, it is scarcely surprising that the audience at the Festival Hall last Sunday, although verging toward the two-thousand mark, was not of spectacular size.

The programme of Wagnerian selections was highly acceptable to the audience, for it has almost come to the stage of a Wagnerian programme being popular. "Die Meistersinger," "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," "Tristan and Isolde," "Rienzi," "Die Götterdämmerung," and "Die Walküre" were the operas from which favorite selections were made. We noted Damrosch's hand in the explanatory text appended after the title of each number, for he knows his American audiences well, and wants them to be placed thoroughly *en rapport* with the music just as much as they want to be.

Mr. Damrosch is a quiet but masterful leader, and under his baton the interpretations of the Exposition Orchestra gained in depth and dramatic significance. We heard much of the violin silver that Wagner so loved. There were exquisitely lovely passages in pianissimo that were like a dream of beautiful sound. Thus it was in the finale of the "Tannhäuser" Bacchanale. A dreamy tenderness rather than the passion of love seemed, in the earlier selections, to characterize his reading of the love music of "Tristan and Isolde." However, I have heard the stormier passages rendered only too often with a certain meaninglessness of noise, while under Damrosch's baton the music at its wildest always expressed the urgency of a great surge of passion swelling to its highest tide, and in Mr. Pierre Henrotte's violin solo there was expressed in tones of ravishing sweetness all that mystic languor, that intoxication, that strange possession, in fact, which sets the love story of these two fated lovers apart, and which, when the spell was over, made us realize that the violinist was preëminently an artist in his command over his instrument.

Merle Alcock was the soloist. She has a rich, well-placed contralto, and sang the Adriano solo from "Rienzi" with fine physical but not temperamental effect, the emotion expressed in her tones being not sufficiently deepened by a temperamental value whose absence nothing can replace. Thus it seemed somewhat excessive. However, the lady is young and has plenty of time ahead of her in which to live, learn, and develop.

There will be more concerts it seems, the management having resolved to give Sunday symphony concerts with the Exposition Orchestra under the leadership of Bendix, who is billed for an early return.

### THE PANTAGES THEATRE.

A thick curtain of "standing room only" spectators form an indication of the Exposition prosperity attending vaudeville representations at the Pantages during these populous times. Through the fringe of heads one sees and admires again the ever-beautiful Heneriette Serris living representations of famous works of art from the Louvre, the Luxembourg, and the museums of ruined Belgian cities. Mme. Serris's company of fifteen, who are described as professional

models, can pose and unpose like a flash of lightning. But they do it so perfectly that it is the marbled groups one never fails to have that momentary forgetfulness of their being alive which proves their merit. The Wedgwood has relief, "Priam at the Feet of Achilles," so purely Greek in its effect seemed to me the most beautiful of the marble groups, although the action depicted in the arrested speed of "At the Winnin Post" is remarkably well done and very striking. The colored pictures, too, are glowing and beautiful, although I think that the female prize model is altogether too thick about the flanks, the more austere beauty of the men's poses being more acceptable, should think, to the eye of the artist, while the general public would doubtless respond more warmly to the warmth and color of the reproductions of paintings.

The "Melodyphients," a group of banjo playing adepts, gave a very successful banjo and stringed-instrument concert of popular numbers, in which swiftness, tunefulness, and good ensemble work pleasantly exhilarated the audience.

I am afraid that artistic shading was conspicuous by its absence in the playing of the young couple in "Their Wedding Night," but Louise Carbasse is pretty and prettily gotten up for the heires-bridé.

Music, comedy, and dancing completed the programme, except for the ball-bouncing of the Alexander Brothers, who gave a decided novelty in expert style, the two performers handling so many balls at once as in concert that the flying spheres trace pretty geometrical figures in the air. It was interesting, too, to note how dependent, to certain extent, the two performers were on their sense of rhythm, before they set the two processions of balls in motion. Rhythm, indeed, is the root of a good many things in and out of vaudeville, and it is beginning to be borne in on the world that it is also as indispensable as a sense of humor.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

### Kreisler at the Greek Theatre.

The Fritz Kreisler concert, which will be given with a symphony orchestra to play in accompaniment in the Greek Theatre of the University of California in Berkeley, on Friday night, October 8th, bids fair to attract as big an audience as have been attending the Margaret Anglin performances. This will be the first time that a great music star has appeared in the Greek Theatre for an evening concert.

Kreisler is said to be playing better than ever, and his programme for this occasion is one that will show him at his best. Two more beautiful concertos than the Moza in A major and the Mendelssohn do not exist, and this will be the only performance of these compositions by Kreisler on the Coast. Between the two works with the orchestra Kreisler will play a group of his own compositions and transcriptions.

Mail orders for this auspicious occasion should be sent to William Dallam Arms, chairman of the Musical and Dramatic Committee of the University of California, Berkeley, or to Will L. Greenbaum in care of Sherman, Clay & Co.

## Lake Tahoe

Most beautiful mountain lake in most picturesque region of America.

Attractive Hotels and Casinos. Comfortable cottages; tents and camping facilities.

Accommodations and prices to suit all tastes. Rates at various resorts from \$2.50 per day to \$12 per week, and up, American Plan.

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For Berths and Illustrated Descriptive Folder, Ask Agents

## Southern Pacific

Awarded Grand Prize for Equipment  
San Francisco Exposition, 1915



FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Margaret Anglin at the Columbia.

After a season of unparalleled success in the classic Greek drama at the Greek Theatre, Berkeley, Margaret Anglin will begin her regular season on Monday evening, September 13th, at the Columbia Theatre, in her New York and Chicago comedy success, "Beverly's Balance."

Miss Anglin's engagement in San Francisco will constitute her only appearance in the Kester play hereabouts, as her hookings demand her at a number of Eastern theatres within the next two months. It is interesting to note that San Francisco is the third of metropolitan cities of the country in which Miss Anglin will be seen in Paul Kester's latest, and from all accounts, most successful play. As a rule the Pacific Coast patrons of the theatre see a play a year or so after it has been revealed in New York. Not so in this instance, for "Beverly's Balance" has been shown in only two of the Eastern cities previous to its presentation here on next Monday night.

There has already been a very widespread demand for reservations for the Anglin engagement, not because of the Kester play, but rather because there is a great discriminating theatre-going public who wish to see the great American actress in anything she may offer. It is a far cry from the classic Greek drama to modern comedy, but Miss Anglin will demonstrate its compass when she is seen at the Columbia Theatre next week as Beverly Dinwiddie, the Virginia church-choir singer, who comes to New York to retrieve the lost fortunes of her family. Throughout the three acts of the comedy she demonstrates that women have wits which can be utilized to the best advantage. The day abounds in rich comedy phases, and here isn't a minute of the play which is not provocative of a laugh.

The company includes Mrs. Charles G. Craig, Donald Cameron, Alfred Lunt, Howard Lindsey, Ralph Kemmet, and Saxone Jordan.

The usual Wednesday and Saturday matinees will be given during Miss Anglin's en-

**FESTIVAL HALL**  
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SUNDAY AFT. SEPT. 12, at 2.30  
**SYMPHONY CONCERT**  
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**EXPOSITION ORCHESTRA**  
80 Musicians  
**MAX BENDIX, Conductor**  
Soloist, MME.  
**MATJA NIESSEN-STONE**  
Mezzo-Contralto  
From the Metropolitan Opera Co., N. Y.  
Prices, 50c, 75c, and \$1; box seats, \$1.50, at 343 Powell Street. Phone—Sutter 6646.

**MELBA**  
Sunday afts, Sept. 19-26  
**CURT THEATRE**  
Tickets, \$2.50, \$2, \$1.50, \$1; ready next Wednesday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Kohler & Chase's, and Cort. Mail orders to Will L. Greenbaum, care Sherman, Clay & Co.  
Mason and Hamlin Piano

**KREISLER PLAYS WITH ORCHESTRA IN THE GREEK THEATRE ON FRIDAY NIGHT, OCT. 8th. MAIL ORDERS NOW. \$2, \$1.50, \$1.**

**FESTIVAL HALL**  
IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT  
**AUTUMN MUSIC FESTIVAL**  
Wed., Sept. 29, at 8:30, Mendelssohn's "ELIJAH"; Thurs., Sept. 30, at 8:30, KREISLER CONCERT; Fri., Oct. 1, at 7:30, Public Rehearsal of Verdi's "REQUIEM"; Sat., Oct. 2, at 2:30, ARTISTS' CONCERT; Sun., Oct. 3, at 2:30, Verdi's "REQUIEM".  
Emmy Destinn, Grace Bonner Williams, Florence Mulford, Grace Hamlin, Evan Williams, Frederic Martin, Earl Cartwright, and Fritz Kreisler, soloists; Exposition Chorus of 400, Exposition Orchestra of 80, and Boston Band of 65.  
Prices for 4 concerts—Box seats, \$6.50; orchestra, \$5; rest of house, \$3.50. Seats selling at 343 Powell St., where applications by mail or in person are accepted. Make checks and money orders payable to P. F. I. E. Season ticket-holders admitted free to rehearsal Verdi's "Requiem." Seats for single concerts, \$2, \$1.50, \$1, and 75c; ready Sept. 23.

**KREISLER'S**  
VIOLIN RECITALS  
**CORT**  
SUNDAYS, Oct. 3 and 10

Prices—Entire lower floor and first three rows of balcony, \$2; remainder of balcony, \$1.50; entire gallery, \$1; box and loge seats, \$2.50.

Mail orders to Frank W. Healy, care of Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. Tickets and new programmes can be secured at box-offices, Cort Theatre, Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Kohler & Chase's.

gagement at the Columbia. There will be no performances on Sunday nights, and Miss Anglin does not play in Oakland.

Second Week of "The New Henrietta."

The "five-star aggregation," consisting of William H. Crane, Thomas W. Ross, Maclyn Arbuckle, Laura Hope Crews, and Mabel Taliaferro, has electrified San Francisco through the medium of "The New Henrietta." The organization opened to a capacity house last Monday at the Cort Theatre and has kept up the pace ever since.

It seems remarkable that a play that was in the heyday of its success twenty years ago should create such an impression in these cynical times. But Bronson Howard's wonderful comedy-drama, as revamped by Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes, is just as bright and clean and wholesome and compelling as it was a score of years ago. No story of American life prepared for the stage has so deftly and attractively fulfilled its mission as "The Henrietta." The blood of healthful human nature runs through its veins and its characters are of the place, time, and people we know.

The leading rôles are rich with opportunity for the highest acting skill, and, rendered by this all-star cast, make for an absolutely flawless and wholly delightful performance. "The New Henrietta" begins the second week of its engagement at the Cort on Monday night, September 13th. Performances are given on Sunday nights.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum announces for next week a bill of exceptional merit and novelty.

Frank Egan's California Beauties will appear in a dancing fantasy featuring Mlle. Una, première danseuse, who will be assisted by a corps de ballet of beautiful and graceful girls. Their programme will include the following dances: Oriental, classical solo from "Ballet Coppelia," Colonial Gavotte, Pierette Dance, and "Dance of the Hours," from the opera "Gioconda." All the dances were originated and directed by Señora Matildita.

Charles Howard, who shares the headline honors, will, with the assistance of Kernan Cripps and Margaret Taylor, present an act which is new to vaudeville this season, and is entitled "A Happy Combination." It is a singing and dancing mélange and introduces Howard in the rôle of a comedy inebriate. Cripps, who acts as his foil, is the possessor of a fine baritone voice, and Miss Taylor is a very pretty girl who dances exceptionally well.

Nina Payne and Joe Niemeyer offer an up-to-the-minute novelty which is composed of unusually good dancing and some specially-written songs. Miss Payne will be remembered as the successful star of that spectacular dancing pantomime, "La Somnambula," and Mr. Niemeyer's most recent engagements have been with "Miss Nobody from Starland" and with Henry Woodruff in "A Prince for Tonight."

Violinsky, who scored a great hit on the occasion of his last visit here, combines the temperament of a musician with the shrewd showmanship of an experienced performer. He is an eccentric genius on the violin and piano, and the extraordinary methods which he uses enhance the value and popularity of his efforts.

Charles Evans and Helena Phillips in "A Forgotten Combination," Shirli Rives and Ben Harrison in their delightful "Bench Act," Billie Burke's "Tango Shoes," and Ralph Dunbar's Salon Singers will conclude their engagements with this splendid bill.

Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre.

Karl Emmy and his canine pets, comprising a dozen little white terriers, is one of a brace of strong attractions on the new eight-act bill at the Pantages next Sunday. The act is styled "the classiest animal production in vaudeville," and Emmy indulges in a vein of delightful humor while working his tiny pets which keeps an audience in a continual chuckle. Emmy's dogs have been headlined on all of the big vaudeville circuits, an honor which is rarely shown to trainers of animal acts in these days of advanced "variety."

Harry Cleveland, a droll comedian who has been seen to advantage several times over the Pantages circuit, is starting in a farce playlet called "The Land of Tomorrow," which introduces a flock of pretty dancing maids backed by a beautiful stage setting. There is the usual frothy plot in the act, which has been built to give the showgirls an opportunity to display an elaborate change of stunning frocks.

A dramatic one-act piece based on the war will be presented by Laura Winston and company. "The Boy and the Regiment" is the title of the act, which deals with the cowardice of a young recruit under fire.

Charley Inness and Maude Ryan bear out their programming of a "smart act smartly dressed." Miss Ryan wanders in and out during the action of their little skit wearing gowns that fill the eye.

Lalla Selbini, by reason of her sylph-like

form, is styled "Venus on Wheels," and the girl performs a number of clever tricks on the "bike."

Mason and Sullivan in a comedy riot, "Breaking the Bank," and Carney and Ashley in a comedy pianologue, with a Chaplin comedy "movie," will complete the bill.

**THE MUSIC SEASON.**

Weekly Symphony Concert at the Exposition.

The usual weekly symphony concert of the Exposition Orchestra will take place at Festival Hall this Sunday afternoon at half-past two, when Max Bendix will conduct a programme of singular interest. Mr. Bendix has become an important part of the music of the Exposition and the great musicians who have participated in the activities in Festival Hall—Dr. Muck, Saint-Saëns, Paderewski, and Walter Damrosch—have all marveled to find here an orchestra which compares favorably with the best organizations of Europe and America.

To this painstaking conductor, who gained his immense orchestral knowledge through years of work as concert-master for Theodore Thomas, is largely due the present high state of efficiency attained by the Exposition Orchestra, and his selections for Sunday have a strong appeal. They include Beethoven's Sixth Symphony in F major, op. 68, known as the "Pastoral"; Debussy's Prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun," after the Eclogue of Stephane Mallarme, and "A Night on Mont Chauve," the supernatural work of Mousorgsky.

The soloist of the afternoon will be Mme. Matja Nissen-Stone, distinguished both on the concert and the operatic stage, and who has sung with great success at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, and in the principal musical centres of Europe and America. Her voice is a rich, velvety mezzo, vibrant and flawless, with big, resonant chest tones and the range of a contralto. Her numbers will be the aria, "Che fare," from Gluck's "Orpheus and Eurydice," and Bernberg's arioso, "La Mort de Jeanne d'Arc."

There is a large demand for seats at the Exposition ticket office, 343 Powell Street, and everything points to another large audience.

Melba Announces Her Concert Programmes.

Mme. Melba will give two delightful programmes of song at the Cort Theatre under the management of Will L. Greenbaum, assisted by Robert Parker, haritone, and Frank St. Leger, pianist and accompanist. There is but little to tell the world about Melba and her career. Her name and achievements are known wherever music exists, and her name will live as long as the history of music.

Her first concert is announced for Sunday afternoon, September 19th, and the complete programme will be as follows:

Piano solo, "Eugen Onegin".....Tchaikowsky-Pahst  
Mr. St. Leger  
Prologue, "Pagliacci".....Leoncavallo  
Mr. Parker  
Mad scene from "Hamlet".....Thomas  
Mme. Melba  
"Love Me or Not".....Old English Song  
"Rolling Down to Rio".....Edward German  
Mr. Parker  
"Depuis le Jour" ("Louise").....Charpentier  
Mme. Melba  
Nocturne in D flat.....Chopin  
Mr. St. Leger  
Prayer from "La Tosca".....Puccini  
"Addio" from "La Bohème".....Puccini  
Mme. Melba  
Song, "The Two Grenadiers".....Schumann  
Mr. Parker  
Waltz song, "Se Saran Rose".....Arditi  
Mme. Melba

At the second concert, one week later (Sunday afternoon, September 26th), Mme. Melba will sing the aria "Ah Fors Lui," from "La Traviata," the Prayer from "Otello," by Verdi, and some charming groups of songs. Mr. Parker's numbers will include two works by Richard Strauss, two by Schubert, and the beautiful "Don Juan" serenade by Tchaikowsky.

The box-offices for both concerts will open next Wednesday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Kohler & Chase's, and the Cort Theatre. Mail orders may be addressed now to Will L. Greenbaum in care of Sherman, Clay & Co.

On Thursday night, September 23d, Melba will give the opening concert in the new opera house of the Oakland Auditorium building. On this occasion she will repeat the programme of her first San Francisco concert as above. Seats will be ready Monday, September 20th, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Oakland store and at the ticket office of the Auditorium.

Recitals of Fritz Kreisler at the Cort.

Fritz Kreisler, who will be heard in recitals at the Cort Theatre under the direction of Frank W. Healy, Sunday afternoons, October 3d and 10th, at 3 o'clock, believes, like Franz Liszt, that the artist in the matter of programmes should be neither the master nor the servant of the public. Kreisler believes that by stooping a little the artist will gradually conquer his public for the higher things in art. Other great violinists play classical

music and some play it dryly, like a professor. Kreisler plays classical music like a poet—with deep feeling.

Mr. Kreisler has changed his programmes which have been announced in the press and sent by his manager for the recitals in San Francisco, and has sent to Mr. Healy two programmes filled to the brim and overflowing with good things. Many of the numbers programmed are new to San Francisco, and many others will be played by Kreisler for the first time in this city.

The opening programme follows:

Sonata, A major.....Handel  
Fugue, A major.....Tartini  
Concerto, A minor.....A. Viotti  
Allegro moderato, Adagio, Allegro con spirito  
Introduction and Scherzo.....Kreisler  
For violin alone. First time here.

Larghetto.....Weber  
First time here.

Moment Musical.....Schubert  
Two Slavonic Dances.....Dvorak-Kreisler  
(1) E minor, (2) G major.  
First time here.

Valse.....Godowsky  
First time here.

Viennese Popular Song.....Arranged by Kreisler  
First time here.

Spanish Serenade.....Chaminade-Kreisler  
First time here.

The final performance of the comedy triumph, "Potash & Perlmutter," will be given at the Columbia Theatre this Sunday night, September 12th. It will be the fifty-second presentation of this piece at the Columbia during the present year.

**AMUSEMENTS**

**EXPOSITION**  
**RACE TRACK**  
6 High-Class Running Races Daily  
Sundays Excepted  
August 21 to September 18  
First Race Starts at 2:15 p. m. Daily  
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Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon  
Matinee Every Day

THE CALIFORNIA BEAUTIES in a Dancing Fantasy, featuring Mlle. Una; CHARLIE HOWARD, with Kernan Cripps and Margaret Taylor, in "A Happy Combination"; NINA PAYNE and JOE NIEMEYER in an Up-to-the-Minute Novelty; VIOLINSKY, Eccentric Genius of the Violin and Piano; CHARLES E. EVANS, assisted by HELENA PHILLIPS, in "A Forgotten Combination"; SHIRLI RIVES and BEN HARRISON; Last Week, BILLIE BURKE'S TANGO SHOES and RALPH DUNBAR'S SALON SINGERS.

Evening prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Matinee prices (except Sundays and holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phone—Douglas 70.

**COLUMBIA THEATRE** The Leading Playhouse  
Geary and Mason Sts. Phone Franklin 150

Beginning Monday, September 13  
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday

**MISS ANGLIN**  
In Paul Kester's Sparkling Comedy  
**"BEVERLY'S BALANCE"**  
Miss Anglin does not play Oakland

**CORT** Leading Theatre  
ELLIS AND MARKET  
Phone Sutter 2460

Second Tremendous Week Starts  
Sunday Night, September 12th  
The Great Five-Star Cast  
Wm. H. Crane Thomas W. Ross  
Maclyn Arbuckle Laura Hope Crews  
Mabel Taliaferro

Supported by an excellent company, in  
**"THE NEW HENRIETTA"**  
Nights and Sat. mat., 50c to \$2; Wed. mat., 50c to \$1.50.  
Note—This attraction will play no other California city.

**PANTAGES** MARKET STREET  
Opposite Mason

**NEW 8 ACT BILL**  
KARL EMMY and His Canine Pets; HARRY CLEVELAND, the Droll Comedian, in "The Land of Tomorrow"; LAURA WINSTON and Company in the War Dramalet, "The Boy and the Regiment"; CHARLEY INNESS and MAUDE RYAN in a Delightful Skit; LALLA SELBINI, the "Venus on Wheels"; MASON and SULLIVAN in the Comedy Riot, "Breaking the Bank"; CARNEY and ASHLEY in a Comedy Pianologue; and a CHARLIE CHAPLIN FILM.



## VANITY FAIR.

After a careful study of the answers to correspondents given by Laura Jean Libby, Miss Russell, and Mme. Cavaleri, we believe that we are now in a position to start a column of our own. We shall therefore be pleased to receive the confidences of young women on all matters connected with health, beauty, and the toilet. Our own knowledge on all sorts of delicate questions is very much like Sam Weller's knowledge of London—extensive and peculiar, but in case we should receive any questions of an unusually intricate kind we are happy to announce that the foreman of the composing-room has promised his cooperation. And HE KNOWS. Full names and addresses must always be given and interviews may be arranged.

There is really nothing in this question business. It is just as easy as falling off a log. For example, here is a whole column of Lillian Russell now in front of us. We could have done it ourselves without turning a hair. She begins with a general exordium. She says it is "inherently characteristic of women to struggle toward perfection." and then she goes on to tell them in plain, simple, homely language how they may develop the bust, remove freckles, banish dimples (which, it seems, eventually become pits) and develop perfect shoulders. Personally we have not been greatly bothered with bust development, and we can not claim actually to have tried either the massage or the skin foods, but there is no doubt that they work all right. The foreman says they do. But there will be no trouble about the shoulders. All you have to do is to "stand erect, weight on the ball of your foot, hands on your chest, fingers pointing horizontally toward each other, with elbows on a level with your shoulders. With your eyes raised toward the ceiling, slowly bend your body forward at the hips, keeping your eyes fixed on the point you have chosen. Don't let your elbows sag." Don't do this in the street. Do it in your bedroom or the coal cellar. Now we tried this ourselves and it worked beautifully, but there is something wrong about that eye drill. We found it impossible to keep our eyes fixed on the ceiling and at the same time to bend the body forward at the hips, not being snails with eyes at the end of horns. Moreover, we were overlooked and some one threatened to send for the ambulance. Presumably we are not sufficiently used to struggle toward perfection. Come to think of it, we have not done much in that way lately.

MARY: Don't, please, Mary put anything in your eyes to make them bright and sparkling. Wash your eyes each morning with a good eye-wash.

This is not ours. It is Lillian Russell. We are only practicing, getting into the way of it, so to speak. Nothing so captivates the young woman enquirer as being warned not to do a thing and then being advised to do it. Don't, in the name of heaven, put anything into your eyes, but do it every morning. Moreover, we have carefully noted the necessity of incorporating in every third answer the usual modicum of slush about thinking good thoughts. Mary is told to "cultivate a cheerful disposition, think pleasant thoughts, and the beauty of your heart will make sunbeams in your eyes." You can hardly overdo this sort of thing.

Miss Laura Jean Libby seems to go in for affairs of the heart more particularly. But this is just as easy as the bust and shoulder and freckle business. In fact it is easier. For example, here is a young woman who writes all the way from California to Brooklyn. She says, "Will you kindly answer if a man can have two wives at one and the same time? Is not the second one called an affinity? If not, what is she called in naming her?" Yes, that very question lies in front of us in cold print. It comes at the head of the column, too, and Miss Libby gravely answers it. Personally we do not think that she answers in the best possible way. We could have done it better. We should have omitted the mush about the "holy bonds of wedlock." We should have told "Mrs. C. H. De C." that customs vary a good deal in this respect, and that although some great and good, but not wise, men have had a number of wives simultaneously it is now considered better form in Christian countries to marry your wives successively, to drive tandem, so to speak, rather than four-in-hand. The polite usage is to hurry through your lunch and drop in at a law court before undertaking a new obligation in the "holy bonds of wedlock." And these conventions are always found to have a common-sense basis. It is better to observe them.

Miss Libby's chief task is with young ladies who are anxious to know certain young men but can not find any one to introduce them. There is the young woman who "wrote to a moving-picture actor in a moment of antagonism," and received a nice reply, and now wants to know what to do about it. Now we can not see any harm in that, but Miss Libby does. It is not as though she had written to him in a bathing suit. Miss Libby says it is "more than

likely he may be a married man." Gay dogs, these moving-picture actors. They may seem to be thoroughly respectable, and then you find that they are married, or have done some disreputable thing of that sort. And then there is the young girl who meets a man on the street-car and he looks at her, and what is she to do about it? Miss Libby is deeply suspicious of that young man. She thinks he has probably looked at other girls during his short but sinful career. Better look the other way.

And so it goes. We are quite satisfied that we could run a column of this kind. At least we are willing to try. Photographs should be enclosed in all cases. If the girl of twenty-two whose erstwhile lover had been seen at the moving-picture show with another damsel had only enclosed her photograph it is quite likely that Miss Libby could have spotted the reason for the treachery. And then Lillian Russell might have suggested something in the way of health, beauty, and the toilet. It is a horrid and unsentimental thing to say, but it is a fact that a combination of massage and lip salve (stamped, directed envelope for formula) can do more to beguile the male heart than thoughts of piety. The thoughts of piety are all very well in their way. They will be useful, even essential, after marriage, but while the proceedings are in the anticipatory stage we are willing to put our money on the prinking outfit. The foreman says—but no. We shall not repeat what the foreman says.

Thursday was car-barn day in New York, says an Eastern dispatch, and suffrage workers devoted their attention to ticket-sellers, conductors, and motormen at the different pay stations, where they were getting their wages. At every station was a poster which read:

Conductors! Motormen!  
Forget your grouch at us!  
Give us the vote!  
And we will try  
Never to fall off the car backward,  
Never to climb on in front while in motion,  
Never to forget our transfers,  
Never to say Johnnie is three when he is ten.

Vote for the woman suffrage amendment November 2d, and Watch us learn.

At each depot were two, three, or four women, who wore the rising-sun campaign buttons and carried buttonhole bouquets of yellow flowers and plenty of suffrage literature to give to the men.

The Kansas City *Star* publishes the following lines, alleged to be the efforts of a seventeen-year-old girl of Larned, Missouri:

He came and stole my maiden heart,  
From south of Wichita.  
He drove across with Mr. Sands,  
And worked awhile for Pa.

His eyes were blue as the Pawnee sky;  
His hair was brown and curly.  
He drove the header large and milked,  
And had to get up early.

But now he's went away again,  
His face I'll ne'er see more.  
My bruised and bleeding heart is broke  
And crushed and sad and sore.

Seventeen? Surely not so old as that.  
Probably a misprint for seven.

After finding him in a hospital she nursed him back to health and they were married recently in Paris. After the ceremony Maurice was decorated for conspicuous gallantry.—*Evening Wisconsin*.

No altar on earth vies in marble majesty with the Altar of Heaven—Tien T'an—in the south of the Chinese city of Peking, which Emperor Yung-le of the Ming dynasty reared in A. D. 1420 with its triple balustrades, stairs, and platforms of pure white marble carved miraculously, its great circle covering a wide area in the midst of a vast enclosure. Standing alone, deserted under the blue Chinese sky, it is a dream of majesty and beauty. As the great setting of a scene of ritual pomp that calls for thousands and thousands of robed celebrants, with music, incense, sacrifice, it is transcendently imposing and impressing. There the emperor knelt once a year and worshipped "the only being in the universe he could look up to"—Shang-ti—the emperor of the world above, whose court was in the sky and the spear tips of whose soldiers were the stars.

Whatever other attractions exist in the Falkland Islands, two great drawbacks are continually met with. The climate is never really warm, and fires have to be kept up all the year round. Servants are procured with difficulty. Most people import them from England; but as English girls are frequently snapped up and married almost as soon as they land, they have to sign an agreement to remain in service three years. If they break it in order to marry, the husband has to pay the passage out from England of another servant to fill the place left vacant by his wife.



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Waders are advisable to reach inviting pools and "likely places." Trails lead to mountain lakes and neighboring creeks. From Shasta Springs a wonderful 2-hour auto ride brings you to the McCloud River.



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arrange your trip.



**STORYETTES.**

**Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.**

Sidney Smith was once dining in company with a French gentleman, who had been before dinner indulging in a number of free-thinking speculations, and had ended by avowing himself a materialist. "Very good soup this," said Mr. Smith. "Oui, monsieur, c'est excellent," was the reply. "Pray, sir, do you believe in a cook?" inquired Mr. Smith.

Incomparably the best epitaph for Sir James Murray, greatest of dictionary makers, might be taken from one of the conversations between Johnson and Boswell. In old age Boswell said to Johnson, apropos the dictionary, "You did not know what you were undertaking." "Yes, sir," was the answer, "I knew very well what I was undertaking—and very well how to do it—and have done it very well."

He "got religion" at a tent-meeting, but didn't become a saint. Whenever he fell from grace, which was often, he said: "That isn't I—it was the Devil." And he got so used to laying his sins on Satan that he got to be a pest. So one day a neighbor asked him: "How does it come that whenever you do anything wrong you blame it on the devil?" "Well, gee whizz!" answered the saved soul, "aint that what he's fer?"

Young Arthur had recently taken the study of anatomy at school and had shown great interest in it. He drank in all information about the various parts of the body with absorbing interest. The progress at school, however, was too slow, so he sought to gain more information at home. One afternoon upon returning from school, as he sat hungrily devouring a generous-sized piece of bread and olives, he asked his mother, in grave perplexity: "Mother, I know where my liver is, but where is my bacon?"

The country doctor up in Scotland one day met a Highlander who boasted he was a stanch teetotaler, and resolved to put him to the test. Passing an inn he asked him in and ordered two glasses of whisky. After he had "shifted" these, and two or three more at the doctor's expense, his friend began to get a wee bit "glib o' the gab." The doctor then, feeling he had him, bluntly asked: "How does this square wi' your teetotal pretensions?" "Weel," quoth John, with a quiet smile, "though I'm a stanch teetotaler, I be a fule to refuse whit th' doctor orders."

Dr. Dudley A. Sargent, of Harvard, holds at sex is no bar to military service—that a woman would make as good a soldier as a man. Dr. Sargent, at a tea in Boston, said to a group of flattered, smiling girls: "Why couldn't you, indeed, make as good soldiers as men? Look how resourceful you are. I know a young fellow who said to a girl subtly: 'I consulted a palmist last evening, and she told me I would marry a brute within three months.' The girl, tossing her golden head, answered with a roguish smile: 'Well, I can easily be a brunette by the time, Jack.'"

Some time ago a business man had occasion to see a theatrical manager, and on being admitted to the stage just at the conclusion of the play, he noticed that the leading lady seemed to be in a state of wild excitement. "Your beautiful star seems to be somewhat disturbed," said the business man. "What seems to be the trouble?" "She is disturbed," answered the manager; "she got nine bouquets over the footlights tonight." "Gee whizz!" was the amazed rejoinder of the other. "Weren't nine enough?" "No," was the calm response of the manager, "he paid for ten."

Recently a colored party living in the suburbs of a big city married a large brute named Lucinda. Three weeks later he appeared at the office of a lawyer, looking as he might have been dented with flat-irons and bumped into by a road roller. "Cain't find it no longer, boss," he sadly remarked to the legal one. "I want a divorce from Lucinda. Las' t'ing she chucked at me was a de stove. Tomorrow it will be de chimney." "That's all right, Sam," soothingly replied the lawyer, seeking to effect a reconciliation. "Everything will come out all right, sides, you know you took Lucinda for better or for worse." "Yes, suh," admitted mbo. "So I did, suh; but she is a whole wuss dan I tuck her foh."

A recruit in Kitchener's army was recently taken to the barracks of a large provincial town. Shortly after his arrival there he thought he would like to see the sights and asked for a "pass" from his sergeant, which promptly received. After wandering round about town to his heart's content he tried to find his way back, and being unacquainted with the place, this was no easy matter.

Eventually he reached barracks some hours late, to be brought before his sergeant for an explanation. "What is the meaning of your turning up so late?" demanded the sergeant. "I lost my way, sir." "You lost your way?" "Yes, sir." "Well, you had better stay in barracks until you know the town better. Dismiss!"

The newest of the new officers strolled into the sergeants' mess to have a look round. He looked exceedingly young and small, and had a complexion which a society beauty might well have envied. The middle-aged warriors were not at all pleased at having to "know-tow" to this stripling, and one gruff-voiced sergeant observed audibly: "And a little child shall lead us." The young officer did not appear to notice the remark, and left the room. Some time later, when the men had all settled down for the night, playing cards, etc., he again entered, and addressing the sergeant said: "You will assemble the men immediately for a twenty-mile route march. And a little child shall lead you; only he'll be on horseback and you lazy sons of guns will walk."

**THE MERRY MUSE.**

**Thirty Years with a Shrew.**

St. Peter stood guard at the golden gate,  
With a solemn mien and an air sedate,  
When up at the top of the golden stair  
A man and woman, ascending there,  
Applied for admission. They came and stood  
Before St. Peter, so great and good,  
In hope the City of Peace to win,  
And asked St. Peter to let them in.

The woman was tall and lank and thin,  
With a scraggy beardlet upon her chin;  
The man was short and thick and stout,  
His stomach was built so it rounded out;  
His face was pleasant, and all the while  
He wore a kindly and genial smile;  
The choir in the distance the echoes awoke,  
And the man kept still while the woman spoke.

"O, thou who guardest the gate," said she,  
"We come up hither, beseeching thee  
To let us enter the heavenly land,  
And play our harps with the heavenly band.  
Of me, St. Peter, there is no doubt,  
There's nothing from Heaven to bar me out;  
I've been to meeting three times a week,  
And almost always I'd rise and speak."

"I've told the sinners about the day  
When they'd repent of their evil way;  
I've told my neighbors—I've told them all  
'Bout Adam and Eve and the primal fall.  
I've shown them what they'd have to do  
If they pass in with the chosen few.  
I've marked their path of duty clear,  
Laid out the plan of their whole career."

"I've talked and talked to them loud and long,  
For my lungs are good and my voice is strong;  
So good St. Peter, you'll clearly see  
The gate of Heaven is open for me;  
But my old man, I regret to say,  
Hasn't walked exactly the narrow way.  
He smokes and chews and grave faults he's got,  
And I don't know whether he'll pass or not."

"But O, St. Peter, I love him so,  
To the pleasures of Heaven please let him go.  
I've done enough—a saint I've been,  
Won't that atone? Can't you let him in?  
And say, St. Peter, it seems to me  
This gate isn't kept as it ought to be.  
You ought to stand right by the opening there,  
And never sit down in that easy chair."

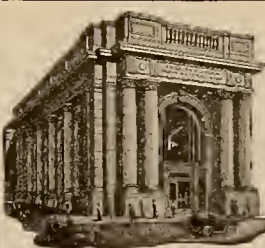
St. Peter sat quiet, he stroked his staff,  
But spite of his office he had to laugh;  
Then he said, with a fiery gleam in his eye,  
"Who's tending this gate, you or I?"  
And then he rose in his stature tall,  
And pressed the button upon the wall,  
And said to the imp who answered the bell,  
"Escort this lady around to—Hades."

Slow turned the man, by habit bent,  
To follow wherever the woman went.  
St. Peter standing on duty there  
Observed that the top of his head was bare.  
He called the gentleman back and said,  
"Friend, how long have you been wed?"  
"Thirty years" (with a weary sigh),  
And then he thoughtfully added, "Why?"

St. Peter was silent. With eye cast down,  
He raised his head and scratched his crown;  
Then seeming a different thought to take,  
Slowly, half to himself, he spake:  
"Thirty years with that woman there?  
No wonder the man hasn't any hair;  
Chewing is nasty; smoke's not good;  
He smoked and chewed; I should think he would."

"Thirty years with a tongue so sharp?  
Ho! Angel Gabriel, give him a harp;  
A jeweled harp with a golden string;  
Good sir, pass in where the angels sing;  
Gabriel, give him a seat alone—  
One with a cushion—up near the throne;  
Call up some angels to play their best;  
Let him enjoy the music and rest!  
See that on the finest ambrosia he feeds;  
He's had about all the Hades he needs.  
It isn't just hardly the thing to do,  
To roast him on earth and the future, too."

They gave him a harp with golden strings,  
A glittering robe and a pair of wings;  
And he said as he entered the realms of day,  
"Well, this beats cucumbers anyway."  
And so the Scriptures had come to pass,  
That "The last shall be first, and the first shall be last."  
—Brooklyn Eagle.



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Assets.....\$80,321,343.04  
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Reserve and Contingent Funds.....1,958,449.69  
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Number of Depositors.....66,965  
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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. Thomas P. Amoss of Napa has announced the engagement of his daughter, Miss Marguerite Amoss, to Mr. Norman Loyall McLaren. Mr. McLaren is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Norman McLaren of this city. He is a brother of Mrs. Millen Griffith and Mr. Richard McLaren. No date has yet been set for the wedding.

The wedding of Miss Lucy Page Brown and Mr. Harry McAfee took place Saturday afternoon at the country home in Cupertino of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan. Miss Agnes Page Brown was her sister's only attendant and Mr. Austin Moore was Mr. McAfee's best man. Upon their return from their wedding trip the young couple will reside in this city.

The wedding of Miss Elizabeth Bull and Mr. Noble Hamilton took place Saturday evening at the home on Pacific Avenue of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alpheus Bull. Miss Esther Bull and Miss Helen Hamilton were the bridesmaids and Miss Kathleen Pringle was the flower girl. Mr. Mead Hamilton attended his brother as best man. Upon their return from their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton will reside in Chapman, Marin County.

Miss Eugenia Masten was hostess Friday afternoon at a tea at her home on Washington Street in honor of her house guests, the Misses Jean Oliver of San Diego and Olive Wright of Santa Rosa.

Senator James W. Wadsworth, Jr., and Mrs. Wadsworth of New York were the complimented guests Friday evening at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope at their home in Burlingame.

The members of the woman's board of the Exposition gave a luncheon Thursday in the California building in honor of Mrs. William Howard Taft.

Mr. Richard Tobin was host Thursday evening at a dinner at his home in San Mateo in honor of Mrs. Melba.

Mrs. H. A. Van Coenen Torchiana was the complimented guest Wednesday afternoon at a reception given by Mrs. Lee Richmond Smith at her home in Berkeley.

Count and Countess Del Valle de Salazar entertained a number of friends Friday at a luncheon at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of his excellency, José Caro, minister of Spain to Japan, and Dr. Florestan Aguilar.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Moore gave a bouse party over the week-end at their country home in Santa Cruz. The affair was in honor of M. and Mme. Chi Chen.

Dr. Philip King Brown and Mrs. Brown were host and hostess Friday evening at an informal dinner-dance in honor of their house guests, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Jones of Santa Monica.

Mrs. Richard Sprague gave a luncheon at the Francisco Club Friday, when a dozen friends enjoyed her hospitality.

Mrs. William G. Irwin entertained a number of friends Sunday at a luncheon at her home in Burlingame in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Van Rensselaer of Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Eyre Pinckard entertained a number of friends Thursday evening at a dinner at their home on Pacific Avenue in honor of Miss Helen Taft, who recently came to California with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Taft.

Miss Josephine Grant gave a picnic in Burlingame Thursday, when a coterie of friends enjoyed her hospitality.

Mrs. William E. Hough has issued invitations to a bridge-tee Wednesday afternoon, September 15th, at her home on Clay Street.

Mrs. J. A. MacGregor was hostess recently at a luncheon at the Francisco Club in honor of Mrs. Harry Snyder of New York.

Baron Jan Carel Van Eck entertained a large number of friends Monday at the Pacific Union Club in honor of Chevalier Van Rappard of The Netherlands.

Miss Katie-bel MacGregor gave a luncheon at the Francisco Club Wednesday, when a dozen friends enjoyed her hospitality. The affair was in honor of Miss Mary Snyder and Miss Laura Jenkins of New York.

Miss Ruth Thompson was the complimented guest Tuesday evening at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. William Wallace Chappin at their home on California Street.

Mrs. William Goddard was hostess Saturday at an informal luncheon at the Burlingame Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan entertained a number of friends Friday at a luncheon at the Burlingame Club in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Le Roax, who sailed the following day for the Orient en route to their home in Paris.

Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson was hostess Tues-

day at a luncheon at her home in Burlingame in honor of Miss Evelyn Cunningham, whose engagement to Mr. Joseph A. Donohoe, Jr., has recently been announced.

Mrs. William Kent has issued invitations to a reception Tuesday afternoon, September 14th, at her home in Kentfield, Marin County. The affair will be in honor of Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont and Mrs. John J. White.

Mr. Knox Maddox gave a luncheon at the club house at Del Monte Tuesday, when he entertained a large number of friends.

Miss Marguerite Adams was the complimented guest Wednesday afternoon at a tea given by Mrs. Bowie Detrick.

Mrs. George Goethals was the guest of honor Tuesday at a luncheon given by the woman's board of the Exposition at the California building.

Mrs. George Crothers was hostess Friday at a luncheon at her home on Laurel Street in honor of Mrs. Spencer Eddy.

Captain Frank Bennett, U. S. N., and Mrs. Bennett entertained a number of friends Thursday at a luncheon at their home at Mare Island in honor of Mr. and Mrs. E. O. McLaughlin of Los Angeles.

Admiral T. B. Howard, U. S. N., was the guest of honor Saturday evening at a dinner given by the officers of the U. S. S. Colorado at Coronado.

Captain Lincoln Karmany, U. S. N., and Mrs. Karmany have issued invitations to a picnic Sunday, September 12th, at Mare Island.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Van Rensselaer, who are here visiting the Exposition, spent the week-end with Mrs. William G. Irwin, who entertained a number of friends in honor of the New York visitors.

Mrs. Downey Harvey has been missed at the recent social affairs, as she has been taking a rest cure at the Children's Hospital.

Mrs. Lane-Leonard and her little daughter, Jean Leonard, returned a few days ago from Los Gatos, where they have been spending the summer, and departed Wednesday for St. Louis to remain two months with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lowden and their young son, Francis Lowden, are planning to come to this city within a few weeks to visit the Exposition.

Miss Helen Jones departed Tuesday for New York to spend several weeks with Miss Alice Duval, who was recently the guest of Miss Mary Phelan and Senator James D. Phelan.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Lowe returned Saturday from Raymond, Washington, and are established at Stanford Court. Their many friends are delighted to hear that they will reside permanently in this city.

Judge Edgar Zook and Mrs. Zook have moved into their new home in San Rafael.

Mrs. Mary Grayson Hinckley arrived a few days ago from Beowawe, Nevada, for a brief visit. Mrs. Hinckley came to town to place her youngest daughter, Miss Georgia Hinckley, in Miss Burke's school.

Mrs. J. J. Spicker, her niece, Miss Meta Breckenfeld, and Miss Edith Treanor have returned from Lake Tahoe, where they spent several weeks at the Tavern.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Newbold and Mrs. Stanley McCormick are Eastern visitors who are receiving a cordial welcome at the Burlingame Country Club, where they will remain during their stay, which is indefinite.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Eddy have decided to extend their visit until December, and will remain in San Mateo, where they are occupying the home of Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Sypher. They are anticipating a visit from Mrs. Pierpont Perry, who was formerly Miss Edith Lounsbury, and Miss Louise Scott, both of New York. Mrs. Perry is related to the Tevis family and Miss Scott is a sister of the late Mrs. Tarn McGrew.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles MacNeill have gone to Colorado Springs, where they will enjoy a visit en route to their home in New York. Mr. and Mrs. MacNeill came to San Francisco to visit the Exposition and accompanied Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Jackling on their recent trip to Alaska.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Keyes are at the Potter Hotel in Santa Barbara, where they have been spending the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander and their daughters, the Misses Harriet, Jannetta, and Mary Alexander, left last week for Monterey to enjoy the week of festivities. They will go to Santa Barbara September 15th for an indefinite visit, after which they will return to their home in New York.

Miss Louise Sands has returned to her home in New York after an extended visit in this city and Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Gould are among the re-

cent arrivals who have come from New York to visit the Exposition.

Mrs. Taylor Smith arrived last week from New York and is at the Fairmont Hotel. Mrs. Smith is a sister of Mr. Thomas Suffern Taylor, who, with his wife, spent several weeks recently in this city and in Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. John Magee of Kisco, New York, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Iselin, who are spending the summer in San Mateo, where they are occupying the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. Duplessis Beylard.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Leroux arrived early last week from Paris and sailed Saturday for the Orient. Mrs. Leroux was formerly Mrs. Bessie Van Vorst.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, Mrs. Alexander Garceau, and Miss Lota Robinson are motoring through Oregon. They went by train as far as Seattle.

Mrs. George Harding has returned to her home in Philadelphia after a two months' visit with her sister, Mrs. James Ward Keeney. Mrs. Keeney and her daughter, Miss Helen Keeney, will go to Philadelphia in October to remain during the winter. They have rented their home on Buchanan Street to Miss Eleanor Morgan and Miss Flora Low.

Miss Marin and Miss Rice have come from Santa Barbara to spend the month of September. They are occupying an apartment at Stanford Court.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor have gone East to join relatives, who will go to Florida in their yacht. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor will return before the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl have closed their villa at Lake Tahoe, where they spent July and August, and are again occupying their home in Easton.

Mrs. Elton R. Brown has returned to her home in the East after a visit of several weeks. Mrs. Brown, who is the wife of Senator Brown of Watertown, is one of the three women appointed as commissioners to the New York State building, the others being Mrs. Elbert H. Gary, wife of Judge Gary, and Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, who is the official hostess.

The Misses Josephine and Mary Patten of Washington, D. C., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl.

Mrs. Carter Harrison and Miss Edith Harrison returned on the *Matsonia* from Honolulu, where they spent a month.

Mrs. Oscar Sewall has arrived from Englewood, New Jersey, and will spend several weeks with friends. Mrs. Sewall was formerly Miss Josephine Crosby.

Mrs. William H. Howard is planning to come from Boston to spend the winter.

Mrs. John Shepherd Eells and her two children have returned to their home in Portland after having spent the summer in San Rafael with Mrs. Eells's mother, Mrs. James Coffin.

Mrs. Arthur Geissler and her little daughter, Martha, have returned to New York. They have been spending the past six weeks with Mrs. Geissler's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Moore, at their country home in Ross.

Mrs. Charles Taylor, who has been visiting her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Davis Pillsbury, left last week for her home in Boston. She was accompanied by Mrs. Pillsbury, who has taken her daughter, Miss Olivia Pillsbury, East, where she will continue her studies.

Miss Beatrice Nickel is visiting friends in Santa Barbara, where she will remain until September 15th.

Mrs. Charlemagne Tower, the Misses Helen and Gertrude Tower, and Mr. Roderick Tower have returned to Philadelphia. During their stay here they visited the Yosemite and Monterey.

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont will arrive September 16th and is planning to remain in this city several weeks.

Mme. Melba and Dr. and Mrs. William J. Younger spent the week-end in Saratoga as the guest of Senator James D. Phelan.

Miss Louise Janin has returned from San Diego, where she has been visiting Lieutenant Alexander Sharp, U. S. N., and Mrs. Sharp.

The home in Annapolis of Lieutenant Henry K. Hewitt, U. S. N., and Mrs. Hewitt has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. Hewitt, who was formerly Miss Floride Hunt, is the daughter of Mrs. Randall Hunt of this city.

As in the Bible times all the water for the Bulgarian village must be drawn from one or two wells or springs, and these watering-places or fountains are the scene of much sociability. Hither come all the youths and maidens of the village to loiter. There is coquetting and courting about the fountain and some gatherings in the evenings. Marriages spring from mutual attraction and choice, rather than the arrangement of families, as do the Armenian and Turkish alliances. There are husking bees and quilting bees where the young people meet, but the most popular form of social entertainment is the sedanka. Here assemble the young men and women of the village and adjoining farms, grouped about an open fire, singing solos and choruses. The Bulgarian folk dances are danced in a row or circle, the leader generally waving a bright handkerchief and turning and twisting about his line of followers, like a mild game of "snap the whip." It suggests health and abounding spirits and good-fellowship, without the sensuality that so often marks the Oriental dance. Occasionally the sedanka ends in a dramatic fashion. Some brawny fellow who has been courting his Darka assiduously will seize her in his arms and carry her to his home. The next day this "marriage by capture" is given legal and religious sanction by the blessing of the orthodox priest.

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HORSE SHOW AT THE EXPOSITION.

Smart society will be very much in evidence at the special horse show that will be held by the department of live stock at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition during the period between September 30th and October 13th. The list of patrons and attendances includes the names of some of the people most prominent socially, not only in California, but throughout the United States. Horse shows always have been great magnets for gathering the members of the fashionable world, and the character of that held in San Francisco this autumn gives promise that it will be no exception to the general rule.

This special show will be coincident with, and in a sense independent of the exhibit, and the judging of the breeding classes of horses, although in it will be included the performance classes of all the animals on exhibition. Special attention will be given to, in order that the use and adaptability of the various breeds and types of horses and ponies may be shown to the best advantage. Tandem and four-in-hand driving to coach, polo ponies, hunters and jumpers, draft horses in harness, gaited saddle horses, and other favorite features of horse shows will be prominent in the coming one in San Francisco. Valuable trophies have been offered in addition to cash prizes varying in amount from \$10 to \$250. There will be two trophies of the latter amount, one for the best five-tailed saddle horse, the other for the five-tailed four-in-hand marathon over the Exposition race-course.

Trophies, however, will be the principal prizes sought by the contestants at this show. In addition to the regular prizes of the horse show, the Pacific Coast Gaited Saddle Horse Association has given two special prizes, one of \$3000 for the Panama-Pacific Exposition Futurity, and one of \$500 for Futurity No. 3, and the California State Fair association has given another of \$3000 for the Futurity No. 1.

Cash prizes aggregating \$16,975 will be awarded in the performance classes at the horse show, and thirty-three trophies of a total value of \$2500.

While abundant entertainment will be af-

forded by the roadsters, carriage horses, ponies, and gaited saddle horses, special interest attaches to the competition between hunters and jumpers. There will be a special Corinthian class of hunters, open to animals ridden by members enjoying full privileges of a recognized hunt club, in their club costume. Cups will be given as first, second, and third prizes in this class.

The contests between ladies' hunters, ridden by ladies, already are arousing intense interest. Conformation and quality count fifty per cent in these, and performances over the fence fifty per cent. The animals are to be ridden over four successive jumps, each of three feet of timber, with twelve inches of brush on top.

The show will be enlivened by a number of special events, such as a steeplechase of two and a half miles over a figure-of-eight course, one-mile hurdle race, half-mile polo pony dash, cowboy and cowgirl relay races, six-furlong saddle tandem race, jumping contest, and the marathon four-in-hand.

In conjunction with the show there will be a number of special military events, in which the horses entered must be the property of an officer of the United States Army, of the United States government, or of an officer or enlisted man of the National Guard. All riders will be in uniform. Cups will be given as prizes. A leading feature of these events will be the competitions between officers' charges, which will be made to jump, turn on forehand and on haunches, to two-track and the change lead.

Unusual Attraction in Autumn Music Festival.

An event replete with interest and one that bids fair to attract visitors from all parts of the state will be the Autumn Music Festival to be held in Festival Hall from September 29th to October 3d. The music department of the Exposition has long been making elaborate preparations for this brief season, and many artists of the highest rank have been especially engaged and will come from the East to participate.

The Exposition Chorus of 400 voices, under the leadership of Emil Mollenhauer, conductor of the Handel and Haydn Society and the Apollo Club of Boston, with the Exposition Orchestra of 80 (Max Bendix, conductor), will present Mendelssohn's oratorio, "Elijah," on Wednesday evening, September 29th, at 8:30, and Verdi's celebrated "Requiem" on Sunday afternoon, October 3d, at 2:30, and there will be a public rehearsal of the last work on Friday evening, October 1st, at 7:30. For the production of the "Requiem" the orchestra will be augmented to 100 musicians.

The soloists engaged for the festival include Mme. Emmy Destinn, lyric soprano, from the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York; Mme. Florence Mulford, contralto, from the Metropolitan Opera; George Hamlin, tenor, from the Chicago Grand Opera; Evan Williams, the Welsh tenor; Frederic Martin, America's oratorio basso; Earl Cartwright, the concert baritone, and Fritz Kreisler, the violinist. Kreisler will play in conjunction with the Exposition Orchestra on Thursday evening, September 30th, at 8:30, his numbers being the Concerto in C major, by Vivaldi, and Beethoven's Concerto in D major, op. 61.

Saturday afternoon, October 2d, at 2:30, there will be an "Artists' Concert," participated in by Mrs. Williams, Mme. Mulford, Evan Williams, Frederic Martin, the Exposition Chorus, the Exposition Orchestra, the Boston Band of sixty-five musicians, and Wallace A. Sahin, who will preside at the organ.

The soloists of "Elijah" will be Mrs. Williams, Mme. Mulford, Evan Williams, and Earl Cartwright, and the principals in the "Requiem" will be Mme. Destinn, Mme. Mulford, George Hamlin, and Frederic Martin.

The subscription sale for the season of four concerts is now progressing at 343

Powell Street, and will close Monday evening, September 20th, and all purchasers will be admitted free to the "Requiem" rehearsal. Mail orders will receive prompt attention if accompanied by a check or money order payable to the P. P. I. E.

Sylvester Schaeffer, who is hailed as the man who does everything, is going into musical comedy in a piece whose libretto is written by himself.

One of the early attractions for the Columbia Theatre is New York's most notable dramatic hit of last season, "On Trial."



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President Manuel Estrada Cabrera

The reflection of President Cabrera of Guatemala next year is considered so necessary that the following open letter has been published by prominent foreigners of the country, "To the Sons of Guatemala":

"Guatemala, April 29th, 1915.

"We, as foreigners, have no part in the politics of this country—a country which we very highly esteem and to which we feel very grateful. We have no voice nor vote in its problems, the solution of which belongs solely and exclusively to you. Nevertheless, this does not hinder us from forming an opinion of the way in which the public conducts itself when its action is required and its patriotism called forth, and it is for this reason that we now wish to express our admiration to this hospitable country, the birthplace of bright talents and valiant souls and to its deserving sons, who, inspired by their unanimous sentiments, ask for the continuation in office of his Excellency, Mr. Estrada Cabrera, whose undeniable virtues and civic capabilities have emerged so brilliantly from the crucible in which the merits of great men are purified.

"Never so much as on this memorable occasion has Guatemala given such undeniable proof of its patriotic desires, of its wish for the happiness of its citizens as well as that of foreigners, of its increasing love for public instruction, work and peace—work and instruction being the solid bases to insure the progress of a people and a first necessity for a country.

"Our hearty and sincere congratulations to you, sons of the beautiful country in which we live, sheltered by its laws, and accept our wishes that Divine Providence may lavish on Guatemala and its illustrious Ruler, the Honorable Mr. Manuel Estrada Cabrera, all the welfare they so richly deserve!

"Adolfo Stahl, Felipe Yurrita, Adolfo Meyer, Adolfo Schwank, Juanito Stahl, A. Bickford, Carlos Gallusser, C. B. Pullin, F. G. Williamson, Ed. Osborne, Valero Pujol, Julio Stahl, Topke y Cia., Frederico Gerlach, Gustavo Oetiker, Emilio Capouilliez, D. E. Sapper, B. K. Pearce, Juan Osborne, Juan Vandeput, (P.) Noltenius y Cia., Jorge Volz, German Porcher y Ino., A. Peyré, P. A. Bruni, Alfredo Denby, Julio Lanquar, Salvador Krolk, A. W. Spindler, Máximo Kosak, León Gutman y Cia., Max Widawer, Julio Trenherz, Ramiro Fernández N., B. Kirsch y Cia., León Derwik, A. Zadik y Co., Julio Zadik, Hugo Hersfeld, Juan Brackmann, J. G. Trichel, Federico Lenzinger, Ernesto Thierfelder, Jorge Rosenberg, Salvador Arner, Julio Clermont, Carlos Barth, A. Wichneke, Luis G. Posse, D. Escalón, Carlos Liebes, Mauricio Zadik, Mauricio Levy, Vicente Padula, Emilio Poitevin, Gactano Cicca, Miguel Calabrese R., Berti Remo, Jacobo Engel, Cosimo Riccio, Arturo Engel, Martin Wartenberg, Louis Tallade, Brigette y Cia., C. D. Anderson, M. O. Badger, León Matzdorf, I. Nula, Carlos Bertek, Alberto Arathón, G. G. Koppel, Juan Bock, Amador Arrendado, Jorge Oates, B. Egenberger, Santos Luján, Eduardo Engel, Frank Gory, A. Garcia, R. A. Marinelli, Agustín Salpureli, Filadelfo Guillén, Auri Kihn, Otto Fischer, Francisco C. Melgarejo, Enrique Rittscher y Co., E. de La Roque, Stadel y Cia., E. Peper, Andrés J. Morasso, Guillermo Lottman, Héctor Montano, Luis Y. Yost, Manuel Miró, Adolfo Benier, Otto Ziesness, Carlos Hartling, F. Giracó, Stefano Natalini, G. Altorio y Cia., Jorge Ellozntker A., Enrique Engel, Enrique Segura, Alfredo Hermes, H. Rosenberg, Herman Schacher, H. Banninger, C. Brikri, A. Bauer y Cia., E. Bauer, E. Branninger, Juan Expósito, Minor C. Keith, W. Carolin, Teodoro Medina, E. H. Stewart, Victor Gutiérrez, R. Potts, C. R. Chandler, S. Billow, E. McKinley, Antonio Abularach, N. Check, W. J. Devlin, M. Boissiere, Andrés Huard, Luis Larrieu, Ed. Lenhoff, D. C. Davis, David Ramsden, B. Jacobs, Teodoro Rudcke, Carlos Tallade, A. Bertholin, Juan B. Rivara, Luis Lerer, Sol Cohn, Carlos Minke, José García Sánchez, Shütte y Cia., Guillermo Rosbade, Juan Martinez Puig, Javier Murphy, Luis Curtis, Holis Gottsche, Max. Pactau, Carlos Maul, Salvador Etensohn, Adolfo Gerlach, G. M. Stabler, Domingo Furrer, Waldemar Kohli, Julio Bilak y Co., Marcos Zadik, Guillermo Wermuth, H. Fastabend, Ernesto Koller, Jorge Zengel, Ricardo Pérez, Pablo Schneeweiss, Máximo Hesse, F. Bergmann, B. C. Siguere, José O. Bettorazzi, José Altenbach, E. Eichenberger, Max. Ueberhaer, J. B. Seigné, Luigi Bernardi, Juan Mohr, Domingo Carani, Domingo Chaleu é hijo, Carlos Valle, R. J. Wittig, José Camas, Nicolás Cardillo, Eduardo Pitto, Luis de la Riva, R. Fortun, A. L. Craun, M. Berkowitz, Carlos Haussen, Emilio Zels, Pedro Jensen, Juan Klussman, Gustavo Kirsch, Juan Navines, Teófilo Cemborán, Nicolás Passarelli, Emilio Passarelli, Miguel Marsicovetere, Juan B. Maselli, Roque Rosito, Samuel Ascoli Co., Vicente Assardo y Co., and others.

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### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Mrs. Datus—There's that Samkers girl. How old do you think she is? Mrs. Artigue—Ah—er, how much of a friend of yours is she?—Judge.

Wife—Don't you think I should have a vote? Husband—I dunno, Jane. You'd probably want a new hat to wear at the polls.—Denver Republican.

Mr. Frost—Agnes, your mother has a headache. Can't you help her get dinner? Agnes—No, father. I have to learn this table of food values.—Life.

Mining-Stock Promoter—Where can I hide? The police are coming! Chief Clerk—Get into the card-index case. I defy any one to find anything in there.—Judge.

The Mon—If you are so forgetful, how is it you remember me? The Girl—Lots of times I remember little things when the big ones escape my notice.—Stray Stories.

"You say that you were the only man at the summer resort?" "Yes." "How about the one who kept the hotel?" "He was a shark."—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Village Storekeeper (as pastor executes a masterly retreat from his store)—Dinged old hypocrite! This is the same lead quarter I put in the collection last Sunday!—Judge.

"Which do you prefer, my dear, a little claret or some champagne?" "I think I prefer champagne, George. And, besides, we really ought to do all we can for France."—Life.

Gentleman—I wouldn't mind helping you if I thought there was anything in you. Tramp—Gimme a dime, hoss, an' see how quick dere'll be somethin' in me.—Boston Transcript.

Friend—Well, how's the war affecting you? Post-Cubist-Impressionist Sculptor—Not a bit, old chap. I never sold anything before it started—and I haven't since.—Punch.

"Bliggins is a remarkable fisherman." "Yes, I honestly believe it's more wonderful for a man to think up the stories Bliggins tells than it would be actually to catch the fish."—Washington Post.

"Now, this typewriter is equipped with all the summer attachments." "Summer attachments?" "A small mirror, a miniature clock, and a thermometer; everything a girl has to consult frequently."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Did you ever dream of being a pirate when you were a boy?" "Oh, yes. Isn't it queer? Now I'm in the prosaic business of managing an automobile repair shop." "Umph! You didn't miss it so far."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Mrs. Ecks—I wonder what the other club members really think of me. Mrs. W'ye—I hesitate to tell you what I've heard. Mrs. Ecks—If you'd heard anything had you wouldn't hesitate, so it's all right. Thank you so much.—Brooklyn Eagle.

"Did you speak to father about me, Arthur?" "Yes, I did, dear, and he agreed with me heartily." "Then he said I might marry you?" "Why—er—no. I didn't quite get to the point of asking him that. I just said you were a fine girl."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

"Some men have no hearts," said the tramp. "I've been a-tellin' that feller I am so dead broke that I have to sleep outdoors." "Didn't that fetch him?" "Naw. He tol' me he was a-doin' the same thing, and had to pay the doctor for tellin' him to do it."—Christian Register.

"Can you wait on me immediately?" demanded the richly dressed woman. "I'm in a great hurry." "Yes. Let me have your prescription," said the busy druggist. "I have no prescription. I want you to look up a number for me in the telephone book."—Chicago Herald.

Lady—What will you charge me for the use of a horse and buggy for a few hours? Liveryman—It will cost you \$2 for the first hour and \$1 for each additional hour. Lady—Well, I'll use it for two additional hours. I've got some shopping to do and will not require it for the first hour.—New York Sun.

"Of course," said Farmer Cornstossel. "Josh's superior knowledge is a great thing." "Don't you think it has practical value?" "Yes, I suppose it has. But I noticed this afternoon that his hein' able to call a yaller-jacket by his real scientific name didn't make the critter a bit more sociable or forhearin'."—Washington Star.

"Isn't that perfectly ridiculous!" exclaimed Mrs. Binks. "That young Mrs. Upstarte who lives around the corner actually has the audacity to claim that she is of royal lineage." "Well," said the head of the house, stroking his gray mustache as he thought of hygone days, "she may not be so far wrong at that.

I remember her mother when she was a girl, and, believe me, she was some queen."—Tospeka Journal.

"Don't you think you ought to give more attention to political economy?" "No," said Senator Sorghum; "if a man hopes to suc-

ceed in politics out in my town, he doesn't want to economize."—Washington Star.

"Jinx says he can marry any woman he pleases." "I don't doubt it. Any one ought to be able to marry a woman whom Jinx pleases."—Houston Post.

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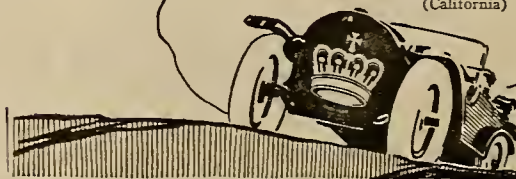
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## THIRTY-NINTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### A Russian Bandit.

It is surprising how much information is now available about the criminal who was shot by the police last Sunday morning after a six-hour battle. He is now known to be a Russian anarchist, always prolific in evil advice to his countrymen and well to the front as a debater and a speaker, and as a sturdy advocate of a class war on "all people of wealth and authority." He is said also to have belonged to a band of criminals whose depredations have been severely felt in several Coast cities.

One is inclined to wonder how this man secured admission to the country, and how it may be possible to bar others of a like kind. Obviously the educational test will not work, seeing that Chesalkin was a man of intelligence and even learning. It is, of course, easy to be wise after the event, but occasionally news items filter through from the immigration station in New York that lead us to doubt if everything is quite as it should be there. We read, for example, of the detention of a distinguished lady novelist on the ground that she was traveling alone and preferred the second cabin to the first, and within the last few weeks a young lady related to the British ambassador and on

her way to him was subjected to a similar humiliation. But Chesalkin seems to have had no difficulty in landing, nor the members of the Mafia who terrorize New York with their bomb-throwing. It is a considerable problem, and one that is complicated by stupidity, as most problems are. But there ought to be a way out of it and it ought to be found.

### The Blunder of an "Expert."

Dr. Konstantin Theodor Dumba is a member of the Austrian aristocracy and trained from his youth up to diplomacy. He was graduated from the University of Vienna in 1878 and subsequently studied at the Paris School of Political Science for a year. He entered the Foreign Office at Vienna in 1879 and in the intervening years has represented Austria-Hungary in ministerial and ambassadorial posts in the more important countries of the world. Valued under the standards of professional diplomacy, he is a man of experience and skill. At Washington where he has served something more than two years he has stood high officially and otherwise. In brief Dr. Dumba has been regarded as a practically perfect example of the trained diplomat.

Yet we find this fine product of specialized training conspiring against the domestic peace of the country to which he stands accredited, interfering with legitimate industry, seeking to make Austrian law operative in the United States. What is even more extraordinary is his naive attitude with respect to these activities. He is openly surprised that anybody should look upon them as involving impropriety.

Dr. Dumba's explanation must long remain one of the curiosities of international dealing. "If I may not advise my countrymen resident in this country, then what is the good of my being here?" he asks, with wide-eyed simplicity. "The proposals relating to the embarrassments of steel plants were nothing more than open and proper methods necessary to be taken to bring before Austrian subjects employed in the great steel works that they were engaged in an occupation unfriendly to their fatherland." Again:

The dispatches or letters carried by Archibald contained nothing more than a proposal that we attempt to call out the workmen of our own country from these steel and munition works and provide for them other employment. To do so money would be necessary and labor employment bureaus would have to be organized. \* \* \* There seems to me to be a peaceful and entirely satisfactory means of preventing the making and shipment of war materials to our enemies. \* \* \* The dispatches of which Archibald was the messenger were given to him at a dinner in New York, at which myself, Von Bernstorff, and Archibald were present. We have full copies of the reports given to Archibald, whom we regarded as a suitable person to convey the bulky documents.

This, Dr. Dumba regarded as a "satisfactory explanation." It would, he said, when the arrest of Archibald was called to his attention, "completely satisfy" the Washington government. Would it be possible to conceive anything more inept? Could a fourteen-year-old schoolboy who had never been outside his native village have been less regardful alike of common prudences and proprieties? Yet this course of conduct and this explanation come from a man of mature years, trained for diplomacy, experienced in half the countries of the world, and presumably of very exceptional capabilities—a man specially selected as a trained diplomat and commissioned by a country involved in war to represent it at the capital of the leading neutral country of the world, a country whose good-will it is especially desirous of maintaining.

A good deal has been said from time to time in our own country and by foreigners in contempt of "shirt-sleeves" diplomacy. But could any shirt-sleeved, tobacco-chewing diplomat by any possible mischance

have conducted himself in a manner so maladroit? Certainly no American foreign representative since the foundation of the government has ever mixed so awkwardly in the affairs of another country or so discredited himself by childish theories and foolish explanations.

In regarding this incident one is led to wonder if after all special training is a better preparation for diplomacy than an all-round experience in business and professional life. Is there after all anything in the so-called "art of diplomacy" which better prepares a man to meet the exigencies of international relationships than experience with men and affairs under the guidance of plain common sense? Certainly the practice of the United States in nearly a century and a half, in which it has been represented by men untrained in a professional sense, has not brought upon our government any embarrassment comparable to that involved in the indiscretion of Dr. Dumba.

By this incident we are led to reflect that diplomacy is nothing more or less than common sense applied to the business of nations with each other. Associated with its operations there are in the nature of things certain social interchanges in which a man from Kansas or Wisconsin—or from New York for that matter—may not be familiar. He may know little or care less about the subtleties of precedence or minor matters of dress and deportment. But when it comes to essentials your man untrained in diplomacy but trained in business or politics, is quite as likely to prove effective as your punctilious professional diplomat. He is quite as likely as your trained diplomatist to divine motives and to match emergencies with judgment. Dr. Dumba, for example, knew perfectly well what coat to wear upon occasion, whom to place at his right hand and whom at his left, what to say to the ladies, with much else of graceful non-consequence. But put to the test of a supremely important matter in relation to the peace and good-will between his own country and the country to which he was accredited, he has proved himself a sad bungler—if the truth be pressed home—a bit of a fool. Better for Austria if her ambassador had been less adept in the social amenities and better equipped with common sense.

There is a tendency in every trade and profession and in every art to a kind of over-specialization which tends unduly to emphasize the incidental and trivial as compared with the essential. Your professional writer tends to over-refinement of phrase. Your professional artist tends to overvalue what he styles technique. So down the line of professional specialization. It over-trains the faculties with respect to considerations of secondary value as distinct from things of prime value. It overlooks the fact that character is the foundation—the only possible foundation—of all things worth while. The principle applies unfailingly to things great and small. No man lacking character is fit for any career; no man of character goes far wrong, whatever the situation in which he may find himself.

### Does the Melting Pot Melt?

The exposure of the action of the Austrian minister in organizing strikes by his countrymen employed in American powder and arms mills calls for a bit of serious reflection. It is not denied that many of the workmen affected are naturalized American citizens, who have been in the melting pot, and have voted, and by the ballot have had a hand in our government. They are employed in the industries in which they strike because of the lack of Americans skilled and trained in such work, and we lack such Americans because for a generation American boys have been denied the right of apprenticeship in the skilled trades and handicrafts. To push the probe a little further



that right has been denied to American boys by these very aliens, through the expedients of organization and affiliation with the whole list of organized handicrafts. The American boy, festering in the vices of idleness, has been crowded into the already over-thronged professions, or into reform schools and the prisons.

Because somebody said it we continue to repeat that we must admit no immigration that we can not assimilate, meaning thereby blood assimilation. So they come, members of races beaten and of the races triumphant, from the Skagerrack to the Levant, to put upon American loins the task of assimilation. After this has gone on for about three generations we discover that assimilation is a bilateral process, and the American is disappearing in the melting pot, and there is produced a person aflame with all the loves and hates, superstitions, lures, and longings of his immigrant ancestors.

The present war turns a vast searchlight on this condition. In one part of the illuminated field we see German blood boiling in hearts two generations American born. In another, Slav, French, Italian, long assimilated, blaze like balefires. All of them, every one, in the original immigrant, shut the American boy out of a skilled trade on the soil he was born on. All of them, every one, by organization and its power, reserved the right of apprenticeship to their own stirps, and the American boy is beaten under his own flag, and his government, even in defensive war, must get the consent of all this welter of alien blood to manufacture the weapons unto its own salvation.

#### Mr. Ford's Omniscience.

Mr. Ford has placed the world in his debt by the manufacture of a cheap and efficient automobile, and he deserves all the credit of a useful achievement. Incidentally Mr. Ford has amassed a large fortune, and we may therefore congratulate ourselves that virtue is sometimes rewarded. Certainly it is not always so.

And here we would willingly allow Mr. Ford to rest on his laurels and to acquire such further notoriety as he may from the headplates of his ubiquitous machines and from the distinctive variety of humor that those machines seem to inspire. But public opinion has willed it otherwise. The fact that Mr. Ford makes alleged automobiles in incredible numbers, and quite real dollars in equally incredible numbers, appears to be regarded as valid evidence that he possesses a wisdom that may be described as encyclopedic in point of size and apostolic in point of virtue. Mr. Ford's opinion on all matters of human interest has, for some unaccountable reason, acquired a value in the public mind above that of rubies. Innumerable people consider it to be final and conclusive. As soon as the usual headlines announce that the oracle has spoken, or rather that it is still speaking, they heave a sigh of satisfaction that one more world-old problem has been solved.

Mr. Ford, for example, has opinions on penology, and they are received with bated breath as from a god. He has made the profound discovery that if you pay to a burglar a salary somewhat in advance of a precarious professional income and free from the usual professional risks he will henceforth cease to be a burglar. The world of philanthropy is forthwith shaken to its foundations. Crime is prospectively abolished by the simple expedient of paying an adequate remuneration to the criminal classes. Mr. Ford's least word on the subjects of crime, prisons, judges, and police is received as an evangel. And all this for no better reason than the excellent quality of Mr. Ford's automobiles! Is it possible for the *non sequitur* to go further than this? Here we have the veritable triumph of inconsequence.

And now Mr. Ford, still inflated by a proud realization of the efficiency of his automobiles, invades the sphere of international politics, and once more the public prostrates itself at the feet of an omniscient lunatic. We have not troubled to ascertain Mr. Ford's opinions on the munitions question, not believing that they can possibly matter much, if at all. But the headlines inform us, as usual, that Mr. Ford has opinions, and that he is willing to communicate them to a gasping world, that he has indeed done so, and that the public has received them with the usual interest. The range of Mr. Ford's opinions is so vast as to render adequate comment impossible. Indeed it

is not only vast; it is cosmic. Mr. Ford will discourse to us on economy, thrift, hygiene, profit-sharing, suffrage, criminology, reform, sanitation, prohibition, war, peace, arbitration, and piety. If there are any problems that he has not yet solved it is because he has not yet heard of them. Day by day we are invited to drink at the perpetual spring of wisdom undefiled, until at last the sight of a Ford automobile produces a sort of millennial afflatus that deserves an honored place among the uplift tendencies of the day.

It is a weakness of the modern mind to assume that proficiency in one direction implies proficiency in all directions, that because a man has done one thing well he can do all things well, that because a man is wise in one way he is wise in all ways. Mr. Ford makes good automobiles—therefore his views on pacificism ought to be received with a profound reverence. He has become a millionaire—therefore he is probably right on criminology, or hygiene, or whatever the hysteria of the moment may happen to be. A few years ago we were summoned by newspaper trumpets to gather around Mr. Edison while he explained to us that he did not believe in God. Mr. Edison's opinions about God were supposed to have some extraordinary value on the ground that Mr. Edison had invented so many telephones and phonographs. Now if we had been invited to learn God's opinion about Mr. Edison—doubtless a favorable one—we should have obeyed with alacrity. But we were not able to see that Mr. Edison was in a position to know more than any one else about God. But the public seemed to be impressed. It seemed to suppose that Mr. Edison would probably have some kind of exclusive information, some sort of private wire. And so it goes, as Mr. Dooley would say. But surely it would be better that the shoemaker should stick to his last, Mr. Edison to his inventions, and Mr. Ford to his automobiles.

#### A Health Report.

For the moment we are staggered by the portentous announcement of the United States Public Health Service that only two per cent of the garment-workers of New York are free from defect or disease. But reflection brings reassurance. Statistics are notoriously untruthful, and the expert is notoriously an alarmist. Invariably he finds whatever he sets forth to find, and his discoveries always redound to the credit of his own indispensable services.

And so we are relieved to find that defects and diseases include all those trivial ailments from which few of God's human creatures are exempt. An aching tooth puts its victim into the black list. A slight deafness does the same. A tailor who sits cross-legged at his work has a "positive defect." So has the culprit who wears glasses. The Public Health Service seems to have specialized, so to speak, in garment-workers. If it should turn its attention toward judges, or editors, or clergymen, or cabinet officers it is to be feared that its disclosures would be still more appalling.

The methods of demonstration adopted by the expert are as surprising as his statistics. In the effort to make our flesh creep he tells us that tuberculosis cases are ten times more numerous among garment-workers than among United States soldiers? Only ten? Considering that no man can become a soldier if he has tuberculosis, that candidates for the army are rejected if they have any defect whatever, one would suppose the percentage to be much higher than ten.

Having had our sympathies fully aroused on behalf of the oppressed and down-trodden garment-worker, the victim of infamous monopolies, we naturally want specific information as to the causes of the toothaches, the headaches, and the defective vision, and the Public Health Service is willing to oblige. It speaks to us in the unfaltering tones of "science." These horrid calamities arise, it seems, "from ignorance or neglect of personal hygiene." So we should suppose. We were under the impression that all human ailments were attributable to this cause, that every ill to which flesh is heir, except senility, can be traced to "ignorance or neglect of personal hygiene." If we were to observe all the law and the prophets of personal hygiene we should be as perfect physically as we suppose ourselves to be morally. We do not need a bulletin from the Public Health Service to inform us that two and two make four.

Doubtless this craze for examinations, specifications, indices, schedules, and tabulations will eventually pass away like all other bad things. The shadow of the in-

spector with his note-book is the ugliest shadow that can fall across any civilized community, a blight upon freedom and prosperity. But it is to be feared that it will not pass away so long as the vast army of inquisitors is recruited from the ranks of the politically-neccissitous.

#### The New China.

The establishment of a hereditary presidency of the Chinese Republic may be taken as a polite euphemism. It means that China is once more a monarchy and that the brief and rather inglorious experiment of democracy is at an end.

Yuan Shi-Kai, to do him justice, was never a republican, and he never pretended to be. But he was a patriot and a singularly able man. He knew that the people had determined upon a change of government and that they were momentarily anxious to follow Sun Yat Sen and the few enthusiasts from Canton and the south who imagined that an immemorial tradition could be swept away by the waving of a wand. Yuan Shi-Kai knew that it was impossible, but he was willing to wait in patience until time should show it to be impossible. He watched the helpless floundering of the parliament until the scandal was in full view, and then he extinguished it by the expulsion of the trouble-makers. It was quite easy to do, since Chinese practice fully approved of such a procedure and would have been surprised at any other. To abolish Parliament by a fiat was in no way inconsistent with the Chinese idea of republicanism, which actually meant no more than a relief from extortion.

Yuan Shi-Kai is a limited monarchist and he savors himself. He knows that democracy must come slowly, and that he himself can appoint far better men to Parliament than the people now have the capacity to elect. Most of the men whom they did actually elect were hopelessly bad politically, and many of them were hopelessly bad morally. Each one supposed himself to be a miniature emperor, favored by fortune with unlimited opportunity for personal advancement. If Yuan had not been strong enough to suppress this nuisance the country would probably have plunged itself into anarchy at a single leap. And that he has been able to do this so easily is clear evidence of national unreadiness for radical change.

It does not matter at all how China is governed so long as it is governed well. A good monarchy is thousand times better than a bastard democracy. In such a connection names mean nothing at all, as witness Canada in the north and Mexico in the south. If Yuan Shi-Kai can establish justice, maintain the integrity of his country, and slowly accustom his people to the responsibilities of self-government he will have done more for China than all the visionaries from Canton who suppose that ballot-boxes have some mysterious power to confer political wisdom upon those who use them. But actually it is political wisdom that confers the ballot-boxes.

#### Editorial Notes.

A month ago the State Department at Washington announced that something decisive would be done with respect to Mexico as soon as the revolutionary leader could be heard from. They have been heard from, and in terms which make plain the fact that they are not to be brought into coöperation with outside pacifying forces. According to the announced program something in the shape of positive action is now due. But it does not come. Apparently the South American conferees have not been willing to approve proposals of force in relation to Mexico. In the meantime the game goes on. Long ago it ceased to be revolutionary likewise long ago it became chaos. Now it is up to the Washington government, if it can not bring the South American states into coöperation, to play off its own bat. Further delay would be ridiculous or something worse.

The shut-down of the British censorship on reports relative to the Zeppelin raid upon London of last Sunday night tends to uneasiness. No news under circumstances like these is inevitably interpreted as bad news. Certainly the raid must have been more serious in its effects than any preceding operation by aircraft. Yet it would be a mistake to take too seriously the suggestions of secrecy. Your military censor is never likely to have any chance a man expert in matters of publicity. Nineteen times out of twenty he is a young under-strapper over-impressed with the dignity of his a-



hority and inclined to make the most of it. It is the characteristic vice of censorship to make mountains out of molehills, to augment by suspicion the very mischiefs of apprehension and terror which they are presumed to allay. Far oftener than otherwise censorship is a stupid business, as, for example, in the case of the sinking of the *Audacious*. This frightful tragedy was enacted before the eyes of a thousand persons. That such an incident under such circumstances could be kept secret for more than a few hours was out of the question. That any good could come from postponing publicity was a stupid presumption. Yet in his wisdom the official censor undertook to suppress information. He might as well have ordered the sun not to rise. In the matter of the Zeppelin raid upon London there is nothing to do but wait. And it will be time enough to take the incident seriously when we shall know if it really be serious.

The announcement by Count Reventlow, who appears to be a man, if not of authority at least of an authoritative type, that the spirit of "unbounded ruthlessness"—the same spirit illustrated in the case of the *Lusitania*—is to mark German policy from now on, is not calculated to promote kindly feeling here or anywhere else. There has already been too much "unbounded ruthlessness." The world has been trying to forget it. If now "unbounded ruthlessness" is to be the animating spirit in future German warfare its effect will be to revive the moral horror of the rape of Belgium and the massacre of the *Lusitania*. The hope is that Count Reventlow is speaking for himself and not for the German government. The latter has been trying, and not without a certain success, to assure the world that its policies are not intentionally ruthless. And if the effect of recent assurances is not to be lost the less talk of savage courses the better. Possibly the special incidents of German warfare which have so horrified the world have proceeded upon the authority of individual commanders upon the theory that savage successes would strike the world with a sort of heroic admiration. The effect has been directly to the contrary. Thank God the world has reached a stage of civilization wherein things horrible of themselves promote sentiments, not of admiration, but of contempt.

The demand of the National Education Association recently in convention at the Hotel Oakland that the schools of the country henceforth teach "the larger conceptions of good-will toward men and universal justice" is one of those vague generalities of which most of us are sometimes guilty when we have nothing particular to say and are yet determined to say it. The schools can not possibly teach anything of the sort, and it is a pity that they should try. Good-will toward men and universal justice belong to the sphere of religion, which is within the domestic rather than the school domain. We seem rapidly approaching the point where our only conception of doing our duty is to appoint some one else to do it for us, but personal duty is one of those things that can not possibly be devolved. A spirit of good-will toward men is created by parental influences, and if these are not available it is fruitless to look for an efficient substitute. The schools can, of course, coöperate, but not by the inclusion of good-will toward men in a time schedule somewhere in juxtaposition with the swatting of the fly. Let the schools see to it that the history textbooks are based upon precise facts and they will then have done all that they have any right to attempt.

The value and durability of the great sea-wall built at Galveston following the disaster of 1900 were amply demonstrated on August 17th and 18th, when a storm probably equaling in fury that which devastated the city fifteen years ago, swept the harbor. Communication across the six-mile arm of the sea between the Texas mainland and Galveston immediately was cut off, the concrete causeway on which the railroads enter the city having been breached. The wind and sea hurled themselves upon Galveston for two days and nights. But the great concrete sea-wall successfully resisted the fury of the elements, although the rain turned the streets into rivers.

The German cruiser *Emden*, which lies a wreck on the coast of Cocos Island, in the South Seas, where it was destroyed by the Australian cruiser *Sydney*, is to be salvaged. The tender of a Mr. Darnley of Sydney has been accepted. He will form a company and send a steamer with special machinery to fit out the *Emden* and tow her to Sydney.

THE THEATRE OF WAR.

An esteemed correspondent takes exception to recent statements in this column to the effect that German victories in Russia have so far had no tactical significance, that they may easily advantage the Allies more than Germany herself, and this without derogation to the magnificent skill of German generals and the equally magnificent courage of German soldiers. None the less the challenged statements must be repeated, and their accuracy is sustained everywhere by expert American opinion. Thus we find the *Springfield Republican* saying: "The second line of defense is gone like the first, and the German army can make further great seizures of Russian territory if it is thought worth while. But whether the Russian army can be cornered and forced to fight is not so certain, and its position behind the Pripiet marshes, as high as Ireland, will now give it protection from the south. Perhaps the Russian commanders have hopes of finding a Marne; if not, it will be a question of how far they can retreat and how far the Germans will care to follow." The *New York Times* speaks in the same way and say that "the nature of the Germans' victory yet remains to be determined." The *Chicago Herald* speaks of Russia's "appalling optimism" and adds that "Russia announces joyously that within a short time she will have 2,000,000 more men under arms and will be prepared to resume the offensive by spring." George Kennan, who certainly knows Russia, says in the *Outlook*: "If I were a friend of Von Hindenburg, Mackensen, and the Kaiser I think I should venture to give them this warning: 'Don't count on smashing the Russian army so that it can not recover. Like the Libyan wrestler, it draws strength from the ground every time it is thrown. You are now doing your level best, but the Russian army will not reach its maximum efficiency until next summer. Then you, with your waning strength, will have to fight harder than you have yet fought for the territory that you now hold.'" Professor Ferrero says: "The German people do not know that in the war against Russia victories are not less dangerous than defeats, because they make the enemy lose forces as great as defeats do and they do not lead to any result." The German lines of communication are now very long. The German armies are in the midst of a vast and desolated country, and already the rains are making the roads impassable by artillery. No one has even suggested that the Russian forces are either broken or demoralized. They are falling back into their own country and the weather is in their favor. Already they are winning small successes on their flanks. If the Germans should succeed in attacking either Petrograd or Odessa their success would be of a real and substantial nature. Merely to drive the Russian armies back will help them not at all. And it is not likely that the Austrians, who seem to have charge of the southern field, can make any headway without German leadership and the stiffening of German troops.

We may speculate as much as we please as to the causes that have led to the retirement of the Grand Duke Nicholas from the supreme command of the Russian armies. We are not likely to know any more than the vague generalities by which such movements are officially explained. It may be intended as a sop to the liberal element among the people, and it is significant that this element is now dominant in the Duma. We may also remember the reverence with which the person of the Czar is regarded by the Russian soldiery. That the Czar should place himself at the head of his armies, although only nominally, may easily arouse a sentiment and an enthusiasm of the highest military value. And sentiment is still one of the supreme factors in human movements.

The statement has been made in many quarters that the British are now holding one hundred miles of front instead of the forty miles assigned to them since the battle of the Aisne. A correspondent of the *Paris Figaro*, writing on August 25th, says: "I commit no indiscretion in stating that the British front has been considerably extended and that British batteries have replaced ours at a good many points. These changes were not immediately known by the Germans. One German officer who was made prisoner, on finding himself in front of a British battery, said: 'What! You here? I felt sure from the accuracy of the firing that this battery was still French.'" As this information was allowed to pass the censor it is probably true, and it would of course point to large British reinforcements and to a consequent concentration of the French forces.

James O'Grady of the General Federation of British Trades Unions gives us some direct light on the munitions problem. Mr. O'Grady received permission to visit the front in order that he might make a personal report on the situation. Writing to the *London Times* on August 27th, Mr. O'Grady says: "Right through the army, from the field marshal down to the Tommy in the trenches, the plain, simple statement was that they were confident of winning provided they could get an adequate supply of munitions—mainly high-explosive shells. Sir John French himself last Thursday, when thanking us for coming over, said that man for man his troops were better than the Germans, as he had proved on many occasions; his guns were better than the German guns; and his 13-inch shells were equal to the German 17-inch. 'When you get home,' the field marshal said to us, 'tell the people that the issue now is a struggle between Krupp and Birmingham.' That statement was repeated in other words and other forms by generals, colonels, and every officer with whom we spoke." In the latter part of the same communication Mr. O'Grady says: "An artillery officer told me that since the Munitions Act had been put into operation

the supply had improved by sixty per cent, but it was still very insufficient. As far as I could I assured the officers that they would find from week to week the proportion would grow rapidly, and I anticipated that within a month from the time I was speaking to them they would be able to give a much more effective reply to the German guns."

An explanation of the frequent destruction of trawlers by German torpedoes is suggested by Frederick Palmer of the International News Service. One would suppose that a torpedo is somewhat more valuable than a trawler, and so indeed it is at a cash valuation, but Mr. Palmer has been allowed to visit the fleet, and he says that there are 2300 trawlers, mine-sweepers, and other auxiliaries outside of the regular services on duty in the work of maintaining the blockade from the British Channel to Iceland and keeping the North Sea clear. Mr. Palmer was shown a map where submarines had been sighted and the results of attacks upon them, such as "captured," "supposed sunk," and "sunk." He asked the officers as to their methods of attacking submarines, and was told: "Sometimes by ramming, sometimes by gunfire, sometimes by explosives—and in other ways we can not tell." If trawlers, presumably armed, are used for such a purpose they are naturally fair prey for the submarine and well worth a torpedo. A trawler is slow moving, but she can watch and signal and her broad and solid decks can carry guns. Incidentally Mr. Palmer tells us that he saw the *Lion* and the *Tiger* at anchor, which seems to dispose of the German claim that the *Tiger* was sunk in the North Sea battle. The hardest part of the war, says Mr. Palmer, was in the early days, when the fleet was continually at sea looking for battle. Now, secure and ready, according to the officers, it could steam out to action instantly. Patrols continually sweep the North Sea to report any signs of an enemy. But Mr. Palmer does not say where the fleet is ensconced. Presumably it is somewhere on the west coast of Ireland, where it would be about equi-distant from the English Channel and the North Sea, and therefore able to move as a unit either north or south. Another correspondent, writing to the *New York Evening Post*, speaks also of having seen the *Tiger*. He says she had fewer scars to show than the *Lion* as a result of the North Sea battle. He tells us also that the *Queen Elizabeth* that was so much in evidence at the Dardanelles is now with the fleet and that the only signs of her experiences which were visible were a section of new planks on deck where a shell had penetrated, and a dent from a glancing shot on one of her 15-inch guns. While the correspondent was on board one of the destroyers the whole fleet put to sea. He says: "The head of the column was lost in the mist of approaching night-fall, and black clouds from the funnels. Eight, sixteen, twenty dreadnoughts were counted as they went past with clocklike regularity, and out of other smoke clouds in the harbor more dreadnoughts were coming before the *King Edward VII* and other pre-dreadnought classes had their turn. As the destroyer rounded the headland the correspondent had a last glimpse of that seemingly endless column of ships, still not free from the harbor, on its way on an unknown errand in the North Sea."

The *Manchester Guardian* gives the following figures of results of six months' submarine warfare: Total number of sailings and arrivals, 31,385; British merchant ships sunk, 98; percentage of loss, .31; officers and men killed, 505; neutral ships sunk, 95. Captain Perseus, the naval expert of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, commenting on these figures, has no fault to find with their accuracy. But he admits that the public, knowing nothing of the difficulties of such warfare, will be disappointed. He says: "It will be remembered that at the beginning of February high hopes were placed in Germany on submarine warfare, and many believed that as the British fleet had cut us off from overseas imports it would not be difficult now for our submarines to do the same to Great Britain. Part of our press must unfortunately be held responsible for the extravagant expectations which many of the public connected with submarine war against commerce. In this paper it has often been emphasized that from an expert estimate of the efficacy of the submarine, and in view of the number of our submarines, the success and the effect of the new naval warfare could appear only after a considerable time. Again and again we have counseled patience. How necessary this was is evident from a simple fact, the concealment of which to-day would seem dishonest, that the results of the activity of our submarines in their war on commerce are viewed in many circles as—shall we say?'—'very modest.'" The British, says Captain Perseus, have learned how to defend themselves and so there has been no continuation of the early successes against warships. He continues: "Only a child would accuse the British of being bad seamen. They know how to defend themselves, so they devised many kinds of protective measures. It becomes more and more difficult for U-boats to get near hostile ships and launch a torpedo. Almost fabulous skill is required to avoid all the pitfalls, get away from torpedo destroyers, and nevertheless make a successful attack."

No one seems to know just how long it takes to build a submarine under such conditions as must prevail in German shipyards, where energy and speed have been brought to their highest points. But it is interesting to note that Mr. Schwab recently built ten submarines in five months, and at a cost of about \$750,000 each.

The Aero Club of America, looking at the war situation from the narrow angle of the expert, finds the explanation of the Russian reverses in the lack of aeroplanes. At the beginning of the war Russia had about a thousand aeroplanes



but she had only four hundred aviators, and these were without the special training necessary for military service. The Germans, on the other hand, were well equipped. No movement escaped the observation of their airmen, who invariably discovered the disposition of troops and guns. Germany made the same mistake at the beginning of the war, but she rectified it instantly. The bulletin of the Aero Club expresses the belief that the German failure to take Paris was actually due to insufficient aerial equipment, and after making all allowances for the eccentricities of the expert it remains obviously true that the arrival of the aircraft has necessitated a reconstruction of the whole art and theory of war.

If we adopt the impossible theory that the war is still in its early stages it becomes interesting to estimate the number of recruits that the nations can put into the field year by year. Germany claims to produce about 500,000 men of fighting age every year. Probably the Austrian recruits are about half that number, while Turkey may be left out of the count, or nearly so. If we allow 1,000,000 new men per annum for the central nations the estimate will be a liberal one. If France can produce 250,000 new men a year she will be doing well, while Russia's material is, of course, nearly inexhaustible. Probably Italy can do just about the same as France or perhaps rather less. Great Britain's strength under conscription is problematical, but a writer in the London Times, after making all allowances for munition and railroad workers, says that assuming 2,500,000 men have already joined the colors there is still a total available to draw upon of about 2,683,000 men. In the meantime we may note that Canada has promised to send 6000 men a month while the war lasts, and that large and steady contingents are coming from Australia and New Zealand. Such considerations as these lead Martin Marshall to say in *Leslie's* that "the Allies ought to be able to put two new men into the field for each one that the central powers can muster."

The death in action of Lieutenant Baron von Forstner recalls the incident of 1913 when Lieutenant Forstner, stationed at Zabern, Alsace, ordered his men to attack any civilian guilty of insulting the German flag. He himself sabred a lame shoemaker for laughing, and for this he was tried by court-martial and sentenced to forty-three days' imprisonment. The incident created a strong sensation throughout Germany which the sentence of the court-martial was intended to allay.

The *Detroit Saturday Night* tells a story of British red-tape that would be incredible but for past experience. We are told that specifications were forwarded to America for 1,000,000 rifles. Black walnut stocks were specified and the manufacturers were called in. They were unanimous in declaring that there was not enough black walnut in the market that could be purchased to make the stocks. They pointed out that black walnut was all right for a sporting gun, where a man wanted looks as well as utility, but that as the life of a rifle in warfare is only ninety days, some other durable wood should be substituted. But nothing could be done in the absence of definite instructions from London, and it took four months to straighten that matter out. There was a similar example in the case of the supply of bullets. The British bullet is cast, and therefore the specifications demanded that the American-made bullet should be cast. But American bullets are made by a better process and a cheaper one. A bar of metal is fed into a machine, which bites off a proper length and molds it into shape by pressure. But as this was contrary to the specifications the whole order was delayed indefinitely, with the general result that orders have gone to second-rate concerns that were able and willing to hoodwink the inspectors.

Sir Almroth Wright, who has hitherto talked almost exclusively the language of serums and antitoxins, has now found upon the battlefield some reasons to modify his opinions. He says that the serums and antitoxins are of comparatively small value and that the lymph itself, hitherto regarded as an enemy, has extraordinary curative properties. In small quantities its beneficence soon disappears, but in large quantities it is better than any known antiseptic. His method is to keep the wound open and drench with a saline solution of about the same strength as sea water. This induces a liberal flow of lymph, and it is said that bad cases of shell and gunshot wounds have responded so quickly to the new treatment that the men were released from the hospital within a week.

SIDNEY CORYN.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 15, 1915.

The production of wood pitch and tar is a highly important industry of the timber districts of Russia. A large quantity of such substances is not only used for home consumption in Russia, but is also exported to foreign markets. England alone takes over 100,000 barrels yearly of Russian pitch and tar. In normal times pitch is exported chiefly to England from Archangel, where it is one of the principal articles of trade, while turpentine has been shipped to Germany from the Baltic ports and overland. In recent years in western Russia, especially near the Vistula River, large quantities of pitch and turpentine have been distilled from the stumps left after the clearance of woods, this having been in great demand in Germany on account of its good quality and low price. Up to the present time the operating methods employed in this industry have been, for the most part, of a primitive character, and carried on in small establishments, where the owner is at the same time workman and salesman.

## CHITA: A MEMORY OF LAST ISLAND.

The Night the Wind Danced with the Sea.

In August, 1856, a great tropical hurricane, similar to that which recently devastated the Gulf coast, submerged a small island which contained a summer resort settlement. The following striking description of the catastrophe is taken from Lafcadio Hearn's romance, "Chita: A Memory of Last Island."

Thirty years ago Last Island lay steeped in the enormous light of magical days. July was dying; for weeks no flock of cloud had broken the heaven's blue dream of eternity; winds held their breath; slow wavelets caressed the bland brown beach with a sound as of kisses and whispers.

But in that forgotten summer the witchery lasted many long days—days born in rose-light, buried in gold. It was the height of the season. The long myrtle-shadowed village was thronged with its summer population; the big hotel could hardly accommodate all its guests; the bathing-houses were too few for the crowds who flocked to the water morning and evening.

Then one great noon, when the blue abyss of day seemed to yawn over the world more deeply than ever before, a sudden change touched the quicksilver smoothness of the waters—the swaying shadow of a vast motion. First the whole sea-circle appeared to rise up bodily at the sky; the horizon-curve lifted to a straight line; the line darkened and approached—a monstrous wrinkle, an immeasurable fold of green water, moving swift as a cloud-shadow pursued by sunlight. But it had looked formidable only by startling contrast with the previous placidity of the open; it was scarcely two feet high; it curled slowly as it neared the beach, and combed itself out in sheets of woolly foam with a low, rich roll of whispered thunder.

Then the wind began to blow, with the passing of July. It blew from the northeast, clear, cool. It blew in enormous sighs, dying away at regular intervals, as if pausing to draw breath. All night it blew; and in each pause could be heard the answering moan of the rising surf.

The August morning broke in a bright sky; the breeze still came cool and clear from the northeast. The waves were running now at a sharp angle to the shore; they began to carry fleeces, an innumerable flock of vague green shapes, wind-driven to be despoiled of their ghostly wool. Far as the eye could follow the line of the beach, all the slope was white with the great shearing of them. Clouds came, flew as in a panic against the face of the sun, and passed. All that day and through the night and into the morning again the breeze continued from the northeast, blowing like an equinoctial gale.

Then the wind grew weird. It ceased being a breath; it became a voice moaning across the world—hoating—uttering nightmare sounds—*W'ho! w'ho! w'ho!*—and with each stupendous owl-cry the moaning of the waters seemed to deepen, more and more abysmally, through all the hours of darkness. From the northwest the breakers of the bay began to roll high over the sandy slope, into the salines; the village bayou broadened to a bellowing flood. . . . So the tumult swelled and the turmoil heightened until morning—a morning of gray gloom and whistling rain. Rain of bursting clouds and rain of wind-blown brine from the great spuming agony of the sea.

The steamer *Star* was due from St. Mary's that fearful morning. Could she come? No one really believed it—no one. And nevertheless men struggled to the roaring beach to look for her, because hope is stronger than reason. . . .

"Great God!" shrieked a voice above the shouting of the storm, "*she is coming!*" . . . It was true.

She was heading right for the island, with the wind aft, over the monstrous sea. On she came, swaying, rocking, plunging—with a great whiteness wrapping her about like a cloud, and moving with her moving—a tempest-whirl of spray; ghost-white and like a ghost she came, for her smoke-stacks exhaled no visible smoke—the wind devoured it! The excitement on shore became wild; men shouted themselves hoarse; women laughed and cried. Every telescope and opera-glass was directed upon the coming apparition; all wondered how the pilot kept his feet; all marveled at the madness of the captain.

But Captain Abraham Smith was not mad. A veteran American sailor, he had learned to know the great gulf as scholars know deep books by heart; he knew the birthplace of its tempests, the mystery of its tides, the omens of its hurricanes. While lying at Brashear City he felt the storm had not yet reached its highest, vaguely foresaw a mighty peril, and resolved to wait no longer for a lull. "Boys," he said, "we've got to take her out in spite of hell!" And they "took her out." Through all the peril his men stayed by him and obeyed him. By mid-morning the wind had deepened to a roar—lowering sometimes to a rumble, sometimes bursting upon the ears like a measureless and deafening crash. Then the captain knew the *Star* was running a race with Death. "She'll win it," he muttered; "she'll stand it. . . . Perhaps they'll have need of me tonight."

She won! With a sonorous steam-chant of triumph the brave little vessel rode at last into the bayou, and anchored hard by her accustomed resting-place, in full

view of the hotel, though not near enough to shore to lower her gang-plank. . . . But she had sung her swan-song.

The *Star* rose with the rising of the water, dragging her anchor. Two more anchors were put out, and still she dragged—dragged in with the flood—twisting, shuddering, careening in her agony. Evering fell; the sand began to move with the wind, stinging faces like a continuous fire of fine shot; and frenzied blasts came to buffet the steamer forward, side ward. Then one of her hog-chains parted with a clank like the boom of a big bell. Then another! . . . Then the captain bade his men to cut away all the upper works, clean to the deck. Overboard into the seething went her stacks, her pilot-house, her cabin—and whirled away. And the naked hull of the *Star* still dragging her three anchors, labored on through the darkness, nearer and nearer to the immense silhouette of the hotel, whose hundred windows were now all aflame. The vast timber building seemed to defy the storm. The wind, roaring round its broad verandas—hissing through every crevice with the sound and force of steam—appeared to waste its rage. And in the half-lull between two terrible gusts there came to the captain's ears a sound that seemed strange in that night of multitudinous terrors. . . . a sound of music!

\* \* \* \*

Almost every evening throughout the season there had been dancing in the great hall; there was dancing that night also. The population of the hotel had been augmented by the advent of families from other parts of the island, who found their summer cottages insecure places of shelter; there were nearly four hundred guests assembled. Perhaps it was for this reason that the entertainment had been prepared upon a grander plan than usual, that it assumed the form of a fashionable ball. And all those pleasure-seekers mingled joyously, knowing each other, feeling in some sort akin. Perhaps in the more than ordinary merriment of that evening something of nervous exaltation might have been discerned—something like a feverish resolve to oppose apprehension with gaiety, to combat uneasiness by diversion. But the hours passed in mirthfulness; the first general feeling of depression began to weigh less and less upon the guests; they had found reason to confide in the solidity of the massive building; there were no positive terrors, no outspoke fears.

Still the shining floor palpitated to the feet of the dancers; still the pianoforte pealed, and still the violins sang—and the sound of their singing shrilled through the darkness, in gasps of the gale, to the ears of Captain Smith, as he strove to keep his footing on the spray-drenched deck of the *Star*.

"Christ!" he muttered, "a dance! If that wind whips round south, there'll be another dance! . . . But I guess the *Star* will stay."

Half an hour might have passed; still the light flamed calmly, and the violins trilled, and the perfume whirl went on. . . . And suddenly the wind veered.

Again the *Star* reeled, and shuddered, and turned and began to drag all her anchors. But now she dragged away from the great building and its lights—away from the voluptuous thunder of the grand pian—even at that moment outpouring the great joy of Weber's melody orchestrated by Berlioz, "L'Invitation à la Valse," with its marvelous musical swing!

"Waltzing!" cried the captain. "Good help them God help us all now! . . . The Wind waltzes to night, with the Sea for his partner!"

Oh, the stupendous Valse-Tourbillon! Oh, the mighty Dancer! One—two—three! From northeast to east, from east to southeast, from southeast to south; then from the south he came, whirling the *Star* in his arms. . . .

Some one shrieked in the midst of the revels—some girl who found her pretty slippers wet. What could it be? Thin streams of water were spreading over the level planking—curling about the feet of the dancers. . . . What could it be? All the land had begun to quake, even as, but a moment before, the polished floor was trembling to the pressure of circling steps—all the building shook now; every beam uttered its groan. What could it be? . . .

There was a clamor, a panic, a rush to the wind night. Infinite darkness above and beyond; but the lantern beams danced far out over an unbroken circle of heaving and swirling black water. Stealthily, swiftly, the measureless sea-flood was rising.

For a moment there was a ghastly hush of voices. And through that hush there burst upon the ears of all a fearful and unfamiliar sound, as of a colossal cannonade—rolling up from the south, with volleying lightnings. Vastly and swiftly, nearer and nearer it came—a ponderous and unbroken thunder-roll, terrible as the long muttering of an earthquake.

Then rose a frightful cry—the hoarse, hideous, indescribable cry of hopeless fear—the despairing animal-cry man utters when suddenly brought face to face with Nothingness, without preparation, without consolation, without possibility of respite. . . . *Sauve qui peut!* Some wrenched down the doors; some clung to the heavy banquet-tables, to the sofas, to the billiard tables; during one terrible instant—against fruitless heroisms, against futile generosity—raging at the frenzy of selfishness, all the brutalities of panic. And then—then came, thundering through the blackness



giant swells, boom on boom! . . . One crash!—the huge frame building rocks like a cradle, seesaws, racks. What are human shrieks now?—the tornado shrieking! Another!—chandeliers splinter; lights are dashed out; a sweeping cataract hurls in: the immense hall rises—oscillates—twirls as upon a pivot—repeats—crumbles into ruin. Crash again!—the swirling wreck dissolves into the wallowing of another monster billow; and a hundred cottages overturn, spin in sudden eddies, quiver, disjoint, and melt into the eething.

So the hurricane passed—tearing off the heads of the prodigious waves, to hurl them a hundred feet in air—heaping up the ocean against the land—upturning the woods.

But the *Star* remained. And Captain Abraham Smith, with a long, good rope about his waist, dashed again and again into that awful surging to snatch victims from death—clutching at passing hands, heads, garments, in the cataract-sweep of the seas—saving, aiding, cheering, though blinded by spray and battered by drifting wreck, until his strength failed in the unequal struggle at last, and his men drew him aboard senseless, with some beautiful, half-drowned girl safe in his arms. But well-nigh twoscore souls had been rescued by him; and the *Star* stayed on through it all.

Long years after the weed-grown ribs of her graceful skeleton could still be seen, curving up from the sand-dunes of Last Island, in valiant witness of how well she stayed.

Day breaks through the flying wrack, over the infinite heaving of the sea, over the low land made vast with desolation. It is a spectral dawn: a wan light, like the light of a dying sun.

The wind has waned and veered; the flood sinks lowly back to its abysses—abandoning its plunder—catering its piteous waifs over bar and dune, over hoal and marsh, among the silences of the mangroves, over the long low reaches of sand-grasses and drowned weeds, for more than a hundred miles.

And swift in the wake of gull and frigate-bird the wreckers come, the spoilers of the dead—savage skimmers of the sea—hurricane-riders wont to spread their anvas-pinions in the face of storms.

There is plunder for all—birds and men. There are drowned sheep in multitude, heaped carcasses of kine. There are casks of claret and kegs of brandy and regions of bottles bobbing in the surf. There are billiard-tables overturned upon the sand; there are ofas, pianos, footstools and music-stools, luxurious chairs, lounges of bamboo. There are chests of cedar, and toilet-tables of rosewood, and trunks of fine tamped leather stored with precious apparel. There are *objets de luxe* innumerable. There is money in notes and in coin—in purses, in pocket-books, and in pockets: plenty of it! There are silks, satins, laces, and fine linen to be stripped from the bodies of the drowned—and necklaces, bracelets, watches, fingerings and fine chains, brooches and trinkets.

Suddenly a long, mighty silver trilling fills the ears of all: there is a wild hurrying and scurrying; swiftly, one after another, the overburdened luggers spread wings and flutter away.

Thrice the great cry rings rippling through the gray air, and over the green sea, and over the far-flooded bell-reefs, where the huge white flashes are—sheet-lightning of breakers—and over the weird wash of corpses coming in.

It is the steam-call of the relief-boat, hastening to rescue the living, to gather in the dead.

The tremendous tragedy is over!

## A TREACHEROUS LOVER.

How the Contraband Seizure Was Made at Portofino.

Nina Camusso was the daughter and sister of fishermen. Her poor little home, at the farther extremity of Portofino, appeared a spot of dingy white amid the reën of the olive and fig-leaves. It stood a single abitation on the craggy side of that high cliff against which the sea breaks in sullen roarings night and day. It was less than a house—little more than a hut, suspended among the rocks, between the blue sky that oofs the mountain top and the green waves that forever beat against the foundation rocks below.

In this wild solitude, deprived of a mother's care from early infancy, Nina had lived with her father and brothers, and passed from childhood to girlhood. Other human companions she had not, except once a week when she attended mass, walking alone the three miles of rough road that separated her humble cabin from the historic Church of San Fruttuoso.

The father and brothers—fishermen and sailors—made long absences from home. They were often out in their boats all night, fishing. But the sea is poor, and sometimes, instead of mullet, eels, and other fish, these fishermen brought to land bales of tobacco, cans of petroleum, packages of coffee, casks of liquor. Whence drew they these strange fish? The question is easily answered: from certain small ships, large shing-boats, smuggling craft, that, when evening came on, cast anchor near the cape as if apprehensive of wind. And here, when the night grew dark, our fishermen came in their boats. The goods were quietly and quickly transferred, landed, and stowed away in a sort of cave-room back of the Camusso cabin. The

next night men came down through the rocks, packed the goods on their shoulder or on donkeys, and carried all away.

This thing continued for years, and Nina grew up accustomed to it. Her father told her never to speak of their affairs, and she was silent. He told her, also, to be on the lookout for the coast-guards. And the girl peered, with her phosphorescent eyes, into the darkness of the night, watching for the gleam of the musket or the yellow tassel of the coast-guard's cap.

One May the authorities, determining to check the contraband trade on this coast, increased the number of revenue posts. One of these was located in the vicinity of the Camusso cabin. This was a great blow to the business of the men. The real fish, too, were becoming scarcer and harder to catch, and they had little success, though often remaining all day long on the sea.

Among the men stationed at this post was one Gigi Campello, a fine young fellow, with blonde mustache, keen eyes, smooth speech, and insinuating manner. He was here on duty three days and two nights every week.

How did it happen? How could it have happened otherwise? The girl herself can not explain it; but the truth is that between the fisherman's daughter and the young coast-guard man there soon sprang up a great sympathy. The first time they spoke to each other was one day when Nina went to spread the family linen to dry on a large rock in the rear of the post. The intimacy between the two progressed rapidly.

When Gigi Campello knew that Nina's father and brothers were on the sea, fishing, or gone to Camogli or to Portofino to sell the fish they never caught, he abandoned his duties at the post and went to the Camusso cabin. And at times, when the sea below was clear of boats and only far off in the horizon was seen the smoke of the steamers going to Genoa, Gigi, with Nina on his arm, would wander through the olive groves that stretch up between the rocks, and seated in the cool shade on the mossy carpet, the lovers forgot all the world. It was the old, old story ever repeated.

At night, when Gigi saw the Camusso boat silently leaving the shore, a light at the prow, and the elder brother standing on deck with harpoon in hand, ready to strike the fish, he left his duties at the post and hurried to the house, where, at the half-open door, Nina, trembling, welcomed him.

This continued for weeks and months.

One dark, stormy night the lovers were startled by a knock at the door below the room in which they were sitting. Terrified, the girl sprang to the window and in faltering tones called out: "Who is there?"

"Open the door. Be quick. All is well," was the response. Below the window stood her father and brothers, with large packages on their shoulders.

"I am coming," stammered the girl. Then, turning, she opened the door of a large wardrobe and whispered hurriedly to her lover: "Hide in here; if you do not, they will kill you—will kill us." As she spoke, she pushed her frightened Gigi into the wardrobe, covered him as best she could with the garments hanging there, and hastened downstairs.

"*Cospetti!*" said a deep voice—her father's—as she opened the door; "you knew we were coming back."

"But not so soon," faltered the girl; "I had fallen asleep." So saying, to hide her confusion, she started to close the outer door.

"Wait," said the elder brother; "there is more to bring up," and he went out with the younger brother, taking the path that led down to the shore. In a short time they returned, bringing two more large packages.

"Now we can rest for a while," said the father, as the young men threw their burdens down on the floor with the other goods; "give us something to eat, Nina, we are hungry."

The girl opened the cupboard, took out a large bowl of cold, thick pottage, some cheese, salt fish, bread, and a bottle of wine, and put all on the table. The men ate rapidly. When they had finished they carried all the packages into the cave-room, fastening the door securely with the heavy iron bolt. Then they went up to sleep in the chamber adjoining Nina's, where there were three small beds. The men were very tired, with the long and heavy rowing and the climb up the cliff. Their deep, measured breathing soon showed that they were sleeping soundly.

All this had occupied scarcely half an hour. But to Gigi Campello, shut up in the wardrobe, yet hearing all that passed below, it seemed an age. At last Nina came up, opened the door, and said in a low voice: "You must get out of the window—go, for heaven's sake."

Terrified though he was, Gigi gave a thought to the arrangement of his uniform while Nina opened the window and hung out the half of a piece of coarse cloth, holding the middle firmly with both hands and bearing the whole weight of her body on the other end. Gigi got up into the window, grasped the cloth, and swung himself lightly and noiselessly to the ground.

The night was dark and cloudy, the sea bellowed against the rocks, and the wind whistled through the pines on the cliff. Nina stood at the window, her eyes fixed on the darkness, heart beating, ear intent, until

the faint sound of Gigi's footsteps were lost amid the roaring of the waves and the whistling of the wind. Then she closed the window and thanked God for his safety.

\* \* \* \* \*

The scene changes. We are in the small barrack-room of the coast-guards at San Fruttuoso. It is noon, and as the men are going to dinner the lieutenant of the company arrives on the revenue sloop from Camogli. Without much preamble he calls the brigadier and his men together, and addresses them. "Last night," he says, "a large cargo of tobacco was landed on this coast by a boat coming from Malta. The rank of vice-brigadier and the reward offered by the government—several hundred francs—will be given to the man who makes the seizure—acting, be it understood, with such caution as not to rouse the suspicions of the peasants in the neighborhood, who, I believe, are all in collusion with the smugglers. Who volunteers?"

"Who volunteers?" repeats the brigadier in an authoritative tone, imitating his superior.

The men look at each other in silence, not knowing how to reply. After a brief hesitation, Gigi Campello steps forward and, saluting respectfully, says:

"I, lieutenant."

"You—how?"

"Leave it to me, sir. Give me six armed men, and tomorrow morning the seizure shall be made."

"Agreed; but remember that if you fail you will have fifteen days of prison—close confinement."

"I shall not fail, sir."

\* \* \* \* \*

The night was calm and clear. Nina, who that evening had no thought of sleep, sat by the narrow window, following with her eyes the light on the prow of her father's boat as it glided in and out among the rocks—the harpoon ever ready for the fish.

Suddenly the sound of many footfalls behind the house broke the silence of the night. The girl trembled and waited anxiously. A moment later a platoon of men stood before the door of the house.

"Open, in the name of the law!" called a voice that she knew.

"Who is it?" cried the girl, not believing her ears, and showing herself terror-stricken at the window.

Gigi Campello answered: "There is some contraband tobacco here, and we are come to make the seizure."

"The seizure," mechanically repeated Nina, as, turning her bewildered gaze toward the sea, she saw the light of the boat, in which were her father and brothers, nearing the shore. Nina thought rapidly. She knew they would land in a short time, and, ignorant of the danger, would come to the house, into the very arms of the enemy, and be arrested. She understood the situation perfectly; understood all the treachery of Gigi, felt her heart broken, her brain reeling. Rallying her courage she called out:

"You are mistaken; there is no tobacco here."

"Open," answered Campello, "or we will enter by force."

"Gigi!" exclaimed the poor girl, extending her hands in supplication toward him.

"It is not Gigi who wants you," said the coast-guard, with a mocking smile; "last night you opened at the call of love; tonight you will open at the command of the law."

The men broke into a laugh and lowered their muskets.

"Villain!" cried Nina, cut to the heart by the words and the laugh, and all the while seeing the light on the boat grow brighter and brighter as it neared the shore. "Open; yes or no," again called Gigi.

"No," answered the girl, in a suffocating voice.

"We shall see," said the guard, striking the door with the butt end of his musket.

Nina, crazed with passion and fear, ran into the next room, caught up an old gun standing by her father's bed, returned to the window, and cried:

"Gigi, go away. You know there is nothing here—go away."

"No, I shall not go away. The tobacco is here. I know it. Open the door, and let us make an end of the business."

"Ah, so! Then see how I end it," and she steadied the musket on the window-sill, fired, and Gigi Campello fell to the ground, dead.—Translated from the Italian.

This country produces more talc and soapstone than all of the rest of the world combined. The domestic output has nearly doubled in the last decade, and the comparatively uniform development of the industry indicates its stability and gives promise for continued increasing demand. Half of it is from New York, the balance chiefly from Vermont and Virginia. Soapstone finds extensive use in commerce as slabs for hearthstones, mantels, sinks, etc., and when powdered as a pigment in paper-making, as a lubricator for dressing skins and leather, etc. The fine granular or cryptocrystalline varieties are used for marking purposes under the name of French chalk.

Frozen meat can be shipped from New South Wales to Europe or America for two and a half cents pound. This charge also includes freezing, bagging, insurance, and exchange.



## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Admiral Li of the Chinese navy is a Christian, and his firm adherence to his principles has of late months made his official life unpleasant. He incurred the displeasure of President Yuan by refusing to obey the order that all officials connected with the boards of the army and navy should go to the Temple of the War Gods to worship in the old Confucian manner.

Robert Tuttle Morris, who claims that microbes are working out the destiny of each human being, and so the destiny of the world, has been professor of surgery of the New York Post-Graduate Medical College since 1898. His latest works are "Microbes and Men," "A Surgeon's Philosophy," and "Doctors versus Folks." In his writings he makes the interesting statement, "A man is only what his microbes make him."

General Friedrich A. J. von Bernhardt, one of the best-known military writers of Germany, has been assigned to a field command at his own request. He is best known to the world by his book, "Germany and the Next War," written in 1912, in which he forecasted many of the main features of the present campaigns. Before going to the front he served as commander of the Fiftieth Army Corps, which consists of home units.

Mr. Goremykin, premier of Russia, whose retirement has been announced and denied during the past week, was appointed on January 30, 1914. He has always been regarded as a bureaucrat and reactionary. It was his influence, it is said, that caused the downfall of M. Witte as a power of Russia. Only recently the Czar bestowed upon him the Order of St. Andrew, highest of the Muscovite decorations and a mark of signal honor. He is seventy-seven years old and one of the richest men in Russia.

Dr. Sanage Takata, minister of education in the reconstructed Okuma cabinet, Japan, is admirably fitted for the position. He was born in 1860, and in 1882 graduated from the Tokyo Imperial University. He was director of the commercial bureau of the foreign office, 1896-1897, and senior councillor of the department of education in the following year, but since then entirely devoted his time to the expansion and development of Waseda University, of which he is one of the founders. He made a round-the-world tour last year, and this year was appointed member of the House of Peers. Dr. Takata is the author of several widely read books, among them being a "History of the English Constitution," "History of the English Parliament," and "Modern History of England."

James McBey, who has created an unusual impression in New York by his etchings, began seriously to devote himself to the art only about four or five years ago. Like many another, it was intended by his parents that he should follow a prosaic life in which nothing ever happens. He was born at Newburg, a fishing village on the rough coast of Aberdeenshire. McBey was placed at a desk in a bank in the city of Aberdeen at the age of fifteen. He has never had any regular art education. An English translation of Lalanne's "Gravures à L'eau Forte" turned him to etching. Having mastered, from the book, the general principles of the craft, he proceeded to put them into practice. The turning point in his life was when he went to the Continent in 1910. There is a Dutch series of his plates, showing naturally the influence of Rembrandt and the other masters of Holland, bearing the date of that year. In 1911 he was in Spain and did his Spanish set, which shows Goya's influence. Some English subjects engaged his attention in 1912. But it was in Morocco, 1913, that he found himself in his element. There is a London series to represent 1914.

Bernardino Machado, the newly-elected president of the Republic of Portugal, has been prominent for years in the public life of Portugal, having been premier, provisional minister of foreign affairs, minister of the interior and minister to Brazil. He has been considered the foremost man in the Republican party; and before the overthrow of the monarchy was regarded as the logical choice of that party for the presidency. When King Manuel II was dethroned and the republic proclaimed on October 5, 1910, Señor Machado was appointed minister of foreign affairs of the provisional government. The following year he was a candidate for the presidency, but was defeated by Dr. Manuel Arriaga, whom he now will succeed. Four months after his defeat he was appointed minister to Brazil. In February, 1914, he was asked to form a new cabinet, and was successful in his efforts, but he and his ministers resigned ten months later. The new president, who is sixty-five years of age, formerly was professor of philosophy in Coimbra University, but was ousted from his chair because he joined the anticlerical movement. He has been regarded as strongly pro-British. From 1900 to 1901 he served at Washington as Portuguese minister.

Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, the first woman in this country to receive the degrees of D. D. and M. D., is now in her sixty-eighth year, vigorous and forceful. She was brought to this country from England at the age of four years by her parents. The family settled in Massachusetts, but later moved to Michigan and built a log cabin in the woods. At fifteen she became

a teacher, earning \$2 a week. She entered Albion College three years later, and decided to become a preacher. After studying for three years she went to Boston, where, in 1878, she graduated from the Theological School of Boston. For years she had a local preacher's license before she was finally ordained by the M. E. Church, being the first woman to receive ordination by that denomination. Meantime she studied and secured a physician's degree. She is the only woman who ever preached in Gustav Vasa Cathedral, state church of Sweden, and the first ordained woman to preach in Berlin, Copenhagen, Christiania, Amsterdam, and London.

## IRISH NUNS AT YPRES.

The following extract is from "The Irish Nuns at Ypres," by D. M. C., that has just been published by E. P. Dutton & Co. It describes some of the vicissitudes that befell an Irish religious community that has existed in Flanders for 250 years, and that not only bore its share of the terrorism of war, but more than its share of the devotion of helpfulness and courage:

At Poperinghe we spent all our time making badges of the Sacred Heart for the wounded soldiers. Almost every day we went to visit them. This gave us the greatest joy. The first time we entered the large room No. 1, where they lay, some on beds, others on stretchers, we were struck with horror and pity. There they were, young men and middle-aged, from every department of France; some had been struck on the head, others on the chest, back, or shoulders, or else wounded in the legs. And yet not one complaint escaped their lips—only one poor fellow, who was delirious, called out as we passed by: "My head, my head! oh, if you only knew what it is to have such a headache." Another soldier just twenty-one, said to us in the patois of the south of France, "Franché! Franche! shall I ever see thee again!" We went from one room to another, speaking to each, and cheering them up. We gave them pears, and it used to be our greatest pleasure to peel them, cut them in small bits, and now and again we would put them in their mouths, when they were unable to move. They were as simple as children, and loved our visits. "Sister, you'll come back tomorrow, won't you? It is so nice to see you, it cheers us up!" I remember one incident, which shows their simplicity. Dame Walburge and I had been going round, distributing small bits of pear, which they much relished as very comforting to their parched lips; but there came a time when we had exhausted our last pear, and still many soldiers had not had a bit. Of course next day we would serve them the first; but Dame Walburge whispered to tell me one poor fellow had been watching me so anxiously for some time. I turned towards him to say a little word of comfort, but he interrupted me, saying in a fretful, childish way: "Oh, sister, and you have given me no pear, and I wanted one so badly!" In vain we searched our pockets, all the while promising he should be served the first next day. He repeated: "It's tonight I wanted it." We left the room sadly, wishing, for once in our religious lives, that we had a penny to buy him a pear. But Almighty God, Who is all-powerful, heard the prayer of His children; for hardly had I told this story to one of the nuns of La Sainte Union, then she gave me a pear, and though it was already dark, we ran back joyfully to our poor wounded soldier, who seemed dumb for joy, but his happy face rewarded us beyond words.

The unselfishness of the soldiers towards each other was marvelous; once, while peeling a pear for a soldier—one who was eating a piece of bread—he said to me: "Sister, I am sure my neighbor would also like a piece." I turned to the other, who answered timidly: "Yes, I should like it; but see, sister, I have a little bit of meat on my bread, and he has none, so give it to him!" Needless to say, I divided it between them.

Sometimes they would give us a little money out of their purses to buy biscuits, or cheese, or, as they said, "something to eat." One Zouave asked us to buy him a pair of socks.

At this French Ambulance we also had the joy of making the acquaintance of three soldier-priests, who daily said mass at the convent, thus giving us the happiness of sometimes hearing five masses a day. I do not quite remember the names of the priests. I think one was called M. l'Abbé Tecq, another M. l'Abbé Couq of Dijon, and the third was M. l'Abbé Louis Charbonnel of Avignon. This latter was very fond of Benedictines, and gave us a special blessing before leaving, assuring us that we should immediately feel "at home" among our sisters at Oulton.

These priests were more than devoted to the soldiers, administering the last sacraments, and bringing Holy Communion to them, no matter at what time of the day. The little badges of the Sacred Heart also did their work; all the soldiers asked to have them, and insisted on our pinning them ourselves on their clothes; the priests wore them, and distributed hundreds, so that we could scarcely keep pace with their fervor, except by working at them every free minute we had. Some of the infirmarians even asked to have a few to send away in their letters.

They wrought many conversions—the soldiers all wanted to have them.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## The Knight's Toast.

The feast is o'er! Now brimming wine  
In lordly cup is seen to shine  
Before each eager guest;  
And silence fills the crowded hall,  
As deep as when the herald's call  
Thrills in the loyal breast.

Then up arose the noble host,  
And smiling cried: "A toast! a toast!  
To all our ladies fair!  
Here, before all, I pledge the name  
Of Staunton's proud and beauteous dame,—  
The lady Gundamere!"

Then to his feet each gallant sprang,  
And joyous was the shout that rung,  
As Stanley gave the word;  
And every cup was raised on high,  
Nor ceased the loud and gladsome cry,  
Till Stanley's voice was heard.

"Enough, enough," he smiling said,  
And lowly bent his haughty head,  
"That ail may have their due,  
Now each in turn must play his part,  
And pledge the lady of his heart,  
Like gallant knight and true!"

Then one by one each guest sprang up,  
And drained in turn the brimming cup,  
And named the loved one's name;  
And each, as hand on high he raised,  
His lady's grace or beauty praised,  
Her constancy and fame.

'Tis now St. Leon's turn to rise;  
On him are fixed those countless eyes;—  
A gallant knight is he;  
Envied by some, admired by all,  
Far-famed in lady's bower and hall,—  
The flower of chivalry.

St. Leon raised his kindling eye,  
And lifts the sparkling cup on high;  
"I drink to one," he said,  
"Whose image never may depart,  
Deep graven on this grateful heart,  
Till memory be dead.

"To one whose love for me shall last  
When lighter passions long have passed,  
So holy 'tis and true;  
To one whose love hath longer dwelt,  
More deeply fixed, more keenly felt,  
Than any pledged by you!"

Each guest upstarted at the word,  
And laid a hand upon his sword,  
With fury-flashing eye;  
And Stanley said: "We crave the name,  
Proud knight, of this most peerless dame,  
Whose love you count so high."

St. Leon paused, as if he would  
Not breathe her name in careless mood,  
Thus, lightly, to another;  
Then bent his noble head, as though  
To give that word the reverence due,  
And gently said: "My Mother!"  
—Attributed to Sir Walter Scott.

## King Solomon and the Bees.

## A TALE OF THE TALMUD.

When Solomon was reigning in his glory,  
Unto his throne the Queen of Sheba came  
(So in the Talmud you may read the story)  
Drawn by the magic of the monarch's fame,  
To see the splendors of his court, and bring  
Some fitting tribute to the mighty King.

Nor this alone: much had her Highness heard  
What flowers of learning graced the royal speech;  
What gems of wisdom dropped with every word;  
What wholesome lessons he was wont to teach  
In pleasing proverbs; and she wished, in sooth,  
To know if Rumor spoke the simple truth.

Besides, the Queen had heard (which piqued her most)  
How through the deepest riddles he could spy;  
How all the curious arts that women boast  
Were quite transparent to his piercing eye;  
And so the Queen had come—a royal guest—  
To put the sage's cunning to the test.

And straight she held before the monarch's view,  
In either hand, a radiant wreath of flowers;  
The one, bedecked with every charming hue,  
Was newly culled from Nature's choicest bowers;  
The other, no less fair in every part,  
Was the rare product of divinest Art.

"Which is the true, and which the false?" she said.  
Great Solomon was silent. All-amazed,  
Each wondering courtier shook his puzzled head,  
While at the garlands long the monarch gazed,  
As one who sees a miracle, and fain  
For very rapture, ne'er would speak again.

"Which is the true?" once more the woman asked,  
Pleased at the fond amazement of the King,  
"So wise a head should not be hardly tasked,  
Most learned Liege, with such a trivial thing!"  
But still the sage was silent; it was plain  
A deepening doubt perplexed the royal brain.

While thus he pondered, presently he sees,  
Hard by the casement—so the story goes—  
A little band of busy, bustling bees,  
Hunting for honey in a withered rose.  
The monarch smiled, and raised his royal head;  
"Open the window!"—that was all he said.

The window opened at the King's command;  
Within the room the eager insects flew,  
And sought the flowers in Sheba's dexter hand!  
And so the King and all the courtiers knew  
That wreath was Nature's; and the baffled Queen  
Returned to tell the wonders she had seen.

—John G. Saxe.

Claim is made that Mount Kosciusko, on the Australian Alps, is the oldest land surface on the globe.



# THE CALIFORNIA MISSIONS.

J Smeaton Chase and Charles Francis Saunders Tell a Story of Early Days.

Twenty-one is the number of missions that were built in California along El Camino Real, the King's Highway. It is not exaggeration to say that probably an equal number of volumes dealing with the life and history of the missions have been published since the Exposition at San Francisco has turned the eyes of the world westward. But there is always a welcome for a good book, and in the class of good books belongs the recently published volume, "The California Padres and Their Missions," by J. Smeaton Chase and Charles Francis Saunders. Both of the writers have contributed generously already to Californiana. The present work, on which they have collaborated, will serve adequately as a guide-book, so well are its four hundred pages filled with information, and will afford interest and amusement to the reader who seeks diversion.

A chapter is devoted to each of the missions, the whole forming a personal narrative of a leisurely pilgrimage of inspection. Present conditions are pictured and history sketched, the latter with particular emphasis upon the personalities of the early padres. Each chapter is followed by a sub-chapter, in most cases in fictional form, although it is fiction built upon fact, amplifying some prominent characteristic or quaintness of each mission.

The story of California's first Christian martyrdom is a touching one. The great number of baptisms made at San Diego de Alcalá, the mother mission, had alarmed the Indians and a plot was hatched to destroy the mission:

Of this plot the fathers had no warning; and when, in the middle of the night of November 4-5 Indian shouts and the glare of burning buildings aroused them from their beds, they thought only of some accident having occurred, and rushed out to see what. Fray Luis ran into the midst of a yelling mob whom, taking them for his neophytes, he saluted with the customary "*Amar a Dios, mis hijos*"—"Love God, my children." The response was a cruel shower of blows from wooden swords and stones, under which the blinded friar dropped; and then, like the pro-martyr of Christianity, he "fell asleep," a prayer upon his lips. When his body was found next day, near the river, it was, Palou tells us, without other garment than a garment of blood—a mass of wounds from head to foot—"only his consecrated hands uninjured."

And the succeeding paragraph makes mention of a padre of the opposite type:

The total white population, opposed to that frenzied mob of five hundred, was but nine men and two boys. Of the eleven, two were killed outright and one mortally wounded before the situation was realized; and one marvels that a single Spaniard lived to tell the tale. The remaining eight were soon forced out of the blazing buildings and took refuge in a small adobe enclosure, about eight feet square. Here, assailed on all sides, they fought it out with the courage of old Romans, their musketry and prayers to the saints pitted against Indian arrows, stones, and firebrands. In this devoted band (all, soon or later, suffering from wounds) Padre Fuster made a striking figure. While two men reloaded the muskets and handed them up to the corporal to fire at the savages, who continued discharging their missiles under cover of the dark, this doughty friar covered with his outspread skirts the stock of gunpowder, thus perilously shielding it from falling firebrands. His trust in God was sure, but he was the sort that keeps powder dry, too.

It was at this mission that Junipero Serra faced the first crisis of his expedition. Illness attacked the Spaniards; their food began to give out; Portolá had returned from a vain quest for the port of Monterey, and seeing no help in sight, notified Serra that on the day of the Feast of St. Joseph, if succor had not arrived, he would start back with all to Mexico on the day following:

This decision, if carried out, meant the postponement indefinitely, if not forever, of Serra's passionate desire to rescue Alta California from the grip of Satan—a glorious spiritual conquest which was the dream of his mediæval soul. It was in anticipation of such a triumph that he had purposely selected for the founding of this first of his missions the date of July 16th, which, in the Catholic calendar, is the feast day of the Triumph of the Holy Cross—the day in 1212 when Spanish Christendom, under that holy standard on the field of Las Navas de Tolosa, broke forever the Moorish power in Spain. All the zeal of his intense spirit flamed up at the thought of possible frustration to his hopes, now, of all times, when the enemy was before his eyes. It had taken one hundred and sixty-six years since Vizcaino's christening of the harbor of San Diego de Alcalá to get an expedition there to found the mission. If now this expedition departed, abandoning the pitiful little tule buildings to rot away within their stockade, might not its going be forever—*para siempre jamás*? Night and day Serra besieged the Throne of Heaven with his prayers, imploring God to bring the relief ship quickly that the work, undertaken for His glory, might go on. Meantime the heroic priest made up his mind that, even if the expedition did desert, he would himself remain if one friar would stay with him, and Padre Juan Crespi said he would be the one. Joyous Padre Juan! Is it any wonder that, as we shall see later, Serra's dying wish was to lie forever by his side at Carmel? So we find Serra comfortably taking advantage of some soldiers' going south to dispatch a letter to Palou in one of the Lower California missions, requesting him to send up a supply of incense and holy oils. Of course, Heaven helped such a spirit.

The Feast of St. Joseph at last arrived, but no sign of the ship; and the preparations for departure, which had been carried on simultaneously with Serra's praying, were completed for the following morning. For nine consecutive days at the last prayers had been addressed to St. Joseph himself, as patron of the California Spiritual Conquest (he had been so nominated before the expedition set out from Mexico), and the invocations culminated in a high mass. Then, as evening drew on, a response came. To the eyes of watchers scanning the lonely waters of the South Sea

there appeared with perfect distinctness a ship; and then it disappeared. But the sight was enough to stagger Portolá, and the mission got a reprieve. Four days later the relief ship was seen heading gallantly into the harbor. She had, it seems, been ordered on leaving Mexico to make directly for Monterey, where it was expected the Portolá party would then be; but their mishaps in the region of the Santa Barbara Channel had forced her to put about and make for San Diego for repairs. Was that vision of St. Joseph's Day really the ship, or was it a miracle graciously vouchsafed in response to the prayers of faith? Pious Padre Palou, who has recorded the details in his "Life" of Serra, has no doubt about it being a case of heavenly intervention; and had you been through all that lonely little band of Spaniards underwent for the best part of a year, you, too, would doubtless join with them in giving God and St. Joseph the credit. As for Serra, so great were his joy and gratitude that he said high mass in honor of the Patriarch on the nineteenth of each month thereafter till the end of his life.

The environment of San Antonio de Pala is described, the church owning "an islanded acre or so" in the middle of the United States Indian reservation territory:

There I hardly know which caught my fancy more—the mission or the Indian village nestling about it. The former consists of one low rambling building with whitewashed walls and red tile roof. In this, cheek by jowl, are the chapel, the priest's rooms, and the traders' tienda and store-rooms. Adjoining the church and neatly enclosed within a whitewashed adobe wall is the *campo santo*, in which stands the remarkable belfry of Padre Peyri, dominating the scene. The village is of government manufacture and consists of rows of Eastern-made portable frame cottages of one story, each as like the other as machinery could make them, and each topped off with a "gingerbread" frill along the ridge-pole. A garden plot surrounds each house, and here the aboriginal fau is allowed to have its way. Sometimes it takes the form of planting to fruit and flowers, as taught by the government farmer; at other times, the ground is neglected, occupied by the usual assortment of dogs, chickens, and ramadas (brush shelters wherein to while away the sunny hours of a summer day) that one sees in the mountain rancherías of Southern California. The broad streets, intersecting one another at right angles, had been set to pepper trees and eucalyptus, and were now more or less shaded, and roses and marigolds were here and there intruding upon the thoroughfare from the better-kept house-lots. Ten years before this village, called into being by government fiat, to provide for three hundred homeless wards, must have been a hideous sight with its monotonous boxes of houses in straight rows, more like an army encampment than a collection of homes; but now Time's pitying hand has softened the hard contours, and shrubs and vines have broken up many a hard line. The stage-driver had told me that many of these Pala folk were *mestizos*, which may account for the prevalence of flowers in many of the gardens; for the original Californian in his or her purity is not much of a flower-grower. Here and there, too, the government cottage, warping to pieces, has given place to a California bungalow, such as Salvadora Robert's, where I had a room to lodge.

Perhaps it is the primitive people who surround it and who are tended by it that help to preserve the old-time atmosphere of Pala, which the present writer says is so impressive:

It was neither Sunday nor feast day at the time of my visit to Pala; but the church door stood invitingly open, and from the dim interior issued the strains of a reed organ. Passing within the wicket and crossing a little garden enclosure, I entered. The music stopped, and a startled Indian girl passed like a shadow behind me and vanished in outer air before I could apologize for my intrusion. The interior was quite in keeping with the old-time look without. Here, in this chapel of the hills, lingered the real flavor of the ancient day. The roof of great, unheven beams, brought from Palomar Mountain; the rough adobe walls with crude Indian decorations; the queer old wooden statues of saints about the unpretentious altar (one being of patron Anthony and so Aztec of feature that the tradition that it was carved by a Mexican Indian is probably true); the worn square *tadriños* of the floor—all this was very satisfying, the only note to jar on the antiquarian soul being the little cottage organ. However, as it stood unobtrusively in a dark corner by the door, I forgave it. That the building is in the good repair it now is, we may thank the Landmarks Club of California, which interested itself a decade or so ago in reroofing it. Many of the tiles now covering it are said to have once been upon Mission San Luis Rey, whence they were taken three-quarters of a century ago in the general depredation by neighboring *rancheros*, and the descendants of some of these donated or sold them for the restoring of Pala. The walls inside were until recently elaborately adorned with Indian paintings, but a few years ago a priest in charge, whose interest in aboriginal art was on a par with that of the old Spaniards who made bonfires of Aztec hieroglyphics, whitewashed most of them out of sight. Perhaps time will eventually bring them to light again, like writing on a palimpsest.

The "hanging garden" of Pala has become famous:

Companioning the cross that tops the belfry is a cactus plant of considerable size, flourishing in midair without other care than Nature bestows upon it. It is rooted in a crack of the adobe tower, close to the spot where the Christian symbol is fixed, and seemed, I thought, to typify how little of material substance is needed by the soul that dwells always at the foot of the cross. Genial Father Doyle, the resident priest, who has a keen interest in the history of his parish, has told me that this curious hanging garden of Pala is, quite likely, as old as the belfry itself; for the oldest living Indians remember it as always there. Tradition says that the original cross which Padre Peyri placed there was of green unheven oak from the mountain, and that the birds came and nested at its foot, using mud in their home-building. From a chance seed thus brought the plant sprang. Certain it is that the birds of today have a fondness for that airy perch to launch their joyous songs from, and the Father says that every year a nest is built in its branches.

The present Mission Santa Barbara is represented by a building which is the fourth in number built upon that site, the first one having been a very primitive small structure, and each later one being made larger and stronger. This last structure was five years building, and our book says, "when completed in 1812, triple brass could hardly have made it stronger," so time has hardly marred it:

It is a feature of the Santa Barbara Mission that it alone of all the California chain has never been without resident Franciscans from Serra's day to this. In 1842 the buildings

became the official residence of the first Catholic Bishop of California—Francisco Garcia Diego y Moreno, who had been a Franciscan friar. Since 1856 a Franciscan college for the propagation of the faith has been maintained on the mission property, and the *convento* houses a considerable Franciscan community. The fathers are occupied in preparing candidates for the priesthood, in preaching missions, and in visiting a few outside stations. In a windowless upper room shut out from the world's distractions, save as they may drop through a skylight, Father Zephyrin Engelhardt, the learned historian of the Franciscans in California, has his abode. I caught sight of him one day on some errand bent, a quiet, scholarly figure in Franciscan habit and a black skull-cap. All the necessary labor of the community is done by brothers of the order, some of whom the visitor is pretty sure to see working about the mission grounds; and not infrequently has his sense of humor touched by the sight of them, their clerical persons in brown gowns, pitching hay or shoveling dirt, their caputs topped the while with caps or straw hats. One whom I noticed wore a blue apron over his gown. Why not? Is not cleanliness akin to godliness?

Two great sycamores mark the spot where the Indian women used to come to wash their clothes at the abundant waters of the Mission reservoir:

The trees have a story to tell. One midsummer day in 1866, Father Joseph O'Keefe, then a young Franciscan brother of the mission community, had his kind heart touched by the sight of the patient women coming day after day to wash their linen under the broiling sun; for in those days the place was without shade of any sort. His sympathy being of the practical kind, he cut four large sycamore limbs from a neighboring tree and set them deep in the moist soil to furnish protection to those humble toilers in the sun. Of the four, two took root, and have grown to trees of generous spread—testimony-bearers to an act of simple kindness to the lowly, not unworthy, I think, of the seraphic St. Francis himself.

Not far from Santa Barbara lies Mission Santa Inés, where the writer of the present sketch was acquainted:

I passed through a wicket into the arched corridor, which chairs, a bench or two, roses clambering about the pillars, and a flowery array of potted plants had transformed into a delightful outdoor living-room. An open door led to a box-like vestibule within, at the end of which was a closed door and in it a little window such as ticket offices have. It, too, was closed. Above, in neat lettering, was another inscription in Latin, which I managed to translate: "Guest, as to thy knocking my door opens to thee, so do thou open to God, knocking at thy heart." A sermon, that, so universal in its appeal that any one churchman or worldling—must, I thought, have owned it; and so I gently touched the bell. There was a sound of footsteps within and presently the little window slid back and the pleasant face of the Padre himself appeared in the opening. Then, flinging wide the door, he drew me in with such a welcome as one only gets at home.

To the sentimental traveler, like myself, there is a touch of the poetic about sleeping in an old mission. You feel yourself the guest of Clio—a lingerer in the courts of history and old romance. As a prelude to the night, the father did me, after supper, a Liszt Rhapsodie and Lohengrin's "Lebewohl" on the pianola in his snug music-room, and then, lighting a candle, he conveyed me to the side of the *convento* facing on the inner court, where my chamber was—a room big enough for a convale of cardinals. The high ceiling was supported by huge beams hewn by the mission neophytes a century before; and the massive adobe walls were five feet thick, if I may trust my notebook. They were pierced by a small door and one large, deep-seated window, giving on the inner arcade. As I lay in bed reviewing in dozy luxury the events of the day, I heard the voice of my kind host directed without in great earnestness to a dog, who had been harking intermittently in the yard. The padre had thought the noise was disturbing me and he was explaining to the beast quite seriously the impropriety of such conduct. The argument appeared to reach the dog's sense of reason; for the barking was not resumed. I fell asleep thinking of St. Francis and the wolf of Gubbio.

All Soul's Day was the date of this visit and there was a great gathering of the natives, the padre receiving in the sunny corridor previous to the service:

"Que hay, Roberto, you fat rascal," said he to a chubby urchin whose cheek he pinched, "are mamma and Magdalena coming?"

"No, padre," replied the boy.

"Not coming!" echoed the padre. "I'm afraid they are *malas cristianas*, Roberto."

"No *malas cristianas*, padre," cried Roberto, stung into unconvincing contradiction, "no bad Christians. They haven't any hats."

There is so much quotable matter in this volume that it is difficult to pick and choose; but in San Francisco it would not do to omit mention of her mission, whose true name is unknown to many of her dwellers:

Into it one March day of 1776 came riding that sturdy Spaniard, Colonel Juan Bautista Anza, of whom we heard at San Gabriel. He had lately performed the unprecedented feat of conveying overland from Mexico to Monterey, through deserts and over mountains pathless until then, a band of colonists for the founding of a town at the port of San Francisco—which port, though discovered seven years before, had remained unoccupied. Leaving the colonists at Monterey, Anza with a small escort went ahead to decide upon the sites for Mission and Presidio. In this pretty valley two miles from the bay shore he found all requisites for a mission foundation—timber, stone, arable ground, water, and Indians. The water was supplied by a spring flowing into a large pond, whose margin was a couple of modern city blocks eastward of the present mission. It was the Friday before Palm Sunday, the feast day of Our Lady of Sorrows (*Nuestra Señora de los Dolores*, in Spanish) and the stream was accordingly named *El Arroyo de los Dolores*. Later the pond became known as *La Laguna de los Dolores*, and in process of time this same name Dolores came to be attached in popular parlance to the mission, though the proper name for the latter has always been San Francisco de Asis. It was St. Francis of Assisi's mission, not the Sorrowing Mother's.

Too much can not be said in praise of this scholarly and artistically written volume. It is not "dry bones" of other buried books, but a living, sympathetic version of a wonderful story.

THE CALIFORNIA PADRES AND THEIR MISSIONS. J. Smeaton Chase and Charles Francis Saunders. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.50 net.



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## The Wonder-Worker.

There is something very admirable in the fine spirituality and solid literary merit which are blended in the novels of Mr. Vincent Brown. A writer who, in this world of breaking and betrayed ideals, manages to preserve faith in human nature and a steady fidelity of belief in the high standards to which it can attain is a man who is needed in this twentieth century.

There is no twaddle, no cant in "The Wonder-Worker," which is written in a tone of beautiful sincerity, of mellowed wisdom. It relates the experiences of an old couple who had reached the respective ages of seventy-five and seventy-six, living as a married couple, although never having married, for nearly sixty years, with the deepest tenderness, love, and trust for each other. They had three children and fifteen grandchildren, and nobody knew their secret.

The "wonder-worker" was a famous preacher who conducted a mission, and he never appears in the book. But the story of his mysterious power in reading hearts started in the gentle natures of the old couple a quickening of conscience, a growing conviction that they must confess and repair their fault; and the story is devoted to a revelation of the various ways in which their prosperous, worldly, and presumably more enlightened children and grandchildren conducted themselves when they were told.

The author's point is that the strict, highly respectable, conventional citizens who form the solidly prosperous, socially entrenched element in a community often have fatty degeneration of the Christian spirit, while the avowed transgressors are not seldom the real saints. How beautifully he makes his point it is recommended to the before-mentioned socially elect to read the book and find out; and if they do they will discover how interestingly and more than merely entertainingly a novelist of lofty spiritual aims and standards can write.

THE WONDER-WORKER. By Vincent Brown. New York: Brentano's; \$1.35.

## Trade Morals.

The author explains his object as to paint in rough outline an impressionistic picture of the interrelations of society, morals, and mind in their effect upon the conduct of the business man. Everything, he says, is in a state of motion, and therefore presumably with a goal, and it should be possible to isolate the various stages of progress and to compare them.

It may be said that Mr. Page has met with a marked success. He has the invaluable habit of precision, and he is free alike from the distorted enthusiasm and idealism that lead to unbalance. As a result he shows us the steady growth of a community consciousness which slowly asserts its coercive influence upon the individual to the betterment of trade customs and to the elimination of a predatory individualism.

TRADE MORALS. By Edward D. Page. New York: Yale University Press; \$1.50.

## An Art Book.

This substantial volume on "The Art of the Low Countries" was written by Wilhelm R. Valentiner of the Metropolitan Museum of Art before the outbreak of the war. It was intended for simultaneous publication in Germany under the title of "Aus der niederländischen Kunst," but whether it has been

actually published there we are not told. But the English translation by Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer has now been given to the world, although the author, having joined the German army, has seen none of the printed pages. The American edition contains two articles not included in the German edition: one on Govert and Raphael Camphuysen, and the hitherto unpublished list of the Rembrandts in American collections. The volume contains three essays on Rembrandt, chapters on the works of Rubens and Van Dyck in American collections, and a valuable account of church architecture of The Netherlands in the middle ages. There are also chapters on Dutch Ceramic Tiles, and Linear Composition in Dutch Art. There are useful appendices containing lists of works in American collections, and eighty-four illustrations.

THE ART OF THE LOW COUNTRIES. By Wilhelm R. Valentiner. Translated by Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$2.50 net.

## The Modern Drama.

Dr. Ludwig Lewisohn will doubtless be accused of importing his personal tastes into this comprehensive interpretation of the modern drama. Certainly he has done so, and they give the book its chief value. Dramatic critics are to be found all too often marching obsequiously with the crowd and estimating dramatic values by their popularity. Here we have the outspoken judgments of a mind that is not afraid to apply high standards and to refuse the laurels to those who have not won them by those standards. He has said the word in season, not in one only, but in a dozen places.

For example, he pricks the bubble of the fatuous and nasty Brioux. By no means denying his merits, he speaks of his "hustling exposures" as a mark of the self-conceit of "a mind without a past," a mind that abolishes the gods and then demands that we obey them. Dr. Lewisohn sees little of real value, with a few exceptions, in Synge, Yeats, and Lady Gregory, and perhaps his comments will be received with satisfaction by those who are bored but acquiescent. Ibsen, he thinks, has not the greatest of dramatic gifts, and for this, too, there will be some silent applause. Henry Arthur Jones and Pinero are commonplace men who know how to take advantage of a world of change.

Dr. Lewisohn argues well for trained audiences rather than trained playwrights. Of the latter we have far too many. They confuse hysteria with progress, and for them a spasm is an epoch. If the public knew what they ought to want there would be a demand for dramatic values and therefore our effort should be to create a taste that would insist on its gratification.

THE MODERN DRAMA. By Ludwig Lewisohn. New York: B. W. Huebsch; \$1.50 net.

## A Queen's Diaries.

We may suppose that "The Girlhood of Queen Victoria" met with a satisfactory demand, since now we have an abridgment published by the authority of the king and under the editorship of Viscount Esher, G. C. B., G. C. V. O. Abridgments are rarely satisfactory, however good the workmanship may be, and here it is very good. Like Mahomet's coffin, they are suspended between earth and heaven. They seem like a condescension to the poor. But for those who can tolerate the abridgment we have here a very well prepared volume, admirably printed and with seven portrait illustrations.

THE TRAINING OF A SOVEREIGN. Edited by Viscount Esher, G. C. B., G. C. V. O. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.; \$1.50 net.

## Gossip of Books and Authors.

Among the interesting books coming from the Paul Elder press is "The French Pavilion and Its Contents," a brief index to the varied exhibit in the French pavilion, with a ground plan, by Marie Soulas.

Miss Jessie Rittenhouse's anthology, "The Little Book of Modern Verse," is reported in its seventh printing. Miss Rittenhouse is now completing a second anthology, "The Little Book of American Poets," which will be published in October by the Houghton Mifflin Company.

Harper & Brothers published on September 9th Sir Gilbert Parker's new novel, "The Money Master." In this book the author has gone back to Canada—the scene of his earlier successes—for his setting.

Books announced by the Houghton Mifflin Company for publication today—September 18th—are: "Letters on an Elk Hunt," by Elinore Pruitt Stewart, author of "The Letters of a Woman Homesteader"; "Little Miss Grouch," a novel by Samuel Hopkins Adams; "The Children's Book of Birds," by Olive Thorne Miller; "Nannette Goes to Visit Her Grandmother," by Josephine Scribner Gates; five volumes of the Riverside Uplift Series, including "The Cultivated Man," by Charles W. Eliot; "The Amateur Spirit," by Bliss Perry, and three books by George Herbert Palmer—"Self-Cultivation in English," "The Glory of the Imperfect," and "Trades and

Professions." Three Hart, Schaffner & Marx prize essays in economics, which will also be ready, are "The Canadian Iron and Steel Industry," by W. J. A. Donald; "The Tin-Plate Industry," by Donald Earl Dunbar, and "Means and Methods of Agricultural Education," by Alvert Leake.

"A Tramp Through the Bret Harte Country" comes from the Paul Elder press. It is by Thomas Dykes Beasley. The narrative describes with peculiar charm a walking trip through the region made famous by the "forty-niners" and their chronicles, Mark Twain, Bret Harte, and others of that celebrated group. To one who has the divine spark of vagrancy in his soul, the book will make sufficient appeal by reason of its frank joy in the open road.

"Paris Reborn," a new book by Herbert Adams Gibbons, author of "The New Map of Europe," will shortly appear from the press of the Century Company. Mr. Gibbons, a Philadelphian who has made his home in Paris of late years, and who has had unusual opportunities to know the French people from the inside, recorded from day to day, during the first six months of the war everything that seemed to him significant regarding the French attitude toward the war; and it is of this that his book is said to be made.

G. P. Putnam's Sons will publish this month a volume entitled "Memories of a Publisher," by George Haven Putnam, the senior member of the house. In this volume the author continues his personal reminiscences from 1865, the date to which had been brought the narrative in his earlier book, "Memories of My Youth." The book contains also some record of the undertakings of the Putnam publishing house from 1872, the year of the death of its founder. In the present volume the author records what he can remember of the people with whom he has had personal relations on both sides of the Atlantic during the fifty years since 1865, and he gives also his own views in regard to certain questions of the day in which, as a citizen, he has taken his part, such as Free Trade, Honest Money, Civil Service Reform, Copyright, International and Domestic, and matters connected with municipal, state, and national politics.

The activities of E. Phillips Oppenheim continue despite the fact that the great war has robbed him of some of his best plots. In his new September novel, "The Way of These Women," he has forsaken the field of international intrigue and strife and deals with the age-old struggle of the sexes. It is published by Little, Brown & Co.

The fall publication season of the John Lane Company will open with the issue of Stephen Phillips's war drama, "Armageddon"; a volume of patriotic poems by the contemporary Belgian poet, Emile Cammaerts, and Lord Curzon of Kedleston's "War Poems and Other Translations."

This month there will appear under the Putnam imprint a work entitled "Secret Diplomatic Memoirs," by Count Hayashi. The veteran diplomat traces some of the great consummations of recent Japanese diplomacy, more especially the events and negotiations leading up to the Anglo-Japanese alliance. The author, as the ambassador from the Mikado's empire to the Court of St. James, had a large measure of responsibility for the shaping of this epoch-making alliance. Of especial interest to American readers are also the chapters in which the

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author discusses the American-Japanese Convention of 1909, and reviews the foreign policy of Japan.

The John Lane Company is preparing to issue this month a collected edition of the poems of Rupert Brooke, the gifted young English poet, a lieutenant in the R. N. V. R., whose untimely death in the Aegean brought a promising career to an end. Miss Margaret Lavington has prepared a special biographical introduction.

A new volume by Arthur Christopher Benson, "Escape and Other Essays," is announced for immediate publication by the Century Company. The book is said to be made up of impressions and meditations written in time of peace and sent forth by the author as emblems of the real life to which, in the midst of war, he believes we should try to return.

A new collection of Walt Mason's prose poems was issued by A. C. McClurg & Co. on September 1st. The title, "Horse Sense," is taken from George Ade's appreciation of the Kansas poet, "Walt Mason is the high priest of Horse Sense."

Robert Grant, author of "Unleavened Bread" (of which the famous Selma was the heroine), has written a new and even better novel, "The High Priestess." The publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons, brought it out on Saturday, September 4th. It is about a latter-day Selma, the new woman of the present generation, whose consciousness of the greatness of her own personality and aspirations cause certain domestic difficulties, not the least of which is the partial escape of her husband under the influence of a siren.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

War, Science, Civilization.

William E. Ritter of the University of California appears to see, perhaps dimly, that so long as materialistic science is allowed to proclaim that the "survival of the fittest" is actually a law of nature we are not likely to have a cessation of war. If human evolution is veritably governed by the rule of the jungle we can hardly be surprised if civilization should revert to the jungle, as it seems now to be doing. So long as we adopt and applaud the materialism of Darwin and Haeckel we can hardly expect that the consequently abolished virtues shall have any influence over conduct. Mr. Ritter might have made this more clear, but he contents himself with a demonstration that evolutionary forces are unifying as well as differentiating and competitive, and that the "struggle for existence" merges very definitely into a struggle for unity and harmony. Whether his plans for intellectual and ethical education are sufficiently robust to be effective remains to be seen. It may seem to the unobstructed eye that since materialistic science has practically destroyed the sense of right and wrong the first of all duties is to restore that sense. But perhaps this might seem too radical.

WAR, SCIENCE, AND CIVILIZATION. By William E. Ritter. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net.

Buddha.

This work was first published fifty-five years ago, but there is nothing to indicate that fact except two obscure footnotes buried in the body of the book. It should have been definitely succinctly stated, so that the unwary reader might not be misled into the supposition that "The Buddha and His Religion" represented the results of modern scholarship and research. Except as a literary curiosity it is quite worthless—a mere mass of ignorances and theological spites.

THE BUDDHA AND HIS RELIGION. By J. Barthelmy Saint Hilaire. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25 net.

Briefer Reviews.

"The Rout of the Frost King," by Eugene Neustadt (Paul Elder & Co.), is a tiny and delicate volume of fairy poems quaintly illustrated by Harold Sichel and with marginal decorations.

Those interested in basket-making are recommended to procure "The Basketry Book," by Mary Miles Blanchard (Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2 net). It is made up of twelve lessons of the most practical kind and with illustrations that illustrate.

"Wild Bird Guests," by Ernest Harold Baynes (E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2 net), is a plea for the American bird, and it may be said that it is also a piece of literature. The author tells us everything that we need to know for the performance of a beneficent work, and he tells it delightfully. The fifty photogravure illustrations are extraordinarily good.

"Our Mountain Garden," by Mrs. Theodore Thomas (E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50 net), is the detailed description of the making of a wild garden in New Hampshire, not an affair of gardeners and architects, but of the loving labor of a few pair of hands. Mrs. Thomas writes in such a way as to tempt every one to go and do likewise. It all seems so easy and so delightful.

The Wisdom of the East Series, under the editorship of L. Cranmer-Blyng and Dr. S. Kapadia, has been enlarged by the publication of "The Poems of Mu'tamid, King of Seville," translated with an introduction by Dulcie Lawrence Smith. The work has been done partly from the original Arabic and partly from the German of Hammer-Purgstall. It is published by E. P. Dutton & Co. Price, 40 cents net.

There is no need to speak in commendation of the Rural Text-Book Series under the general editorship of L. H. Bailey and now in course of publication by the Macmillan Company. In conjunction with the Rural Science Series intended for practical and general use, it furnishes a shelf of volumes unsurpassed for value and for careful and comprehensive accuracy. The latest addition to the Text-Book Series, designed more particularly for classroom work, is "Principles of Floriculture," by Edward A. White. It must suffice to say that it is fully the equal of its predecessors both in scope and quality of treatment. The price is \$1.75.

New Books Received.

THE CHILD'S BOOK OF AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY. By Mary Stoyell Stimpson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1 net.

For boys and girls, eight to thirteen.

THE INXEN LAW. By Will N. Harben. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

MEDITERRANEAN WINTER RESORTS. By Eustace Reynolds-Ball, F. R. G. S. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.75 net.

A complete and practical guide to the principal

health and pleasure resorts on the shores of the Mediterranean.

TAD AND HIS FATHER. By F. Lauriston Bulard. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; 50 cents net. A Lincoln story.

CANNING, PRESERVING, AND JELLY-MAKING. By Janet M. Hill. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1 net. A cook book.

THE PEARL FISHERS. By H. De Vere Stacpoole. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.30 net.

A novel.

THE WAY OF THESE WOMEN. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

THE WAGNERIAN DRAMA. By Houston Stewart Chamberlain. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.35 net.

An attempt to inspire a better appreciation of Wagner as a dramatic poet.

THE DEATH OF IVAN ILVITCH. By Count Leo Tolstoy. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.35 net.

Six short stories.

KITCHENER CHAPS. By A. Neil Lyons. New York: John Lane Company; 50 cents net. A volume of military sketches.

ARMAGEDDON. By Stephen Phillips. New York: John Lane Company; \$1 net. An epic drama.

MARIA AGAIN. By Mrs. John Lane. New York: John Lane Company; \$1 net. A novel.

JUST HUMAN. By Dr. Frank Crane. New York: John Lane Company; \$1 net. A volume of essays.

WAR POEMS, AND OTHER TRANSLATIONS. By Lord Curzon of Kedleston. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50 net.

From ancient and modern times.

BELGIAN POEMS. By Emile Cammaerts. With English translation by Tita Brand-Cammaerts. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50 net. A volume of verse.

THE ARROW-MAKER. By Mary Austin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; 75 cents net. A drama in three acts. Revised edition.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S RECOLLECTIONS OF EGYPT, 1863 to 1887. By Baron de Kussel (Bey). New York: John Lane Company; \$3 net.

With an epilogue dealing with the present time.

OLD CALABRIA. By Norman Douglas. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$4 net. A description of a little known part of Italy.

THE VALLEY ROAD. By Mary Halleck Foote. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.35 net. A novel.

THE SCOUT LAW AND PRACTICE. By Arthur A. Carey. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; 60 cents net.

An exposition of the Scout Oath and Law.

A YOUNG MAN'S YEAR. By Anthony Hope. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.35 net. A novel.

ENGLAND OR GERMANY? By Frank Harris. New York: The Wilmarth Press; \$1. A book by an Englishman in favor of Germany.

HITTING THE DARK TRAIL. By Clarence Hawke. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1 net. The autobiography of a blind man.

GARSDIE'S CAREER. By Harold Brighthouse. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1 net. A comedy in four acts.

MARK TIDD IN BUSINESS. By Clarence B. Keland. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1 net. A story for boys.

HORSE SENSE. By Walt Mason. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.25 net. A volume of verse.

THE GERMAN LIEUTENANT. By August Strindberg. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.25 net. Seven short stories.

THE LAUGHING MUSE. By Arthur Guiterman. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1 net. A volume of humorous verse.

THE STORY OF A PIONEER. By Anna H. Shaw. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$2 net. Autobiography.

HEROIC DEEDS OF AMERICAN SAILORS. By Albert F. Blaisdell and Francis K. Ball. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

For boys and girls, nine to thirteen.

THE TRAIL OF THE HAWK. By Sinclair Lewis. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.35 net. A novel.

THE SINGLE-CODE GIRL. By Bell Elliott Palmer. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

THE MONEY MASTER. By Gilbert Parker. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

Rise of the Ottoman Empire.

Is the Ottoman Empire about to fall after 589 years? Whatever its history, the true era of the empire may be said to date from 1326. In that year the fall of Nicomedia was recorded. A few years later Nicaea surrendered, and in 1336 Pergamon, the capital of Mysia was added to the Empire of the Turk. "The people of Nicaea were permitted to emigrate and take with them all their goods, archives, and relics, and such moderation," says Dr. Stanley Lane-Poole in his volume, "Turkey," "greatly strengthened the position of the conqueror.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE ANGLO AND LONDON PARIS NATIONAL BANK

OF SAN FRANCISCO

At the Close of Business September 2, 1915

RESOURCES

|   |                 |
|---|-----------------|
| Loans and Discounts                       | \$17,615,723.30 |
| U. S. Bonds to secure circulation at par  | 2,500,000.00    |
| Other U. S. Bonds at par                  | 100,000.00      |
| Other Bonds                               | 3,856,090.55    |
| Other Assets                              | 399,881.50      |
| Customers' Liability on Letters of Credit | 861,837.02      |
| Cash and Sight Exchange                   | 17,581,144.71   |
|   | \$42,914,677.08 |

LIABILITIES

|   |                 |
|---|-----------------|
| Capital Stock                           | \$ 4,000,000.00 |
| Surplus                                 | 1,500,000.00    |
| Undivided Profits                       | 331,997.61      |
| Circulation                             | 2,451,000.00    |
| Letters of Credit, Domestic and Foreign | 861,837.02      |
| Deposits                                | 33,769,842.45   |
|   | \$42,914,677.08 |

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"The little clan of shepherds, who had been graciously permitted to settle in the kingdom of the Seljuks, had now possessed themselves, in two generations, of the whole of the northwest corner of Asia Minor, where they commanded the eastern shore of the Bosphorus. Here, for the moment, they were content to rest. The Greek emperor was glad to make peace, and the Turks were anxious to gain time to organize their new dominions and prepare for the great struggle which they knew was before them.

"For twenty years tranquillity reigned throughout the land of the Turks, and during these twenty years Orkhan and his elder brother, Ala-ud-din, the first Turkish Vezir, labored at the organization of the state and the army." During this period the famous corps of the Janissaries, or "new troops," was formed, which for many centuries constituted the flower of the Ottoman armies.

Once possessed of an efficient army, Orkhan was able to survey the kingdoms which surrounded him, and it was to Europe he turned. The wealthy provinces of the Byzantine Empire, already falling to pieces, and divided by strife among their rulers, lay before him. "As he stood on the shore of the Bosphorus he could see the domes and palaces of Constantinople. This was a quarry well worthy of pursuit."

"He had already prepared the way by moral force. The firm and equitable government of the Turk," Dr. Lane-Poole continues, "had produced a strong impression upon the Greeks of Asia, who found themselves better off, more lightly taxed, and far more efficiently protected than they had been under the rule of the Byzantine emperor, whose persistent and perfidious intrigues, joined to the insensate jealousies of the nobles," and the demands of foreign mercenaries, put any

approach to good and impartial government out of the question. During the twenty years of peace there had been a friendly understanding between Orkhan and the Emperors Andronicus and Cantacuzenus, but an opportunity soon occurred which enabled Orkhan's army to take the field. "The struggle which was then going on between the two great maritime powers of the Mediterranean, the Venetians and the Genoese, found a frequent meeting-place on the Bosphorus, where the latter held Galata, a suburb of Constantinople. The Venetians, who were destined for centuries to be the most determined foes of the Turks, had, the writer continues, "already aroused Orkhan's anger, and he lost no time in giving his support to their rivals.

"Out of this alliance came the first entrance of the Turk upon European soil. Sulymen Pasha, Orkhan's eldest son, who had already operated with success in the Balkan provinces, crossed the Hellespont on a couple of rafts, with eighty followers, and surprised the castle of Tzympe. In a few days it was garrisoned by 3000 Ottoman soldiers." By this small beginning the Ottomans had won their foothold in Europe. Gallipoli was soon in their hands, and the shore of the Hellespont garrisoned by Turkish soldiers."

Nitro-cotton that produces such a powerful powder also produces a beautiful imitation of amber. Claim is made that if one buys a meerscham pipe with an amber piece six inches long at what seems to be an unusually low price, one may rely upon it being colodion—a solution of gun-cotton in ether. The cloudy effect which some smokers like is produced by a large amount of camphor in the solution. Nitro-cotton also produces a fine substitute for tortoise shell.

THE CROCKER NATIONAL BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO

Condition at Close of Business September 2, 1915

RESOURCES

|  |                 |
|--|-----------------|
| Loans and Discounts                                    | \$14,406,956.49 |
| U. S. Bonds  | 2,025,200.00    |
| Other Bonds and Securities                             | 1,254,773.03    |
| Capital Stock in Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco | 120,000.00      |
| Customers' Liability Under Letters of Credit           | 378,716.74      |
| Cash and Sight Exchange                                | 14,691,258.75   |
|  | \$32,876,905.01 |

LIABILITIES

|                               |                 |
|-------------------------------|-----------------|
| Capital                       | \$ 2,000,000.00 |
| Surplus and Undivided Profits | 3,177,181.97    |
| Circulation                   | 1,972,695.00    |
| Letters of Credit             | 418,892.11      |
| Deposits                      | 25,308,135.93   |
|                               | \$32,876,905.01 |

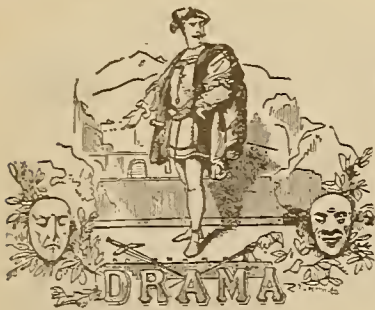
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### "BEVERLY'S BALANCE."

This is Miss Anglin's lucky year. "Beverly's Balance," by Paul Kester, restores the actress to us in her well-remembered phase as a charming comedienne. It is rather different from the work Paul Kester has done heretofore, and to my thinking marks a very distinct advance in that writer's work. For one thing, if the play had lacked mellowness of sentiment—which, by the way, is one of the things in which it excels—or action, or plot, the lines alone would have compelled admiration by their ready and genial wit. Sentimentality has heretofore more particularly characterized the work of this author, who has been a shrewd purveyor to the play-going public. At least one deduces, from the kind of sentiment and humor that pervades "Beverly's Balance" that it was shrewdness, rather than native sentimentality, that induced the author to put forth his past line of plays and cater to the appreciators of "When Knighthood Was in Flower," "Dorothy Haddon of Haddon Hall," and "Sweet Nell of Old Drury." "Beverly's Balance" was Paul Kester's balance, also, so nicely has he adjusted the scales between humor and sentiment in this very up-to-date and enjoyable little comedy.

"Beverly's Balance" chronicles the appearance in New York of three guileless Virginians in quest of fortune, or, rather, of a mere living. Two of them are young cousins, in love with each other; the third is Aunt Maria, a lady whose solid yet kindly qualities render her eminently fitted for the hearthstone, but very much astray in the smart glitter and amazing cynicism of New York. Aunt Maria, indeed, is so little a being of her new environment, and she is so steeped in family prestige and glorious colonial retrospect, that if she had become a family appendage of Elsie Redlaw that progressive and representative young New Yorker would infallibly have supplied her with a niche and a pedestal in her colonial drawing-room. Fortunately for Aunt Maria she remained the valued property of the two young Virginians, both very hard up and pathetically anxious to propitiate the New York "Calf of Gold" in the accepted way that spells success.

I am afraid that Watt Dinwiddie—a delightful name, especially when propelled forth with dignified reproach by Aunt Maria—was not cut out for a winner in the battle of finance. Watt gaggled at a whole lot of lofty aloofness gone rumbling when Beverly, with the ignorant, rash courage of young womanhood, rushed in places where reporters feared not to tread and innocently made herself notorious.

Happily there was a New York millionaire around; a delightful creature, too. Can it be that millionaires are ever as nice as that? I rather suspect them. The possession of too much money is apt to induce a suspicion of the motive of one's fellow-men and fellow-women. Jack Redlaw seemed to feel no suspicions of anybody or anything. He was the essence of amiability, a gentle, genial, rather ebullient type, in spite of his slim, boyish length, as revealed in the decidedly attractive person and personality of Alfred Lunt, a young actor whose identity was submerged in the classic rôle of the second messenger in "Iphigenia in Aulis." As played by Mr. Lunt, Jack Redlaw was a dear, lovable lad of the kind toward whom his fair friends would feel rather maternal, as Beverly did; as his wife did; and would unanimously experience an almost irresistible desire to stroke his cheek and chuck him under the chin.

Of course when millionaires enter into a stage atmosphere of bravely, even humorously, endured impunctuality, an audience experiences a cordial desire to see his stores of gold tapped for the benefit of the impecunious. And the author brings, or purports to bring, this agreeable state of things about in the first act, through the efficacy of Beverly's "balance." For Watt, with no breakfast and no money inside stomach and pocket respectively, loftily rejects the efforts of Jack Redlaw to hire a correspondent, so that Elsie may be thoroughly up to date and secure a divorce. Jack and Elsie are great friends, thoroughly attached to each other, or, rather, as they are not really particularly well acquainted, perhaps I ought to say cordially attached to each other. But it is the thing for

youthful New York matrons of the smart set to be divorced and re-married to members of the English peerage. The author's take-off on this state of things, partly of a farical, partly of a comedy nature, is very happily done, Jack figuring as the friendly, even devoted, but thoroughly chivalrous and obedient American husband. Marriage is a social diversion, divorce a whim of wives that must be deferred to. Jack knows nothing of the serious side of life. He is amiably oblivious to Watt's horrified reprobation of the whole thing, amiably, even cordially, receptive of Beverly's offer of herself as an official and strictly business correspondent. Everything is going swimmingly, and the play is launched in a sparkling tide of wit and humor.

One can imagine how typical New Yorkers must have chuckled over it, how the frivolists themselves must have laughed at this genially humorous exposition of their own folly. For one can almost say that this pleasant and amusing little comedy, which does not make any pretenses whatever, has a theme. It is not that the author, in his agreeably witty and genial manner, rebukes divorce. But he shows us, in the most entertaining way, how merrily and lightly the gilded American youth of both sexes enters into and leaves matrimony, and how gayly it drifts away from what is dear and congenial, merely to be in the swim. Mr. Kester preserves lightness of tone all through the play, yet we are permitted to enjoy moments of delightful and unstereotyped sentiment. There was, for instance, a most delicious round-the-evening interview between Jack and Beverly. And Jack loved his giddy wife, and Beverly loved Watt. But Beverly had a home, and an aunt, and an evening lamp, in the light of which she sat, looking fair and womanly, and mended her pathetically shabby gloves. In her capacity of official correspondent, too, she gave Jack dinners, for which she charged him Hotel Ritz prices. And Jack wavered, as Jacks waver in life. And if Beverly hadn't been Beverly, with lots of balance and a ten-year-old love for that stupidly timid Watt, she might have gobbled up the young millionaire and separated him forever from "dear old Elsie," whom he really loved. Watt belongs to the class from which old bachelors are made. He is the type that keeps a girl dangling, forever expectant, forever disappointed, because he so exalts her goddess-like attributes and depreciates his own qualities. A pity, is it not, that humanity always gets hurt when it walks in too refined an atmosphere of idealism?

Happily for Watt, Beverly is an idealizer, too. These two Virginians and the old aunt are sketches that are indicated with light but skillful strokes and with a soft, warm, mellow tone. None of the three players bother us with the stage Southern accent, but how thoroughly Southern the two women are made to appear.

Margaret Anglin, who, as Beverly, is supposed to have attained the age of thirty, while patiently, or, rather, impatiently undergoing a ten-year wait for Watt to propose, is a warm-hearted, magnetic, attractively womanly being, full of domestic coziness and American humor, and a sort of general capableness that has its delightful follies and limitations.

Donald Cameron, as Watt Dinwiddie, has to depict a very nice fellow who is, the greater part of the time, in a state of disapproval, and suffering from the throes of jealousy. This rather puts him at a disadvantage in respect to the ever-engaging Jack, but, all the same, the actor makes Beverly's constancy to him wholly conceivable.

Mrs. Charles G. Craig's Aunt Maria won all hearts. The actress is of the kind that can paint genuineness. No fashionable stage mask that refuses to come or adjust itself in her case. Her Aunt Maria has exactly the right traits: sincerity, vigor of conviction, childlike unconsciousness of her own humor, childlike abandon to every state of mind that makes her stout shape quiver, features that mirror every thought, a rooted reverence for the family impeccability, and, like Beverly, a cozy domestic attractiveness. Beverly and Aunt Maria are two natural home-makers, and go far in convincing the audience of the entire plausibility of poor, deserted, cheerful, sunny, obedient Jack's temporary inconstancy.

A very neat little sling at feminine prejudice and lack of logic is given in showing the persistency with which, against overwhelming testimony to the contrary, Elsie persists in regarding Beverly as a designing female trying to carry off her reinstated Jack, and Watt as the author of her newly found happiness. Saxone Morland, who was Chrysothemis in "Electra," acts the rôle of the "progressively matrimonial" Elsie, falling a little, I think, below our conception of New York smartness and chicness, but nevertheless attractive and intelligent as Jack's lawful owner.

Mr. Howard Lindsey was a very successful Hiernian of the unexaggerated, natural type, as Murphy the janitor, and the transom of

Watt's office door developed unexpected histrionism in the rôle of an eavesdropper, playing it with pronounced feminine touches that labeled the band that moved it as Beverly's.

Perhaps this review may seem to suggest that there is more to it than "Beverly's Balance" really could claim. It is really only a light, very jolly, very witty comedy, with almost, if not quite farcical moments. But its humor is sound and genial, its sentiment delightfully acceptable, its wit really brilliant, its characterization, in spite of some comedy exaggeration, based on actuality, its cynicism, if you can call it so, sunny and optimistic, and its manner gravely natural. A play full of charm, acted by a company competent to develop that charm to the uttermost, surrounding a star who dowers Beverly with all the attractiveness, the womanly lure, the gayety, the courage of those daughters of the South who stand for romance in our gallery of national types.

### THE ORPHEUM.

It would seem, judging from the vaudeville programmes, that Exposition crowds like froth and frivolity. There isn't a single opportunity at the Orpheum this week to pull a serious face, except in reprobation of a little vulgarity. The numbers consist altogether of dancing, light music, and gay nonsense, even "Violinsky" giving comedy touches to his piano playing, which is, though clever, of the common or garden variety.

To be sure, Ralph Dunbar's "Salon Singers" do not adhere altogether to comedy in their selections, but their most ambitious numbers, with such imposing titles as "Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody" or the "Rigoletto" quartet go with positive cheerfulness. In fact, the English words used in the quartet really sound like a fairly good joke. Quantity, rather than quality, is what characterizes the voices of the "Salon Singers." Somehow they robbed "Mandalay" of its charm and "Promise Me" was merely sugary. Strange to say, they did better with the quartet. The pianist was better than the singers.

The best, by all odds, of the week's offering is "A Forgotten Combination," in which Charles E. Evans, one-time partner of Hoey in "A Parlor Match," and Helena Phillips, late with David Warfield, played the only speaking rôles in their rattling little comedy, the third and last character being a mute burglar, who, with a glancing hand electric flashlight playing fearfully over portable property, tiptoed around in much the same trapped and uneasy frame of mind as the renowned but equally silent burglar of "Seven Days." Playlets that begin with the entrance of a burglar are at present the thing in vaudeville. The device is so successful at catching the instantaneous attention and expectancy of an audience. However, "A Forgotten Combination" did not rely on its burglar, but rushed unerringly onward to a whole series of small happenings, each one funnier than the last. The grand climax was the spectacular discovery of the lost collar-button, which had entrenched itself against discovery on a speckled carpet, thereby being the malevolent agency for almost divorcing the affection of

two fond and newly wed hearts. How the men did chortle with joy over the collar-button episode, and over each discovery that woman is a poor, feckless thing that can't even keep her bureau drawers tidy. Odd, is it not, that men so love women, and so scorn their foolish little weaknesses. However, the author took a whack at the men, too, when he depicted Mr. Newed in the act of hurling his outer garments in a sort of windy cascade all over the room, a familiar masculine method, practiced by many husbands and winked at by many wives. Some men who have been brought up properly in this respect by their mothers are apt to lose the stiffness of their moral fibre in respect to putting away their belongings if they have married Miss Rosabella Doormat and are discerning enough to learn what a perfectly ideal wife Rosie can be moulded into. I don't think there was any suggestion in the appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Newed of having very recently stood up at the altar, but somehow after the first moment or so that didn't matter in the least. The point is that they knew how to extract the last drop of fun out of situations not any too fresh or novel. But they were funny just the same, very funny, and the finale, certainly, had the merit of novelty.

"The Tango Shoes" is a sketch which is mapped out to give the old folks a chance. I shouldn't wonder if that capable looking young man who runs the showlet planned it all. He remembered that there are retired middle-aged dancers, male or female, just as there are middle-aged ex-leading ladies. So be—or some one—has worked up a little sketch, got two male dancers whose youth has forever fled, passed them off as volunteers from the audience, dug up some stage utilities for remonstrant wives, unearthed a substantial Tillie Schlegelhausen—or something equally sauerkrautish—whose vast calves are her chief asset, and which lead inevitably to a ludicrous finale, and there's your act. Just a little ingenuity and you can catch the volatile vaudeville audiences under the fifth rib. Tickle it well, and they are all yours—for fifteen minutes.

Shirli Rives and Ben Harrison in one, Nina Payne and Joe Neimeyer in another, furnish the audience their ever darling song-and-dance acts. I choose the second couple, thank you, because they danced very well, sang well enough, and were, personally, far more pleasing than the first. Such a pink, yellow-haired, baby blonde as little Bennie made a tactical error when he affronted good taste in his baby song. There's some promise to the youth, but at present he hasn't emerged from the fidgety stage, due, perhaps, to his strong desire to get some "pep" over the footlights. If he will cultivate repose, eliminate vulgarity, and stop bleaching his hair—why, that's three steps to the better. Little Bennie certainly has an eye to the appearance of things. Quite patently he selected his brunette partner with the rather screaming soprano who ingeniously worked in her two costumes as a foil.

I rather liked that faint suggestion of old-fashionedness of Nina Payne. It clung to her even in her Oriental trowerlettes, and came out very prettily in the minuet costume. The Payne-Neimeyer pair had actually

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## Southern Pacific

Awarded Grand Prize for Equipment  
San Francisco Exposition, 1915



evolved some novelty in their act and deserved their bit, although Joe Niemeyer had better work up an English accent for his Tommy Atkins.

We saw our old friend, Kernan Cripps, again in "A Happy Combination." From top to toe the ex-Alcazar actor looked happy and prosperous. But still it must be hard to step down from interesting rôles in stock to a laughing part in a vaudeville playlet, the main rôle being in the hands of Charles Howard, who represented a cheerful "drunk" with the usual laughter-punctuated fidelity. Stage drunkenness, of course, to many, is very funny. I admit it. I saw two young girls "nearly die," as they put it, over Charles Howard's antics. But if there is anything that is necessary to make the funny stage drunk go down a gagging palate it is to avoid vulgarity of suggestion. Which is what Mr. Howard didn't do. However, Margaret Taylor, who figured as the remonstrant spouse, wore such pretty clothes and looked so pretty herself, that she afforded some means of escape from the humorous alcoholism of her partner.

"The California Beauties," which ended the bill, consists of a dancing act, eight or ten prettily costumed girls appearing in five dances, with "Mlle. Una" as the dancer in chief. Their dancing wouldn't set the Thames on fire, but the act is well-planned, the girls pretty, collectively, the costumes fresh, the musical selections well chosen, the dances worked out by some one who has a shrewd eye for effect, perhaps by their musical leader, with the hair in the key of B natural. At any rate the "Dance of the Hours," from "Gioconda," formed a vari-colored, effective climax to a very pretty act in which the European art of Terpsichore figured not at all, but, on the whole, it was an absentee that was scarcely missed by the general audience.

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Wed., Sept. 29, at 8:30, Mendelssohn's "ELIJAH"; Thurs., Sept. 30, at 8:30, KREISLER CONCERT; Fri., Oct. 1, at 7:30, Public Rehearsal of Verdi's "REQUIEM"; Sat., Oct. 2, at 2:30, ARTISTS' CONCERT; Sun., Oct. 3, at 2:30, Verdi's "REQUIEM."  
Emmy Destinn, Grace Bonner Williams, Florence Mulford, George Hamlin, Evan Williams, Frederic Martin, Earl Cartwright, and Fritz Kreisler, soloists; Exposition Chorus of 400, Exposition Orchestra of 80.  
Prices for 4 concerts—Box seats, \$6.50; orchestra, \$5; rest of house, \$3.50. Seats selling at 343 Powell St., where applications by mail or in person are accepted. Make checks and money orders payable to P. P. I. E. Season ticket-holders admitted free to rehearsal Verdi's "Requiem." Seats for single concerts, \$2, \$1.50, \$1, and 75c; ready Sept. 23.

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**FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.**

**Miss Anglin Continues "Beverly's Balance."**

Margaret Anglin has again merited and gained distinction by her flawless performance of Beverly Dinwiddie, alias "Bobbie St. Ledger," in Paul Kester's charming and brilliant comedy, "Beverly's Balance," at the Columbia Theatre. Since the opening performance on Monday night the Columbia has been crowded and there is every indication that the same results will obtain during the remainder of the engagement. Miss Anglin's blessed wit, her delightful femininity, together with her unusual talent for stage direction has developed Paul Kester's rollicking comedy in a veritable classic. It is quite wonderful to hear lines from the stage that appear to have come from real conversation. It is again wonderful to have foolishly-progressive ideas of modern divorce discussed with candid humor, without the least touch of slang or nastiness. It is also most refreshing to have action and acting that requires neither shouting, bathos, nor suggestiveness to convince an audience that something is taking place.

As for the play, "Beverly's Balance" is the sort of a play—and unfortunately there are too few of them—to which theatre-goers may not only take their mothers, sisters, and sweethearts, but their children as well.

As usual, Miss Anglin has chosen admirable support. This is especially true of Alfred Lunt, who portrays a New York millionaire; Donald Cameron, who plays a ne'er-do-well lawyer; Howard Lindsey in the rôle of a Hibernian janitor; Saxone Morland, who is transformed from a cynical, pleasure-loving creature into a real wife, and Mrs. Charles G. Craig as an old aunt, who shows what a part really means when in capable hands. No one who appreciates comedy, clean, wholesome comedy, well acted, should miss "Beverly's Balance."

Miss Anglin is planning to present two new plays during her Columbia engagement, the details of which will be announced later. In the meantime the Kester comedy will go on its way rejoicing.

**Final Week of "The New Henrietta."**

With the performance of Sunday night, September 19th, the "five-star aggregation"—William H. Crane, Thomas W. Ross, Maclyn Arbuckle, Laura Hope Crews, and Mahel Taliaferro—enters upon the third and what must be the final week of its engagement in "The New Henrietta" at the Cort Theatre. Besides the note of mature strength and happiness which permeates the romance of old Nick Van Alstyne and the Widow Opdyke in "The New Henrietta" there is a blaze of youth and sunshine flashing through the play in the characters of the ingenuous and altogether delightful Agnes and the unawakened but big-hearted Bertie. Two studies of emotion—those of the elder Van Alstyne for the fascinating widow and the thrilling first love of Agnes and Bertie—run side by side through the play, balancing each other by respect and tenderness on one side and the fragrance of youth on the other. A third romance is the tender, sympathetic love of Dr. Wainwright for Rose, old Nick's daughter.

While "The Henrietta" is essentially a play of thrills and excitements, with comedy situations at every turn, the thread of these three romances sweetens the story and gives it a rare tenderness and beauty. Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes have done wonderfully in their task of modernizing Bronson Howard's classic, and Producer Joseph Brooks, in sending us the cast headed by Crane, Ross, Arbuckle, Crews, and Taliaferro, deserves the thanks of theatre-goers.

On Sunday night, September 26th, William A. Brady's production of the dramatic success, "Sinners," comes to the Cort Theatre. This play ran for 321 performances at The Playhouse, New York, last season.

**The New Bill at the Orpheum.**

The Orpheum for next week will be headed by the Four Marx Brothers, who with their company, numbering fifteen in all, will be seen in their latest hodge-podge of music and merriment, "Home Again," which affords them abundant opportunity to distinguish themselves in their respective lines and to display their own brand of rollicking humor. The plot deals with the homecoming of Henry Schneider (Julius Marx) and his family and friends from an ocean voyage and the reunion party at Schneider's country home a few days later, where are assembled among the guests a number of pretty girls. Milton Marx is the "straight man," Leonard Marx has an Italian character, and the remaining brother, Arthur, an unusual rôle which for lack of a better named is styled "a non-descript." Among the incidental numbers should be particularly mentioned a harp solo by Arthur Marx, open-faced piano-playing on keys and strings at the same time by Leonard Marx, and an interpretation of modern dances to the wildest music by Miss Billy de Rex and Ray Ross.

Not so many years ago a child actress

named Alice Lyndon Doll scored an emphatic hit in vaudeville, and shortly after disappeared from public view. She now returns to the stage a beautiful girl who has successfully cultivated her voice during her retirement under the best masters. Miss Doll has associated herself with two very clever and attractive girls, Mary Campbell and Jane Shaw, the result being one of the most delightful musical acts ever submitted to an audience. The trio sings several popular selections and Miss Shaw renders a piano solo exceptionally well, and during it makes a complete change of costume.

Ten minutes of the most strenuous acrobatic work are accomplished by Ralph Lohse and Nana Sterling in a fast and furious gymnastic exhibition which introduces in bewildering rapidity several new feats of which they are the originators. Considerable interest attaches to Miss Sterling from the fact that she won the first prize in a contest to determine the most perfect specimen of physical womanhood in America.

Charles E. Evans and Helena Phillips will, in response to a very generally expressed desire, be retained for another week in their laughable farce, "A Forgotten Combination."

Nina Payne and Joe Niemeyer, Violinsky, and Charlie Howard and company will contribute to this delightful bill.

A specially attractive feature will be Henry Ohlmeyer and his sextet, with Annie Mottram Craig, a gifted dramatic soprano. Mr. Ohlmeyer is recognized as one of the foremost band and orchestral conductors of this country and has to his credit most artistic successes in the chief cities of the East.

Cohan and Harris are sending their notable success, "On Trial," to the Columbia Theatre in the near future. This is heralded as one of the most-talked-of plays of the day.

Margaret Anglin is at work upon two new plays for presentation during her stay at the Columbia Theatre. One of them is by a local author.

**THE MUSIC SEASON.**

**Melba This Sunday Afternoon.**

The Cort Theatre will likely be crowded tomorrow—Sunday—afternoon when Melba steps before the curtain for the first of the two concerts which she will sing in this city. She will be heard but twice here, Sunday and a week from Sunday, both of these important events taking place in the Cort Theatre and starting at 2:30 sharp. She will also sing in the new opera house of the Oakland Auditorium next Thursday night, dedicating that edifice as a concert hall. Sunday's programme and the programme for Oakland are identical. On them Melba will render the mad scene from Thomas's "Hamlet," the arias from "La Bohème" and "La Tosca," "Depuis le Jour," from "Louise," the Melba waltz song, "Se Saran Rose," written for her by Arditi, and other works. She will be assisted by Robert Parker, baritone, who will sing the prologue to "Pagliacci," Schumann's "Two Grenadiers," etc., and by Frank St. Leger, solo pianist, who will play the Pabst arrangement of Tchaikowsky's "Eugen Onegin," and Chopin numbers. An entire change of programme will be the offering for the final concert on the 26th.

Tickets for the San Francisco concerts are to be had at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and the Cort Theatre, and for the Oakland concert at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Oakland store and the Auditorium box-office.

**Olga Steeb in Exposition Concert.**

Another of the delightful symphony concerts which have such an appeal to music lovers will be given by the Exposition Orchestra at Festival Hall tomorrow—Sunday—afternoon at half-past two. These concerts have been increasing in popularity week by week, and this bids fair to attract an unusually large audience.

The soloist will be Olga Steeb, the California pianist, whose playing has often charmed San Francisco musicians. Early in 1908 Paderewski said to the young artist, "Go to Europe for observation and experience and you can teach us how to play." Following the master's advice Miss Steeb went first to London, where she spent a season, hearing all of the great orchestral concerts and the leading vocal and instrumental soloists. After three months in Switzerland she went to Berlin, where, in less than six weeks, she became the most discussed pianist in that city, her phenomenal memory and stupendous repertory, displayed at private performances in the homes of critics, composers, and pianists, having created a sensation. Since then her position has been secure, and on Sunday she will play Liszt's Concerto for Pianoforte, No. 1, in E flat major.

Conductor Max Bendix has chosen for his numbers Schubert's great Symphony in C major, No. 7, and Rimsky-Kersakoff's Symphonic Suite, op. 35, "Scheherazade." These two works are in every way remarkable, and

the eighty musicians of the Exposition Orchestra should do them full justice. There is a large inquiry for seats at the Exposition ticket office, 343 Powell Street.

**The Kreisler Recitals at the Cort Theatre.**

Seats for Fritz Kreisler's violin recitals at the Cort Theatre Sunday afternoon, October 3d and 10th, at 3 o'clock, are on sale at the box-offices of Sherman, Clay & Co., Kohler & Chase, and the Cort Theatre. Mail orders with checks made payable to Frank W. Healy are filled in the order of receipt as near desired location as possible, and mailed to the purchaser when self-addressed and stamped envelope is enclosed with the mail order.

Mr. Kreisler has prepared the following programme for October 3d:

|   |                      |
|---|----------------------|
| Sonata, A major.....                          | Haydn                |
| Fugue, A major.....                           | Tartini              |
| Concerto, A minor.....                        | A. Vioti             |
| Allegro moderato, Adagio, Allegro con spirito | Kreisler             |
| Introduction and Scherzo.....                 | Kreisler             |
| For violin alone. First time here             |                      |
| Larghetto.....                                | Weber                |
| First time here                               |                      |
| Moment Musical.....                           | Schubert             |
| Two Slavonic Dances.....                      | Dvorak-Kreisler      |
| (1) Eminor (2) G major                        |                      |
| First time here                               |                      |
| Valse.....                                    | Godowsky             |
| First time here                               |                      |
| Viennese Popular Song.....                    | Arranged by Kreisler |
| First time here                               |                      |
| Spanish Serenade.....                         | Chaminade-Kreisler   |
| First time here                               |                      |

Mme. Emmy Destinn has just been engaged by Campanini of Chicago to appear for a limited number of performances with his new all-star Chicago Grand Opera Company. Destinn will first make her contemplated concert tour, opening in San Francisco under the direction of Will L. Greenbaum. Her first appearance will be as soloist in Verdi's "Requiem," at the Exposition Autumn Music Festival; then she will give recitals on October 10th and 17th at the Columbia Theatre, after which Mr. Greenbaum sends her for a tour of the Pacific Coast, his management extending as far east as Denver.

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## VANITY FAIR.

Last week this column permitted itself to make some respectful comments on the woman's page of the modern newspaper. The absorbing problems of health, beauty, and the toilet are, of course, the sheet anchor, so to speak, of this delightful section, and Laura Jean Libby and Lillian Russell are the high priestesses of the holy fane. There may be some confusion of metaphor here, but then genius never yet allowed itself to be shackled by the literary canons that bind the lowlier mind. Let it pass.

Now it is easy to see that the editorial hand has adopted a definite method in the compilation of the woman's page. We know, because once we did this ourselves, and it is our private conviction that all woman's pages are edited by men and that most of them are written by men.

The first essential of the woman's page is to secure a liberal allowance of silliness of the sentimental order. This usually takes the form of advice on love affairs and the management of the erring but not irredeemable husband. The love problems are usually solved on the "mother knows best" formula. The husband difficulty is more intricate, but there is supposed to be efficacy in prayer, moral suasion, and cookery. Miss Libby attends to this. The second essential of the woman's page is the toilet column, and here we find Miss Russell at her best. But the ethical note must always be dragged in, by the hair of its head if necessary, and so Miss Russell prefaces what she has to say by a few comments on the "sublime mission" of women to render themselves sexually enticing. The divine rôle of women, says Miss Russell, is to "overcome imperfections in others," and how can she possibly do this while she herself is imperfect? Hence the eye lotions, the bust developers, the skin foods, and the face ambrocations.

But there is another feature that the woman's editor must on no account overlook. There must always be something to "make us think." It is surprising how the modern woman loves to be "made to think," or to be made to think that she thinks. It is only a dreadful sense of duty that sends her to see "Mrs. Warren's Profession" or the iodiform dramas of M. Brieux. They "make her think," and of course everything else is excused.

And so in the particular woman's page that is now before us there is the usual column of clotted misinformation, the usual amalgam of sentiment and things that are not so, upon which its readers so delight to browse. It is written by the Countess Russell and it is "all about the war," as the newsboys say. Lady Russell wants to know what is to become of the marriage market. Her soul trembles before the eugenic possibilities that are involved, and it may be said incidentally that eugenics has endless possibilities in the way of "making us think."

Apparently the only thing that the countess can not bring herself to contemplate is the fact that war is the enemy of social castes:

Let wit and learning, art and science die,  
But keep alive our old nobility.

"Today in England," she says, "there are twelve marriageable, well-born women to one eligible man, and the ratio will soon be much higher. The upper-class girl of nineteen to twenty-two who is not already engaged must give up the hope of marriage." Really it looks as though there might be exciting times ahead of the "one eligible man" with the "twelve marriageable well-born women" camping on his trail. He will look back with fond regrets to the lazy leisure of the trenches, when even the German artillery afforded a sporting chance of escape. For there will be no escape when he gets back.

But we should like to say a word in all seriousness to the Countess Russell. We should like to know her conception of an "eligible" man, and why these "well-born" women must necessarily go without husbands because the supply of aristocrats has fallen short. Today it is neither easy nor popular to say a word in defense of war, but we are inclined to suggest that war is not wholly without its benefits if it shall serve to break down a conviction that the "well-born" woman must remain unmarried because there are no men of her own particular caste to marry her. Nor shall we readily believe that these women will accept a life of celibacy rather than marry men who are without the blue ribbon of a social order. Lady Russell doubtless imagines herself to be a pacifist as well as a eugenicist and a very foolish person, and therefore it may disturb her lofty soul to be told that such opinions as these were largely instrumental in causing the present conflict and that they will be the perpetual cause of other conflicts until they shall be extirpated. "Hardly a British officer," says Lady Russell, "who went to France last August is alive today." Not one of the old life guards—the pick of England's aristocracy—still lives." And because "the pick of England's aristocracy" are dead, therefore the women of England's

aristocracy must go husbandless and childless to their graves. What strange nonsense.

And then Lady Russell plunges into eugenics and, in the manner typical of the eugenicist, she says as many things that are not so as there are sentences in her screed. For example, we are informed that "the fall of Rome was due to the decline in the quality of the population." It was due to nothing of the sort. It was due to the gradual preponderance in Rome of such people as herself, of people who looked upon their own particular caste as elect, and upon the rest of the world as composed of "the masses," the "common herd," the "proletariat," and the "plebeians."

"Modern war," says Lady Russell, "means the destruction of the fittest and the survival of the unfittest. In France, for instance, men are two inches shorter than a century ago because the Napoleonic campaigns killed off the tallest and strongest."

Pure silvery moonshine, all of it. Here we have the kind of thing that seems as though it might be true and that therefore passes from pen to pen with the same tranquil assurance with which one remarks that two and two make four or that the whole is greater than its part. That Frenchmen are now two inches shorter than they were before the Napoleonic wars, and because of those wars, is just the kind of sheer invention in which a pseudo-science revels.

The eugenic assumption is similarly false. War works as much for the preservation of the fit as well as for their destruction. Vastly more men are wounded than are killed outright. The wounded who have the strongest bodies recover. Those with the weakest bodies die. The result is therefore an improvement of the physical stock.

It is well known that the death rate among women increases greatly during war. Grief, anxiety, and privation do their horrid work among the weaker sex, but, once more, it is the feebler ones who die and the stronger ones that are preserved.

A very large number of soldiers at the front were fathers before the war began. Presumably their children will not be affected prophetically, so to speak. Large numbers of other soldiers made the necessary arrangements to become fathers just before they started. It is true that in many cases they dispensed with the usual incantations and therefore their children will be "illegitimate." None the less there is an old wives' tale—possibly true—that such children are more robust than the orthodox children. It is strange that nature should show herself so indifferent to our crooked notions of morality, but then nature is notoriously impious.

Lady Russell infers that the falling of the birth rate in France was due to the Napoleonic wars and the consequent exhaustion of vitality. She says: "Had Germany waited there would have been no need to declare war on France. The day when France could fight was rapidly passing away."

The waning of the birth rate in France was not due to the Napoleonic wars, but to the inheritance laws. Moreover, there has been a waning of the birth rate in every civilized country. We have seen it in America, where there have been no wars to speak of. And as for a decline in the French vitality it would seem to require some hardihood to say such a thing in view of the French performances since the war began.

And then Lady Russell concludes with a mysterious question. She says: "But what of the unborn dead?" We hesitate for a moment before attempting an answer to this question. We hate to say that we do not know what Lady Russell means, but then we are only a man and we have our limitations. Perhaps Laura Jean Libby will oblige.

Now this is the sort of intellectual porridge that is gravely ladled out to the woman who likes to be "made to think." She seems to thrive on coagulated misinformation, on the solemn assertion as proved facts of things that have no better foundation than a certain surface probability.

There was a certain army officer much admired by his men for his powers of profanity. It was remarked of him that he merely opened his mouth and let it say what it wished. We may similarly admire Lady Russell's war sapiencies. She merely opens her mouth and lets it say what it wishes. And that, by the way, is a peculiarity of all eugenicists.

Invisible ink appears to have been known since the early days of writing, for both Ovid and Pliny give recipes for the preparation of such a fluid, the one from milk, the other from various vegetable juices. In the middle ages many writers mention magnetic and magic inks, the action of which some of them averred to be miraculous. Today such fluids are technically known as sympathetic inks and there are numerous patents for their manufacture.

Wife—Oh, George, you've broken your promise! Husband—Never mind, dearie; I'll make you another.—Life.



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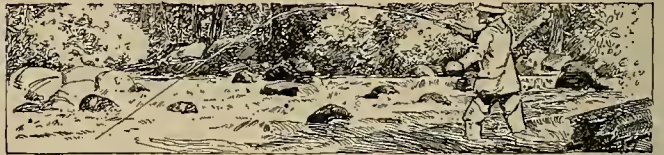
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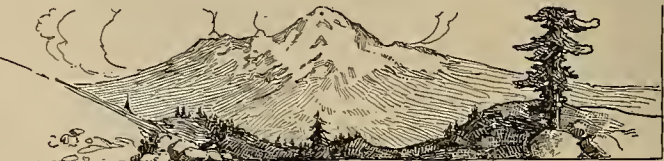
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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Johnnie Wobbs was regarded as the town simpleton, but occasionally he was gifted with a flash of keenest repartee, as a city visitor discovered to his discomfort. "What part do you perform in the great drama of life?" he asked. "I mind my own business," replied Mr. Wobbs.

Once, while Hans Richter was rehearsing Tchaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" music the violoncellos had a very passionate melody to play. Richter was by no means satisfied that the necessary warmth of expression had been obtained. "Gentlemen, gentlemen," said he, "you all play like married men, not like lovers."

The stranger within the gates was walking along one of England's magnificent highways when he encountered a stupid-looking rustic, but being in doubt as to his direction, he decided to question the fellow. "Am I on the right road to Stratford—Shakespeare's town, you know? You've heard of him?" "Es; be you he?"

One of the Leinsters, a fighting Irishman, who had been in several bayonet charges, regretted his inability to deal with more than one Hun at a time. This is how he put it: "I was after wan of 'em, sorr, and, faith, I cud see not a wan but him! I rimimbered afterwards that I'd passed by two others whom I could 'av shtuck wid the greatest aise."

After a hurried rush through the night the doctor found his patient in a very bad way. "My dear sir," he said slowly. "I have been attending you for nine weeks and have done my best, but I'm afraid that your end is near. Have you any last wish to express?" The patient drew a long breath. "Yes, doctor," he replied in a faint voice, "I wish I had had another doctor."

During the concert a man who really appreciated music for its own sake was greatly annoyed by a young fop in front of him who kept talking to the girl at his side. "What a nuisance!" finally exclaimed the appreciative man. "Do you refer to me, sir?" threateningly demanded the fop. "Oh, no, I meant the musicians. They keep up such a noise with their instruments that I can't hear half your brilliant conversation."

An Irishman was one day looking at the notice, "Your King and Country Need You," a delicate-looking Englishman happened to be passing by, and, thinking to have a joke at Pat's expense, started the following: "Well, Pat, will you volunteer for the front?" "Begob, I will if you come." "Why do you want me with you?" "Sure, whin the Koiser sees you he will look for peace. He'll think the British are risin' from the dead."

When the officer of the day entered the guardroom he found it empty, save for a private, who, airily attired in his shirtsleeves, was lounging on a chair, puffing a short clay pipe. "Where's the sergeant of the guard?" demanded the officer angrily. "Gone across to the mess to have a drink, sir," replied the private, saluting smartly. "And the sentries?" "In the canteen, sir." "Then, confound it, what are you doing here?" "Me, sir?" was the calm reply. "I'm the prisoner."

Melancholy Aunt Clara from the country had the habit of listening to the big clock on the town hall in the village where she was visiting and exclaiming every time it struck: "Eternity draws one hour nearer." Clarence was very much impressed with that solemn reflection. One day the big clock got out of order. While repairing it the workmen made it strike every few minutes. Clarence heard it with bulging eyes. "Oh, Aunt Clara," he said, excitedly, "eternity has got a move on today."

A German whose wife was ill in a Brooklyn hospital called the first evening she was there and inquired how she was getting along. He was told that she was improving. Next day he called again, and was told she was still improving. This went on for some time, each day the report being that his wife was improving. Finally one night when he called he was told that his wife was dead. Seeing the doctor, he went up to him and said, with a world of sarcasm in his voice: "Vell, doctor, vat did she die of—improvements?"

She sailed into the telegraph office and rapped on the counter. As the clerk came forward to meet her he remembered that she had been there about ten minutes before. He wondered what she wanted this time. "Oh," she said, "let me have that telegram I wrote just now; I forgot something important. I wanted to underscore 'perfectly lovely' in acknowledging the receipt of that

bracelet. Will it cost anything extra?" "No, ma'am," said the clerk, as he handed her the message. The young lady drew two heavy lines beneath the words and said: "It's awfully good of you to let me do that! It will please Arthur ever so much."

A prominent Kentucky lawyer had been in Jackson during the hearing of a big land case, and after the strain of several weeks in the courtroom had decided to take a trip up in the mountains and enjoy the quieting influences of the hills. He traveled the paths and narrow mountain roads till he found himself, at the end of several days' journey, about forty or fifty miles from the railroad. It was about noon, the lawyer judged, for his watch had run down and he could not be exact. But in the midst of this deep contemplation the lawyer came upon an old darky sitting upon a bowlder alongside the road. "What time have you?" he asked of the old darky. "Well, suh, boss, the old watch says she's about ten minutes to twelve," was the reply. "Is that sun time or railroad time?" again questioned the lawyer. "Whut diff'rence 'at make? One's nigh as fur frum heah as de yudder."

In desperation he tried to join his local defense corps, but they wouldn't have him there because, they said, he completely spoiled the look of their parade. And when Jones expostulated and urged that the question of appearance was a matter of individual taste, and that for his part he would be ashamed to be found dead wearing a face like that of the commander of X Company, they fell upon him with eager hands and drill-toughened feet and threw him out yet once again. Then, having done his best, Jones went back to his business. A few days ago a friend met him, to whom he related the foregoing experiences. "But I've found a way to help," he concluded, "and it's a help which they can't refuse, however overaged, undersized, weak-eyed, and false-toothed I may be." "Taking a course of elementary surgery at one of the hospitals?" he was asked. "No." "Making recruiting speeches?" "No." "Putting in overtime and Sundays at the arsenal?" "No." "What then?" "Something I've never done before," said Jones, a little shamefacedly. "I—I—I'm returning my income-tax form to the assessors with the correct amount of my income filled in."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Compensations.

It is pleasant to know when the milkman arrives  
On his early matutinal labors,  
That the clattering hoofs of the crowbait he drives  
Are certain to wake up the neighbors.

When your trolley breaks down, it is cheering to see  
Two fellows, knee deep in the mire—  
And hot and exhausted as mortals can be—  
Pumping up a recalcitrant tire.

It soothes us to know, when a rainstorm swoops down  
Ere half way to work we've proceeded,  
That many another man walking to town  
Has got even wetter than we did.

When the chickens scratch up your asparagus plants  
It makes you less bitter and sore  
When out of the window you casually glance  
At the havoc they're doing next door.

When the doctor declares you must cut out cigars  
Till your broken-down nerve centres mend,  
You smile when he tells you he's put up the bars  
Against booze to your intimate friend.

We are not upholding humanity, mind;  
The facts we've reluctantly stated,  
It isn't unselfish or noble or kind,  
It's just the way people are gaited.  
—New York American.

Courtship and Irony.

Ardently he pressed his suit  
And vowed he'd win this dainty lass,  
Whom all the college dubbed as "Cute"—  
Who was some "Cream-Puff" when she'd pass.

He pressed his suit, but never well,  
His brow was moist, his hair awry;  
And then his thoughts began to dwell  
On all that held his hopes so high.

Her eyes, he swore, were "pools of light,"  
Her voice, "the viol's sweetest note";  
Her laughter, "gay in rippling flight,"  
Came from out "a silvery throat."

And this he dreamed, and that he yearned—  
And—pressed his suit, until a glance  
Made him yowl, "Ah, I'll be durned  
If I aint scorched my new serge pants!"  
—Arthur Wiley, in Syracuse Post-Standard.

The Time Is Coming.

O mother, please mother, come home with me now;  
The afternoon's slipping by fast; you said you were coming right home from the polls as soon as your ballot was cast.

Poor father came home for his dinner at noon, and not a mouthful to eat could he find; and the words he let out as he slammed the front door, left a strong smell of brimstone behind.—Indianapolis Star.



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Total Resources.....42,243,677.48

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JUNE 30th, 1915:

Assets.....\$10,321,343.04  
Deposits.....57,362,899.35  
Capital actually paid up in cash.....1,000,000.00  
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....1,958,443.69  
Employees' Pension Fund.....190,164.12  
Number of Depositors.....66,965  
For the 6 months ending June 30th, 1915, a dividend to depositors of 4 per cent per annum was declared Open Saturday Evenings 6 to 8.

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| Mexican Herald and Argonaut.....                            | 9.20   |
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| Review of Reviews and Argonaut.....                         | 5.15   |
| Scribner's Magazine and Argonaut.....                       | 6.15   |
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| Sunset and Argonaut.....                                    | 5.25   |
| Theatre Magazine and Argonaut.....                          | 6.30   |
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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Colonel Hamilton Stone Wallace, U. S. A., and Mrs. Wallace have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Ruth Winslow, to Mr. Algernon Gibson. Miss Winslow is a sister of Miss Marie Louise Winslow. She is a niece of Mrs. Robert Oxnard and Mr. Harry N. Stetson. Mr. Gibson is a nephew of Mrs. Charles Tuttle. No date has yet been set for the wedding.

The wedding of Miss Marian Brooks and Dr. Ernest O. J. Eyttinge, U. S. N., took place Saturday afternoon in the chapel at Mare Island. Following the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, Paymaster Jonathan Brooks, U. S. N., and Mrs. Brooks.

Mrs. Henry J. Crocker entertained a large number of friends Tuesday afternoon at a reception at her home on Laguna Street. The affair was in honor of her daughter, Miss Kate Crocker, who made her formal debut on this occasion.

Mr. J. Leroy Nickel, Jr., was host Tuesday evening at a dinner at Pehle Beach Lodge.

Mr. and Mrs. Remi Pierre Schwerin gave a dinner recently at their home in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Lawrence entertained a number of friends Monday evening at a dinner at their home on California Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Cuyler Lee were host and hostess Tuesday evening at a dinner at their home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Coleman were the complimented guests Saturday evening at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton at the Burlingame Club.

Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Magruder were host and hostess Tuesday evening at a dinner in honor of the latter's sister, Mrs. Peter Fletcher, who left the following day for her home in the East.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave a dinner at her home on Broadway Tuesday evening, when a coterie of friends enjoyed her hospitality.

Mrs. Carter Harrison was the complimented guest Wednesday afternoon at a reception given at the Illinois State building at the Exposition.

Mrs. Arthur Merrill Brown was hostess Monday afternoon at a tea on board her yacht *Caprice*, anchored off the Exposition.

Senator James D. Phelan entertained a number of friends over the week-end at his country home in Saratoga.

Miss Ethel Crocker gave a dinner at Pehle Beach Lodge Tuesday evening, when a score of friends enjoyed her hospitality.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin B. Thayer and their daughter, Miss Tesson Harrison, of New York, were the complimented guests Tuesday at a luncheon given by Mrs. Edward Clark at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Joseph D. Grant was hostess Sunday at a luncheon at her home in Burlingame in honor of Mrs. William Goddard and her daughter, Mrs. Oliver Iselin.

Mrs. Douglas Baldwin was the guest of honor Saturday afternoon at a tea given Mrs. Matteo Sandoma at her home on Buena Vista Terrace.

Mrs. Horace B. Clifton was hostess Thursday afternoon at a tea at her home on Tenth Avenue. The affair was in honor of her sisters-in-law, Mrs. Herbert Schulze of Dixon and Mrs. Otto Schulze of Napa.

Mr. and Mrs. Garrett McEnerney entertained a number of friends recently at a dinner at their home on Broadway. The affair was in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Rose.

Miss Inez Pischel will be hostess this evening at a dance at her home on California Street in honor of Miss Margaret Moore.

Mrs. James Hall Bishop gave a luncheon at the Francisco Club Saturday, when a dozen friends enjoyed her hospitality. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Edward Vail of Santa Barbara.

Miss Ethel Wrampelmeier was hostess Friday afternoon at a bridge-tea at her home in Berkeley in honor of Miss Corona Williams and Miss Rena Brooks.

Mr. and Mrs. George Barr Baker were the complimented guests Saturday evening at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Harris at their home on Washington Street.

Mrs. Gaillard Stoney was hostess Tuesday at a luncheon at her home on Jackson Street. The affair was in honor of Miss Borghide Amesen, the Norwegian artist.

Mrs. William Babcock entertained a number of friends Wednesday at an informal luncheon at her home in San Rafael.

Mrs. William Howard Taft was the complimented guest Thursday at a luncheon given by Mrs. Arthur Murray at her home at Fort Mason.

Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker entertained a number of friends Saturday evening at a dinner at the Old Faithful Inn at the Exposition. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Walker's aunt, Mrs.

George Harding, who left the following day for her home in Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Clement Tohin gave a dinner at their home in San Mateo Monday evening, when a dozen friends enjoyed their hospitality.

Captain Frank Hines, U. S. A., and Mrs. Hines entertained a number of friends Tuesday evening at a dinner at their home at Fort Scott. The affair was in honor of Captain William Monroe, U. S. A., and Mrs. Monroe, who left the following day for their new station in the East.

Captain William Tohin, U. S. A., and Mrs. Tohin entertained the members of the Fort Scott Bridge Club Friday evening.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Lapham and their family will come to town October 1st and will occupy the home on Washington Street of Mrs. Eugene Bresse during the winter months.

Mrs. Herbert Baker, with her little daughter Betty, has come from Sacramento to visit her mother, Mrs. Randall Hunt.

Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Longworth departed Sunday for their home in the East after having spent a month in this city.

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont arrived Sunday from New York and is a guest at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, Jr., have returned from their wedding trip to Santa Barbara and are visiting Mrs. Newhall's mother, Mrs. William Smith O'Brien.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Judge have come from Salt Lake City for a brief visit before going to New York, where they will spend October.

Mr. and Mrs. Myron T. Herrick will arrive tomorrow from New York for a visit to the Exposition. Mr. Herrick was formerly American ambassador to France and was acting in that capacity at the time of the declaration of war.

Judge Elbert H. Gary and Mrs. Gary have returned to their home in New York after an extended visit in California.

Mrs. Emmons Blaine, Mr. Emmons Blaine, Jr., and Mr. Perry Smith have been spending the past two weeks in this city visiting the Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Christian de Guigné, Jr., have returned from Santa Barbara and have taken the Lewis P. Hobart house in San Mateo, where they will spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Clark and their family have returned from San Rafael, where they have been spending the summer. Miss Gertrude Clark and Mr. Dearborn Clark have returned to Eastern schools until the holidays.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott and Mrs. Wendell Baker have returned from Monterey after a week's visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Anderson will as usual spend the winter in town. They have taken an apartment on Powell Street.

Mrs. William G. Hitchcock left last week for the East to place her nephew, Master Frank Drum, in a preparatory school. Mrs. Hitchcock will be away about a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander and their daughters, the Misses Harriet, Janet, and Mary Alexander, departed Wednesday for Santa Barbara, where they will spend several weeks before returning to their home in Tuxedo. They arrived here early in July and have since been in San Mateo, where they have occupied the home of Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis.

Mr. and Mrs. William Bull Pringle are again in their San Mateo home, which has been rented during the summer to Mr. and Mrs. Herman Gade, who have recently returned to the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Potter Palmer, Mr. H. H. Honoré, and Mr. A. C. Honoré left Wednesday for their home in Chicago after having spent a week visiting the Exposition.

Mrs. William Post returned Friday from a two weeks' visit to Santa Barbara and will leave Wednesday for her home in New York.

Mme. Melba spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker at their home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Joseph Coleman of Chicago, who has recently been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Scott, has returned to town after a brief visit with Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis and Miss Ysabel Chase spent the week-end in Napa County with Mr. and Mrs. Chapin Tuhhs.

Mr. Henry Foster Dutton returned last week from Monterey and left Wednesday for a week's visit at Wehler Lake.

Mrs. William Miller Graham and her daughter, Miss Geraldine Graham, have been spending the past week at the Burlingame Country Club.

Mrs. Clarence Carrigan and her little son, Clarence Carrigan II, have arrived in New York from Europe and are visiting Mrs. Carrigan's brother-in-law, Mr. William Carrigan. They will come to California to spend some time with Mrs. James

Willard Sperry before returning to Nantes, France, where Mr. Carrigan is American consul. Mrs. E. Duplessis Beylard and Miss Sophie Beylard are expected home from Santa Barbara early in October.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Belden are enjoying a trip through the Yellowstone Park, and before returning to their home in Ross will go to Wyoming to visit their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Belden, Jr., who have recently purchased a ranch.

Mr. and Mrs. Hennen Jennings and their family have gone to Santa Barbara to visit Mr. and Mrs. George Coleman. They will spend a few days here en route to their home in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Eton have returned to their home in Montecito after a few days' visit in town.

Mrs. Adolph P. Scheld, Mrs. Frederick Hope Deaver, the Misses Margaret Scheld and Miriam Beaver left Thursday for New York, where the Misses Scheld and Beaver will enter a finishing school. They recently graduated from Miss Ransom's school in Piedmont.

Mr. John Edgemont Schemmerhorn and Mr. Harold Willis have returned from a visit in Honolulu and will depart on the *Koonland* for New York.

Mrs. Cyrus Walker and Mrs. Ira Pierce will soon be in Boston for a visit and will later go to New York, planning to return to this city in November. They have been spending the summer in East Mathias, Maine, where they rented a house for the season.

Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mrs. Oscar Cooper, Senator James D. Phelan, and Mr. Enrique Grau left Monday for a trip to the Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. James C. Sargent and Mrs. Seale have returned from a visit to Santa Barbara and are at the Cliff Hotel.

Mrs. William La Boyteaux and her daughters, departed Wednesday for New York, where they will reside permanently. Mr. La Boyteaux will join his family in December.

Mrs. Randall Hunt has returned from Annapolis, where she has been spending the past six months with her son-in-law and daughter, Lieutenant Eugene Kent Hewitt, U. S. N., and Mrs. Hewitt.

Lieutenant Fitzhugh Lee Minnigode, U. S. A., Mrs. Minnigode, and their little daughter will spend the next two months in this city. They have recently resided in Arizona, where Lieutenant Minnigode has been on duty.

Admiral A. B. Willis, U. S. N., and Mrs. Willis and their daughter, Miss Jessie Willis, have come from Philadelphia to join Mrs. Norman Burton, wife of Major Burton, U. S. A., who is at present in Manila.

Lieutenant Robert R. Love, U. S. A., and Mrs. Love have arrived from Honolulu and have gone to Byron Hot Springs for a visit.

Captain George D. Freeman, U. S. A., and Mrs. Freeman arrived on the *Sherman* from Manila and are at the Cliff Hotel.

Brigadier-General James B. Aleshire, U. S. A., Mrs. Aleshire, and Miss Dorothy Aleshire have arrived from Washington, D. C. Miss Marjorie Aleshire, who was the guest some time ago of General and Mrs. Murray, will remain with friends at Atlantic City until the return of her family.

Captain Harry Biddle Turner, U. S. A., and Mrs. Turner are at present at the naval station Olongapo, Philippines Islands, where they will remain indefinitely. Mrs. Turner, who was formerly Mrs. "Billie" Burke, is well known at the Presidio and navy yard.

Captain Fitzhugh Lee, U. S. A., will arrive next month to ride in the international contest at the Exposition. He will be accompanied by his wife, who was formerly Mrs. Suzanne Fletcher Cole. Their wedding took place last winter at Palm Beach, Florida.

Mrs. Robert Hoyt has gone to Bremerton to join her husband, Dr. Hoyt, U. S. N. She has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Lincoln Karmany, at Mare Island.

Dr. and Mrs. J. J. Henderson have left for New York and Washington to be gone six weeks.

Captain Ashley H. Robertson, U. S. A., and Mrs. Robertson are in town to see the Exposition. Captain Robertson is in command of the U. S. S. *Colorado*.

Lieutenant Thomas H. Rees, Jr., U. S. A., has arrived from Texas and is visiting his parents, Colonel Thomas Rees, U. S. A., and Mrs. Rees at their home on Locust Street.

## Large Fund Raised to Aid Poland.

The recent effort to raise money in San Francisco for the starving Polish victims of the war resulted in the substantial sum of \$17,600. This money has been forwarded to Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip in New York, the treasurer of the American committee, of which the Honorable William Howard Taft is the president, and the money will be immediately transmitted to the Polish committee at Lausanne, Switzerland, of which committee Henri Sienkiewicz, the novelist, is the president. The money contributed by San Francisco was raised by two events. The Paderewski recital at Festival Hall, on August 21st, to which Mr. Paderewski generously gave his services, and where the response to his words and his music showed that the audience shared with him the anguish that is being suffered by an innocent people. The receipts from this concert amounted to \$9,293.75.

The garden party on August 28th at "New Place," the residence of William H. Crocker, summoned a great company from San Francisco and the peninsular counties. The sum of \$8306.25 was the result of the afternoon's entertainment, not, of course, from admissions alone, but because the occasion to purchase tickets made the opportunity for en-

closing checks of a substantial value to the general fund. The receipts for both the recital and the garden party were the gross receipts, all expenses being net, for the concert by the generosity of Mr. William B. Bourn, and for the garden party by Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker.

The management of "Twin Beds" now announces ten casts for next season in that farce. So far as is known, this is the record for multiplication in performances of one play in this country. "Within the Law" was for a time acted by eight casts and "Peg o' My Heart" by seven.

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

Mrs. Dora N. Williams, widow of the late Virgil Williams, artist and founder of the Hopkins Institute in San Francisco, died recently at her home in Berkeley. Mrs. Williams was eighty-five years old. Born in Augusta, Maine, she spent her early life in that state and in Massachusetts. Coming to San Francisco, she made this city her home for more than forty years, going to Berkeley to live eight years ago. Her husband died twenty years ago.

A recent early morning fire, which destroyed St. Francis Girls' Directory, cost the lives of five inmates of the home. But for the heroism of Mother Superior Margaret Mines and Sisters Agnes and Mary Katherine, the loss of life would have been much greater.

The San Francisco Working Boys' Club has been incorporated by twenty-five public-spirited and philanthropic men and women, among them Archbishop Edward H. Hanna, United States Senator James D. Phelan, and Father D. O. Crowley of the Boys' Directory. The purposes of the club, the articles of incorporation assert, are social, charitable, and benevolent. Clubhouses are to be built for working boys and orphans, especially between the ages of sixteen and twenty years. Board and lodging will be provided, employment found for those in need of it, and their welfare, moral, spiritual, and social, looked after.

The funeral of the late Frederick G. Sanborn took place last Monday afternoon from his late residence, 1020 Dolores Street. Flags were at half staff on the state and foreign buildings at the Exposition. His death occurred on Friday of last week, after a long illness. He is survived by his widow only.



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Election, Sept. 28, 1915

He was president of the Bancroft-Whitney Law Company, but had not been in his office on McAllister Street, near the old City Hall, since the latter part of last year.

Some 300 telephones used by municipal employees were dismantled last week by order of the supervisors' telephone committee. The city is entitled to 1000 free telephones, but the list has grown to over 1300.

The historic landmarks committee of the Native Sons has placed a commemorative tablet at Montgomery and Clay Streets. The tablet marks the spot where Commander John B. Montgomery landed the sloop-of-war *Portsmouth* on July 9, 1846, marching to the Plaza, now known as Portsmouth Square and raising the American flag.

James K. Lynch, vice-president of the First National Bank, was elected unanimously to the presidency of the American Bankers' Association, which closed its forty-first annual convention at Seattle on Thursday.

Charles M. Fickert has announced his candidacy to succeed himself as district attorney. His administration of that important office has been such that his friends expect to see his reelection assured at the forthcoming primaries.

The Daughters of California Pioneers have unveiled a fountain in Union Square, as a memorial to the California mothers and fathers of the state. Mrs. Charles F. Patterson was chairman of the day and introduced the speakers, who represented various organizations.

Judge Crothers on Tuesday dismissed the contempt charges against Mayor Rolph and the three members of the board of public works in connection with the street railway injunction proceedings. Superintendent Cashin of the Municipal Railways was found guilty of contempt and fined \$250. Judge Crothers' decision was based upon a finding that the Sturtevant injunction against the city is in the main mandatory and therefore the major portions of it were stayed by the appeal to the Supreme Court. The only part of it which is prohibitory, he declared, is the part forbidding the city to issue transfers from its California Street and direct Exposition cars to the Larkin and Kearny Street lines of the United Railroads. The issue of transfers to certain lines of the United Railroads by the Municipal Road was ordered to cease. The decision in the Sutter Street Railway case will be handed down next Monday afternoon.

NOTES OF THE EXPOSITION.

Services in honor of the fact that the Exposition is free of debt were held on Friday evening, September 3d. President Charles C. Moore passed over to James J. Fagan, vice-president of the San Francisco Clearing House and vice-president of the Crocker National Bank, a check for \$110,159.02, and received a canceled mortgage in return, which William Howard Taft thrust deep into a flaming pyre. It is estimated that 50,000 people witnessed the ceremonies.

Yuba and Sutter counties exploited their rich goldfields September 7th. Several thousand packages of gravel mixed with real gold were given to visitors at the Yuba and Sutter Counties' Day celebration. Several special excursions brought the visitors from the two counties. Exercises were held in the California building at 12:30 p. m.

Goethals Day was observed September 7th when Major-General George W. Goethals, builder of the Panama Canal, was the guest of honor. Services were held in the Court of the Universe, which was packed with in-

terested listeners. A big feature of the programme was the participation of the United States army and navy. Every available man from both branches of the government service was detached from forts around the Bay and from the warships and Presidio to do honor to General Goethals, who planted a tree taken from the Isthmus of Panama.

The birthday of Lafayette was celebrated fittingly in the French pavilion, where a small room is devoted to relics of the distinguished soldier. The celebration took the form of a sale of buttons for the Lafayette fund, with which a band of Americans are in a measure alleviating the suffering of the children of war-ridden France. The first button was purchased by Raphael Weill, who paid \$20 for the trinket. Others paid from \$1 to \$5 and hundreds dropped dimes into the basket without taking buttons.

By a long margin the Danish yacht *Nurdug IV* defeated the *Lady Betty* of this city last Saturday, thus winning the cup offered by President Wilson, by twice winning from the San Francisco boat. Captain Hans Madsen piloted the *Nurdug* and Captain John Barneson commanded the *Lady Betty*.

Admission Day drew a monster crowd. More than 170,000 people passed through the gates. The day proved ideal and the evening was calm and mild, attracting several thousand who had not visited the grounds during the day.

Amador County celebrated last Monday. Several hundred present and former residents of that county met in their eighth annual reunion. John F. Davis, grand president of the Native Sons of the Golden West, headed the Amador visitors. At the California building they were welcomed by W. H. Greenhalgh, Amador County commissioner. John F. Davis made an address.

Festival Will Open with "Elijah."

With the Autumn Music Festival, which will take place at Festival Hall from September 29th to October 3d, the climax of a wonderful chain of musical epoch-making events will be reached. At no previous international exposition has there ever been assembled such an abundance of rich musical feasts, including the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the never-to-be-forgotten appearance of Camille Saint-Saens, the wonderful recitals of Paderewski, the splendid bands playing in the open air amid the most beautiful surroundings, and last, but not least important, the work of the Exposition Orchestra of eighty artists. For months the music department has been working on this festival, which it is confidently expected will rival those of Birmingham and Manchester in England, and of Boston, Worcester, and Toronto in America, and to this end a chorus of 400 carefully chosen voices has for weeks been rehearsing under Emil Mollenhauer, the distinguished conductor of the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston. The festival will open with Mendelssohn's "Elijah" on Wednesday evening, September 29th, when the soloists will be Mrs. Grace Bonner Williams of Boston, soprano; Mme. Florence Mulford of the Metropolitan Opera, contralto; Evan Williams, concert tenor; Earl Cartwright, baritone, and a boy soprano yet to be announced. All of these artists have won distinction in the parts they are to sing here in great festivals of the East.

Thursday evening, September 30th, Fritz Kreisler will be heard in San Francisco for the first time since the European war. He will play two concertos with the orchestra. Saturday afternoon, October 2d, the Artists' Concert will take place, and Sunday afternoon, October 3d, the festival will end with a production of Verdi's "Requiem," composed in memory of his friend Manzoni. The so-



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loists for the "Requiem" will be Mme. Emmy Destinn of the Metropolitan Opera, Mme. Florence Mulford, George Hamlin of the Chicago Grand Opera, tenor, and Frederic Martin, regarded as America's greatest basso profundo. For the "Requiem" the orchestra will be augmented to 100 men, certain portions calling for twelve trumpets, eight of which will be placed in the balcony. The "Requiem," regarded by many as Verdi's masterpiece, will be given for the first time in San Francisco, and there will be a public rehearsal of the work on Friday evening at 7:30, when holders of season tickets will be admitted free, a charge of fifty cents being made for others. The production of the "Requiem" is easily the most important presentation of any choral event ever given on the Pacific Coast. The sale of season seats will conclude at 343 Powell Street, where mail orders accompanied by check receive prompt attention, on Monday evening, and the sale for single concerts will begin Thursday morning, September 23d. All checks and money orders must be made payable to the Panama-Pacific International Exposition.

Kreisler's Berkeley Programme.

Perhaps the most wonderful programme of violin music that has ever been offered in this vicinity will be played by Kreisler in the Greek Theatre, on the University Campus in Berkeley, on the night of Friday, October 8th. He will have the advantage of a fine symphony orchestra, conducted by Paul Steindorf, and will render the Mozart Concerto in A major, daintiest and sweetest of musical compositions; the Mendelssohn Concerto, filled to the brim with marvelous tunes, and the technically masterful "Rondo Capriccioso" of the noted Saint-Saens. Here are a trio of works the like of which will probably never again be played in this vicinity on one programme by so great a violinist as Fritz Kreisler, and undoubtedly the Greek Theatre will be simply packed by those who enjoy good music. To avoid disappointment mail orders in advance should be sent to William Dallam Arnes, chairman of the Musical and Dramatic Committee of the University of California at Berkeley, or to Will L. Greenbaum, the manager of the concert, in care of Sherman, Clay & Co.

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### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

*Voices on the Telephone (from Berlin)*—Well, have you dammed the Suez Canal yet? *Turk*—Yes, often.—*Punch*.

*Lobbyist*—May I submit some figures in support of my contention? *Senator*—Well, there'll have to be at least four figures.—*Puck*.

"What this town needs—" began the reformer. "Is a team," broke in the fan, "that can hit the hall when there are men on bases."—*Life*.

*Caller*—I see some celebrated physician has discovered a new disease. *Mrs. De Style*—Oh, my! I thought I wasn't feeling just right!—*Puck*.

*He*—What is the difference between a gown and a creation? *She*—I can't give you the exact figures, but it's a small fortune.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

*The Fond Mother*—Nice girls never put themselves forward before the men. *The Wise Daughter*—Then how do the men find out they're nice?—*Judge*.

"You seem certain you'll be able to prove your client is sane." "Yes," replied the lawyer. "The only witnesses the other side has are professional alienists."—*Life*.

*He*—Then you are not interested in my welfare? *She*—No; but if the two syllables were transposed I'd not only be interested, but enthusiastic.—*Boston Transcript*.

*Mrs. Climber*—You will find society is made up of two classes, my child. *Daughter*—What are they, mother? *Mrs. Climber*—Undesirables and people we don't know.—*Life*.

*Recruiting Sergeant*—Well, my man, would you like to serve the king? *Milkboy*—That I would, sir. 'Ow much d'ye think 'e'd want a day? Hi suppose as much as a gallon?—*Punch*.

*Visitor*—Is this all the soap there is in this room? *Landlady*—Yes, sir; all I allow you. *Visitor*—Well, I'll take two rooms. I like to wash my face in the morning.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

*Tourist (anticipating the usual war-time inconveniences)*—You haven't any wounded put up here, have you? *Landlord*—Happily, gentlemen, the last one has just died.—*La Guerre Sociale*.

*Barker*—Did you tell him that he lied? *Gordon*—Not in so many words. *Barker*—How, then? *Gordon*—I told him he ought to be sending out "wireless" news for the Turks.—*Tit-Bits*.

"We want some one to play Samson," explained the movie manager. "Do you think you could wreck the temple?" "Can I? Well, I've been a haggage-man for eleven years."—*Buffalo Express*.

*Biggs (to his landlady)*—I really can't dry myself properly with a tiny towel like this—will you have it seen to? *Landlady*—Certainly, I'll tell the maid not to bring you so much water.—*Comic Cuts*.

*Conductor*—We're traveling in two sections tonight. *Intoxicated Passenger*—That's right. Just whash I've been trying to tell m' friends. I can see both sections of you, too, co'ductor.—*Buffalo Courier*.

"I heard Signor Bluffio sing 'Hamlet' last night." "Ah! Did you? Now, tell me—do you think Hamlet was mad?" "He must have been. There wasn't a hundred dollars in the house."—*Musical Courier*.

"You criticize us," said the Chinese visitor, "yet I see all your women have their feet handaged." "That is an epidemic," it was explained to him gently, "which broke out in 1914. Those are called spats."—*New Orleans Times-Picayune*.

*The Sergeant (sternly)*—Nah then, yer young blighter, you aint larfin' at me, are yer? *The Young Blighter*—Oh, no, sergeant; no, sir! *The Sergeant (more sternly)*—Then what the 'ell else is there on the parade ter larf at?—*London Sketch*.

*Bank Cashier*—This check, madam, isn't filled in. *Madam*—Isn't what? *Bank Cashier*—It has your husband's name signed to it, but it does not state how much money you want. *Madam*—Oh, is that all? Well, I'll take all there is.—*New York Sun*.

*Gallant Major*—It's glad I am to see ye about again, me dear lady; but what was it that was trouhling ye? *Convalescent*—I was very, very ill, major, through ptomaine poisoning. *Major*—Dear, dear, now! What with that an' delirium tremens you never know what to eat or drink nowadays.—*Punch*.

*Cholly (to shopman)*—I say—aw—could you take that yellow tie with the pink spots out of the show-window for me? *Shopman*—Certainly, sir. Pleased to take anything out of the window any time, sir. *Cholly*—

Thanks, awf'ly. The beastly thing bothaws me every time I pass. Good-mawning.—*Christian Register*.

*Centenarian*—Waal, I smoke and chaw purty regular and aint never been to a doctor, and— *Specialist*—There's a hig mis-

take here some place. You should have been dead forty years ago.—*Life*.

"Mr. Shepherd, your daughter has promised to marry me." "Humph; she said she'd ge even with me when I refused to get her Pekinese pup."—*London Mail*.

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# The Argonaut.

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## THIRTY-NINTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### A Word in Seriousness.

The Argonaut is informed by an expert in the devious ways of practical politics that the "dope" narrows down the mayoralty campaign to a contest between Eugene Schmitz and Mayor Rolph. Andy Gallagher, the candidate of a special and selfish class, is declared to be so far out of the running as to be all but a negligible quantity. This, we repeat, is the judgment of an expert—of one who through long acquaintance with and service in the game of politics should know what he is talking about.

In this situation it appears to the Argonaut that there should be no confusion of mind on the part of self-respecting citizens. The candidacy of Schmitz is of itself a shame. It reflects scandalously upon San Francisco. His election would be nothing short of a calamity, for it would be notice to the world of the complete degeneracy of our civic life. What might any citizen of San Francisco say in behalf of the virtue and decency of the city if we should for the third time and in the face of facts universally known elevate to the mayoralty this notoriously smirched man?

Nobody who has any knowledge of the Argonaut's mind will for a single moment suspect it of an atti-

tude towards Mr. Rolph suggestive of high consideration. But in the situation as it stands it sees the necessity for tolerating him. It is either the unspeakable Schmitz or it is Mr. Rolph; and as between the two the choice is easy. If Mr. Rolph be a man of trivial character it may still be said of him that he is not a gross corruptionist. His election, though it may do no credit to the judgment and repute of San Francisco, would still be no shame, since his personal honesty is not questioned and his habits and associations are those of decency and social respectability. Clearly, as matters stand, the right course—the only thinkable course—is to elect Mr. Rolph.

According to the "dope" the race between Schmitz and Rolph is likely to be a close one. The situation is one involved in serious hazard. The suggestion is obvious. Through carelessness or indifference on the part of voters Schmitz may be elected at the primaries. Therefore carelessness or indifference must be stigmatized as all but criminal. In the interest of community self-respect our respectable citizenship should give attention to the primary, putting in its vote for Mr. Rolph—not so much for Rolph, indeed, as against Schmitz.

### The New Order in Politics.

Mr. W. C. Ralston, home from an Eastern tour in the course of which he conferred with leading figures in politics—men of all faiths and affiliations—declares that the "Bull-Moose" party is "dead, buried, and forgotten." In support of this conclusion Mr. Ralston cites significant facts. The "Progressives" of three years ago are returning to the old parties, chiefly of course to the Republican party, to which most of them belonged originally. This applies not only to the rank and file, but as well to the party leaders. Even Colonel Roosevelt has declared in private conversations that he will support for the presidency in 1916 any Republican who is not personally objectionable to him, by which it is understood that he means any Republican excepting Mr. Taft. The group which still cherishes the name and organization of the Progressive party is made up of a few extremists of the Pinchot type, men addicted by temperament and habit to eccentric courses. It is a little coterie of unsatisfied and unsatisfiable eccentrics, protestants by temperament, minus vital purpose, minus any definite plan, minus following, minus any real hope.

Now, we have not the first doubt that Mr. Ralston's diagnosis of the state of the Bull-Moose party, regarded as a political organization, is substantially correct. But in conceding thus much it becomes necessary to draw the line between progressivism and bull-mooseism. Progressivism may properly be defined as a way of political thinking; the bull-moose movement was essentially a personal venture in politics which for the moment drew progressivism to its support. The collapse of bull-mooseism, consequent upon the decline of personal considerations, does not imply that progressivism, regarded as a way of political thinking, has been eliminated from the current politics of the country.

Progressivism as a fashion in political thought had its beginning some twelve or fifteen years ago and it has been presented to the country under various names. It was originally known as the "Iowa Idea," and its foundation motive was resentment on the part of the Western farmers against certain phases of an illogical and at many points inequitable tariff. The animating spirit of the "Iowa Idea" was that of protest against certain features of our revenue laws presumed to afford a "shelter for trusts." Certain political leaders, very notably Mr. La Follette of Wisconsin, seized upon the "Iowa Idea" and expanded it into a broad programme of protest against abuses—some real, some imaginary—in the general spheres of finance and politics. Pro-

gressivism as thus defined speedily became in certain states not only a fashion, but *the* fashion in politics. Its vogue became so great as to make Mr. La Follette, despite grievous individual deficiencies, and further despite certain wild extravagances, a formidable aspirant for the Republican presidential nomination.

Without accepting La Folletteism upon its own pretensions the tide of progressivism continued to rise. The movement drew in men of conscience and power, and it won notable successes in various Western states, with a very considerable force of sympathy even in the extreme East. Through it there developed a group of highly respectable personal figures, very notably Senator Borah of Idaho, Governor Hadley of Missouri, and many others.

It was at this stage of the progressive movement that bull-mooseism appeared. It promised a definite leadership and financial backing. For the moment it swallowed up and brought to support of certain gross ambitions and certain wild extravagances a great force of really profound political feeling. So high rose the tide that in the presidential election of 1912 it polled upward of four million votes and brought about the defeat of the Republican party in all but two states. But even in the achievement of this striking success—if a purely destructive movement in politics may be so styled—it became apparent that there were marked divergences of principle and purpose between progressivism and bull-mooseism. We have already defined one as a way of political thinking and the other as a personal adventure in politics. The differences between the two, albeit they are commonly confounded in the public mind, are positive. And the failure of bull-mooseism, while naturally tending to weaken progressivism as an organized force, has by no means eliminated progressive ideas from the public mind.

The vitality of the progressive movement, despite the failure of 1912, is still an obvious and an important fact in the politics of the country. And it must not be left out of any just appraisal of existing conditions. So recently as last month ex-Senator Root of New York, in a notable speech before the Constitutional Convention at Albany, supported powerfully certain tenets of the progressive scheme. Senator Borah of Idaho in repeated utterances has exhibited a sustained adhesion to the same scheme of thought. Senator Weeks of Massachusetts, who ranks as a "regular Republican," in recent addresses on this coast declared himself as "half a progressive" in his belief that certain changes in the political life of the country are essential. Senator Burton of Ohio likewise in recent public addresses has made it very plain that from many points of view he holds in high respect suggestions drawn from the progressive way of thinking. Ex-President Taft in pretty much all his political addresses exhibits evidences of a sympathy with a movement which recognizes that there is a progressive order in the political life of the country.

While bull-mooseism is unquestionably "dead and buried," the progressive movement has come very largely to dominate the mind of the country. Those who are most outspoken against many of its concrete developments are nevertheless under the spell of its broader influences. Very few outside a limited group of ultra-conservatives would be willing to return to the day when matters political were largely under the hand of arbitrary authority. There has come a change, largely unconscious, in the attitude of the public in relation to the concepts and practices of another day. Times are altered and nothing more definitely exhibits today in contrast with yesterday than our changed habits of political thinking. Progressivism, quite apart from its affiliation with Cumminsism, La Folletteism, bull-mooseism, and the extravagances associated with



these merely personal movements, has come in fact to possess and to dominate political thought both in the Republican and Democratic parties. And any scheme of politics which disregards this development, which would flop back to the political order of ten years ago, is pre-destined to fail. Those political observers who, noting the collapse of bull-mooseism, infer that political thought is what it was in other days, and that the political practices of other days may be revived, deceive themselves. There is a new deal in the world of politics—in the politics of all parties. There has come an era in which concession to authority, force, and habit are limited by convictions directly an outgrowth of the progressive movement. If there be anybody to doubt this assertion let him read the recent remarks of Senator Root before the New York Constitutional Convention and reflect upon them as evidence of a new way of political thinking.

The change in political thought is comparable to the change in business thought. Things that were right ten years ago as the business world looked upon them are today wrong as measured by present standards. The whole scheme of business stands modified in its relation to the newer way of looking at things. There has been a corresponding change in politics. And though bull-mooseism may in fact be "dead, buried, and forgotten," the political thought upon which that adventure was based, and which gave to it a transient importance, has come through one means or another, under one name or another, to commanding influence in the political life of these United States. All of which must be kept in mind by the leaders of the Republican party if they are to lead it to success in 1916.

### The Spirit of Another Day.

Through the kindness of Mr. Templeton Crocker the *Argonaut* is permitted to extract from his collection of autograph letters one from General Grant, written from his headquarters at City Point, Virginia, under date of January 8, 1865, and addressed to General McDowell, then in command of the Department of the Pacific, with headquarters at San Francisco. The letter, which now appears for the first time in print, is as follows:

HEADQUARTERS ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES.  
CITY POINT, VA., Jan. 8th, 1865.

Maj. Gen. I. McDowell,  
Comd. Dept. of the Pacific—

GENERAL: It is known that Dr. Gwinn, former United States senator from Cal., has gone to Mexico and taken service under the Maximilian government. It is understood also that he has been appointed Governor-General of Sonora. \* \* \* May it not be his design to entice into Sonora the dissatisfied spirits of California, and if the opportunity occurs, organize them and invade the state? I write, without having discussed this question with any one, to put you on your guard against what I believe may prove a great danger. Watch this matter closely and should you find these apprehensions well founded, prepare to meet them. You will find no difficulty in raising any number of volunteers that may be necessary in California to repel an invasion of the state. Especially will this be the case when the invasion comes from a country with which we are at peace.

In an event like the one alluded to I would not rest satisfied with simply driving the invader on to Mexican soil, but would pursue him until overtaken, and would retain possession of the territory from which the invader started until indemnity for the past, and security for the future, satisfactory to the government, was insured.

This letter, which may have to be regarded as instructions for your guidance, is written entirely without knowledge of what the President would advise in case of an invasion of our territory from that of Mexico, but with a conviction that it is right and just. The case supposed is a very different one from those that have occurred starting from Canada. In the latter case rebels have fitted out for the invasion of our Northern frontier, upon Canadian soil, secretly, and without the knowledge of Canadian authorities. In the threatened invasion it will be the act of officials of the usurpers of the Government of Mexico, and in my judgment, would justify direct assistance on our part to reestablish the legitimate government over that country.

This letter is intended as *private* until the exigency contemplated calls for action on your part, when it will be regarded as instructions for your guidance in the absence of more recent orders.

Very respectfully,

Your oht. svt.,

U. S. GRANT, Lt. Com.

This positive and characteristic letter brings into sharp contrast the spirit and methods of fifty years ago as compared with the spirit and methods of today. With a movement on the part of "usurpers of the government of Mexico" in prospect, General Grant did not think it necessary to seek "advice" from the President. Under a conviction of what was "right and just," and under his mandate as military guardian of

the national interest, he arranged to meet aggression with force. Nor was he disturbed by qualms or doubts relative to the course proper to be pursued. "Invasion," he says, will be "the act of usurpers of the government of Mexico, and in my judgment would justify direct assistance on our part to reestablish the legitimate government over that country." There is refreshment in these phrases. They exhibit common sense, a proper valuation of the rights and dignities of the country, the vigilance of caution, a calm sense of authority, and a judgment which coincides singularly with that of multitudes of Americans any time this past three years.

Can anybody doubt what the course of General Grant or of any man equally intelligent and equally intrepid toward aggression on the part of "usurpers of the government of Mexico" would have been any time during the past three years. Is there anybody who believes that General Grant as commander of the army or as President would have permitted the United States to be outraged in a multitude of ways, the while sitting idle, content with investigations, confabulations with usurpers and with verbal protests?

General Grant's instruction that aggression, if it should come, be met promptly with force and that the invader be "pursued until overtaken," and that the "territory from which he started be held until indemnity for the past and security for the future satisfactory to our government be assured," has in it the ring of patriotic inspiration. It sets the blood to tingling. And in contrast how painful to contemplate the now famous march of General Funston to Vera Cruz, his encampment for months upon Mexican soil and his final return—all in nominal resentment of a national affront and in support of a demand for a salute to the flag never rendered.

Verily there were giants in those days! And we are led to wonder if behind them there were not a higher loyalty to the interests and dignities of the republic, a more profound spirit of patriotic sentiment, and a more loyal hardihood alike of mind and of brawn.

### A Prophecy and a Warning.

Colonel Goethals—General Goethals we believe it is now, though there seems no enhancement of dignity in the enlarged title—is quoted as declaring that the Canal will be a failure if it shall be subjected to political control. He might have gone further to declare that any scheme of administration for any dependent zone or country subject to "politics" must prove ineffective. This business of governing attached and subordinate regions is a delicate one. There are involved with it the fortunes not only of the governed, but of the governing country. Greece was overwhelmed by her colonies. Rome gave the law to the world, only to fail under the forces of reaction. Failure on our part at the Isthmus, in the Philippines, or elsewhere must have grave consequences at home.

Dependent colonies or countries may thrive after a tolerable fashion under an imperfect system of administration. But no country can thrive under constantly changing schemes. The pursuance of one idea or policy last year, of another this year, and still a third next year is destructive alike to discipline, to loyalty, to prosperity. We see how it is in the Philippine Islands. Under a plan organized some fifteen years ago the Islands have made amazing progress along the lines of civilization and of material prosperity. Under two years of change involved with uncertainty, the pendulum has swung back. What was proposed in the interest of home politics, with the efforts to bring it about, has worked out in something like paralysis in the Islands. The foundations of their business have been shaken. The developing spirit of loyalty has been shocked. It will take ten years to regain what has been lost in two years of administration under political inspirations.

General Goethals has the matter dead to rights. If the Canal and the Canal Zone are to be administered by political methods and under political aims the future must surely be marked by failure and humiliation. Just as the attempt to create the Canal by forces and under methods involved with home politics failed, so any attempt to administer it politically must fail. There is in General Goethals's declaration the grim solemnity of prophecy. But are we wise enough—is there in our political system the virtue—to administer this great trust, for it is a trust, no matter from what angle it may be viewed—under the only principle

which affords the possibility of success? We ought to be. As an intensely practical people we should be able to do whatever needs to be done. General Goethals in his administration of the Zone has shown us the way.

### Bombast and Hyperbole.

Upon more than one occasion the *Argonaut*—and may be said the *Argonaut* alone—has found it necessary to castigate the slanders directed against the city and the state by those who have degraded the cause of social purity into a lucrative trade. But there are occasions when a plea of guilty must be entered, not indeed to charges of exceptional vice—these are always false—but to the lesser charge of reckless and pernicious assertion in connection with what is known as promotion and development. This mischief is to be found everywhere. No part of California is wholly free from it. But it is chiefly active in one particular part of the state that need not be specified.

That the mischief is a real one is evidenced by such comments as the one to be found in the Panama and Pacific Coast issue of the *Chicago Economist*. Its severity is emphasized by the fact that it appears as part of an appreciative editorial, but certainly it would be hard to say that the severity is excessive. The comment is as follows:

Much of the publicity that has emanated from the Pacific Coast has been unfortunate in character. Consisting largely of the propaganda of the self-interested, it has been high bombastic, teeming with hyperbole. It has exaggerated the attractions (inventing them when occasion demanded) and carefully avoided any mention whatsoever of any existing difficulties to be encountered. Its tendency has been to attract the invalid, seeking a salubrious climate where an exceptional fruitfulness of soil might offset impaired physical efficiency; the indolent, thinking to obtain a maximum return for a minimum of effort; the incompetent, hoping that where a benign nature dispenses special largess, lack of ordinary ability would not be so apparent, nor its results so painful. Such types are a benefit to no community, least of all, perhaps, to the Pacific Coast, where the tremendous amount of development yet to be accomplished demands little more than an average man's-sized day's work from each inhabitant every twenty-four hours. The failures of such deluded ones have added no small quota to the disastrous results of the operations of the "land shark."

Now this is substantially true, and the evil that stigmatizes ought to be abated. Probably it is useless to appeal to those who are immediately and personally interested in trapping the unwary by specious misstatements. Nothing but the pressure of public disapproval will persuade these to amend their ways, and it ought to be forthcoming. But there is a section of our people, themselves disinterested, but who have a certain obliquity of vision, a certain perverse enthusiasm, that causes them wholly to disregard facts and the truth whenever they suppose the credit of the state to be in any way at issue. No assertion is too fantastic or reckless for utterance, no claim too unreal to be advanced. The result is inevitable, and we have it before us. California is now suffering more from her friends than from her enemies. A reputation for exaggeration, an even falsification, has led to the rejection alike of fact and of fact.

The country needs development. There is no question about that. But the best of all methods of development, indeed the only method of real development, is a strict descriptive accuracy, a careful avoidance of every claim that a rigid scrutiny can challenge. A promotion campaign that is obviously directed against the innocent and the unwary must necessarily arouse the suspicions of intelligence and experience, and it is from intelligence and experience that the state must draw its real human values. If these stable elements of wealth are to be attracted—and nothing less is real worth while—it will be by claims that are convincing because they are absolutely just.

### Socialism and Peace.

Morris Hillquit, the Socialist leader, is anxious that we should not place too heavy a burden of responsibility for the war upon the Socialists of Europe. After indulging in the usual platitudes about national insanities and the destruction of civilization he tells us that the Socialists of Europe were carried away by the flood tide of militarism and that it was so natural they should throw in their lot with the countries of their birth. When peace comes, says Mr. Hillquit in effect, the Socialists also will be for peace. They will do their part in conciliation "at the earliest opportune moment."

Quite so! These are admirable sentiments, but no



of a startling originality. Mr. Hillquit seems to find it incumbent on him to say something, and he does so with a maximum of insignificance. For we are all in favor of peace and we shall all do what we can to promote it. To be informed to the extent of a column that Socialists are human beings, albeit somewhat futile ones, is a task of superfluity.

Socialists must thank their own pretensions if they now feel that they are being weighed in the balance and found pitifully wanting. For it was they who filled the air with a veritable clamor about the international solidarity of the proletariat, and the absolute guarantee of peace that it promised. They met in innumerable conclaves, grasped each other's horny hands in the most approved way, learned Esperanto for greater facilities of communication, and called upon a dubious world to witness the benefactions conferred upon it by Socialism. The people might rage together and the people imagine a vain thing, but the Socialists would see to it that they never came to blows.

Of course when the pinch came the Socialists proved to be merely human beings, and with all the usual outfit of patriotisms, animosities, and belligerencies. They marched away to war side by side with the hated bourgeois, the capitalist, and the aristocrat, and shouted and sang with the best of them. Pacifism was all very well for times of peace and for purposes of electoral declamation, and it might well wait until those times and purposes should return. And so the Socialists everywhere went off to war and tried in a quite international way to kill each other. They were about as influential in the prevention of the war as so many Esquimaux.

It would now become Mr. Hillquit and his fellow-agitators to talk a little less about their high and holy aims and to recognize that their whole propaganda is directed solely toward the gaining of money and comfort for themselves. That is to say they were as instrumental as any one else in breeding the war fever of greed, and just as helpless as any one else in the restoration of peace.

#### Washington Notes.

Our burdened and troubled President now and again gives the country glimpses of a very interesting individual psychology. Speaking to citizens of Manassus, on the 13th instant, he said among other things, "My experience here day by day is that questions turn up so suddenly and have to be handled so promptly and sometimes with so much thoughtful discretion that I really dare not let my thoughts out to other matters." This explains many things. It gives to know the whyfore of many neglects and of mistakes with respect to Mexico. President Wilson is frugal of his thoughts excepting to the particular thing that grips his attention at the moment; and it is not always that his thoughts are given to the really big thing of the time. The fault is a characteristic one of the over-trained mind. It tends to concentration and to paralysis of the imagination. Mr. Wilson has correctly analyzed and phrased the most striking deficiencies of his very interesting mentality.

Very properly these days the President is letting out his thoughts now and again for relaxation purposes. He plays golf less than formerly, but is given to long and solitary motor trips. Several times in recent weeks he has gone to the theatre; and it is noted by Washington gossips that pretty little Mrs. Norman Galt is no longer in evidence upon these occasions. None the less the Washington gossips are keeping a careful eye upon what in the minds of many observers has become a romantic situation.

#### This from the Washington Post:

Miss Margaret Wilson, who spent the week in New York, will come to Washington for a short time before she starts on her concert tour, beginning in Buffalo, October 12th. Miss Wilson entertained a number of guests around about Harlakenden House before leaving for New York at a musicale, when her cousin, Mrs. Howe-Cothran, a delightful soprano, gave the programme, accompanied by Mrs. Ross David of New York, Miss Wilson's accompanist. It was a charming occasion, and Miss Wilson was enthusiastic over her cousin's success.

Nevada County, the banner gold-producing county in California for 1914, yielded \$3,301,948, or \$383,215 more than in 1913. The largest producing camps were Grass Valley and Nevada City, Nevada County, where the deep mines yielded \$2,997,405 in gold, and at the Jackson-Sutter Creek camp, where the deep-mine production was \$2,113,098 in gold.

### THE THEATRE OF WAR.

At the moment of writing the situation in Russia is practically unchanged. Reports of Russian victories in the south may be true and unexaggerated and still have but slight bearing on the issue which will be determined in the north. The Russian aim was undoubtedly to relieve the pressure on the army retreating from Vilna, and it may have had some slight effect in this way, but evidently not enough to be important. The situation at Vilna is practically the same as was confronted by the Russians at Warsaw. Vilna is a salient or the apex of a sort of pyramid or wedge. German forces from the north and south are pressing upon the sides of the pyramid in the hope of crushing them and so enveloping the army which is rushing through the narrowing gap to the east. Once more we read of the closing jaws of the German pincers, but it now seems likely that the Russian forces will not be between those jaws when they close. And it is evident that they are moving very slowly. The resistance offered by the sides of the wedge, protecting the army passing between them, is evidently of a very stubborn nature. The German reports mention very few prisoners or guns and the advance seems to be not more than about a mile a day. It may be repeated that no matter what advances the Germans may make, no matter how many cities they may take, their campaign will be a failure unless they can either envelop the Russian forces or defeat them heavily in a pitched battle. So long as we read of the continued retirement of the Russians and their success in evading either an envelopment or a pitched battle, so long we must consider that the fortune of war is with them, or at least not against them. Every day thus gained means the nearer approach of winter and it means also an increase of munitions. That the Germans seem to be concentrating on Dvinsk rather than upon Riga is supposed to mean that the Riga defenses are too formidable for attack except in great force. But this is certainly not the case. A glance at the map shows that the taking of Dvinsk would cut off Riga from the south and would be almost equivalent to its capture. That there is no immediate concentration upon Riga means simply that the taking of cities is of no particular value to the German plan, which is to destroy the Russian armies or put them out of action.

We have not necessarily heard the last of the grand duke. The Caucasus is by no means an unimportant point, and if he should find himself with sufficient men and munitions it is quite upon the cards that he may be in a position to make an attack upon Constantinople from the rear. But possibly the men and munitions have been withdrawn for service in the north.

The Germans have such a genius for doing impossible things, or at least for attempting them, that it might be rash to exclude an attack upon Petrograd from their calculations. But it would certainly be a colossal task. From Riga to Petrograd is 350 miles. From Vilna to Petrograd is 420 miles, and from Warsaw to Petrograd is 650 miles. The journey with an adequate army could not possibly occupy less than three months. The route from Riga would probably be the easiest, with the exception that Lakes Peipus and Pskoff must be negotiated, and these lakes are far too broad to be bridged. It is true that there is narrow land between them and the sea, but the Narva River must be crossed, as well as a long extent of forests and marshes. An army from Warsaw would have still greater difficulties, seeing that it would have to cross a long stretch of territory about which no one can say anything, seeing that no one knows anything. It is practically unexplored territory. And in any case the armies would be extraordinarily vulnerable to attack on their flanks. Germany would, of course, be much helped by her command of the Baltic. She could obtain her supplies from the sea, and if necessary she could retreat to the sea and to the protection of her ships. But an attack upon Petrograd would be by no means fatal to Russia. Moscow is her real capital from the military point of view, and of course Moscow is wholly inaccessible. We may suppose that the Germans have not yet decided either for or against an advance on Petrograd. Their supreme aim is, of course, to put Russia out of action so that they may turn elsewhere. And they may yet succeed in putting Russia out of action by some great success against her armies. In that case Petrograd would be left alone.

It seems by no means impossible that Germany is contemplating peace on the basis of her continued possession of Poland. This would account for her concentration upon the work of beating the Russian armies to the apparent neglect of other parts of the field, and it would also account for the speech recently made by the German chancellor in which he disclaimed emulation of the "glittering promises of our enemies" and then went on to say: "I hope that the present occupation of the eastern Polish frontier means the beginning of a new evolution which will abolish the old-time antagonism between Germans and Poles, and lead Poland, freed from the Russian yoke, towards a brighter future, in which she will cultivate her individual national character. The country occupied by us will be administered by us with the assistance of its own population." The utterance is vague enough, and probably was so intended, but it is quite conceivable that Germany would regard the acquisition of Poland as sufficient compensation for her war. It is true that there have been other statements, although not from so high a source, to the effect that an open road to Constantinople has become a national aim, but since they do not come from so high a source, or indeed from any really authoritative source at all, they may be disregarded. Whether France and England would be willing to make peace at the

expense of Russia is another matter, but it is a contingency that it is almost impossible to conceive.

We have heard so many stories of impending great deeds in the west, and always from those who profess to know so much more than they are permitted to tell, that we are naturally a little chary of belief. At the same time it is well to notice events and to speculate upon their meaning. And prominent among these events is the visit paid by General Joffre to General Cadorna of the Italian armies. Certainly it was not a visit of ceremony. It is equally certain that neither the Italians nor the French have any intention to leave their own fields with the exception of the Dardanelles campaign. We may therefore suppose that the visit was to arrange for simultaneous but not for united action whenever the time for action shall have come. Another significant fact is the extended bombardment of the German front in the west, a bombardment that still continues. Presumably this is intended as a preliminary to some sort of action or at least as a search for weak places. But if any western assault is intended we may be fairly sure that it will not take place until the German wave in the east shall have lost its momentum. The time of utmost opportunity for the Allies in the west will be when the German forces shall have penetrated most deeply into Russia. This is not to say that the German lines in the west are actually vulnerable. But if the French should consider that they are vulnerable and should intend to assault them it is evident that their time for doing so will be when German reinforcements are at their greatest distance and at their height of exhaustion and depletion. The French success on the canal connecting the Aisne and the Marne to the northwest of Rheims may indicate some general move forward or it may be no more than a snatch at the opportunity for a local success.

Reports from Berlin say that the Italians have been moving large bodies of men to the southwest frontier of Switzerland, and that there is reason to believe that an attack upon Switzerland is intended. Reports from London say that attempts are being made by Germany to drag Switzerland into the war by violations of her neutrality. Evidently some one is casting around for reasons or excuses for the invasion of Switzerland, and considering the position of the little republic there must be a great temptation to use it as a road. Nevertheless Switzerland could defend herself even more energetically than Belgium. She loves peace, but not so fervently as to have adopted disarmament. Far from it. If there is any well fortified country upon earth it is Switzerland, and whoever was bold enough to invade her would find that some hard fighting would lie between them and their goal. Moreover, it is hard to believe that any nation would be willing now to incur the bane of the world by an interference with Switzerland. The conscience of the world so far as Belgium is concerned has already shown itself to be a fighting force, and more to be feared than great guns.

The French profess to disbelieve that Verdun can be taken, not because its masonry can resist the German guns, which of course it can not, but because the fortress is now surrounded by six complete circuits of trench fortifications in which an unusual quantity of barbed wire plays its part. Verdun is not yet within range, and so far all the efforts of the crown prince to bring it within reach of his big guns, or rather to bring his big guns within reach of it, have met with disappointment. Not only is Verdun well guarded by its trench protections, but it is said that its underground passages can accommodate 50,000 people and that they have been provisioned for that number. Although Verdun is not now within range it may be remembered that it was subjected to a short bombardment last June, when twenty-six big shells were sent within the town. They did not do very much damage, and it is since then that the outer defenses have been added. It is said that the crown prince is particularly anxious to take Verdun, since it was here that he met his first great reverse.

We hear a good deal about the efforts of ocean liners to ram the submarines, but surely those who accept these theories without question must be somewhat lacking in the powers of imagination and visualization. For how can a liner ram a submarine except in those rare cases where the submarine finds herself unexpectedly in the course of the liner and very close to her. It is true that the liner has the greater speed, but the submarine can not only turn within her own length, but she can also submerge in a very few minutes. It is evident that no liner could possibly ram a submarine except in the rare cases already mentioned where the submarine comes to the surface and finds herself directly in front of the liner and so close as to be able neither to turn nor to dive. It seems almost as though a fly were to complain of the danger that it incurred from the pursuit of a cow.

Apparently the French government is not disturbed by the appearance of submarines near the Gironde and the Loire. An official statement says that all necessary steps will be taken, but that the British precautions are so complete that only a few stray craft will be able to make their way through the English Channel. A letter from London says that the weakest point about the submarine is not the exposed periscope, but the trail of bubbles on the surface that marks the passage of the submarine beneath the water. Of course these bubbles can hardly be seen in rough water, but they are distinctly visible and easily followed on a smooth surface. Large numbers of trawlers and motor boats are employed on this service, and they follow the bubbles until the submarine rises to the surface, when a well-directed shot closes the chapter. There is a general opinion that a large number of these boats have been destroyed, a loss which



commensurate with the damage that they have been able to inflict upon shipping.

Mr. Balfour made a notable admission in Parliament when he said that the use of Zeppelins had not been foreseen, and that no provision whatever had been made against them. One wonders what could have been the British theory regarding Zeppelins, seeing that their manufacture by Germany was a matter of world knowledge. London was assumed in any case to be safe as an unfortified city, but now comes Count Reventlow with a disavowal of responsibility for the killing of civilians on the ground that London should have been evacuated long ago. That it was not evacuated shows a "disdainful disregard of the principles of humanity, civilization, and international law." But without entering upon any legal disquisition it may be said that the Zeppelin attacks upon London have had the one result that every one knew they must have. Bulletins from London to New York newspapers speak of an immense increase of recruiting, while some of them described the curiosity of the crowds in the streets who watched the bursting of the shells around the Zeppelins with the same eager and applauding curiosity elicited by a ball game. The total area injured by the raiders is said to have been about equal in extent to one city block.

The Philadelphia Public Ledger prints an interview with J. Armstrong Drexel, son of Anthony J. Drexel, who has been acting as chauffeur for Sir John French. Mr. Drexel's general opinions of the war are of an enthusiastic nature, but as even a chauffeur may not know everything, they may be disregarded here. But he has something interesting to say about the French "75" guns, which he says are superior to the German artillery. The gunners, he says, have now attained to such accuracy that they fire over the rows of trenches occupied by their own men in order to screen a charge, and they are able to drop their shells ten yards in front of their comrades without inflicting any injury. But are there shells that inflict no injury at ten yards?

A New York court has sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment for perjury the German reservist who swore that he saw "four bright copper cannon" on the *Lusitania* before she left America on her fatal voyage. To the credit of the prisoner it may be said that he confessed his crime before the sentence was passed.

The casualty lists from all armies and from all available sources show that certain ratios have been preserved from the first, and that in spite of fluctuations the averages at the end of the war will probably show that the same ratios have been maintained. Thus we find that one officer is killed or wounded to every twenty-three men, and that the number of men killed is just one-fifth of the total casualty list. Thus if Germany's total casualty list is 3,000,000 the dead must number about 600,000, while France has probably lost about 400,000 actually killed. Great Britain's total casualty list according to the last announcement was 381,983, and of these 76,000 were killed.

Strange are the paths of European diplomacy. It has now been made known in Paris that Japan was willing some time ago to send an army into Russia, probably anxious to do so, and that France objected because she was afraid the price would be too heavy. She expected that Japan would demand the cession of Java and that this probability would at once estrange the sympathies of Holland. At the same time France feels that German influence at The Hague is far too strong and that she must discourage the projected marriage of Princess Juliana to the eldest son of the Crown Prince of Germany. The Queen of the Netherlands is supposed to be strictly neutral with a personal leaning toward the sides of the Allies. But her husband is a German prince, and there are various stories, probably apocryphal, of domestic discord in the royal palace.

Dr. Karl Bachem of Cologne, writing in the *Volks Zeitung*, says that the reports of American ammunition at the front at a time when no such ammunition had reached the front were deliberately created by the Allies in the hope of producing friction between America and Germany. Of course it may be so, but it is hard to see how the Allies could have done such a thing. The Crown Prince of Bavaria was quoted by a sympathetic newspaper correspondent as giving the precise number of American shells that had been fired at his troops, and we were told innumerable stories of German soldiers who had kept fragments of these shells as mementoes and who showed the names of American firms as proof of their assertions.

SIDNEY CORYN.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 22, 1915.

The governor-general of Australia has prohibited the importation of cattle from the United States into that country, unless, in addition to other papers required by the Australian quarantine regulations, they are accompanied by a certificate from a responsible government veterinary official stating that the animals have not, within six months of the date of shipment, passed on foot through, or been kept, pastured, or housed upon any area within fifteen miles of a place where the foot-and-mouth disease has occurred during the preceding six months.

A company subsidiary to the California Fruit Growers' Exchange has selected Corona, in Riverside County, as the site of a factory for the manufacture of citrate of lime, lemon oil, lemon emulsion, and other by-products.

## THE SOUL THAT LIVES.

Fielding, Who Did Not Believe in Immortality.

Late one night in June two men, a medical student and a young lawyer, sat discussing more things than Horatio dreamed of in his philosophy.

"Can you think," said Graham, the lawyer, "that there is absolutely no existence of any vital principle apart from the physical functions that stop with death? I will never believe that there is not something behind all that—the something that looks out of the eyes—that intangible, incomprehensible something; that 'I' or that 'you' which only uses human eyes or voice to express itself."

"All that has been discovered to be nothing but a combination of more or less complicated brain cells," returned Fielding, the student. "If you had gone into that sort of thing as I have you would see that it is all reducible to matter. A few more steps and there will be no question of spirit, even for such idealists as you. Touch one spot in the brain of a genius, and you have a gibbering idiot. Lift a bit of bone from an idiot's brain, and you can educate your man of genius."

Graham shook his head.

"You won't see. Hasn't that idiot in some way lost the connection between matter and spirit? Try as you may, you never will discover that subtle, vital essence. When you have called the intellect the working of the brain; the moral sense the working of the brain again; all good or evil qualities the working of the brain still again—I say there is something above and beyond all that, that you train and educate, and that escapes with death. Whether there is individual immortality or not, I am not prepared to argue with you, but on the very theory of the indestructibility of existing principles in the universe, that vital principle is not destroyed."

"All the musty remains of an inherited theology," returned Fielding. "You are not brave enough to discard them in the face of scientific proof. I have seen too many deaths and too many dissections not to be positively assured that the vital essence is extinct with death. Why, just look at it, how many trifling accidents put an end to a man's existence. Stop his heart, take away a few pounds of blood, destroy his digestion, and you have destroyed him, I say. The necessary combination of forces to work his machinery has been disarranged, and he stops for good and all. I grant you for some it is hard enough to give up the idea of a soul, but most people will be glad to welcome annihilation, as I do. No, we are born and we die, and there's the end."

Graham smoked silently for some time, and looked out of the open window on the brilliant moonlight that dimmed half the stars.

"A night for lovers," he remarked presently.

"Who believe in immortality for one night only," laughed Fielding. "What nonsense it seems that the reflected light of a dead world, and the twinkling of a few live suns, millions of leagues away, should make people ready to die for each other, when they laugh at the idea after their own sun rises."

"You incorrigible materialist!" cried Graham; "why do people marry every day?"

"Habit, example, and the conditions of the race. One woman is as good as another if she is healthy and sweet-tempered."

"Poor Tom Carroll doesn't think so where Dora Varian is concerned," said Graham, with a short laugh.

"Yes, and in two years Tom Carroll will have forgotten her refusal and her existence, under the comfortable régime of some indifferently pretty housekeeper whom accident will saddle on him as a wife and mother of his children."

"I don't know why she wanted to throw Tom over," said Graham, looking at the end of his cigar with a slight frown. "What a merciless flirt she is! It would not have been so bad if she hadn't taken him away from another girl. I wonder if she has any heart at all?"

"She's a skeptic, like me," said Fielding, carelessly. "These men work up speeches out of novels, and play devoted, and it amuses her. It would amuse me."

"You don't know her well, do you?" said Graham. "I don't believe, if you did, you could keep out of her clutches. But she will find her match at last, I have no doubt. Those women do suffer sometimes."

"I'll wager you what you like," cried Fielding, "that Dora Varian and I will play at love in the most artistic way, and separate at the end, neither of us the worse for the game."

"I will make no wager," said Graham, briefly; "but none the less I am sure that you will either marry, or one of you will repent it."

Fielding had never been one of the young men about town. He was seldom lured into a ballroom, and never into the pleasure parties where people meet so much more agreeably than under the lighted chandeliers. Now it was noticed that he was losing his retired habits to talk to Dora Varian, and it was not long before one was seldom seen without the other. People wondered and gossiped; these two kept their own counsel. Fielding was imperturbable when rallied, and Dora Varian, placid and taciturn in all her love affairs,

was equally so in this. And the three months came to an end, and Fielding said to her:

"Next week I sail for France. You will wish me a pleasant voyage, won't you?"

"How long will you be gone?" she asked, lifting her eyes with friendly interest.

"Impossible to tell. My plans are so indefinite that I have come to say good-by. 'It may be for years, and it may be forever,'" he answered, with a slight laugh. "In any case, I thank you for the most enjoyable summer of my life. I shall often look back to it with regret that it was so short; and then the pity of it is that these pleasant things are never the same again."

"I don't require these elaborate compliments of my departing friends," she said, with a metallic sound foreign to her voice; "and I don't agree with you that it is a pity about the uniqueness of our pleasant things. I would rather say good-by than *au revoir*, it means so much less—though I am sorry you are going away," she added, after a moment. "We have had a very pleasant summer, haven't we? I shall remember it until quite next summer. I am sure."

"We are both heart-whole," said Fielding to his friend. "Had we wagered, I would have won."

His trip to Paris was shorter than he had expected, and seven or eight months found him at home again. But he did not renew his friendship with Miss Varian. He heard of her sometimes in the old way, and wondered if there was anything in the expression of those speaking eyes of hers that had made him fancy sometimes, with a pang of self-reproach, that she had given him gold for his base metal. No; nonsense! She looked like that at every man who had an hour's conversation with her. If her voice sometimes vibrated with what in another woman would be betrayal of feeling, it was because she had learned to modulate her lightest breath for effect.

A note came to Fielding one day. He opened it hurriedly. There was no formal beginning. It ran as follows:

The physicians have given me up. I must see you before it is all over. Come at once, if you can. I hope this is legible. I am writing against orders. DORA VARIAN.

In half an hour he was by her bedside. His professional experience, slight as it was, told him there was no hope.

"Dora, what has brought you to this?" he said, unable to conceal how shocked he was.

"You," she answered, vehemently. "You laid a deliberate, cruel plan for your own amusement, and you may well enjoy your work."

"Do not excite yourself," he said gently, putting back with his cool hand the heavy locks that fell over her forehead.

"I am sane enough. I haven't been delirious at all. I wanted to tell you that I intend some day to make you suffer as you have made me. You knew you took all the flavor out of my life after you went away. How flat and weary everything seemed. I took no pains to live; what could I live for? My mother cares for my brother more than for me. So I did what they call 'running down.' I danced and flirted harder than ever, to forget you, and my heart-ache, and my languid limbs; and when this illness came the doctors said I had no strength to get well." She spoke in short, rapid sentences, but would not pause long enough to give him a chance to stop her or to answer. "I have not the will to get well," she added; "but I have the will for this: you shall love me yet. My soul shall follow yours day and night, until it wins your love as completely as you won mine. There will be a way. I shall find it."

Fielding was overcome with grief and remorse as she went on. He could not find a word to say, until at last he stammered:

"Dora, I never thought—I did not believe that you—What can I say? Will you forgive me?"

"On the day you say you love me, and that day is coming," she answered, with a solemn impressiveness that shook his nerves in spite of his knowledge that her words were utterly futile. The superabundant life that had been one of her greatest charms was so soon to be quenched, and she spoke of what was to happen between them after the final change had extinguished it.

"Why not now, Dora?" he implored, taking her hand. "How can there be forgiveness if not now?"

"That remains with you," she said, faintly, "and on that day my soul will know and tell you. I shall again see you with other eyes."

After that she refused to speak either to him or to the others who came back into the room they had left that she might talk at her ease.

"The end," murmured Fielding, as he stood beside her open grave with uncovered head. "We are born and we die, and that is the end."

Time passed as usual. Fielding threw himself more and more passionately into his profession, and for so young a man was becoming celebrated for his microscopic investigations of the life-germ. He finally discovered that he needed rest long after every one else had been urging him to give up his absorbing pursuit for a time; and he betook himself in search of health and eyesight to a pretty village, where so few went for the summer that he would be practically alone if he wished. He made his temporary home with a



widow who rejoiced in the possession of one daughter, as beautiful a specimen of humanity as it had ever been Fielding's good fortune to meet. He looked at her as a physician is inclined to regard a pretty woman, with the eye of an anatomist, and found her perfect.

He was willing to make it a dual solitude for a few weeks, and at first he was amused at the loquacity of the pretty mouth curving upward at the corners like a Cupid's bow. Pretty mouths are so rare in this world. Most of those you see are mere gashes for the exit of the necessary revelation or concealment of ideas, or the performance of gastronomic feats; or else the heavy, unfinished lips lie loosely against each other, as if Heaven's journeyman had made them and not made them well.

After a while he began to grow tired of the ceaseless flow of words without an idea.

"I wish I dared make a bargain with her mother for her brain in case I should outlive her," he wrote in his journal. "The examination of it would solve several problems that are tormenting me at present. I never met any one in full possession of all her faculties and a common education that came so near to being an idiot. She seems to have absolutely no soul."

He started, stared at what he had written, and threw down the pen in disgust.

"What impelled me to use a word there that I have not used for years? How long is it since poor Dora Varian died? Three years, upon my word. How time flies! It seems like last week, and yet I know it is months since I have thought of her. But what is that—does Miss Barrows play the guitar?"

He leaned out of his window, for he thought he heard a low vibration like a musical string rapidly untuned. No, it seemed in the room beside him. He shook himself impatiently, murmured something about taking cold, and then went downstairs where Miss Barrows was lounging in a chair in the sunset glow. She gave him a sleepy little smile as he took the chair beside her; the heat had silenced her for a few moments. Fielding took the fan from her hand and slowly plied it back forth until her closed eyes and regular breathing suggested that she might be entirely oblivious of his presence.

He surveyed her with a feeling of something like aversion in spite of her beauty. There was no intelligence in the heavenly clearness of her eyes, no trace of thought on the brows that seemed almost chiseled; the slipshod English that came from her full throat in a voice that at times was unearthly sweet dismayed his fastidious ear. He slightly pushed back his chair and thought of one summer night when he had forgotten how the time passed as Dora Varian and he paced up and down the garden path, softly talking. Miss Barrows stirred and unclosed her eyes when he moved.

"Have you missed me?" she said, quietly, and again the guitar vibrated on the air.

What was the matter with the girl? Those were her eyes surely that he sat gazing into aghast, and yet, where had they caught that look of Dora Varian?

"Well," she said, with Dora's own smile, "I have waited and watched, and the time has come at last when I can see you with living eyes and talk with a living voice. Yes, you are right. *I am Dora Varian.*"

A chill shook Fielding from head to foot. What horrible hallucination was this? Had his close application to work crazed him at last, and was this the form his madness was to take? Half timidly he touched her hand; it was warm and soft as ever.

"You need not answer me just now," she said, gently withdrawing from his touch. "Let me explain to you first how this came to pass. When I died, I told you I should see you again, and three long years I have been beside you day and night, trying to give you some sign of my presence. Whenever you thought of me I knew it, and tried to tell you so, but all efforts only resulted in some strange sound. I felt that you heard it, for you always looked around to account for it in some natural way. But oh, Mark, it is six months since I have entered your mind."

"Where is she—where is Miss Barrows?" inquired Fielding, adapting himself as one does in some grotesque dream.

"Sleeping, and so I can be with you. Shall I come again?"

"Amy!" called the mother from the house. The girl in the chair, whoever she might be, closed her lids for a moment, and when they opened Miss Barrows made some flippant remark about her nap, with a disregard of grammar and vowel sounds that kept Fielding in irritated silence. She gave him a coquettish tap with the fan she snatched from him, and ran into the house. Fielding slowly followed her, and persuaded himself that he had been asleep, too.

But as he learned her ways better, and knew that she had a habit of sleeping away most of her afternoons on the little hair-cloth sofa in the cool parlor, he was obliged to confess to himself with a sort of horror that she led two lives, for which he could make no account. As surely as he found himself beside her when she lay sleeping, so surely would she wake and look at him with Dora Varian's eyes and talk to him with Dora Varian's tones blending through the different voice of Amy Barrows. Sometimes they took long walks into the woods beyond the village, and Fielding began to find the old fascination of Dora's conversation and manner intensified into some strange, new feeling by the charm of faultless beauty. He lost

the uncanny sensations she gave him at first, and in his enforced idleness he was rapidly learning to look forward to the hours when the exquisite casket should be occupied by the fitting gem. When she left it the other occupant returned to it, supremely unconscious of whatever might have taken place during her absence from herself.

Before many weeks went by Fielding became aware that he was deeply in love with the mysterious other part of Amy Barrows's existence. He tried at first to believe that it was simply the effect of her physical loveliness, but was forced to give up that theory, because *as herself* she was not only uninteresting, but was actually becoming repulsive, for all her beauty.

"The sunset is like that one when we first met here," said Dora as they came back after one of those walks that Amy might wake where she fell asleep.

"I wish it could last forever!" cried Fielding, passionately. "Dora, don't leave me. I am losing my senses. Whatever you are, you beautiful mystery, I love you, and I can not let you go."

He caught her in his arms, and rained eager kisses on her upturned face.

"My day is come! I forgive you. But I can not stay," she whispered, deadly pale. "*She* is coming back; she must not wake like this."

A flicker and film came over her eyes, and Fielding held a sleeping woman, whom he had barely time to place in her chair on the little porch when her mother came out and Amy woke, saying that her heart beat as if she had been running.

The next day, devoured with impatient longing, Fielding sat through a long summer afternoon, waiting, hoping for her habitual drowsiness to overtake her. She had not failed to notice that for some time he had been her shadow, that wherever she went he was sure to follow, and whenever she woke she was sure to find him beside her. What was she to think? Her curiosity and interest were roused, yet he never spoke a word beyond what common courtesy dictated. Why did he sit looking at her with those eager eyes? She grew shy and troubled. Her heart never used to beat so; and why did she feel so tired when she woke from those long, dreamless sleeps that she went into because there was nothing to keep awake for?

She ventured a question after a long, dreary silence. Poor girl! she could not know that her existence and her speech just then were more than his tense nerves could bear.

"Good heavens!" he murmured; "Dora, where are you?"

The air seemed alive with harp-strings struck by a powerful hand. A spasm of deadly terror crossed Amy's face as between her and Fielding came the outline of a shadowy form in which the man could distinguish the blazing eyes under the cloudy hair of the woman he loved.

"What is It!" shrieked Amy, throwing herself on Fielding for protection. "What is It trying to do to me! It is struggling with me!"

Then there was a heavy fall. They came rushing from the house at the sound, and saw Fielding with the dead girl across his knees, staring into vacancy with eyes that never again lost that distracted look, saying over and over again:

"There is a soul! There is a soul! I have seen It!"

HELEN LAKE.

Little known, living in a primitive way, the Samoyeds, one of the many peoples who make up the vast domain of Russia, are so far removed from the rest of the world that it is very doubtful if they have yet heard of the conflict raging in Europe. The Samoyeds are a Mongolian people, who live in the wide sweep of tundra country that reaches from the mouth of the White Sea across Europe, in places a belt more than 500 miles in depth, from the Arctic Sea to the northern line where the forests vanish. They are reindeer herders, fishermen, and hunters of seal. It is through their surpluses, in these three things that they come into contact with the Russian trader, who visits them in their far northern centres, or whom they make long journeys to visit at the city of Archangel. Reindeer skins, sealskins, furs, fish, and reindeer meat are sold by the Samoyeds to their Russian neighbors, for the Russian official and the Russian trader are established in widely scattered outposts here in the north country, isolated from the world, many hundreds of miles from railroads, telephones, and telegraphs, and beyond the reach of the press. The Yurak Samoyeds, that branch which dwells in European Russia, it is estimated counts in all only about 6000. Of these 5000 live in the European tundra. They are short and stocky, with faces much more flattened than the Finns, with thick lips, black hair, flat noses, and dark complexions. They are said to be a fearless and warlike people, though it is generations since they have given any evidence of aggressive temperament. In their dealings with the stranger they are described as mild and scrupulously honest. The Samoyeds are a poor people, but very thrifty. They eke out a precarious existence in their inhospitable country, and have learned through necessity to eat anything which grows there. They eat even the wolves that menace the safety of their reindeer and of themselves upon their seal and fur-hunting trips. Besides meat and fish, the Samoyeds have a plain, hard, black bread as staple, and another bread, which is baked of putrid fish and rye meal.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Prince Eugen of Sweden, who signs himself "E. Oscarson," is one of the most famous of modern Scandinavian painters.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has been intrusted by the English government with the writing of the official history of the war, a task which will occupy his energies for some years. He proved his fitness for this undertaking by his history of the South African campaign.

Sheik ul Islam, the head of the Mohammedan faith in the Philippines, is at present in this country to raise money to educate the Moros. His title is Imperial Ottoman Religious Commissioner. He traces his descent through thirty-seven generations to Fatima, the daughter of Mahomet.

L. H. Aubert, who has been awarded the War Cross for service at the front, has for some years been financial editor of the *Figaro*. He is a lieutenant in the Twenty-Eighth Dragoon Reserves, and in spite of his age—fifty-two years—was permitted to go to the front, where he has commanded a platoon with ability and energy.

At eighty-three Sir William Crookes, the scientist, says he does not feel any different from what he was at forty. As to how to keep fit, here is his dictum: "A good deal of my own present feeling and position is due to the fact that I have always been working tolerably hard and always doing something I take a great interest in and am enthusiastic about. That, I think, keeps one's mind healthy and in a good state, and tends to keep one going."

The great dictator in the legal administration of Japan is not the minister of justice or the chief judge of the Court of Cassation, but the chief general procurator of the Supreme Court, Kichiro Hiranuma, Hogaku-Iakushi. Dr. Hiranuma is the strength and embodiment of the procuratorial system as it works in Japan today. He is a man of fifty, has been an official of the Department of Justice since 1888, and in 1912 was appointed chief procurator. No man's word carries greater weight in the courts of Japan.

Emile Verhaeren, the Belgian poet, might have been a priest, but decided that his wild nature could not be clamped within cloister walls. As a youth he attended the Jesuit College of Sainte-Barbe at Ghent. There he met Maeterlinck. The fathers would have saved their young pupils from the world by making them priests, and endeavored to inspire in them a profound respect for the past, with a hatred of all innovation. After the school at Sainte-Barbe, Verhaeren studied law at Louvain. Admitted to the bar at Brussels, he joined a coterie of young artists, and, like Gautier, he won a name for shocking the bourgeois by fantastic freaks of dress and conduct. The muse called, and the law was deserted.

Sir Thomas Salter Pyne, the latest recruit to join the British Ministry of Munitions, was formerly chief engineer to the government of Afghanistan, and that part of his life reads like one of the romances of industry. A stray commission from his Lancashire employers took the young engineer out to Afghanistan. On his arrival the Ameer commissioned him to develop the mechanical side of his military resources. The result was immense. With 4000 Afghan workers under him Salter Pyne erected enormous factories at Kabul and turned out vast quantities of guns, swords, and ammunition. Not only was Pyne the Ameer's furnisher of ordnance, but also his master coiner, tool-maker, clothier, stamp-maker, boot manufacturer, soap-boiler, tailor-chandler, and wheelwright.

H. T. Lawlor, who claims the honor of having made Kansas hard wheat famous, has been manufacturing flour for half a century. The story of his achievement is told in his own words: "I purchased 35,000 bushels of it from farmers in Ellsworth County, paying thirty-five cents per bushel for it. Other wheat at the time was selling for sixty-five cents and seventy-five cents. I shipped it to John W. Kaufman at Bethalto, Illinois, who made the flour. We guaranteed it to take the place of the best hard spring wheat flour, and that it would bake by itself or blended with soft wheat. It soon spread and the Northwest mills took hold and things changed, and Kansas hard wheat became known. But I found it in Central America as early as 1851, then known as Russian wheat." He lives in New Orleans.

Dr. Moritz Cantor, noted as Germany's senior mathematician and author of "History of Mathematics," the most comprehensive and important work of its kind and a striking achievement in German literature, lives at Heidelberg. Aside from his various technical works, he has written much in a lighter vein. He delighted in collecting information as to the private life of distinguished colleagues of both ancient and modern times, so that he wrote the majority of the notices referring to German mathematicians for the "Universal German Biography." From 1859 to 1899 he edited, together with Oscar Schloemilch, the "Zeitschrift fuer Mathematik." He is a graduate of Heidelberg University, and upon the occasion of the foundation of the Heidelberg Scientific Institute in July, 1909, he was elected an honorary member of the same.



## THE LACQUER ART IN JAPAN.

Its Origin Rests in Deep Obscurity, but May Be Traced to the Earliest Japanese History.

In the art of lacquer work Japan has long been noted for her achievements, among which are to be found some of the most perfect that have ever issued from the hands of man. In fact the Japanese are alone in the effectiveness of their processes in producing one of the most unique artistic manifestations of the Far East, and their lacquer work is still among the most delicate and beautiful treasures that can adorn a cabinet or enchant the eye of a collector.

The origin of lacquer work in Japan appears somewhat obscure, for it goes back to the beginnings of Japanese history. Tradition has it that somewhere in the first century of the Christian era in the reign of the Emperor Keiko, Prince Yamato Takeru ordered some lacquer work from one Yukaishi Sukune; and that the descendants of the family continued to pursue the same art, the name being changed to Urushibe Muraji, meaning Muraji the lacquer artist. At this time and for long after, the work does not appear to have had any ornamental character, as the use of colors had not yet been introduced and the works were simply the common utensils of everyday life. From Chinese history we learn, however, that from the sixth century at least Japan was regarded as the land which excelled in the art of lacquer work, and the presents in that material sent to the court of China were greatly admired. During the reign of the Emperor Kotoku in the seventh century there was a regulation that the coffins of certain officials should always be covered with lacquer, which indicates the development made in the art up to that time. But long before this lacquer had been appreciated for its durability and for its applicability to the purposes of daily use. In the Todaiji temple at Nara there are lacquer boxes containing manuscript prayer-books, which are said to be as old as the third century (says the *Japan Magazine*). In the *Engishiki*, a list of articles compiled by the *sadaijin* Shihei, in the year 380, there is mention of red and gold lacquer, showing that the element of art had already begun to enter into work in lacquer. The *Genji Monogatari* speaks of a new kind of lacquer that had appeared in the Nara period known as mother-of-pearl, which proves that by the ninth century there was considerable wealth and variety in lacquer decoration. The use of vermilion in making red lacquer now added much to its capacity for ornamental decoration.

The greatest patrons of the art were the Imperial Court and the Buddhist temples, especially in requiring lacquer furniture. The Emperor Mommu in the eighth century required all artists to sign their names on their lacquer work so as to discourage inferior products; and at the same time all land-holders were commanded to plant from forty to one hundred lacquer trees, according to the size of their domain, the planting to be done once in every five years. The art was further encouraged by the new custom of receiving taxes in lacquer instead of rice, the ordinary means of payment. When princes and nobles began to wear crests these were usually painted on tablets made of lacquer. The oldest authentic lacquer object in Japan is the sword of the Emperor Shomu, 724 A. D., the sheath of which is in black lacquer with a flower design worked in gold dust and again covered with polished black lacquer. This is preserved in the Todaiji temple, which has also many other ancient lacquer objects.

At the end of the eighth century, when the Emperor Kammu removed his capital from Nara to Kyoto, much attention was given to promoting interest in the art of lacquer, and sword scabbards decorated with it came into general use. In the year 894 amongst the presents offered the Emperor Nimmio we find a beautiful piece called *Hyomon-no-Zushi*, after the design of *Hyomon*, which mode has since come to mean the art of polishing lacquer with a mirror-like smoothness of surface, after the encrusted designs of gold and silver have been put on the lower layers. By the middle of the tenth century the custom of decorating the apartments of princes and nobles with lacquer had quite come into use. Toward the end of the century there appeared a new mode known as *okiguchi*, which consisted in binding the edges of the lacquer articles with silver, tin, or lead. In the beautiful old temple of Chusonji in the province of Rikuzen, erected about 1087, there is a good example of ancient lacquer work, especially in gold powder and mother-of-pearl set in lacquer. About 1169 came into vogue the decoration of the wheels of chariots and other vehicles with lacquer. By this time the lacquer artist was so highly esteemed that it was no uncommon thing to find him a guest at imperial banquets. It was during the Genroku period (1688-1704) that lacquer art reached its highest perfection on Japanese soil. The achievements of this time have never been surpassed.

Though in recent years the art of lacquer work has improved in delicacy and design, and is in many respects richer and more elaborate than in former days, it does not seem to command the same value or to reveal the same artistic merit as the work of the old masters. The patrons of the lacquer art are to be found all over the civilized world, it is interesting to

note that the imperial court of Japan is by far the largest purchaser of the really fine work of the greatest artists. Almost ninety out of every hundred objects of this quality from the hands of the first-class artists are taken by the emperor, not for his majesty's own use, but as gifts to distinguished subjects at home and distinguished personages and potentates abroad.

One great drawback to the lacquer industry is the growing scarcity of lacquer in Japan and China. Japan has hitherto been accustomed to depend on China to make up the deficiency, but this can no longer be done, and authorities are now turning attention to the matter of planting more lacquer trees.

New York has lost its old, familiar, and famous Sheepshead Bay racetrack, and in its stead has come one of the largest and most comprehensive arenas for sports existing anywhere. A vast crowd met to witness the opening. Sheepshead Bay Speedway, as it will be known henceforth, was christened by a speed contest, but not between horses, for the day of the horse has passed for this, the scene of thousands of turf contests. The first event at the Speedway was a motor race, for its character as an automobile track of hitherto unheard-of speed possibilities is, perhaps, primary. But it is more than a track. In the infield oval are to be football fields, tennis courts, polo fields, and a cinder track for athletic meets fully up to the requirements of the Olympic Games when those historic contests can be held in America. In addition the Speedway is to be an important aviation centre, the headquarters for the Aero Club of America, with a permanent exhibition of flying machines, a flying school, and, probably, dirigible stations. On one side of the two-mile motor track a grandstand, of steel and concrete, 1500 feet long, is approaching completion. On the other side are giant bleachers. The seating capacity this autumn will be 75,000 or 80,000. Eventually it will be 100,000. When it is remembered that the largest arena in this country at present, the Yale Bowl, can accommodate a maximum of 68,000 persons, the magnitude of this new undertaking can be realized. But grandstands and bleachers are not all. Within the oval there is parking space for at least 10,000 automobiles, reached by means of three broad tunnels which dive under the track and come up in the infield. It is believed that a total of not less than 150,000 persons can see the motor races in comfort. The track itself is of novel construction. On a foundation of concrete and steel, boards of long leaf pine four inches wide by two inches thick are laid on edge. This board surface is treated with creosote to preserve its life and perfect the traction. The curves are a study in themselves. Banked in true parabolas and entered by what engineers call "easement" curves, they can be driven at practically the same speed as the straightaways. In fact it is doubtful if there are any racing cars fast enough at present to make use of the track's full possibilities.

Time in its passing works many changes and reveals much that has hitherto proved to be something of an enigma. As a concrete instance, gypsum has largely supplanted lime as a plastering and building material, and the development of its use may be traced back for fully thirty years. However, its use is as ancient as the Pyramids, and there is little doubt that the builders were aware of its virtues long before that period. That it entered into the construction of the Pyramids has long since been established, but with the decline of early Greek and Egyptian civilization the use of gypsum was apparently unknown until the latter part of the fifteenth century, when a Paris shepherd stumbled across its value. The remnants of the plaster over the pyramid of Cheops shows unmistakably that it was made from gypsum. The Cheops was completed somewhere between 3000 and 4000 years B. C., so the use of gypsum is probably close to 6000 years old. The early writings of Aristotle, Pliny, Theophrastus, and other Greek philosophers shows that gypsum and its uses were known to them. Being soft, white, and translucent, it came to be carved into vases and other ornaments and was also used in temple walls for the admission of light before the discovery of glass. The renaissance of gypsum came about in 1480 A. D. The Paris shepherd made a fire in a hearth of loose stones. The heat calcined some of the stones, causing them to crumble into a fine white powder, which was shortly wet by a storm and converted into plaster. When the plaster dried and set, it cemented the other stones together into a solid hearth. Thus came about the discovery of "plaster of paris." The value of gypsum soon spread to other countries and now is mined in France, England, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Sicily, Canada, Newfoundland, United States, and parts of South America. Like limestone, gypsum belongs to the lime-containing group of minerals, but is a sulphate, while limestone is a carbonate.

The Hawkesbury railway bridge in New South Wales, Australia, is 2900 feet long, supported by six piers each on caissons of depths from 101 feet to 162 feet—the deepest foundation of any railway bridge in the world.

The bottom of Lake Manapouri, New Zealand, is 861 feet below sea level. Its depth is 1458 feet.

## CURRENT VERSE.

### Waiting for October.

Waitin' fer ye, sister, with yer red and yellor leaves!  
Waitin' fer ye, lady, with yer rustlin' fodder-shocks;  
Waitin' fer ye, honey, with yer sky that smiles or grieves,  
Waitin' fer yer cider an' yer fatt'nin' turkey cocks.  
Seems a hundred years er more instead o' only one  
Since we seen ye passin' with yer gaudy funeral pall—  
Tryin' t' coax th' next few hours to stop their creep, an' run—  
Waitin' fer October t' be crowned th' Queen o' Fall!  
Waitin' fer October when th' purple air is wine;  
Waitin' fer October with her dreamy tree-harp tunes;  
Watin' fer thcm star-gemmed nights that's frosty-like an' fine—  
Waitin' fer a month that's worth a half a score o' Junes,  
Waitin' fer wild asters that will turn the roadsides blue;  
Waitin' fer the weed-pods all a-jingle in th' wind;  
Waitin' fer th' month o' months, th' pet o' me an' you;  
Waitin' fer October—aint she several days behind?  
—Strickland Gillilan, in the *Indianapolis Star*.

### Out of Rome.

Out of Rome they march as when  
Scipio led his serried men,  
While the cry of "Viva! Viva!"  
Rings again and yet again.

They, in dreams of high desire,  
Rousing them to holy ire,  
On the Capitolian altars  
Have beheld the vestal fire.

Rear and vanguard, first and last,  
They have caught the virile, vast,  
Emulous centurion ardor  
From some legion of the past.

Win they laurel wreath or rue,  
We must feel that this is true,  
That the ancient Roman valor  
Thrills through Italy anew!

—Clinton Scollard, in *New York Sun*.

### Battle Sleep.

Somewhere, O sun, some corner there must be  
Thou visitest where down the strand  
Quietly, still, the waves go out to sea  
From the green fringes of a pastoral land.

Deep in the orchard bloom the roof-trees stand,  
The brown sheep graze along the bay,  
And through the apple houghs above the sand  
The hees' hum sounds no fainter than the spray.

There through uncounted hours declines the day  
To the low arch of twilight's close,  
And, just as night about the moon grows gray,  
One sail leans westward to the fading rose.

Giver of dreams, O thou with scatheless wing  
Forever moving through the fiery hail,  
To flame-seared lids the cooling vision bring,  
And let some soul go seaward with that sail.  
—Edith Whorton, in *Century Magazine*.

### Hills.

I never loved your plains!—  
Your gentle valleys,  
Your drowsy country lanes  
And pleached alleys.

I want my hills!—the trail  
That scorns the hollow.—  
Up, up the ragged shale  
Where few will follow;

Up, over wooded crest  
And mossy howler,  
With strough thigh, heaving chest,  
And swinging shoulder.

So let me hold my way,  
By nothing halted,  
Until, at close of day,  
I stand, exalted,

High on my hills of dream—  
Dear hills that know me!  
And then, how fair will seem  
The lands below me!

How pure, at vesper-time,  
The far hills chiming!  
God, give me hills to climb,  
And strength for climbing!

—Arthur Guiterman, in *Scribner's Magazine*.

### Song.

I find you in the wild, unpeopled places.  
Where, mile on mile, the heatherland unrolls!  
You smile in simple, upturned flower faces,  
Which honest yellow sunlight aureoles!  
The curlews crying on the windy moors,  
The glad larks singing in the blue, have souls  
Star-clear as yours!

I find you in the forest, where the trees  
Bend, dreaming, o'er the rillet, seaward sped;  
I see your graceful slenderness in these,  
I feel your touch in brown leaves softly shed  
On wistful golden afternoons; and turn  
To see the sweet curve of your down-bent head  
In grass and fern.

I find you best, I think, beside the sea;  
It breathes your very spirit—fresh and clean.  
Yet full of breath and light and mystery,  
Deepness on deepness, hidden and unseen!  
In the untrammelled tide you are expressed  
So well and warmly! Sea and sky between,  
I find you best!

—Lucy Nicholson, in *Chambers's Journal*.

### True Heart's Content.

Don't ever seek for happiness across the land or sea,  
For Love is in the home-place, where life promised Love  
would be;  
No shadows of the world-strife where, in the twilight late,  
The home-latch clicks a welcome and you enter Love's own  
gate.

A green world around you—a star-right firmament,  
And Life the joy you dreamed it in the "Land of Heart's  
Content."

Even the darkest shadows with dreams and gleams of light,  
Love's cloudless stars to guide you to a world-home, heaven-  
bright.—Frank L. Stanton in *Atlanto Constitution*.



# DR. ANNA HOWARD SHAW.

## The Celebrated Champion of Women Tells Some of the Story of Her Life.

Many trenchant articles have come from the caustic pen of Dr. Anna Howard Shaw. She is a woman who takes life and her mission in it very seriously; so to the general reader it is rather surprising to find that there are lightness, humor, and the charm of a very human existence in her autobiography, "The Story of a Pioneer." Perhaps a good measure of credit is due to Elizabeth Jordan, who is her collaborator; and undoubtedly it is through the predilections of the latter that almost half of the book is given up to the colorful childhood days of the noted heroine.

Heritage had something to do in the production of this aggressively active woman. She speaks of her ancestors as "the fighting Shaws," and sketches the belligerent family tree, of which her Scotch grandmother was a notable ornament:

My thoughts dwell lovingly on this grandmother, Nicolas Grant Stott, for she was a remarkable woman, with a dauntless soul and progressive ideas far in advance of her time. She was one of the first Unitarians in England, and years before any thought of woman suffrage entered the minds of her countrywomen she refused to pay tithes to the support of the Church of England—an action which precipitated a long-drawn-out conflict between her and the law. In those days it was customary to assess tithes on every pane of glass in a window, and a portion of the money thus collected went to the support of the church. Year after year my intrepid grandmother refused to pay these assessments, and year after year she sat pensively upon her doorstep, watching articles of her furniture being sold for money to pay her tithes. It must have been an impressive picture, and it was one with which the community became thoroughly familiar, as the determined old lady never won her fight and never abandoned it. She had at least the comfort of public sympathy, for she was by far the most popular woman in the countryside. Her neighbors admired her courage; perhaps they appreciated still more what she did for them, for she spent all her leisure in the homes of the very poor, mending their clothing and teaching them to sew. Also she left behind her a path of cleanliness as definite as the line of foam that follows a ship; for it soon became known among her protégées that Nicolas Stott was as much opposed to dirt as she was to the payment of tithes.

Of her immediate predecessors Dr. Shaw's mother seems to have possessed the greatest strength of character. The father was an impractical dreamer and a wanderer. From Scotland he took his family to London, but "the big, indifferent city had nothing to offer." Finally America drew him, and the pioneer life here became the mold for his fate and that of his children:

I can see, too, the toys he brought me—a little saw and a hatchet, which became the dearest treasures of my childish days. They were faddish gifts, that saw and hatchet; in the years ahead of me I was to use tools as well as my brothers did, as I proved when I helped to build our frontier home.

We went to New Bedford with father, who had found work there at his old trade; and here I laid the foundations of my first childhood friendship, not with another child, but with my next-door neighbor, a shipbuilder. Morning after morning this man swung me on his big shoulder and took me to his shipyard, where my hatchet and saw had violent exercise as I imitated the workers around me. Discovering that my tiny petticoats were in my way, my new friend had a little boy's suit made for me; and thus emancipated, at this tender age, I worked unwearyingly at his side all day long and day after day. No doubt it was due to him that I did not casually saw off a few of my fingers and toes. Certainly I smashed them often enough with blows of my dull but active hatchet. I was very, very busy; and I have always maintained that I began to earn my share of the family's living at the age of five—for in return for the delights of my society, which seemed never to pall upon him, my new friend allowed my brothers to carry home from the shipyard all the wood my mother could use.

From New Bedford the family went to Lawrence, Massachusetts, where, Dr. Shaw says, "at the tender age of nine and ten I became interested in the Abolition movement." An incident of these years illustrates the precise morality of the times:

Our neighbors, the Cabots, were one day giving a great garden party, and my sister was helping to pick strawberries for the occasion. When I was going home from school I passed the berry-patches and stopped to speak to my sister, who at once presented me with two strawberries. She said Mrs. Cabot had told her to eat all she wanted, but that she would eat two less than she wanted and give those two to me. To my mind, the suggestion was generous and proper; in my life strawberries were rare. I ate one berry, and then, overcome by an ambition to be generous also, took the other berry home to my mother, telling her how I got it. To my chagrin, mother was deeply shocked. She told me that the transaction was all wrong, and she made me take back the berry and explain the matter to Mrs. Cabot. By the time I reached that generous lady the berry was the worse for its journey, and so was I. I was only nine years old and very sensitive. It was clear to me that I could hardly live through the humiliation of the confession, and it was indeed a bitter experience—the worst, I think, in my young life, though Mrs. Cabot was both sympathetic and understanding. She kissed me, and sent a quart of strawberries to my mother; but for a long time afterward I could not meet her kind eyes, for I believed that in her heart she thought me a thief.

The adolescent years of Dr. Shaw's life were spent on a claim in the wilds of Michigan. She describes the arrival at the home which their father had gone ahead to prepare for them:

The next morning we made the last stage of our journey, our hearts filled with the joy of nearing our new home. We all had an idea that we were going to a farm, and we expected some resemblances at least to the prosperous farms we had seen in New England. My mother's mental picture was, naturally, of an English farm. Possibly she had visions of red barns and deep meadows, sunny skies and daisies. What we found awaiting us were the four walls and the roof of a good-sized log-house, standing in a small cleared strip of the

wilderness, its doors and windows represented by square holes, its floor also a thing of the future, its whole effect achingly forlorn and desolate. It was late in the afternoon when we drove up to the opening that was its front entrance, and I shall never forget the look my mother turned upon the place. Without a word she crossed its threshold, and, standing very still, looked slowly around her. Then something within her seemed to give way, and she sank upon the ground. She could not realize even then, I think, that this was really the place father had prepared for us, that here he expected us to live. When she finally took it in she buried her face in her hands, and in that way she sat for hours without speaking or moving. For the first time in her life she had forgotten us; and we, for our part, dared not speak to her. We stood around her in a frightened group, talking to one another in whispers. Our little world had crumbled under our feet. Never before had we seen our mother give way to despair.

Night began to fall. The woods became alive with night creatures, and the most harmless made the most noise. The owls began to hoot, and soon we hear the wildcat, whose cry—a screech like that of a lost and panic-stricken child—is one of the most appalling sounds of the forest. Later the wolves added their howls to the uproar, but though darkness came and we children whimpered around her, our mother still sat in her strange lethargy.

At last my brother brought the horses close to the cabin and built fires to protect them and us. He was only twenty, but he showed himself a man during those early pioneer days. While he was picketing the horses and building his protecting fires my mother came to herself, but her face when she raised it was worse than her silence had been. She seemed to have died and to have returned to us from the grave, and I am sure she felt that she had done so. From that moment she took up again the burden of her life, a burden she did not lay down until she passed away; but her face never lost the deep lines those first hours of her pioneer life had cut upon it.

Food and furniture had to be found for themselves by the mother and her family of children; and several years of hardship became their portion. Education came through the books which they had brought with them and with which their father supplied them from time to time.

In time Anna Shaw taught in the wilderness schools and finally chance and the advice of a friend developed her ambition to become a preacher. Her first sermon was preached in a schoolhouse. After a period at Albion College she took up a theological course at the Boston University:

With characteristic optimism I hired a little attic room on Tremont Street and established myself therein. In lieu of a window the room offered a pale skylight to the February storms, and there was neither height in it nor running water; but its possession gave me a pleasant sense of proprietorship, and the whole experience seemed a high adventure. I at once sought opportunities to preach and lecture, but these were even rarer than firelight and food. In Albion I had been practically the only licensed preacher available for substitute and special work. In Boston University's three theological classes there were a hundred men, each snatching eagerly at the slightest possibility of employment; and when, despite this competition, I received and responded to an invitation to preach, I never knew whether I was to be paid for my services in cash or in compliments. If, by a happy chance, the compensation came in cash, the amount was rarely more than five dollars, and never more than ten. There was no help in sight from my family, whose early opposition to my career as a minister had hotly flamed forth again when I started East. I lived, therefore, on milk and crackers, and for weeks at a time my hunger was never wholly satisfied. In my home in the wilderness I had often heard the wolves prowling around our door at night. Now, in Boston, I heard them even at high noon.

The first permanent parish occupied by Dr. Shaw was at East Dennis, Cape Cod. Here she spent seven years with a flock that at first gave her much trouble in the settlement of their quarrels. Among the friends which she made here were two whose dissimilar characters she sketches in her book:

Captain Doane was one of the finest men I have ever known—high-minded, tolerant, sympathetic, and full of understanding. He was not only my friend, but my church barometer. He occupied a front pew, close to the pulpit; and when I was preaching without making much appeal he sat looking me straight in the face, listening courteously, but without interest. When I got into my subject he would lean forward—the angle at which he sat indicating the degree of attention I had aroused—and when I was strongly holding my congregation Brother Doane would bend toward me, following every word I uttered with corresponding motions of his lips. When I resigned we parted with deep regret, but it was not until I visited the church several years afterward that he overcame his reserve enough to tell me how much he had felt my going.

"Oh, did you?" I asked, greatly touched. "You're not saying that merely to please me?"

The old man's hand fell on my shoulder. "I miss you," he said simply. "I miss you all the time. You see, I love you." Then with precipitate self-consciousness, he closed the door of his New England heart, and from some remote corner of it sent out his cautious after-thought. "I love you," he repeated primly, "as a sister in the Lord."

The other dear friend was an invalid of beautiful character:

Relief Paine lived in Brewster. Her name seemed prophetic, and she told me that she had always considered it so. Her brother-in-law was my Sunday-school superintendent, and her family belonged to my church. Very soon after my arrival in East Dennis I went to see her, and found her, as she always was, dressed in white and lying on a tiny white bed covered with pansies, in a room whose windows overlooked the sea. I shall never forget the picture she made. Over her shoulders was an exquisite white lace shawl brought from the other side of the world by some seafaring friend, and against her white pillow her hair seemed the blackest I had ever seen. When I entered she turned and looked toward me with wonderful dark eyes that were quite blind, and as she talked her hands played with the pansies around her. She loved pansies as she loved few human beings, and she knew their colors by touching them. She was then a little more than thirty years of age. At sixteen she had fallen downstairs in the dark, receiving an injury that paralyzed her, and for fifteen years she had lain on one side, perfectly still, the Stellar Maris of the Cape.

When the problems of East Dennis began to reach what solution she could give them Dr. Shaw turned to the study of medicine to further occupy her time.

While studying at the medical school she had some practical training in the slums of Boston:

In my senior year I fell in love with an infant of three, named Patsy. He was one of nine children when I was called to deliver his mother of her tenth child. She was drunk when I reached her, and so were two men who lay on the floor in the same room. I had them carried out, and after the mother and baby had been attended to, I noticed Patsy. He was the most beautiful child I had ever seen—with eyes like Italian skies and yellow hair in tight curls over his adorable little head; but he was covered with filthy rags. I borrowed him, took him home with me, and fed and bathed him, and the next day fitted him out with new clothes. Every hour I had him tightened his hold on my heart-strings. I went to his mother and begged her to let me keep him, but she refused, and after a great deal of argument and entreaty I had to return him to her. When I went to see him a few days later I found him again in his horrible rags. His mother had pawned his new clothes for drink, and she was deeply under its influence. But no pressure I could exert then or later would make her part with Patsy. Finally, for my own peace of mind, I had to give up hope of getting him—but I have never ceased to regret the little adopted son I might have had.

Many times did Dr. Shaw find her medical experience useful. She tells of being on a train which wrecked a buggy, killing its woman driver and injuring her little daughter. The women were hysterical:

The men were willing but inefficient, with the exception of one uncouth woodsman, whose trousers were tucked into his boots and whose hands were phenomenally big and awkward. But they were also very gentle, as I realized when he began to help me. I knew at once that he was the man I needed, notwithstanding his unkempt hair, his general ungainliness, the hat he wore on the back of his head, and the pink carnation in his buttonhole, which, by its very incongruity, added the final accent to his unprepossessing appearance. Together we worked over the child, making it as comfortable as we could. It was hardly necessary to tell my aide what I wanted done; he seemed to know and even to anticipate my efforts.

When we reached the next station the dead woman was taken out and laid on the platform, and a nurse and doctor who had been telegraphed for were waiting to care for the little girl. She was conscious by this time, and with the most exquisite gentleness my rustic Bayard lifted her in his arms to carry her off the train. Quite unnecessarily I motioned to him not to let her see her dead mother. He was not the sort who needed that warning; he had already turned her face to his shoulder, and with head bent low above her, he was safely skirting the spot where the long, covered figure lay.

Evidently the station was his destination, too, for he remained there; but just as the train pulled out he came hurrying to my window, took the carnation from his button-hole, and without a word handed it to me. And after the tragic hour in which I had learned to know him the crushed flower, from that man, seemed the best fee I had ever received.

A good part of the book is, of course, taken up with the subject of the campaign for woman's suffrage in this country. The famous debate with Senator Ingalls is described. The audience applauded when he asked, "Would you like to add three million illiterate voters to the large body of illiterate voters we have in America today?"

One of Senator Ingalls's most discussed personal peculiarities was the parting of his hair in the middle. Cartoonists and newspaper writers always made much of this, so when I rose to reply I felt justified in mentioning it.

"Senator Ingalls," I began, "parts his hair in the middle, as we all know, but he makes up for it by parting his figures on one side. Last night he gave you the short side of his figures. At the present time there are in the United States about eighteen million women of voting age. When the senator asked whether you wanted three million additional illiterate women voters, he forgot to ask also if you didn't want fifteen million additional intelligent women voters! We will grant that it will take the votes of three million intelligent women to wipe out the votes of three million illiterate women. But don't forget that that would still leave us twelve million intelligent votes to the good!"

The audience applauded as gayly as it had applauded Senator Ingalls when he spoke on the other side, and I continued:

"Now women have always been generous to men. So of our twelve million intelligent voters we will offer four million to offset the votes of the four million illiterate men in this country—and then we will still have eight million intelligent votes to add to the other intelligent votes which are cast."

Susan B. Anthony becomes a very living and wonderful person in the pages of Dr. Shaw's book. Dr. Shaw tells of one night spent with the great woman suffrage worker:

Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, "Aunt Susan," then nearly seventy, was still as fresh and as full of enthusiasm as a young girl. She had a great deal to say, she declared, and she proceeded to say it—sitting in a big easy-chair near the bed, with a rug around her knees, while I propped myself up with pillows and listened.

Hours passed and the dawn peered wanly through the windows, but still Miss Anthony talked of the Cause—always of the Cause—and of what we two must do for it. The previous evening she had been too busy to eat any dinner, and I greatly doubt whether she had eaten any luncheon at noon. She had been on her feet for hours at a time, and she had held numerous discussions with other women she wished to inspire to special effort. Yet, after it all, she was here laying out our campaigns for years to come, foreseeing everything, forgetting nothing, and sweeping me with her in her flight toward our common goal, until I, who am not easily carried off my feet, experienced an almost dizzy sense of exhilaration.

Suddenly she stopped, looked at the gas-jets paling in the morning light that filled the room, and for a fleeting instant seemed surprised. In the next she had dismissed from her mind the realization that we had talked all night. Why should we not talk all night? It was part of our work. She threw off the enveloping rug and rose.

"I must dress now," she said briskly. "I've called a committee meeting before the morning session."

Dr. Shaw has many admirers and many detractors. The interesting story of her life is one to increase the number of her sympathizers.

THE STORY OF A PIONEER. By Dr. Anna H. Shaw. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$2 net.



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## Women's Ways.

Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim makes another effort to write a non-political novel, and although it is distinctly a success we must confess to a preference for the subterranean diplomacies, the secret agents, and the beautiful women spics and detectives who usually people Mr. Oppenheim's delightful stage.

The story centres around a crime. The Marquis de Lakenham is found murdered in the hilliard room of Annerley Court, and suspicion falls upon Sybil Cluley, a beautiful actress, who is also the guest of Sir Jermyn Annerley and who is his affianced wife. It seems that Lord Lakenham has discovered a secret in Miss Cluley's early stage career, and he has plotted with the Duchesse de Sayers, who is herself in love with Sir Jermyn, to use his knowledge in order to break off the engagement. The plot succeeds. Sir Jermyn is not only convinced that Miss Cluley has murdered Lakenham in order to close his mouth, but also that the Duchesse witnessed the murder and that she will avow what she knows unless he marries her. The matter could have been adjusted by five minutes' conversation between Sir Jermyn and Miss Cluley, and in real life there would have been an instant comparison of notes between the two. But the novelist can impose either reticence or speech upon his characters, and in this case he imposes reticence. Mr. Oppenheim deserves unstinted praise for the artistic way in which he brings his story to its end. It is as unexpected as it is delightful. There are few novelists who have the courage to show us the goodness of bad people and to break away from the conventions of fiction in order to picture human nature as it actually is. For once we are allowed to give our hearts to the villain of the play.

THE WAY OF THESE WOMEN. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.35 net.

## Peru.

After much observation we are inclined to think that women write better travel hooks than men, because their range of sympathies is wider. They are able to see and to admire the things that do not relate to money, and consequently their pages are not filled with trade statistics and ecstasies on the subject of development possibilities.

Millicent Todd tells us nothing about products or commerce in her delightful hook on Peru. But she shows us a country of fascinating traditions and hatched in the glamour of a romantic history. She tells us about pirates, and convents, myths, and monuments, the people of today and of long ago, jungles and animals, and all the delightful medley of a country that is still natural and primitive and unsophisticated. And amid much that is new she explains a much discussed problem, that of the method by which the Peruvian savages reduce the heads of their enemies to perfect and undistorted miniatures. It seems that certain drugs are poured into the severed head whereby the bones are softened. The bones are then replaced by small red-hot stones and the head is steamed, with the result that the flesh adjusts itself without distortion to a size about one-fifth of the original. But she tells us somewhat grimly of a German scientist who tried to verify this procedure and whose own head, admirably reduced, was subsequently to be seen on the end of a pole.

The volume contains a number of useful photographic illustrations.

PERU: A LAND OF CONTRASTS. By Millicent Todd. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$2 net.

## An Arctic Story.

It seems that Arctic exploration may be combined very prettily with romance, a mine that the novelists have left largely unworked. In this case the explorer is Eric Hedon, who becomes engaged to Margaret Sherwood and then departs for polar regions. As he has not been heard of for two years he is supposed to be dead, and his rival, Latham, is thus encouraged to claim his vacant place with Margaret. But Margaret believes that Eric is alive, and in order to settle the point Latham himself offers to equip and accompany a search expedition, and Margaret decides to go, too.

The rest of the story is a really capital account of an arctic voyage written with a minimum of scientific detail, but with enough geographical accuracy for the purpose. Of course Eric is found, as we knew he would be, and Nemesis overwhelms the villain. Mr. Balmer has done a good piece of work and should now be encouraged to do another.

A WILD GOOSE CHASE. By Edwin Balmer. New York: Duffield & Co.

## Theology.

There is always a charm about the religion of a mathematician because of the precision with which he treats it. Dr. Keyser has already given us a little volume on "Science and Religion," and this is now followed by another, equally good, on "The New

Infinite and the Old Theology." Whether mathematics can make an impression on theological stupidities remains to be seen, and perhaps theology would no longer be recognizable if it did. But it seems certain that the world is tired of an unprecise theology and that consequently it shows an undesirable and unmoral preference for mechanistic interpretations.

One thing at least Dr. Keyser has done for us. He helps us to a conception of infinity, and to a recognition of what we will call, unpardonably, a dimensional infinity. He shows us that within the inconceivably minute atom there nevertheless exist point configurations corresponding exactly with each and all of the infinitely infinite hosts of point configurations everywhere throughout the immensities of space. Therefore the atom itself is infinite and the whole is incarnate in every point. The dynamics of the universe are to be found in every configuration, however minute.

THE NEW INFINITE AND THE OLD THEOLOGY. By Cassius J. Keyser, Ph. D., LL. D. New Haven, Connecticut: Yale University Press; 75 cents net.

## A Cornish Story.

The Cornish are a folk unto themselves, and Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch is their spokesman. In this story he gives us a picture of a Cornish village, and perhaps there is rather more picture than story. He shows us the fisher folk, the rival ministers, the ladies of the churches, the hanker, and the policeman. And there is Nicky-Nan himself, naval reservist and pensioner, who is unable to join the colors on the outbreak of the war because of a growth on his leg. But Nicky-Nan finds a hoard of gold instead and nearly gets into trouble as a result, as sometimes happens to those who become suddenly rich. The war is the background to this new story by "Q," but it is only a background. The real charm is its picture of Cornish life and its clear-cut delineation of interesting people.

NICKY-NAN, RESERVIST. By "Q" (A. T. Quiller-Couch). New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.35 net.

## Common Sense and Suffrage.

This is a new edition of the volume first published in 1894, and that it may be read almost without a recognition of its age is a tribute to its breadth of view and to its attention to principles rather than to the ebb and flow of events and tendencies. It seems to have been the author's main contention that government is concerned not so much with the classifications of human beings as with their individual rights as human beings. Women must therefore be regarded, not as a sex, or as property-holders, or as engaged in occupations, or as sufferers from particular disabilities, but as human beings and without reference to other classification. The plea is a strong one and strongly made. It should be studied as much by suffragists as by their opponents.

"COMMON SENSE," APPLIED TO WOMAN SUFFRAGE. By Mary Putnam-Jacobi, M. D. Second edition. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1 net.

## Gossip of Books and Authors.

Bernard R. Mayhew, architect of the Palace of Fine Arts at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, has written a little volume in which he discusses in a naive and simple manner the Fine Arts Palace and Lagoon, not from the physical, but rather from a psychological point of view, with reference to the effects of architectural forms on the mind and feelings, and analyzes the various elements which influenced the composition of the architecture and landscape. The volume will include an introduction by Frank Morton Todd, and will be published by Paul Elder & Co.

The Houghton Mifflin Company announces a second printing of the Pocket Edition of Emerson's Essays, the Visitors' Edition of Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn," and a third printing of "The Story of a Thousand-Year Pine," by Enos A. Mills.

The H. S. Crocker Company has brought out a little paper-covered hook on "The Meaning of the Exposition," by John D. Barry, to be sold at twenty-five cents. It is intended for those people who wish to secure a general idea of the Exposition without taking the time or the trouble to go through an elaborate volume. It covers the main points of interest on the grounds and it can be read in a quarter of an hour.

"The Money Master" is a new novel by Sir Gilbert Parker from the press of Harper & Brothers. It is a story of the Canada of today. The hero is the moneyed man of the district, half philosopher, half financial genius; vain, but not conceited—truly Gallic in temperament. His philosophy is tried indeed, for his Spanish wife leaves him, his daughter marries against his will, his mills are set on fire, his riches and his prestige take to themselves wings. But the money master shows himself greater than his misfortunes. The other characters, the judge, the law clerk, the three women—the two he loves and the one

who loves him—stand out against the clear background of French-Canadian life. Sir Gilbert Parker himself characterizes "The Money Master" as "perhaps the best and surely the most pleasing of all my novels."

Paul Elder & Co. have been awarded a medal of honor by the international jury, Panama-Pacific International Exposition. This medal is next to the grand prize.

Julie M. Lippmann, author of "Martha-the-Day," has written a new novel, "Burkeses Amy," published by Henry Holt & Co. Though brought up in helpless luxury by her grandfather and aunt, and nearly spoiled in the process, Amy, instead of going to Europe with them, decides to stick to her father and share his home in the thick of a crowded East Side tenement, where he is devoting his heart and mind to social work. The faithful Ellen, whose humor and sound sense will remind the reader of "Martha-the-Day," stays with Amy as housekeeper and maid of all work. In this new setting Amy's story starts, and there she finds her way to strength of character and into the world of romance.

Sidney McCall, best known to American readers as the author of "Truth Dexter," is completing a new Southern romance, entitled "The Stirrup Latch," which Little, Brown & Co. will publish in October.

A prominent bookseller's opinion of Samuel Hopkins Adams's new story, "Little Miss Grouch," which was published September 18th by the Houghton Mifflin Company, is that it is "the best thing since the days of 'Molly Make-Believe.'"

Little, Brown & Co. announce a tenth printing of W. L. George's "The Second Blooming," which has been one of the most successful novels of the year. Mr. George is now at work on a new novel for publication early in 1916.

"Buck Parvin and the Movies" is a new novel by Charles E. Van Loan, whose hasehall and racing yarns have been features of the *Saturday Evening Post*. It is first of all an amusing story, with the love of the pretty leading lady, the dry humor of the hored property man, the hustling of the director, and the humor of the cowpuncher turned actor and desirous of having the most expensive sombrero on record. The George H. Doran Company is the publisher.

Jessie Willcox Smith, the eminent Philadelphia artist, has made eight full-page drawings in color for Louisa M. Alcott's "Little Women," and these will be reproduced in a new edition which Little, Brown & Co. brought out on September 18th.

A uniform edition of the works of Oscar Wilde, bound in red flexible leather, gilt top, and stamped in gold on the back, with the author's signature in gold on the side, will be published by G. P. Putnam's Sons this month. The volumes constituting the set will be sold separately, so that those who wish to sample Wilde before purchasing supplementary volumes, or those who prefer to build up a set, a volume at a time, may be given the opportunity of indulging their wishes. This is the first time that a set of Wilde has been sold in this manner.

The following hooks will be published by the Houghton Mifflin Company today—September 25th: "Closed Doors," by Margaret Prescott Montague; "Lotta Emhury's Career," by Elia W. Peattie; "The Greatest of Literary Problems," by James Phinney Baxter; "Who's Who in the Land of Nod," by Sarah

# The White House

## Six New Books

|                               |        |
|-------------------------------|--------|
| THE WAY OF THESE WOMEN.....   | \$1.35 |
| By E. Phillips Oppenheim.     |        |
| THE FOOLISH VIRGIN.....       | 1.35   |
| By Thomas Dixon.              |        |
| HEART OF THE SUNSET.....      | 1.35   |
| By Rex Beach.                 |        |
| THE RESEARCH MAGNIFICENT..... | 1.50   |
| By H. G. Wells                |        |
| THE MONEY MASTER.....         | 1.35   |
| By Gilbert Parker.            |        |
| THE STORY OF JULIA PAGE.....  | 1.35   |
| By Kathleen Norris.           |        |

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Sandeson Vanderhilt; "The Bunnikins-Bunnies' Christmas Tree," by Edith B. Davidson; "Essays and Speeches," by Charles G. Dawes; and "The Case of American Drama," by Thomas H. Dickinson, editor of "The Chief Contemporary Dramatists."

Just before his death, F. Hopkinson Smith finished the revision of "Felix O'Day," a novel now being published by Charles Scribner's Sons. The story, which has a distinct Dickens flavor, is of New York—the New York of ten years ago, when the antique shops all congregated on Fourth Avenue just below Thirtieth Street. It is in one of these very shops that Felix spends the working hours of his mysterious life.

"The Bent Twig," by Dorothy Canfield, author of "The Squirrel-Cage," "A Montessori Mother," "Hillshoro People," etc., is her latest novel, and is published by Henry Holt & Co. The "Twig" is Sylvia Marshall, an American girl, bent by the customs, traditions, ideals of her Western home, and by the integrity of her mother's character. The story is of the influence on Sylvia's character of her mother's personality, of her girlhood environment, and of her personal beauty and charm. The author also shows the circumstances which ultimately make her quite different from an English, French, or German girl of the same temperament. The story is laid first in a Middle Western state university town, where Sylvia's father is head of the department of economics.

G. P. Putnam's Sons are bringing out this month a volume entitled "War and Christianity: From the Russian Point of View," by Vladimir Solovyov, with an introduction by Stephen Graham. Solovyov, who died in 1901, was Russia's greatest philosopher and one of the greatest of her poets. In national culture he owned Dostoevsky as his prophet, and with him is one of the spiritual leaders of the Russian people. In this volume he combats Tolstoyism and positivism, expressing the trust in spiritual power which was his deepest faith.



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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Spelling.

This volume is issued in the Childhood and Youth Series and is described as "an investigation of the psychology of spelling . . . and the practical problems of teaching spelling." The authors have done their work of analysis in a thoroughly practical way, but they do not seem to be very hopeful of improvement. If an inexperienced comment may be allowed it would be to the effect that teachers who can not write a four-page letter without spelling errors are hardly fit instructors in an art that they themselves have not mastered. And there are very few teachers who could write such a letter. And it may be further said that the "psychology" of bad spelling in the schools reduced itself to the relatively simple problem of a sheer and unadulterated slovenliness.

THE CHILD AND HIS SPELLING. By W. A. Cook and M. V. O'Shea. Indianapolis: The Hobbs-Merrill Company; \$1 net.

Briefer Reviews.

Little, Brown & Co. have published "The Child's Book of American Biography," by Mary Stoyell Stimpson (\$1 net). It is intended for children from eight to thirteen and it contains brief life stories of thirty great Americans.

"Heroic Deeds of American Sailors," by Albert F. Braisdell and Francis K. Ball (Little, Brown & Co.; 70 cents net), is intended for boys and girls from nine to thirteen. It consists of stories of dramatic and picturesque events illustrating the perils and braveries of the sea, and is fully illustrated.

Walt Mason has been a delight and a profit to thousands, and there should be a warm welcome for his volume of collected verse

that has just been issued by A. C. McClurg & Co. It is entitled "Horse Sense," which is precisely what it is, and the price is \$1.25 net.

Little, Brown & Co. have published a book that should have an interest for the housekeeper. It is entitled "Canning, Preserving, and Jelly-Making," by Janet McKenzie Hill (\$1 net), and it seems to be practical enough for every domestic purpose.

Dr. Frank Crane's little essays are so well known that they need no praise. The author has the happy faculty of telling us the things that we have always known, the things that commend themselves instantly as the most familiar of truths. And to do that is art. Under the title of "Just Human" the John Lane Company has published a volume of these essays and it is worth reading and possessing. Price, \$1 net.

It is well that admirers of the Exposition, and especially those who know how to admire, should set forth in permanent form their own translation of its beauties. This has been done in a quite pleasing way by Mrs. Katherine Delmar Burke in her "Story of Walls of the Exposition," now on sale in city book stores. Mrs. Burke has not written a guide-book nor a criticism. In her own words it is "merely a transmission to my friends and companions of a small part of the pleasure and inspiration this wonder-place has been to me." Certainly it is eminently readable, and its many illustrations are useful and good to look at.

New Books Received.

RED WINE OF ROUSILLON. By William Lindsey. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.

A drama.

CONTEMPORARY FRENCH DRAMATISTS. By Bar-

rett H. Clark. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company; \$1.50 net.

A collection of studies on the modern French theatre.

THE RESEARCH MAGNIFICENT. By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50. A novel.

HAPPY DAYS. By A. A. Milne. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net. A volume of humorous sketches.

PEGGY. By Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd. New York: The Century Company; \$1.25 net. A novel.

MR. BINGLE. By George Barr McCutcheon. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.35 net. A novel.

MINNIE'S BISHOP. By G. A. Birmingham. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.20 net.

A volume of short stories.

THE AMATEUR CARPENTER. By A. Hyatt Verrill. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.25 net. With over 200 diagrams by the author.

BERNARD SHAW. By P. P. Howe. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$2 net. A critical study.

THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH. By Archibald Marshall. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.35 net. A novel.

BELGIUM'S AGONY. By Emile Verhaeren. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net. An appeal for Belgium.

THE FREELANDS. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.35 net. A novel.

THE LITTLE ILIAD. By Maurice Hewlett. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. A novel.

INDIA AND THE WAR. With an introduction by Lord Sydenham of Combe, G. C. S. J., G. C. M.

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G. G. C. I. E., F. R. S. New York: George H. Doran Company

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MARIE TARNOWSKA. By A. Vivanti Chartres.

New York: The Century Company; \$1.50 net.

The true story of a great crime.



"FRAMERS OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE U.S.A." NO. 8

The Pinckneys—"Fathers of the Republic"

PERHAPS South Carolina's best gift to this Free Republic was the splendid services of her two great sons—Charles Cotesworth Pinckney and Charles Pinckney. It can truthfully be said of the Pinckneys that their love of honor was greater than their love of power, and deeper than their love of self. One played an important part in the "Louisiana Purchase"—the other, while an envoy to France, was told that the use of money would avert war, and to this replied: "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute." Both devoted their eminent abilities toward framing our National Law. The Constitution of the United States, as it stands to-day, was built upon the framework of a plan first proposed by Charles Pinckney. It was he who demanded that it contain freedom of religion, freedom of the press, habeas corpus and trial by jury. In political faith only did these two great men differ. Charles Pinckney was an ardent Democrat, and Charles C. Pinckney a loyal Federalist, and was twice a candidate for President. It is easy to imagine the horror that these two great lovers of Personal Liberty would have expressed if shown the proposed Prohibition Laws of to-day. It is needless to say that if alive they would VOTE NO to such tyrannous encroachments upon the NATURAL RIGHTS OF MAN. The Pinckneys both believed in the moderate use of light wines and barley brews. They also believed in legislation which encouraged the Brewing Industry because they knew that honest Barley Beer makes for true temperance. For 58 years Anheuser-Busch have been brewers of honest Barley-Malt and Saazer Hop beers—the kind the Pinckneys knew to be good for mankind. To-day their great brand—BUDWEISER—because of its quality, purity, mildness and exquisite flavor, exceeds the sale of any other beer by millions of bottles; 7500 people are daily required to keep pace with the public demand for BUDWEISER.

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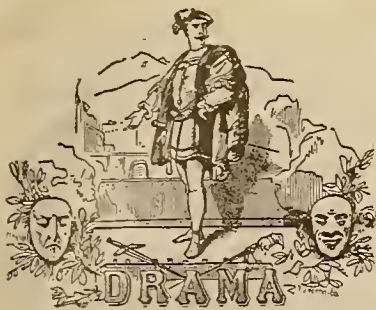
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## MELBA'S SUNDAY CONCERT.

We are accustomed, in this far-off city of the West, to have our idols return to us, after a long spell of years, with their beautiful faces, their beautiful voices, and, sometimes, their beautiful art tarnished by time. I expected, fully expected, this always saddening experience with Melba. It is quite a time since we have seen her, and the cruel years have a cruel way of leaving their mark. But, in spite of her solid build, the Australian diva seemed young at the first glance. She looked, indeed, rather like a nice, wholesome, heavyweight young matron. She wore a large, dark velvet cartwheel hat, her indubitably and, it now develops, fashionably massive proportions were veiled by a full-skirted, many-layered gown of black net, and she came in so lightly, so swiftly, so briskly, so cheerfully, so simply, so cordially, that she seemed to bring a wave of sunshine with her.

After her pleased and entente-establishing reception to the demonstrative welcome of the audience, the singer plunged into the mad scene from "Hamlet," and in about just one minute and a half by the clock relieved any lingering apprehensions that might be felt as to the condition of her voice. It is almost as perfect as ever. There is actually a suggestion of the freshness and beauty of spring in the unsullied crystal of the more normal notes of her singing voice, which gushes forth, without effort, like a clear, un-rippled stream. As for the higher notes, they are strong, true, and beautiful, but sometimes they come forth too explosively, due, perhaps, to greater physical effort; and there is just a slight veil over their once radiant whiteness.

Her programme was admirably well made. She gave us the mad scene for coloratura, "Depuis le jour" for tender, dreamy love sentiment; "Addio" from "La Bohème," for the enjoyment of a pleasant reminiscence; "Vissi d'Arte," from "La Tosca," because it was a good selection to express operatic sorrow; and Ardit's waltz song, "Se saran rose," as a brilliant wind-up. The simple, homely lays, "Annie Laurie," "Down in the Forest," "Comin' Through the Rye," and "Home, Sweet Home," she reserved for the encores, which she yielded with a very winning grace, in response to the delighted insistence of the audience, and with a certain simplicity of cordial and generous response which absolutely banished formality.

In fact, I have never before seen Melba take such intimate possession of the hearts of her audience. She had always seemed to me, in opera—I don't remember ever having heard her before in concert—a little phlegmatic in temperament; an idea borne out in some degree by her expression as seen in her pictures. Perhaps I am not sufficiently familiar with her stage appearances. I have not heard her sing frequently, but I used to have an idea that she was rather like a stage automaton, pleasant to look at, it is true, but moving about rather mechanically, and from the admirably simulated throat of which came forth strains of marvelous beauty. But this Melba of the concert stage is characterized by genuineness of manner, a delightful sincerity, and almost a buoyancy of spirits. I never before thought of Melba and buoyancy in the same chapter. Her mere entrances are friendly, informal, and characterized by a sort of soher gaiety.

Although she is the most renowned living exponent of "bel canto" Melba sang Charpentier's "Depuis le jour" like a modern, in singularly pure and beautiful tone, thoroughly infused with the rapt and dreamy sentiment with which Louise yielded herself to her dream of love.

It is a real comfort, however, not to be too eclectic; one can abandon one's self so peacefully to the enjoyment of the best from all sources. Of course, now that the new schools of vocal art are so thoroughly established and music-drama has almost displaced old-style opera, we are a little ashamed of ourselves for having formerly believed we could emotionalize over the sorrows of a pyrotechnically vocal heroine. Now that that delusion is comfortably over, one can settle down and listen discriminatingly to an exhibition of the amazing capabilities of the human voice as demonstrated by Melba's execution of the mad scene from "Hamlet." Somehow Ophelia was not thought of at all. That gentle and guileless maiden has no af-

finity with the being behind the composer's conception; that vocally wound-up being who poured forth her purely operatic sorrows in such bewilderingly brilliant cadenzas. Sorrow, in fact, has little part in Thomas's music. But, as sung by Melba, vocal art shone with brilliant lustre. And it was not all art, either, for, like Adelina Patti, Melba must have been born with amazing vocal endowments. As she runs down the chromatic scale the brilliant perfection of her notes startles one like sudden flashes of fire. As she renders songs of gentle and lovely sentiment, singing, for instance, "Down in the forest something stirred," one feels, in listening to the birdlike freshness and unsullied clearness of her voice, as if hers were the sun-warmed bird-notes filling the woodland hush of which she sang.

"Comin' Through the Rye" revealed a gay, laughing, coquettish Melba, and in "Annie Laurie" and "Home, Sweet Home," one just sat back with closed eyes and surrendered one's self to a tranquil enjoyment of absolute perfection of voice, method, and expression.

Her two operatic arias and the Ardit number all revealed, in varying degrees, the more exhibitory qualities, rather than the serene loveliness of her vocalism. In fact, the Melba who sang the simpler lays is a singer of the heart; one who can sing the songs of a nation, and let who will make its operas. It really seemed, indeed, as if Melba were to have a new career before her in these lovely songs of the heart, a career which was calling her, much as if she were a young singer just beginning to tread the heights instead of facing the long downward descent.

The programme included several numbers by Robert Parker, a young baritone with a voice that might be considered over-large if the singer were not able to tame its great volume to the gentlest piano. Mr. Parker sang "T'Pagliacci" first, making a very favorable impression on his audience. Unluckily, his afternoon's offering amounted to an anticlimax. He had us with him in "T'Pagliacci," which everybody loves, and nobody more than the grateful ones who sing it. There are in it such strangely eloquent passages, full of the loneliness that human souls must know, even in this crowded world. Mr. Parker's voice was eloquent in those eloquent passages, but once that song was over, he gradually lessened his hold on his audience. "Love Me or Not" was too sentimental for his rather unwieldy voice; his sentiment lacked sincerity. So with "Mother of Mine," given as an encore. I said to myself, "There is a heroic quality in his voice that will come out in 'The Two Grenadiers.'" And why didn't it? I give it up. But anyway he made us uneasy—and perhaps himself, too—by betraying a slight uncertainty of pitch. But although with his great voice that seems almost too big for his throat he could not sing lightly enough the bright, brave, challenging music of "Rolling Down to Rio," yet he put the spirit, the verve into it that won recognition, while it was due more to Mr. St. Leger's accompaniment than to the singer himself that we felt the heart-break of the two grenadiers. Mr. St. Leger, a very sympathetic accompanist, also rendered several piano solos. Temperamentally out of sympathy with the paraphrase from Tschalkowsky's "Eugen Onegin," which seemed noisy and without heart, he redeemed himself in two Chopin numbers, which he executed with delicacy and charm.

## THE ORPHEUM.

If it weren't for the "Four Marx Brothers," "A Forgotten Combination" would still head this week's bill in genuine merit. A pretty sure test is to see an act a second time and laugh all over again, not only at the situations, but at the way the performers meet them.

Lohse and Sterling in "fast and furious athletic feats" were discovered to be a good-looking and highly symmetrical young couple, whose slogan seemed to be speed. What specially characterized their act was the fearless rapidity with which they raced through exhibitions of nerve, balance, and strength, the woman of the pair showing, indeed, an unusual amount of the latter under her suave and symmetrical curves. She claims, indeed—so it is set forth in a printed stage announcement—to have received a gold medal for being the most physically perfect specimen of womanhood in America. But where did Nana get her gold medal? Who or what authority gave it to her? And how does any one know, in this country full of bewilderingly beautiful cosmopolitan types, which particular female unit excels in physical perfection?

Ohlmeyer and his sextet players are, giving a popular musical number, but with "Four Marx Brothers," Violinsky, the trio of women singers, and the Payne and Niemeyer songs, it seems to me that the programme runs too much to music. However, with a shifting population in holiday mood during these Exposition times, everything goes.

The "Home Again" act is one of those be-

wildering hodge-podges in which irrelevance and irreverence prevail that keeps one on the jump. It is fairly jammed with specialists, and each one of a cleverness! There are singers, dancers, players, and jesters, all of top-notch quality. They are so lavish with their material that one is reminded of a three-ring circus. While a full-throated soprano warbles her best, a ragged, irreverent gamin accompanies her fitfully on the harp, and, in a casual, dégage sort of a way, shows his proficiency on that instrument. It certainly is a novel idea to have a harp-player tricked out as a ragged, patched, dancing, tumbling, comedy gamin, who makes his harp cut up all kinds of didoes, rests his dusty feet comfortably on its nether proportions, and makes his classic, gilded instrument do everything, including the perpetration of a trick-burst string, that a harp should not do, while the grin of expectancy and enjoyment with which the gamin harp-player surveys the unending joke of life flickers, but never flees. The soprano was compelled to sing a serious number against all this foolery. The foolery was very amusing, but doesn't it seem queer to engage a serious singer and then waste her material on a comedy scene? However, that is vaudeville. It is also vaudeville for the youth to finally settle down and do some very nimble finger-work on those giant strings, plucking from them considerable variety of tone and quite a lot of enjoyable music. To be sure, it was, compared to the real thing, like journalese in contrast to literature, but journalese oftentimes attains to real brilliancy. There was some very good concerted singing by the general company, always ending in vocal jokes. That goes without saying.

The Marx family are versatile and gifted, and they certainly excel in the art of the stage smile. Their piano player carelessly bestraddled the stool and immediately inspired confidence by his swift, clean runs, and the mellowness of tone which he drew from the piano keys. He, too, fooled with his instrument, but simultaneously he pleased the ear, as he contrived a harp accompaniment out of the uncovered strings, and did comic stunts with his fingering that made the house interrupt the dainty, frivolous strains with roars of laughter. There is a good dancer, too, in the company, a slender, sinuous young thing who can keep it going like a whirlwind, preserving, even in the maddest frenzy of the dance, balance, certainty, and time. For the rest, there is an intractable German pater (one of the Marx's), disappearing in a thick accent of a frivolous, confident, and up-to-date son; a lorgnetted and supercilious mother; a be-sashed and he-curved daughter; a smiling and saucy soubrette, etc. Never mind the rest. They all revolve around the wealthy senior, who pours forth a lot of humorous dialogue, and the whole affair, while very scrappy, is clever in its understanding of the requirements of vaudeville patrons and in the good judgment with which its specialties are handed over only to trained and experienced specialists.

## THE PANTAGES THEATRE.

At this popular vaudeville house variety is more than ever regarded as the spice of life. Just now they are probably reserving their

higger drawing cards for after-Exposition time, when the public will have to be coaxed a little more. At present the place is crammed, and everything makes a hit. All tastes are aimed at—that is to say, the popular vaudeville tastes. "No Trespassing" hits off the tastes of the adolescent spoons. Young sweethearts, a tree-climbing, over-the-garden-wall flirtation, moonlight love songs, etc. There are gymnasts; an act with vocalists and instrumentalists; a fairly entertaining bit of cartoon work done with colored chalks in sight of the audience by R. C. Faulkner; a young couple in a lot of comedy patter; cheerful idiocy that is carried off by a much décolleté, glitteringly costumed, pretty girl, and a comedian who has care-

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fully modeled himself on the "hits" in upper vaudeville.

"The Birthday Party" is also carefully modeled, very incoherent, spangled with plump girls, gay songs and dances, and capturing irresistibly the cheerful mind. This and "On the Yukon" are the most pretentious numbers, the latter a conventional melodramalet with realistic setting. There is a saloon populated by dance and bar-girls, who make mournful allusions to God's country, home, and mother. There are a pervasiveness of whisky and a suggestion of rascality, which finally settle down to a cheating game of cards and culminates in a fight. That was the time when the tired people, who had home and had subconsciously but pleasantly in the background of their minds, suddenly became stimulated to eager interest. Why does humankind so love a fight? This was a very lively affair. They gripped, they rolled on the ground, they seemed to struggle and clench hard. It looked very much like the real thing. "One touch of nature," and the melodrama shaved reality. Recently I saw two boys beginning, or threatening to begin, a fight. Their fists clenched, and threatening, they warily surveyed each the other, waiting, watching for the moment to seize the advantage; or to see whether the other was going to make the first move. In all this universe each saw and felt and was aware of nothing but his antagonist. That absolute absorption, that fight psychology, held passing men and close-crowding boys in thrall. I was aware that the proper, conventional thing for me to do, as the only female spectator present was to resolutely advance, olive spray in hand, and persuade them to ways of peace and a handshake. But I, too, was held in the grip of that fight psychology, a grip that is at present holding the whole world as we breathlessly watch giant nations with horns locked. We are partisan, our race feeling, our sense of justice, our emotions, are keenly involved, but, women and men both, are simultaneously held in the thrall of that fight psychology, and ask themselves, with the breathless interest of a game, "Who will come out on top?"

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"Sinners" at the Cort.

Whoever respects the dignity and decency of the stage or is desirous that the drama maintain its high place among the fine arts must rejoice in the success of the new comedy-drama, "Sinners," which William A. Brady brings to the Cort Theatre Sunday night, September 26th, direct from a record-breaking run of 321 performances at the Playhouse, New York.

The title of "Sinners" is a misnomer, for it deals with neither crime nor crooks. Its interest is broad in its scope, and the touches of pathos, its two charming love stories, rollicking comedy, and strong dramatic situations make it an entertainment well worth seeing by everybody, old and young. The keynote of its success lies in the fact that it pictures real people, real life, and a real state of affairs to be found in practically any community of the present day. Unlike many of the so-called "heart" plays, "Sinners" is free from all vulgarity, silliness, and profanity. It is an exposé of dishonesty and hypocrisy.

"Sinners" is said to be one of those plays that come only once or twice in a season. It is the strong human interest, bright lines, and sparkling comedy of the play and the completeness with which the company of players "get inside the skins" of the characters that make enthusiastic friends of the play everywhere.

The varied abilities of some excellent and well-liked players have been called by William A. Brady to the service of "Sinners," prominent among whom are Helen MacKellar, of "Bought and Paid For" fame, and the youngest leading woman on the stage; Gertrude Dallas, last seen here as leading woman in "The Gamblers"; Roselle Knott, a transcontinental favorite, and Harry E. Humphrey, a well-known San Franciscan, who returns home after a few years' absence in the East, where he won his theatrical spurs. Others of prominence are William David, Walter Walker, George D. MacQuarrie, William Caryl, Beatrice Noyes, and Florence Beresford.

During the "Sinners" engagement there will be the usual Wednesday and Saturday matinees.

Miss Anglin Continues at the Columbia.

Margaret Anglin and her company at the Columbia Theatre are providing some of the best light, polite, and exquisite comedy San Francisco has enjoyed in many seasons in Paul Kester's smart play, "Beverly's Balance." The Kester comedy is alive and alert with action, while its story hides a purpose and is a most delightful preachment against divorce. A wholesome optimistic viewpoint animates the story and is in just the right key for Miss Anglin's merry, genial, and delicious comedy. The play will begin its third week next Monday night with the usual matinees on Wednesday and Saturday.

During the final week of Miss Anglin's Columbia engagement she will present a new play called "The Divine Friend," the work of Charles Phillips, a San Francisco newspaperman. Mr. Phillips received his inspiration for the play through Miss Anglin's performance of "Electra" at the Greek Theatre two years ago. He delivered the finished manuscript to Miss Anglin in January last, and it was immediately accepted. The play is now in rehearsal under the direction of Miss Anglin and the author.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

"A Telephone Tangle," which heads the Orpheum bill next week, is one of the merriest and most amusing farces ever presented to an audience. It makes a general appeal, for who is there that has not and does not frequently have a telephone mix-up. The stage setting shows "central" at work at the operator's busiest time. As the calls come rapidly in she makes the various connections. As each is made an illumination in the drop shows the operator's mistakes and the consequences that arise from them.

Those favorite players, Erwin and Jane Connelly, will present Sir W. S. Gilbert's dramatic contrast, "Sweethearts," which is one of the best comedies ever written and which enables Mr. and Mrs. Connelly to distinguish themselves in a most delightful manner.

Wilson and Lenore are a clever and versatile team who present an offering which includes song, dance, whistling, and accordion playing.

Devine and Williams will appear in a skit entitled "The Traveling Salesman and the Female Drummer," which is liberally interspersed with songs and comedy.

Brown and McCormack excel in pantomimic and acrobatic dancing, and Duret and Steele are versatile and popular entertainers.

Next week will be the last of Alice Lyndon Doll, with Mary Campbell and Jane Shaw, in "Moments Musical," and the Four Marx Brothers and their company in their great hit, "Home Again."

Fashion Show Heads the Pantages Bill.

"Haberdashery," one of the most unique musical-comedy productions that has been sent out this season, heads the new eight-act show at the Pantages Theatre opening on Sunday—tomorrow. There are eight stunning fashion models in the cast, who display the advanced styles for 1916 to the accompaniment of a delightful plot. Harrington Reynolds and Lucille Palmer, both well known locally, are the principal participants of "Haberdashery."

The Rev. Frank W. Gorman, who created a stir when he resigned from his pulpit in Seattle to win fame on the stage, calls himself the "Singing Parson." He has been before the footlights but a few months and has attracted considerable attention. One of the newspapers in the north styled him "the Chauncey Olcott of the Pulpit."

Harry von Fossen, a droll black-faced comedy maker, is the big laughing hit of the new show. Von Fossen has a jovial manner of telling stories and his parodies on the war hristle with shafts of sarcasm.

Dow and Dow, a duo of Hebrew fun-makers, garbed as eccentric sailors, will unravel a bundle of quips under the title of "Funny Things Aboard a Cruiser."

A sketch with all of the complications of an ideal vaudeville one-act is "The Four Twins," to be presented by Ada Due, Frank Bonner, and company.

The acrobatic features will be offered by the Bounding Pattersons and the comedy Rondas Trio.

THE MUSIC SEASON.

The Melba Farewell This Sunday Afternoon.

Mme. Melba will give her farewell concert at the Cort Theatre this Sunday afternoon, September 26th, at 2:30.

At the request of many music lovers Mme. Melba has consented to sing Handel's "L'Allegro ed Il Penseroso," with flute obligato, and Mons. Emilio Puyans has been specially engaged as assisting artist. The exquisite "Ave Maria" from Verdi's "Otello," "Chanson Triste" (Duparc), "Mandoline" (Debussy), "Chant Venetien" and "Valse-Nymphes et Sylvaïns" (Bemherg), will be among the diva's offerings.

The baritone, Robert Parker, will sing "The Tartarus Group" and "Nocturne" (Schubert), "Traum durch die Dämmerung" and "Heimliche Aufforderung" (Richard Strauss), and "The Serenade of Don Juan" (Tschaiowsky). Mr. St. Leger's piano numbers will consist of a Bach and two Brahms gems.

Evan Williams, Soloist at Exposition.

The last of the regular weekly concerts given by the Exposition Orchestra, prior to the Autumn Music Festival, will take place at Festival Hall on Sunday afternoon at half-past two, when probably the most important programme of the season will be offered. The soloist will be Evan Williams, known as the Welsh tenor, but who was born in this

country and received his entire schooling in the United States. He is distinguished in concert and oratorio, and no native voice has been discovered able to wrest the title, "greatest concert tenor," from Mr. Williams. He will also be heard at the Music Festival in "Elijah" Wednesday evening, September 29th, and in the Artists' Concert, Saturday afternoon, October 2d. His selections for this Sunday afternoon will be the aria, "Lend Me Your Aid," from Gounod's "The Queen of Sheba," and a group of four other songs.

Conductor Max Bendix and the splendid orchestra will play the Brahms Symphony, No. 2, in D major, op. 73, Bach's Suite No. 3, in D major, and "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," op. 28, by Richard Strauss. Everything points to a crowded house and seats are going with a rush at the Exposition ticket office, 343 Powell Street.

The Second Kreisler Programme.

On October 10th, at 3 o'clock, Fritz Kreisler will appear at the Cort Theatre in his second recital, under direction of Frank W. Healy. His programme, one of unusual merit, follows:

- La Folia (Variations).....Corelli  
First time here by Kreisler
- Sarabande, Double and Bourree.....Bach  
B minor. For violin alone
- Fantasy, C major, op. 131.....Schumann  
First time here by Kreisler
- Larghetto Lamentoso.....Godowsky  
First time here
- Rondino (on a theme by Beethoven)....Kreisler  
First time here
- Impromptu.....Schubert  
First time here by Kreisler
- Mazurka.....Chopin  
First time here by Kreisler
- Variations.....Tartini  
Indian Lament.....Dvorak-Kreisler  
First time here by Kreisler
- Vienessi Melody.....Gaertner-Kreisler  
First time here
- Spanish Dance.....Granados  
First time here
- Hungarian Dance.....Brahms

Seats are on sale and programmes may be secured at the box-offices of Sherman, Clay & Co., Kohler & Chase, and the Cort Theatre. Mail orders will be filled in the order of their receipt and as near the desired location as possible, and if self-addressed stamped envelope is enclosed tickets will be immediately mailed as directed.

Crowning Musical Event of Exposition Year.

The crowning musical event of the Exposition year will take place from September 29th to October 3d, when the Autumn Music Festival will be held in Festival Hall. For many months the music department of the Exposition has been making preparations for this noteworthy affair and music lovers are promised a succession of treats that will be remembered for many a year. For weeks past the Exposition Chorus, made up of 400 of the best voices to be found in the Bay cities, has been rehearsing the difficult scores of Mendelssohn's "Elijah" and Verdi's "Requiem," and Emil Mollenhauer, conductor of the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston, who is conducting the oratorios, says that the singers will please the most captious of critics.

The Exposition Orchestra of eighty musicians will play at all of the concerts, and "Elijah" will be given Wednesday evening at half-past eight, the principals including Mrs. Grace Bonner Williams, lyric soprano; Mme. Florence Mulford, a contralto who was last here with the Metropolitan Opera Company in that eventful April of 1906; Evan Williams, the concert tenor; Earl Cartwright, a baritone who has sung the part of "Elijah" at all the great music festivals of recent years, and a hoy soprano.

Thursday evening, at 8:30, Fritz Kreisler, the great violinist, will make his only appearance in San Francisco this season with an orchestra, playing Beethoven's wonderful Concerto in D major, op. 61, and the Concerto in C major by Antonio Vivaldi. The Exposition Orchestra, with Max Bendix conducting, will also play Beethoven's "Leonore, No. 3," overture, and "Tod und Verklarung," by Richard Strauss.

Friday evening there will be a public rehearsal, with the chorus, orchestra augmented to 100 musicians, and all of the soloists, of Verdi's "Requiem," for which an admission fee of fifty cents will be charged.

Saturday afternoon, October 2d, at 2:30, an Artists' Concert will be given, when the programme will be particularly attractive, and the participants will include Mrs. Grace Bonner Williams, Mme. Florence Mulford, Evan Williams, Earl Cartwright, Frederick Martin, the American basso profundo, and the Exposition Chorus.

The festival will be brought to a close on Sunday afternoon, October 3d, at 2:30, with a splendid production of Verdi's "Requiem," composed by the master in memory of his friend Manzoni. The difficult soprano rôle in the "Requiem" will afford ample opportunity for the display of the glorious voice and consummate art of Mme. Emmy Destinn, who will be heard for the first time in San Francisco at the festival. At the performance of the "Requiem" at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, last winter, Mme. Destinn achieved one of her greatest

triumphs. The other soloists will be Mme. Mulford, George Hamlin, tenor of the Chicago Grand Opera Company, and Frederic Martin.

Music lovers are coming from all parts of California to attend the Autumn Music Festival and there is a great demand for seats at the Exposition ticket office, 343 Powell Street, where mail orders, accompanied by check made payable to the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, receive prompt attention.

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**AUTUMN MUSIC FESTIVAL**  
AT FESTIVAL HALL, P. P. I. E.  
Wed., Sept. 29, at 8:30, Mendelssohn's "ELIJAH"; Thurs., Sept. 30, at 8:30, KREISLER CONCERT; Fri., Oct. 1, at 7:30, Public Rehearsal of Verdi's "REQUIEM"; Sat., Oct. 2, at 2:30, ARTISTS' CONCERT; Sun., Oct. 3, at 2:30, Verdi's "REQUIEM." Emmy Destinn, Grace Bonner Williams, Florence Mulford, George Hamlin, Evan Williams, Frederic Martin, Earl Cartwright and Fritz Kreisler, Soloists; Exposition Chorus of 400 and Exposition Orchestra of 80.  
Prices—75c, \$1 and \$1.50; box seats, \$2, at 343 Powell St.; phone Sutter 6646. Admission to "REQUIEM" rehearsal, 50c.

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Note—Election returns will be announced from the stage Tuesday night.  
Evening prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Matinee prices (except Sundays and holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phone—Douglas 70.

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## VANITY FAIR.

The popularity of that soul-stirring anthem of patriotism, "I Did Not Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier," leads one to inquire what the singers would prefer in the way of a career for their sons (says the New York Herald).

It is not unlikely that the woman who puts her soul into that splendid celebration of the civic virtues would be glad to see her son married to a woman able and willing to support him in the style to which his indulgent parent has accustomed him. Failing this, she would be content to see him the chairman of a vice commission or a reformer of the kind that "goes down to live among the poor." Certainly she would be proud to have him a professional pacifist, with an income estimated in marks instead of dollars. In short, a great many of the paths leading to glory are still open to the boy who has been brought up with a proper contempt for the old-fashioned qualities of courage and self-sacrifice for the country's good.

It is impossible to conceive of a self-respecting Frenchwoman singing such a song in this hour of peril. It would be dangerous for a German to attempt it. There have been times in the history of our nation when no American woman would have wished to sing it.

A San Francisco newspaper has introduced a delightful department for its woman's page. It is entitled "Ask Eleanor," and while we have not the slightest intention of asking Eleanor anything, not believing that she knows as much as a lady's watch, we have perused with some interest the information that she so lavishly displays.

For example. No doubt we have all of us wondered what to do with old pillow-cases. It is just the kind of thing that we do wonder about, and if we allowed ourselves to be tempted of Satan we should say throw the blamed things away. But here you will notice the peculiarity of the woman's writer, who invariably assumes that everything has a priceless value except time. Ask her what you can do with potato parings or melon rinds and she will promptly write a whole column explaining how by a few days of steady and continuous work you can turn these possessions into something still more useless and objectionable. And she calls this domestic science.

And so Eleanor tells us precisely what we can do with our old pillow-cases. Indeed, she gives us several alternatives. For example, why not make an apron for the laundress? She does not tell us why we should make aprons for the laundress, and as a matter of fact the laundress may go without aprons from now until the Judgment Day for all we care. We got ourselves into serious trouble once for lingering around while a young and pretty French laundress was on deck, and we think we know better than to be caught making aprons for her, and out of old pillow-cases, too. There is an inescapable suggestiveness about this thing upon which we do not care to dwell. And as for Eleanor, all we can say is that we are surprised.

But there is worse to come. The laundress, it seems, may not want aprons. In this case get a Turkish towel, enclose it in the old pillow-case, and make "a padded protection for her stomach and legs as she bends over the tubs." Now here we draw the line. We shall do nothing of the sort. If the laundress feels that her stomach and legs need protection she had better make her own arrangements to that end. We wish to know nothing about them (the arrangements), and we refuse to be betrayed into any manifestation of solicitude. We have a character to sustain. It may be a pretty bad one, but there are limits.

But there are still other things that we may do with our old pillow-cases. For instance, we may wait until we have two of them. Then we can sew them together, attach a draw string, dye the whole contraption, and use it for a scrap-bag. And now some one will write and ask Eleanor what to do with old scrap-bags and that will start her off again. She will probably explain that they make fine pillow-cases.

Eleanor tells us what to do with old bedspreads. A somewhat vivid imagination and a memory of childhood has caused us sometimes to wish that all bedspreads might be burned long before they grow old. It is our impression that they are not washed, and even the rivers of eternity would be inadequate to wash them properly. But Eleanor knows what to do with them. She uses them as pads for her dining-room table. She eats her dinner on them, and presumably her guests eat their dinners on them. Bedspreads!

Put Eleanor is not at her shining best on the subject of coffee. It seems she has a wretched maid called Katie, and "she has made Katie understand how bad strong coffee is for any one, particularly a poor girl who has to work hard, and so Katie adds boiling water to the pot when it comes from the table, lets it pump a while, and is content

with the beverage, then! Don't laugh. Any good maid will do that for you, as will most women who come in to do your laundry work. Eleanor has induced a lot of women to try the plan and few have failed in it. Eleanor and I add half a cupful of hot water to a quarter cup of coffee and fill up with cream before we drink the strong stuff the boys insist upon, so we are in a position to advise Katie. Strong coffee is as bad as strong drink."

O ye Gods and little fishes! You will notice that "we drink the strong stuff" and we "fill up with cream" and then we "made Katie understand how bad strong coffee is for . . . a poor girl who has to work hard." Poverty, it seems, adds a special evil to coffee, and girls who have no money are particularly susceptible to a poison from which girls who have money are immune. And if the girl works hard in addition to being poor, the poison will probably be fatal. Did ever an ugly snobbery go further than this? And now we should like Eleanor to write a nice article on why girls prefer to work in stores and factories and show such an accountable repugnance for the advantages of good Christian homes where their generous mistresses allow them to add as much water as they please to the coffee grounds that are left in the pot.

The Army and Navy Club, the Metropolitan Club, the Cosmos Club, the University Club, and in fact every club in Washington have in the membership men who think that they are the finest cooks in the world (writes a correspondent of the Troy Times). Each and every one of these has a specialty. One can make deviled crab, another knows how to prepare an Irish stew, still another is confident that his method of concocting a Welsh rabbit produces a more palatable dish than that of any other person. Others can put sweetbreads on the table to shame his colleagues. And so it goes down the list.

James K. Jones, a lawyer of this town, and F. B. Conger, former postmaster of the city of Washington, and now a contractor's agent, are joint owners of a boat which is propelled by gasoline. These gentlemen frequently organize little parties for trips down the Potomac. They go without a chef, and usually their guests demonstrate their ability to produce toothsome viands on the gasoline stove with which the boat is provided. About four years ago one of these guests, "Tony" Richardson, bragged about his ability to cook a ham in champagne. Whereupon Mr. Conger sincerely remarked that he could cook a ham in ink which any unbiased person would decide was just as tasty as a ham cooked in champagne. "In other words," asserted Mr. Conger, "it makes no difference what the ham is cooked in, for it will not absorb the flavor of the material."

During the last four years Mr. Conger and Mr. Richardson have, to use a colloquial expression, "chewed the rag" over their respective ideas. But finally a wager resulted, and last Wednesday the test was made. Mr. Conger bought eight stone bottles filled with ink, and Mr. Richardson paid for four quarts of champagne, and a small stove was secured and set up in the establishment of the Shoemaker Company, which is one of the gathering places for newspaper correspondents, army officers, senators, members of the House, and other jovial people. The ink was brought to a boil; and so was the champagne. Mr. Richardson, being the advocate of champagne as the best material in which to cook ham, placed his pork in the "wine of France," and Mr. Conger inserted his in the bubbling black writing fluid. Three or four hours afterward the two cooks announced that the feast was ready for all those who had any desire to test the products of the culinary art of the two men, and during the next hour all visitors to the establishment, and there were more than 100, were requested to state which was the better.

And there was not a man who could conscientiously say he could tell the difference between the ham cooked in ink and the ham cooked in champagne.

Unfortunately for the advocate of ink, he had agreed that the other fellow should be the judge, and very naturally the other fellow decided in his own favor. Whereupon Mr. Conger paid the bet and settled for the cost of the hams and the champagne and the ink.

This simply indicates, if it shows anything, that a ham may be cooked in either ink or champagne or cider or water without absorbing any of the flavors of the ingredients in which it is boiled. Conger's ham was a black, nasty looking product when it was withdrawn from the kettle, but after the outer skin and the fat had been removed it was just as palatable in every respect as the Richardson ham.

The completion of the translation of the entire Bible in the Portuguese language is announced by the American Bible Society, which says that the great Portuguese-speaking public is not in Portugal, but in Brazil, and here the language is undergoing many changes.



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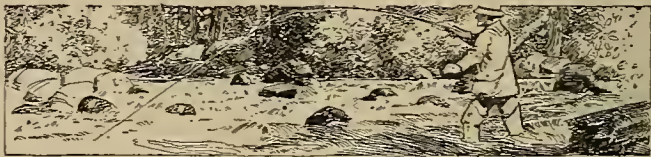
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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An aristocratic New Yorker, on being requested by a rich and vulgar young fellow for permission to marry one of his girls, gave this rather crushing reply: "Certainly; which would you prefer, the housemaid or the cook?"

An Irishman who had lately come over was sent to call a taxi. In about half an hour he returned and reported as follows: "Some wan be the name of Hire has the most of thim ingaged and the only wans he dident bave some wan else had."

Once at the close of the sittings in the Illinois house of representatives the clerk read the following: "I am requested to announce that the Rev. Doctor McFarland will deliver a lecture this evening in the hall on the 'Education of Idiots.' Members of the legislature are invited to attend."

Neal Dow was once called into the Portland police station on a Saturday night to confront a tipsy book agent who insisted that they drank brandy and water together on a Sound boat. When the irate apostle of temperance got there, the fellow explained that he drank the brandy and Dow the water.

In a great hurry he took the following telegram to a telegraph office: "Mrs. Brown, Liverpool Street—I announce with grief the death of Uncle James. Come quickly to read will; I believe we are his heirs—John Black." The clerk having counted the words, said: "There are two too many, sir." "All right; cut out 'with grief,'" was the answer.

The sermon was over and they were at home again. He was still perturbed by what had happened, and he proceeded to relieve his mind. "Nothing reminds me so much of Balaam and his ass as two women stopping in the church aisle and obstructing the way to indulge in their everlasting talk." "You forget, my dear," returned his wife sweetly, "that it was the angel who stopped the way, and Balaam and his ass who complained of it."

Uncle Mose aspired to the elective office of justice of the peace in the "black bottom" part of town. One bar there was to his preferment: he could neither read nor write. His master advised him to go to the commissioner of elections and ask whether he was eligible. Mose went and returned. "What did he tell you, Mose?" inquired the master. "It's all right, sah," answered Mose; "dat gen'leman suttinly was kind, yas, suh. He tole me Ah was illegible fo' dat office."

The London police sergeant raised his eyes from the blotter as two policemen propelled the resisting victim before him. "A German spy, sir!" gasped the first bobby. "I'm an American, and I can prove it," denied the victim. "That's what he says, but here's the evidence," interrupted the second bobby, triumphantly producing a bulky hotel register from beneath his arm and pointing to an entry. "V. Gates," written in a flowing hand, was the record that met the astonished sergeant's gaze.

Dr. Clarence H. Neymann of Martin Grove, Illinois, has returned home after serving for almost a year with the German Red Cross. "Some people declare," Dr. Neymann said, "that the Germans are now friendly to America. Well, toward such a declaration as that I'm rather cynical. I'm like the man who was visiting in the West. Ten years ago, a Western mayor said to this man joyously—ten years ago—and he waved his hand out over the roofs—there was no town here at all." "Hump," said the visitor. "Hump, and what makes you think there's one here now?"

The soldier was telling the workman about a battle that he had once been in that had lasted from 6 o'clock in the morning until 7 o'clock at night. His description was most graphic, and he became very enthusiastic as he lived through the stirring scenes again. "There's one thing I can't understand about the story," said the workman, slowly, when he had finished. "You say that the battle began at 6 o'clock in the morning and lasted until 7 o'clock at night?" "Yes, that's so," was the reply. "Well," retorted the workman, "the unions wouldn't stand for such hours nowadays."

Old Josh Lee was a miser, and he breakfasted every morning on oatmeal. To save fuel, he cooked a week's supply of oatmeal on Sundays. This supply, by the time Saturday came round, was pretty stiff and tough and hard to down. One Saturday morning old Josh found his oatmeal particularly unappetizing. It had a crust on it like iron. He took a mouthful of the cold, stiff mix-

ture—then he half rose, thinking he'd have to cook himself some eggs. But he hated to give in. He hated to waste that oatmeal. So he took out the whisky-bottle, poured a generous glass, and setting it before his plate, he said: "Now, Josh, if you eat that oatmeal you'll get this whisky; and if you don't you won't." The oatmeal was hard to consume, but Josh, with his eye on the whisky, managed it. Then, when the last spoonful was gone, he grinned broadly, poured the whisky back into the bottle again, and said: "Josh, my son, I fooled you that time, you old idiot!"

An American officer who has seen service in the Philippines gives the following illustration of Filipino judicial acumen. "An American came home one day just in time to see a thief in the act of climbing out of the window with the better part of the American's wardrobe. He gave chase so earnestly that the thief was finally obliged to drop the clothing so that he might run the faster. He soon disappeared from sight. The American gathered up his belongings. Just then along came a native policeman, who proceeded to put the American under arrest, since he seemed to be acting in a suspicious manner. To the local magistrate, before whom he was haled, the American told his story, very plainly and emphatically. When he had concluded the Filipino judge said: "You are dismissed, but you may leave your clothes here." "Why?" demanded the American. "For this reason," answered the magistrate, with the air of a sage, "that it is still uncertain whether you speak the truth. When the thief returns to identify these clothes as the ones he stole you may have them."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Out for a Walk.

I sez to the wife, sez I,  
"Glue, love" (I call her "Glue"  
Because she always sticks to it  
That she is right in everything),  
"Glue, petty," sez I, "let's go  
For a walk." "All right," sez  
She, and so we got into our  
Model 1898 automobile and, sure  
Enough, it busted down about  
Ten miles out and we walked in  
As usual. And the wife sez,  
Sez she, "Our auto is certainly  
Doing me a lot of good. I never  
Felt better in my life and I  
Guess it's because I'm walking  
So much these days." And I sez,  
"Yes, but it would be cheaper  
To go to a sanitarium," and then  
I handed a guy a ten-spot for  
Going out after the car. But  
When he got there the car was  
Gone. One of our friends  
Who passed it in his car, had  
Stopped and put it in his tool  
Chest and brought it home  
For us. Yep, it's that kind  
Of a car. But when we asked  
The guy to return our ten-  
Spot he sez, sez he: "No I  
Won't give it back 'cause  
When I didn't find your car  
I thought mebbe it had rolled  
Off the road into the ditch,  
Which was full of water.  
And I spent an hour poking  
In the water with a stick  
Trying to find it!" We've  
Gotten much pleasure from our  
Car—with the coin we sold it for.  
—Indianapolis Star.

The Hard Luck of Janet McGee.

When Janet McGee went to rest by the sea,  
Far away from the noise of the town,  
In her mind she had planned that some rich guy  
she'd land  
By pretending, some morning, to drown.  
"I'll venture in, where it's up to my chin,  
And then throw up my hands in the air,  
And let out a yelp as a summons for help,"  
So she said, "and be rescued right there!"  
So Janet McGee took a dip in the sea,  
And she looked at the men on the beach,  
And she wished that she knew just which one  
of the crew  
Would be the first her poor body to reach.  
Then she let out her cry: "Help! I'm going  
to die!"  
Oh, the current is dragging me down!"  
And right there and then twenty-two gallant men  
Said: "We can't let that young lady drown."  
So they jumped in the wave, little Janet to save,  
And they raced to be first at her side,  
But soon a fine chap, with a grip like a trap,  
Just lifted her out of the tide.  
In his big arms he bore Janet up to the shore,  
And over a barrel he rolled her,  
But the rough usage there she was willing to  
bear,  
For the thought of a wedding consoled her.  
"Oh, good man and good," she remarked when  
she could,  
"For me you have ventured your life."  
Then a dame who stood near whispered low in  
her ear:  
"Forget it! I'm that fellow's wife."  
She jumped as though struck, and she said:  
"Just my luck,  
My fondest of plans has miscarried."  
And all day long she raved: "Who'd have  
thought I'd be saved  
By the only guy here who is married?"  
—Detroit Free Press.



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JUNE 30th, 1915:

Assets.....\$70,321,343.04  
Deposits.....57,362,899.35  
Capital actually paid up in cash.....1,000,000.00  
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....1,958,443.69  
Employees' Pension Fund.....199,164.12  
Number of Depositors.....66,965  
For the 6 months ending June 30th, 1915, a  
dividend to depositors of 4 per cent per annum  
was declared Open Saturday Evenings 6 to 8

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NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT.

THE LUTHER BURBANK COMPANY.  
San Francisco, California.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the  
Board of Directors of The Luther Burbank Com-  
pany, a corporation, held on the 15th day of Sep-  
tember, 1915, an assessment of One Dollar (\$1.00)  
per share was levied upon the capital stock of  
said corporation, payable immediately to Ross  
Thomson, Assistant and Acting Secretary of the  
corporation, at the office of the Company, Bur-  
bank Building, Market and Beale Streets, San  
Francisco, California. Any stock on which this  
assessment shall remain unpaid on the 18th day  
of October, 1915, will be delinquent and adver-  
tised for sale at public auction, and unless pay-  
ment is made before, will be sold on the 8th day  
of November, 1915, to pay the delinquent assess-  
ment, together with the costs of advertising and  
expenses of sale.

ROSS THOMSON

Assistant Secretary and Acting Secretary  
Luther Burbank Company  
Office of the Company, Burbank Building, Mar-  
ket and Beale Streets, San Francisco, Calif.



## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

From Orange, New Jersey, comes the announcement of the engagement of Miss Caroline Keck to Mr. Everitt Hester. Mr. Hester is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Hester. The wedding will take place October 2d.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Jones have announced the engagement of their sister, Miss Elena Brewer, to Mr. Spencer Grant. Miss Brewer is the daughter of Mr. Louis R. Brewer of Mexico and a sister of Miss Marie Brewer and Mr. Louis R. Brewer, Jr. Mr. Grant is the son of Mrs. George Grant of this city. No date has yet been set for the wedding.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Phoebe Bunker and Dr. Hans Barkan. Miss Bunker is the niece of Mrs. Clark L. Goddard of Berkeley, with whom she makes her home. Dr. Barkan is the son of Dr. A. Barkan and Mrs. Barkan of this city and a brother of Miss Fannie Barkan and Dr. Otto and Mr. Fritz Barkan. No date has yet been set for the wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Manuel Masten have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Eugenia Masten, to Mr. James Rupert Mason. No date has yet been set for the wedding.

The wedding of Miss Florence Rowlands and Mr. John Murison took place Monday afternoon at the home on Lake Street of the bridegroom's sister, Mrs. H. F. Davis. Only relatives and a few intimate friends were present. Mrs. Murison is the daughter of Mr. Thomas Francis Rowlands of Salt Lake City. Upon their return from their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Murison will reside in this city.

Mr. Edwards Lyman was host Saturday evening at a dinner at his home in Easton. The affair was to celebrate the anniversary of his birthday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Hale entertained a large number of friends at dinner Monday evening at the Old Faithful Inn.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman E. Mack were the complimented guests Monday evening at a dinner given by Congressman Julius Kahn and Mrs. Kahn at their home on Webster Street.

Mrs. William Houghb was hostess Wednesday afternoon at a bridge-tee at her home on Clay Street. The affair was in honor of her sister, Mrs. Sidney Partridge, of Kansas City.

Mrs. Potter Palmer gave a luncheon at the Burlingame Club Sunday, when a dozen friends enjoyed her hospitality.

Mr. Haruki Yamawaki entertained a number of friends Thursday evening at a dinner at his home on Jackson Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Olney, Sr., entertained a large number of friends Saturday evening at a reception at their home in Oakland. The affair was to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding.

The members of the Lagunitas Club will give a dance this evening at the club house in Marin County. Miss Marguerite Raas will entertain a number of friends at dinner at her home in San Anselmo preceding the affair.

Miss Mary Julia Crocker was hostess Wednesday evening at an informal dance at the home on Washington Street of her mother, Mrs. Henry J. Crocker.

Mr. Oliver Harriman gave a dinner at Pebble Beach Lodge Saturday evening, when a score of friends enjoyed his hospitality.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl gave a dinner at the New York building Monday evening, when a coterie of friends enjoyed their hospitality.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Huntington were complimented guests recently at a tea given by Mr. and Mrs. Walter Starr at their home in Piedmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Butters entertained a number of friends Saturday afternoon at a reception at their home in Piedmont in honor of the International Congress of Engineers.

Mrs. Louis Findley Montague was hostess Friday at a luncheon at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott gave a dinner at the Burlingame Club Saturday evening, when a score of friends enjoyed their hospitality.

Mrs. John D. Spreckels entertained a number of friends Friday evening at a dinner at her home in Coronado in honor of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Cox of New York.

Mrs. Matteo Sandona was hostess at a tea and musicale Saturday afternoon at her home on Buena Vista Terrace.

Mrs. Joseph Coleman of Chicago was the complimented guest Friday at a luncheon given by Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Miss Kate Crocker was hostess Friday at a luncheon at the Francisca Club in honor of her

house guest, Miss Mary Kavanaugh, of New York.

Dr. William J. Younger and Mrs. Younger of Paris were the guests of honor Friday evening at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Vanderlyn Stowe at their home on Broadway.

Mr. John McMullin was host Friday afternoon at a tea at his studio on Grant Avenue.

Captain A. S. Cowan, U. S. N., and Mrs. Cowan entertained a number of friends Wednesday evening at a dinner at Hotel Coronado. The affair was in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond V. Morris, who recently returned from their wedding trip.

Mrs. Thomas Gillespie Carson was the complimented guest Monday at a luncheon given by Captain Victor Houston, U. S. N., and Mrs. Houston on board the U. S. S. St. Louis.

Mr. J. J. Herman was host Thursday evening at a dinner at Hotel Coronado in honor of Admiral Thomas Benson Howard, U. S. N. (retired), and Mrs. Howard, who, accompanied by their daughter, Mrs. J. Proctor Morton, left the following day for San Francisco. They are guests at the New Colonial Hotel.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. William Miller Graham and her daughter, Miss Geraldine Graham, left last Thursday for New York, after having spent several days visiting the Exposition. Miss Graham will return to Miss Spence's school.

Mr. Richard Pennoyer has gone to Washington, D. C., where he will make a brief visit before sailing for London. Mr. Pennoyer will be attached to the United States embassy. He was formerly first secretary at the legation in Buenos Aires.

Mr. Dudley Gunn has arrived in London, where he is visiting friends. He will soon join Father Lathrop in the relief work in Belgium.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Boyd and Miss Louise Boyd will spend the winter in this city, according to their usual plans, and will occupy the Minter house on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. James Robinson has returned to her country home in Woodside, after having spent several days in her apartment at Stanford Court.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins and Miss Lydia Hopkins will spend the winter season at Stanford Court.

Mrs. Oscar Fitzalan Long is in Washington, D. C., where she will place her daughter, Miss Sally Long, in a finishing school.

Mrs. James Coffin and her daughter, Miss Sara Coffin, will soon close their country home in Ross and will, as usual, spend the winter in town.

They have again rented the home on Pacific Avenue of Mrs. Wakefield Baker, who will reside at Stanford Court.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch and the latter's brother, Mr. Vincent de Laveaga, have gone East, where they will spend several weeks.

Mrs. Eugene Breese and her daughter, Mrs. E. L. Heebner, and Miss Caroline Peterson departed last week for New York.

Mrs. George Stoney and her daughter, Miss Kathleen Stoney, have returned from a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Babcock at Lake Tahoe and are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Babcock in San Rafael.

Mrs. J. D. Harvey, Mrs. Oscar Cooper, Senator James D. Phelan, and Mr. Enrique Grau have returned from a trip to the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. Garritt Wilder and Mr. Henry Foster Dutton have been spending the past week at Webber Lake. They are expected home today.

Mrs. Ozo W. Childs and her daughter, Miss Emmeline Childs, have closed their home in Los Angeles and are in Santa Barbara, where they will remain several weeks. They are planning to spend the winter with Mr. and Mrs. John Dwight in Washington, D. C., and will visit friends here before they leave for the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Keyes and the Misses Agnes and Louise Keyes of New York have returned from a visit in Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. George Kelham have returned from an outing in the Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. Fletcher Ryer and her daughter, Miss Doris Ryer, are expected next month from Newport, where they have been spending the summer. Miss Pyllis de Young, who has been their guest, will accompany them to this city.

Major and Mrs. Philip Wales have gone to New York to visit Mrs. Wales's mother, Mrs. William Thornton. They expect to return home in November.

Mr. and Mrs. Salisbury Field have departed for New York with the intention of residing there permanently. Since their return from Samoa they have visited friends in Santa Barbara and Los Angeles.

Mrs. R. P. Schwerin left last Thursday for New York with her son, Master Richard Schwerin, who will resume his studies at an Eastern school. Mrs. Schwerin may extend her

visit in New York, where she will be joined next month by Miss Arabella Schwerin.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Eyre and their daughter, Miss Elena Eyre, will soon close their country home in Menio Park and will occupy the Donohoe house on Broadway during the winter months.

Miss Eyre is one of the season's debutantes.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, and Mrs. Alexander Garceau have returned from a trip through Oregon.

Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson is en route to New York, where she will spend several weeks with Mr. and Mrs. George Dearborn.

Mr. and Mrs. Stowe Phelps have arrived from the East and are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Louis Findlay Montague at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Frank Judge departed Sunday for their home in Salt Lake City. They will spend the month of October in New York.

Mrs. Thomas F. Walsh and Mrs. Francis Osborn departed last week for Monterey, where they spent a few days en route to Coronado. They will return later to Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Robert Henderson and her little son have returned from Santa Cruz, where they have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. O. McCormick.

Miss Julia Van Fleet and Miss Kate Crocker have recently been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gay Hooker at their home in San Mateo.

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, Mrs. John Jay White, and Miss de Berril departed last week for the East, after a brief visit in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Eddy have returned to San Mateo, after a week's visit in Monterey.

The Misses Mary and Christine Donohoe and Leonora Mejia have returned from a trip to Crater Lake, where they went as the guests of Miss Rosario Winston.

Mr. and Mrs. Noble Hamilton have returned from their wedding trip to Southern California and are settled in their new home in Marin County.

Captain Arthur Owens, U. S. N., Mrs. Owens, and their daughter, Miss Emilie Eleanor Owens, will soon leave for Philadelphia to reside. Miss Owens will enter a finishing school in Washington, D. C.

Miss Priscilla Hall has gone to Fort Leavenworth to visit her brother-in-law and sister, Lieutenant Rapp Brush, U. S. A., and Mrs. Brush.

Paymaster Eugene Hale Douglas, U. S. N., has been detached from duty at the U. S. Naval Training Station at Yerba Buena and ordered to sea duty on the U. S. S. *Glacier*. Mrs. Douglas will reside temporarily with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Russell, in Elmhurst.

Dr. R. I. Longabaugh, U. S. N., and Mrs. Longabaugh have been spending the past week with Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Emery at their home in Emeryville.

Major Frederick W. Sladen, U. S. A., Mrs. Sladen, and their children arrived on the transport *Sherman* from Manila and are at the Hotel St. Francis. Mrs. Sladen was formerly Miss Elizabeth Liffertis of New York.

Mrs. Henry D. Green of Portland, Oregon, has returned from Manila, where she has been visiting her son-in-law and daughter, Major Edward Burr, U. S. A., and Mrs. Burr.

Paymaster Roland Schumann, U. S. N., and Mrs. Schumann will soon go to Yerba Buena, where Paymaster Schumann has been ordered to duty. Mrs. Schumann was formerly Miss Helen Sullivan of this city.

Rear-Admiral Thomas Benton Howard and Mrs. Howard have arrived in this city and are settled for the winter at the Colonial Hotel. With them are their daughter, Mrs. J. Proctor Morton, and their two grandchildren.

Captain Commandant E. P. Bertholf arrived last week from Washington, D. C., and has since been a guest at the Clift Hotel.

Rear-Admiral Washington Lee Capps came from Washington, D. C., to attend the Engineering Congress in this city and was accompanied by Mrs. Capps. Admiral Capps is chief naval constructor of the United States navy.

The home of Dr. Herbert Allen and Mrs. Allen has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. Allen, who was formerly Miss Gertrude Jolliffe, is the sister of Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mrs. Herbert Moffitt, Mrs. Daniel C. Jackling, and the Misses Mary, Harriet, and Frances Jolliffe.

The home of Baron and Baroness Jan Carl Van Eck has been brightened by the advent of a son. Baroness Van Eck, who was formerly Miss Agnes Tillmann, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick S. Tillmann.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Schilling has been brightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. Schilling was formerly Miss Alexandra Hamilton.

## Free Lecture on Color Photography.

Dr. H. D'Arcy Power is to give a free lecture in the Paul Elder Gallery, 239 Grant Avenue, Friday afternoon, October 1st, at 3 o'clock, opening an exhibition of pictures in color produced by the technic to be described. The exhibition, which includes many studies of the Exposition architecture and grounds, will continue for one week thereafter.

A tornado which swept over Illinois on June 4, 1877, has a high place in the local records of such phenomena. In a curiously erratic fashion it passed harmlessly by some towns, and in other devastated everything in its narrow circular track. One of the achievements put to its credit was to cut clean off the spire, vane, and gilded ball which surmounted the steeple of the Mount Carmel Methodist Church and to deposit them almost intact in a field fifteen miles away.

## FALL OPENING

Our Mr. Lucien has spent the past month in the City of New York with the leading Dressmakers and Importers, and announces a selection of Tailor-Made Suits, Evening and Afternoon Dresses and Novelties, which

## Are Now Being Shown

At Number Two-Twelve Stockton Street, San Francisco. Your visit will receive our courteous attention.

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Formerly with City of Paris, announces the opening of a Millinery Establishment under the management of

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Electric Grill  
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## TABLE D'HOTE

BREAKFAST, 7 to 11,  
50 cents

LUNCHEON, 12 to 2,  
75 cents

DINNER, 6 to 8,  
\$1.25

Also a la carte service

Supper Dance in the Rose Room every evening, except Sunday, from 9 o'clock.

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Monday, Tuesday, and  
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That is one reason why our ARISTOCRATICA Chocolates are so superior—we use the famous Henry Maillard chocolate in them—the Fifth Avenue, New York production, by special arrangement.

80 cents the pound, in cartons  
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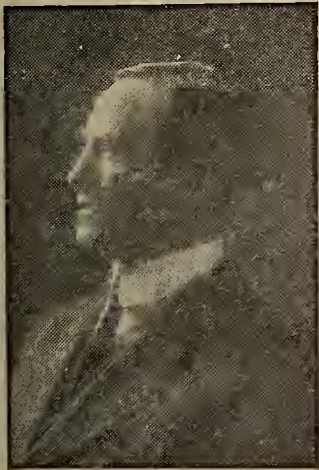
Peter Elfelt, official photographer to the royal court of Denmark, has arrived in San Francisco to view the Exposition and study the methods of local photographers.

The American Mining Congress opened its eighteenth annual session in San Francisco on Monday. Delegates representing the President of the United States, rulers of foreign nations, governors of states and territories, mining bureaus, scientific societies, and others

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(Incumbent)

Election, Sept. 28, 1915

affiliated with the mining industry were in attendance. The session closed on Wednesday, and during the afternoon a banquet was held in honor of Van H. Manning, director of the United States Bureau of Mines.

The first session of the Methodist Conference to be held here in thirty-two years was attended by more than 5000 people last Sunday. It was held in the Civic Centre Auditorium. Every Methodist Episcopal congregation in the city participated in this service and the choir was made up of all the choirs about the bay. Bishop Edwin Holt Hughes, D. D., LL. D., delivered the sermon, his subject being "Supremacy of Christ."

The Independent Order of Odd Fellows Sovereign Grand Lodge, with delegates from every state in attendance, opened its annual sessions in Scottish Rite Auditorium on Monday. The army of the Patriarchs Militant was quartered at the Exposition barracks. The session is the fiftieth anniversary of the northern and southern jurisdictions since the Civil War. James W. Harris, grand treasurer of the California I. O. O. F., presided at the reception to the grand lodge representatives in the Scottish Rite Auditorium. The sessions ended Friday night with a reception and ball in the Civic Auditorium.

Four bank officials and one handwriting expert declared in Judge Flood's court on Tuesday that the late Judge Carroll Cook did not forge the name of his wife to three notes aggregating \$1500. The wife, Mrs. Besse Grim Cook, who is being sued on the notes by the Union Securities Company, declares her signature was forged by her husband shortly before his death.

Seated at his desk in his office in the First National Bank building, Herman Shainwald, one of the best-known real estate men of California, ended his life with a pistol shot last Saturday afternoon. Worry over financial troubles is supposed to have led him to this rash act. For many years he was a member of the real estate firm of Shainwald & Buckbee, but seven months ago went into business for himself. He came to San Francisco thirty-eight years ago from New Hampshire. He was aged sixty-six years.

NOTES OF THE EXPOSITION.

The use of the submarine mine will be demonstrated to the interested Exposition visitors upon the following dates: September 29th, October 19th, 22d, 26th, and 29th, November 24th and 30th. Upon each of these dates, at three o'clock, the United States

ELECT  
**THOS. F. FINN**  
SHERIFF

Coast Artillery will explode one of the regulation government mines at the spot where the battleship *Oregon* is now anchored. The *Oregon* will be shelled and a small pyramidal target will be destroyed.

At 12:15 o'clock last Sunday afternoon the thirteen-millionth visitor was registered on the Exposition attendance recorder. Between September 5th and 19th the 12,000,000 mark was augmented a million.

The California legend of the origin of fire was told in story and pageantry in the Court of the Universe on Wednesday and Thursday nights, when Mary Austin's drama, "Fire," was presented. "Fire" was given first at the Forest Theatre, Carmel.

Professor José M. de la Sarte and Professor Raphael Campalans, members of the Mechanical Institute of Civil Engineers of Spain, arrived here from Barcelona last Saturday to attend the International Engineering Congress. La Sarte is a member of the municipal council of Barcelona.

On Wednesday announcement was made that the first 5000 persons to apply at the department of admissions within the next ten days would have an opportunity to visit the Fair every day from October 1st until its close at the rate of a fraction over 15 cents for each admission. The books, which will contain daily admissions for each day from October 1st to December 4th, the final day, will be sold at \$10 each.

A million-volt transformer, the largest in the world, has been installed and will be demonstrated for the first time today, Machinery Day, in a building back of the Palace of Machinery. Two hundred and fifty barrels of oil are required to cover the machine and it has taken more than a year to construct it.

October will be the big month for Iowans. During this month the entire Iowa commission of ten members will remain at the Exposition, and fifty carloads of prize livestock from that state will be shown in competition with the stock from all over the country.

Honoring David R. Francis of St. Louis, president of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, the Missouri commission entertained 500 at a reception and dance at the Missouri building last Saturday night. The colonial ballroom of the building was decorated with festoons of yellow chrysanthemums and the colors of the St. Louis Exposition. Present at the reception were state and foreign commissioners, officers of the United States army and navy, prominent members of the Missouri Society of California, and San Francisco society folk.

In honor of its ninety-fourth anniversary, the Republic of Guatemala celebrated on September 15th. Foreign commissioners, Exposition officials, and the republic's envoys participated. Dr. Juan Padilla, consul-general of Guatemala, officiated as chairman of the formal exercises held in front of the country's pavilion. President C. C. Moore presented to Commissioner-General José Flamenco an engrossed testimonial. William Bailey Lamar, United States commissioner, spoke in behalf of the President and the Federal government. A chorus, which included Miss Victoria Flamenco, daughter of the commissioner-general, and the three daughters of Consul-General Padillo, sang the national anthems of Guatemala and America. A feature of the day was the presentation of two gold medals, the gift of President Manuel Estrada Cabrera of Guatemala, to be awarded to the most advanced boy and girl in the elementary schools of San Francisco. The awards will be made later. The building was beautifully decorated. A reception, banquet, and hall at the Fairmont Hotel in the evening concluded



Banking Ideals

The First National Bank of Berkeley has always maintained a due regard for the old, safe ideals of conservative banking.

Without violating these ideals it has adopted a liberal policy and invites the accounts of those residing in Berkeley and vicinity.

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F. L. NAYLOR.....VICE-PRES.  
W. E. WOOLSEY.....VICE-PRES.  
F. C. MORTIMER.....CASHIER  
W. F. MORRIS.....ASST. CASHIER  
G. T. DOUGLAS.....ASST. CASHIER  
G. L. PAPE.....ASST. CASHIER

FIRST NATIONAL BANK of BERKELEY



the celebration. The school system of Guatemala has long been fostered by President Cabrera, until it now occupies a position of which any nation might be proud. Guatemalans are proud of the advancement made in every line of progress during the administrations of President Cabrera, and as next year is a presidential year the election is already a matter of deep interest to them. Cabrera hopes to succeed himself, and as he is popular, having established a fine record, his friends expect to see his hopes realized. An interesting side light on Cabrera's campaign recently developed in a letter from leading foreigners in his country, addressed to the voters, advocating with sound arguments the reelection of the president who has advanced his country's interests so noticeably in recent years.

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AUDITOR  
Thos. F. Boyle  
COUNTY CLERK  
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POLICE JUDGES  
Morris Oppenheim  
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AND THIS  
TICKET  
AT THE  
**PRIMARY**  
SEPT. 28

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# Pears'

Pears' is essentially a toilet soap. A soap good for clothes won't benefit face and hands. Don't use laundry soap for toilet or bath. That is, if you value clear skin.

Pears' is pure soap and matchless for the complexion.

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### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Your wife came from a fine old family, didn't she?" "No; she brought them with her."—*Judge*.

*Ethel*—Why not give him the cut direct? *Percy*—I tried that, but he beat me to it.—*Kansas City Star*.

"What's an optimist?" "A man who tells other people not to worry when things are coming his way."—*Baltimore American*.

*Parson*—I was glad to see you at prayer-meeting last night, brother. *Village Souse*—Was that where I was? Well, I he jiggered!—*Dallas News*.

*Village Pacificist* (as the Salvation Army passes)—Oh, it's all right. I aint sayin' 'taint. But it's fosterin' th' martial speerit jes' th' same.—*Judge*.

*Mrs. Bruggs*—Mrs. Van Perkins complains that her portraits don't look like her. *Photographer*—Complains, does she? She ought to be grateful.—*Cincinnati Star*.

*Visitor*—It's a terrible war, this, young man—a terrible war. *Mike* (badly wounded)—'Tis that, sor—a tirrrible war. But 'tis better than no warr at all.—*Punch*.

"Professor Thinkum speaks seven different languages." "Yes," replied Miss Cayenne. "But nobody takes much interest in what he says in any of them."—*Washington Star*.

"You are the first man I ever permitted to kiss me." "And you are the first girl I ever kissed. Will you marry me?" "I wouldn't marry a liar." "I would."—*Stray Stories*.

"Pa, what is affectation?" "Affectation, my hoy, is carrying three extra tires on an automobile that never gets more than four blocks away from a garage."—*Detroit Free Press*.

*Tommy I*—That's a hloomin' fine pipe, Jerry. Where d'ye get it? *Tommy II*—One of them German Oolans tried to take me prisoner an' I in'erited it from 'im.—*Vanities Fair*.

"Would you go to war for your country?" "Would I go to war for my country? I'd do more than that. I'd lick any man that tried to get my country into a war."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"I've got to sit up with a sick friend to-night," she said. "Well," she retorted, "I hope you do him good," and from the way she said it he knew that he hadn't "got by."—*Detroit Free Press*.

*Hopsy*—That hoy of ours seems mighty fond of tendin' to other folks's business. *Hiram*—Guess we'll hev to make a lawyer of him. Then he'll git paid for doin' of it.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Would you like some views of the hotel to send to your friends?" "Sir," said the disgruntled guest, "I presume it will be better for me to keep my views to myself."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

*Old Roxleigh*—Consent to you marrying my daughter? No, sir! You have no prospects, have you? *Impecunious Suitor*—Well, sir, if that's the way you feel about it, I can't say that I have.—*Stray Stories*.

"Say, Johnsing," commented Rastus, looking up from his paper, "it says heah dat in Sumatra a man kin huy a wife foh foah dollahs." "Foah dollahs!" gasped Johnsing. "Ef a niggah's got foah dollahs he don't need no wife."—*Dallas News*.

*Laundry Proprietor* (showing visitor the plant)—This is the mangle room for all the clothes. *Visitor* (sarcastic)—Ah, that explains it. Some of the shirts that come back look as if they were sent through half a dozen times.—*New York Sun*.

*Peddler*—I have a most valuable hook to sell, madam. It tells one how to do everything. *Lady* (sarcastically)—Does it tell one how to get rid of a pestering peddler? *Peddler* (promptly)—Oh, yes, madam! Buy something from him.—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

*Mrs. Wayuff*—So you lost your divorce suit. *Mrs. Blasé*—Yes. It was a shame! They expected me to pass an impossible test in court. *Mrs. Wayuff*—What was it? *Mrs. Blasé*—They placed my two children in a line with ten others and expected me to pick out mine!—*Judge*.

"Yer son 'Ennery do he gettin' 'long fine in the city, I 'ear." "Yus, so 'e do," answered the mother, proudly. "But you 'aven't 'eard the latest. Why, in 'is last letter 'e was tellin' me 'ow 'e'd just got the gout. There's nothin' that hoy o' mine won't 'ave if 'e wants it."—*London Telegram*.

"I see you have your arm in a sling," said the inquisitive passenger. "Broken, isn't it?" "Yes, sir," responded the other passenger. "Meat with an accident?" "No; broke it while trying to pat myself on the back." "Great Scott! What for?" "For minding my own business."—*Topeka Journal*.

"When Josh got home from his education,"

said Farmer Cornloss, "he started right in instructin' me about agriculture. So I didn't lose no time to try him out." "What did you do?" "Sent him out to round up a

swarm of bees." "Was the experiment successful?" "Some. It didn't hurt the bees none, an' kep' Josh from gettin' in the way fur 'most two weeks."—*New York Post*.

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# The Argonaut.

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## THIRTY-NINTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### Tuesday's Primary Election.

If San Francisco may not be congratulated upon the reelection of Rolph, she may at least be felicitated upon the defeat of Schmitz and Gallagher. Better a cheap politician in the mayor's chair than a smirched ex-mayor or a class-partisan. The rebuke to Schmitz—this is the real significance of the election—is emphatic. Yet there is discredit in the fact that approximately forty thousand citizens of San Francisco were willing to put again in the mayor's chair a man associated with the very worst phase of our checkered political history.

Elections to the minor offices are on the whole fortunate, especially so in view of the conditions under which nominations had to be made. Messrs. Fickert for district attorney, Leland for coroner, Mulcrevy for county clerk, and Ginty for assessor are worthy sections. If so much may not be said for Finn for sheriff, it is to be remembered that he once before

filled that office and that the community survived it. Nominations for supervisors have been on the whole wisely made. A board at once intelligent and decent is practically assured. It includes the well-known names of Hayden, Volgelsang, Hocks, Brandon, Payot, and Murdock.

One fortunate demonstration of Tuesday's voting is the essential weakness of organized labor, regarded as a political factor. Plainly the party of organized labor is not the "solid" voting force that it has been declared to be.

It does not appear as a high tribute to the political vigilance of San Francisco that out of a total registration of approximately 180,000 approximately only 115,000 were at the pains to go to the polls in an election involving not more the administrative integrity than the good name and fame of San Francisco.

### Our Contentions with England.

Subjects of diplomatic discussion between this country and Germany during the past three months have been of such absorbing interest as to subordinate concurrent dealings with Great Britain. In the presence of profoundly dramatic interests the public mind naturally turns away from duller themes, even though in the final analysis they may be of even greater importance. So slight has been the attention given to matters at issue between the United States and Great Britain that we are led to wonder if the average or even the exceptional American has any realization of what has happened in recent weeks with respect to the large numbers of ships and the vast aggregate of merchandise despatched from the United States to Scandinavian countries, intercepted and taken into British ports, and made subject of adjudication by British prize courts.

Here are the facts: By the British prize courts some scores of cargoes have been condemned. Judgment has proceeded on the assumption that all goods going to a belligerent are for military use, and thus it has got round the distinction between "absolute" and "conditional contraband." It goes further and puts on the shipper the burden of proof that his goods are intended for neutral use. In brief, this judgment makes it well-nigh impossible for this country to deal with neutrals which happen to be in reach of Germany and Austria. The situation is complicated by the fact that the German government has taken control of foodstuffs within the empire and thus, from one viewpoint, has made it difficult to combat the British argument that whatever goes to Germany in the way of foodstuffs is for military use. Moreover, there is much skepticism among our own officials as to whether the owners of the cargoes were not actually trying to ship goods to Germany. Another angle to the controversy is the belief in this country that while England is restraining American commerce with neutrals she is allowing her own merchants much latitude in this respect.

A grave point with respect to the condemnation of American cargoes is the British assumption of the right to make provisions—or anything she sees fit—contraband of war. This issue has often been raised before and Britain has had her full share in consideration of it. When she is a belligerent she always insists on her rights to make such rules of contraband as suit her interest. When she is at peace and other nations are at war she always joins the United States in protest against any belligerent who assumes this right.

Fundamentally the declaration of a belligerent that anything whatsoever is contraband is an invasion of the rights of neutral nations. It compels neutral nations to bear some of the hardships of a war for which they have no responsibility. It curtails the freedom of the seas; it hampers neutral trade.

Obviously when a belligerent has invested a city

or a country and has established about it a cordon which actually prevents ingress or egress, that belligerent is not bound to let the traders of neutral nations through with their goods. But when the besieger, lacking the military force to make the investment complete, attempts to secure the same end by saying to neutral nations "You must not trade with my enemy, even if his doors are open and free from my forces," he does that which clearly is an invasion of the rights of nations and so makes the neutral countries party to his war. In times of peace this has always been admitted. Hence the doctrine that a blockade—which is merely a sea siege—to be binding must be physically effective. Ethical considerations, in the course of time, moved the nations to make an exception which may be declared in popular language thus: "If a neutral nation tries to ship into a belligerent country munitions of war, and the enemy catches the shipment, then that shipment may be seized without being regarded as an offense against the neutral owner or shipper or against his country."

This principle established, there straightway arose controversy as to what constituted munitions of war. Whenever a nation is at war it seeks by interpretation to extend the rules to its own benefit. In this war both Germany and Great Britain have gone further in attempting the extension than any nation ever went before. There is grave danger to civilization in thus extending the rule of contraband. As President Jefferson put it (in a letter to Mr. Pinckney, minister to England, May 17, 1793), "In the present improved state of the arts, when every country has such ample means of procuring arms within and without itself, the regulations of contraband answer no other end than to draw other nations into war." In other words, the extensions of the rule of contraband, being invasions of neutral rights, provoke international controversies which may lead to war.

In 1793, when England was at war with other European powers, by orders in council she declared provisions destined for her enemy's non-blockaded ports contraband. This declaration was held by the American government an invasion of neutral rights. Shortly after Mr. John Jay, going to England on a special mission, was instructed to take up with the British authorities "the vexations and spoliation committed on our commerce by the author of instruction from the British government." Mr. Jay was instructed to demand compensation for the confiscation of American goods upon the principle that provisions, except in case of siege, blockade, or investment, are not subject to the rules of contraband. By Article Seven of the treaty concluded by Mr. Jay in 1794 a mixed commission was constituted for the purpose of awarding indemnity for damages by reason of irregular or illegal captures or condemnations. Among the questions determined by the commission none was more elaborately argued than that of the legality of the orders in council relating to the seizure of provisions. By a majority of the board the orders were held to have been illegal and damages to a large amount were awarded. And so, no doubt, damages will again be awarded—but in years to come.

Dispatches from London, written of course from the British standpoint, say that the prize court in the recent judgments confiscating American cargoes, borrows reasoning from American Civil War decisions, and even mentions Chief Justice Chase as an authority. This, in view of the record, is a bit gratuitous. In the *Peterhoff* case, a leading case of the Civil War period, Chase, following Grotius and other early writers, divided contraband into three classes. "Of these classes," he said, "the first consists of articles manufactured and primarily and ordinarily used



military purposes in time of war; the second, of articles which may be and are used for purposes of war or peace, according to circumstances; and the third, of articles exclusively used for peaceful purposes." It will be observed that provisions come in the second class. Continuing, Chase said: "Merchandise of the first class destined to a belligerent country or places occupied by the army or navy of a belligerent is always contraband; merchandise of the second class is contraband only when actually destined to the military or naval use of a belligerent; while merchandise of the third class is not contraband at all, though liable to seizure and condemnation for violation of blockade or siege." It is going far and straining the principles here declared to the breaking point when as in the immediate instance the rule of contraband is invoked against goods destined for neutral countries, and when the burden of proof that the goods may not ultimately reach the German military forces is thrown upon the American shippers.

In 1904, when Russia was at war with Japan, she declared cotton absolute contraband and rice and provisions conditional contraband. Britain and the United States protested. Sir C. Hardinge, British ambassador at St. Petersburg, wrote to the Russian government, "British India is by far the largest importer of raw cotton into Japan, the value of such importation in each of the years 1901 and 1902 being nearly 40,000,000 roubles. The quantity of raw cotton that might be utilized for explosives would be infinitesimal in comparison with the bulk of cotton exported from India to Japan for peaceful purposes, and to treat harmless cargoes of this latter description as unconditionally contraband would be to subject a branch of innocent commerce, which is especially important in the Far East, to a most unwarrantable interference."

Far more important is a letter of instruction with reference to the same subject by John Hay, Secretary of State, to the American ambassador at St. Petersburg. Mr. Hay's words have precise application to the present situation. He said:

When war exists between powerful states it is vital to the legitimate maritime commerce of neutral states that there be no relaxation of the rule—no deviation from the criterion for determining what constitutes contraband of war, lawfully subject to belligerent capture, namely warlike nature, use, and destination. Articles which, like arms and ammunition, are by their nature of self-evident warlike use, are contraband of war if destined to enemy territory; but articles which, like coal, cotton, and provisions, though ordinarily innocent are capable of warlike use, are not subject to capture and confiscation unless shown by evidence to be actually destined for the military or naval forces of a belligerent.

This substantive principle of the law of nations *can not be overridden by technical rule of the prize court that the owners of the captured cargo must prove that no part of it may eventually come to the hands of the enemy forces.* The proof is of an impossible nature; and it can not be admitted that the absence of proof in its nature impossible to make can justify the seizure and condemnation. If it were otherwise, all neutral commerce with the people of a belligerent state would be impossible; the innocent would suffer inevitable condemnation with the guilty. \* \* \*

The criterion of warlike usefulness and destination has been adopted by the common consent of civilized nations, after centuries of struggle in which each belligerent made indiscriminate warfare upon all commerce of all neutral states with the people of the other belligerent, and which led to reprisals as the mildest available remedy.

The extension of the rule of contraband to provisions as proposed by Russia renders meaningless the principle of the Declaration of Paris set forth in the imperial order of February 29th last that a blockade in order to be obligatory must be effective; it obliterates all distinction between commerce in contraband and noncontraband goods; and is in effect a declaration of war against commerce of every description between the people of a neutral and those of a belligerent state.

The combined opposition of Britain and the United States caused Russia, on October 22, 1904, to amend its rule regarding rice and provisions and to declare that "in cases where they are addressed to private individuals, these articles shall not be considered as contraband of war."

Viewed broadly, the case gets down to this: Great Britain, being unable to maintain an effective blockade of German Baltic ports, is trying by unlawful means to attain the end of preventing the importation into Germany of foodstuffs from the Scandinavian countries. The situation today is exactly parallel to that described by Jefferson when writing to Minister Pinckney in 1793. He said that Great Britain might "feel the desire of starving an enemy nation; but she

can have no right of doing it at our loss, nor of making us the instrument of it."

### Jimmy Archibald.

James Francis Jewel Archibald is no unknown quantity in these parts. In fact it was here he started upon that far-flung career which has culminated so dramatically; and even to this day his forebears are reputed to abide somewhere in the back hills of Oakland. One of Archibald's first adventures was to get in—and out—of the Bohemian Club under circumstances which nobody acquainted with the facts of the case has ever cared to discuss. Then he got mixed up with the mysterious loss of a valuable ring belonging to a well-known San Francisco woman, said ring being returned coincidentally with the hurried departure of Mr. Archibald for "abroad." Later there were whispers connecting Mr. Archibald with the sensational loss from a room in the Palace Hotel of a string of pearls belonging to a well-known San Francisco woman and which was never recovered. These incidents occurred at intervals of several years, and during all this time Mr. Archibald posed as a "war correspondent," although nobody has ever known definitely of any newspaper with which he was connected or of any correspondence of which he was the author.

From time to time echoes of Mr. Archibald's activities in various fields have reached San Francisco, though nobody ever understood exactly what they were until the appearance of "Who's Who in America," issue of 1905. The sketch of Mr. Archibald contained in that number was one of the most notable in the book, rivaling in length and more than rivaling in brilliancy of detail the biographical note accorded to the President of the United States. It was as follows:

Served in Chinese-Japanese war; with General Miles through labor riots; in the Sioux campaign and the last Apache campaign; volunteer aide-de-camp Fifth Army Corps through Spanish war; served in Santiago campaign; was on first scouting expedition that landed in Cuba about a month before the Santiago expedition; first man wounded in war with Spain, being shot through left arm in engagement that lasted about three hours; was in Chippewa campaign on Leech Lake and arranged surrender of the hostiles; with army of occupation of Cuba with staff of General Ludlow; with British forces in Soudan, 1899; with Boer army in South African war until occupation of Pretoria; wounded in battle of Pretoria; remained with British army two months; was with Castro's army under General Velutini during Barcelona campaign in Venezuela and later followed events of allied forces against Venezuela.

Fellow Royal Geographical Society of London; honorable member National American Red Cross for services in the field; distinguished service order of United States army for bravery in action; member Society of the Army of Santiago, S. A. R.; Spanish Order of Merit; Military Order of Pretoria; Order of Bust of Bolivar of third class; medal of honor of Instruction Publica of Venezuela; rank of mandarin from Chinese Empire; officer Institut du Midi of France; special delegate to the Red Cross of Spain.

For some unexplained reason the greater part of this striking record has been omitted in subsequent editions of "Who's Who." And this being so, there is now no need to inquire, as a Philadelphia writer did the other day, as to which side had the benefit of Mr. Archibald's services in the Chinese-Japanese war; as to the extraordinary honors conferred by the Red Cross; as to where may be found the records of the "Distinguished Service of the United States," the "Institut du Midi of France," the "Military Order of Pretoria," and the "Order of the Bust of Bolivar," no doubt Mr. Archibald could explain, but nobody else has been able to do it excepting in the case of the "Military Order of Pretoria." That highly-named organization was formed around the table of a second-class restaurant by half a dozen second-rate photographers and reporters, and its sole function was the conferring upon its members of an enameled cross and ribbon.

It is interesting to note that when Mr. Archibald, accompanied by wife, child, "maid, and valet," was arrested at Rotterdam Mr. Archibald declared himself "perfectly innocent" of any wrong intent in the matter of documents found in his possession. He was the bearer, he said, as a matter of courtesy of a "simple, unsealed letter" handed to him as he was about to sail by the secretary of the Austrian embassy. He had naught to say of the fact that this "simple, unsealed letter" was accompanied by a package quite too large and weighty to be carried in pocket and so packed with his general baggage. In view of this accompanying package Mr. Archibald's "innocence" might well have been doubted, even without the

statement of Dr. Dumba that "Count von Bernstorff and I dined with Archibald the day before he sailed and entrusted him with secret and valuable papers. I can not understand how he could have been so careless as to allow those dispatches to fall into the hands of our enemies."

There are statutes under which Mr. Archibald might be punished as "an American citizen protected by a American passport" bearing "official dispatches through the lines of an enemy of Austria-Hungary." One of them defines as a "high misdemeanor" the act of an American citizen who accepts and exercises a commission to "serve any foreign country" against another with which this nation is at peace. Another forbids any American citizen to "assist" in any foreign correspondence with a foreign government "with a intent to influence" that government, etc. But perhaps it is just as well that our government should take no further action in the matter. Mr. Archibald is to contemptible a figure to be made the subject of a serious prosecution. Perhaps it is just as well that he should be left to the obscurity which is the proper fate of the happiest possible fate of a rank fakir.

### The Anti-Lottery Crusade.

The *Argonaut* would have more sympathy with the *Examiner's* anti-lottery crusade if it had more confidence—or any at all—in the *Examiner's* sincerity of purpose. It can but remember that the *Examiner*, along with the other daily newspapers, has in times past a good deal more than less shared in the profits of the lottery game. And, having observed something of *Examiner* methods, it can but wonder how it would have been if the lottery exploiters had come through with a higher rate for advertising its "drawings."

Again, the method of the present campaign is suggestive of a way the *Examiner* has of "taking a flier first at one social abuse then another, so calculated as to time and so presented as to accredit it, the *Examiner* with a particular phase of public sentiment. One is led to ask why the *Examiner* all of a sudden is so passionately antagonistic toward an abuse which it has long tolerated in silence, and to wonder what particular abuse it will next assail—all in the interest of what in theatrical parlance is styled the hox-office.

Again, one is led to wonder why the *Examiner* enthusiasm in the cause of public morality should be limited to a single cause. It might be supposed that a moral spirit so high would be manifested at all times and seasons, and with respect to a wide range of objects and purposes. Somehow one furiously moral campaign after another, each running brief and spectacular course and dropped the moment popular interest wanes, is not impressive of fixed moral purpose or of sustained virtuosity of mind.

So far as the lottery evil in San Francisco is concerned, we have only to reflect that its existence rests primarily upon what appears to be a fixed habit of the community. When it is observed that many thousands of persons representative of every rank and phase of life are regular buyers of "tickets," it is not easily believable that the evil may be excoriated making it the subject of sensational and obviously not disinterested assault. Lotteries will cease to exist in San Francisco when the people of San Francisco no longer want them. Reform, when it comes, will be product of wholesomer ways of thinking and more prudent courses of action on the part of the public. Furious campaigns by a newspaper, conceived either in resentment against lottery exploiters or in pursuance of increased support from the "moral element" and supported by circus methods, will be of no effect. Nobody knows this better than the *Examiner*. As just as soon as this anti-lottery crusade shall get to be an old story the *Examiner* will cease its tirades. After a decent interval, we shall probably see the "lot" in its old place in the *Examiner*—at increased rate.

### Going Backward.

In one of the many congresses which have enlivened the Exposition and befriended the gate receipts: an electrical engineer declared that the economic millennium will be with us when all business, "every transaction that concerns two people," will be put under the executive control of the government. This was hailed as progressive, as part of the uplift in store for mankind. Yet it is simply economic atavism, recurrence to former and lower type. It was for ages the rule a practice. Against its irresponsible tyranny man fought



long and bloody war in many countries, and finally gained a victory. The "star chamber" was closed. The Bastille fell. The Venetian "Council of Ten" passed, and the dungeons of Bomha were unlocked to the sun. The Code Napoleon, and the Common Law of England, and the Constitution of the United States out life, liberty, and property under the protection of the judicial process, and every man could lift his forehead to the stars and claim his day in court, with none to say him nay. All business, every transaction, even between two parties, became and have remained subject to that judicial oversight, under the rules of evidence. The energies of man were released from the incubus of executive power. Civilization sprang forward. All men stood equal before the bar of justice.

Government, no matter what its form, is concerned with two things only, the rights of person and of property. Its hand can find nothing else to touch, for there is nothing else. It can not weigh nor measure the human conscience. It can not enter the chambers of human thought. It can not bind nor loose human love. Government can only concern itself with the rights of person and property. We are moving rapidly to putting these under control solely of the executive power of government and snatching them away from the courts. Commissions, bureaus, boards, and inspectors are taking the places of judge and jury. Executive power recognizes no precedent. It knows nothing of *stare decisis*. It is opportunism enthroned in authority. What it did in its day we know. What it will do again we may judge by the past. Shallow minds hail it and spread flowers in its path and burn incense before it. Others who know the woe of it, and the cost of it in human suffering and dire misery, will wish that the eminent electrical engineer either knew more or talked less.

#### Washington Topics.

President Wilson, it is said, "grows lukewarm" on the question of national defense. It appears that the defense propaganda has been overplayed, and that after all that has been said not much will be done. The big reason—complicating with other reasons—is the condition of the national treasury. Where is the money to come from? Poverty is a good excuse for not doing that which the President, even though half convinced that he ought to do it, does not really wish to do.

Talk of an extra session of Congress lacks the backing of any serious or obvious purpose. True, Senator Stone of Missouri has had something to say about a special session of the Senate to pass the Colombian-Nicaraguan treaties. But why he wants to do this nobody seems to know. Maybe it has a definite purpose; there are lots of Germans in Missouri. Senator Fletcher of Florida wants legislation in the interests of cotton and rural credits for the South. And Senator Kern from Indiana has had more or less to say about the necessity for a special session of the Senate to pass a cloture rule. But why the hurry? There is no answer except that certain little men see things in a little way, and we have a lot of little men in the Senate these days. Nothing in sight indicates that President Wilson will call a special session of the Senate. Everything indicates that he will not. He has been growing in popularity since Congress adjourned, and it is almost a certainty that when it begins to perform again he will have to bear some part of the responsibility for its conduct and will suffer in public estimation accordingly.

Bulgaria, now looming large in the Balkan situation, has an area of about 43,300 square miles and a population of 4,750,000, of whom there are nearly 300,000 Turks. Military service is compulsory, but Mohammedans are exempted. About five-sevenths of the population are engaged in agriculture, most of them being small proprietors holding from one to six acres. The country is divided into nine military districts, each of which supplies a complete division of the field army. All the minerals in Bulgaria belong to the state. A great deal of trade is done in timber, which is cut in the defiles and floated down the rivers to the Danube.

Sao Paulo, somewhat more than twice as large as Illinois, is probably the finest farming state in Brazil, and produces practically three-fourths of the world's coffee. It is also rich in cotton, sugar, and tobacco.

Pie-making by hand in large bakeries is being relegated to the dim and musty past. A machine has been perfected which, operated by a foreman and six assistants, will produce 1800 pies an hour.

#### THE THEATRE OF WAR.

Last week it was said in this column that if the Allies in the west intended to make an attack they would wait until the Germans had made their utmost possible penetration into Russia, that is to say until the Germans in Russia were as far away as they were likely to get. Reports from Russia seemed to show that such a time had come. The German forces in the east were either advancing at a snail's pace, or they were stationary, or they were actually in retreat. Lord Kitchener seems to have known what he was talking about when he said that the bolt had been shot, although his sympathies would naturally give a roseate hue to his utterances.

It has become almost an axiom within the last few weeks to say that a Russian offensive has been rendered impossible until next year. There was a slow and reluctant admission that Russia had actually saved her armies from destruction, but it was supposed to be certain that they must spend a long period in recuperation and that any forward action on their part would be out of the question for months. Some one said it and so every one else said it. With this view we were not in agreement. We said again and again that the Russian armies would fall back steadily under pressure as they have always done, but that the moment that pressure was lessened they would flood back again like an ocean tide. There was no conceivable reason why they should do otherwise. They were neither routed nor surrounded. Not a single reliable report spoke of disorder or discouragement. They held on to every position until the exact psychological moment had been reached, and then they evacuated it, leaving it a naked skeleton, and making a howling wilderness of the country over which they passed. The blades of the German shears snapped again and again, but there was never anything between them. Invariably the neck of the hag was drawn a second too late, and this in spite of a skill and valor now inseparably connected with the German campaign.

The battle front is now a nearly straight line from Riga in the north to Bukovina in the south. But it is not quite straight. It curves somewhat to the east around Dvinsk, sometimes known as Dünaburg. General von Hindenburg has been advancing toward Dvinsk for many days, and here in the north we have the only advance that can be recorded in favor of the invaders. And the advance has been very slow. On September 18th the Dvinsk correspondent of the London *Times* spoke of the German forces as being twelve miles from the town. This is now ten days ago, and we have read of almost daily advances since then. Even at the rate of a mile a day, the rate mentioned by Lord Kitchener, the Germans would still be two miles from the town at this moment of writing, and there is nothing to show that they are so close as this. The *Times* correspondent said that on September 18th the battle was raging unceasingly. The Russians were holding their front in a three-deep line of trenches against concentrated artillery. The Germans had a vast superiority of men and guns and had repeatedly taken the first line of trenches only to lose it again. The morale of the Russians was unimpaired, and they were fighting in a stubborn and determined way. Prince Leopold of Bavaria is making a similar advance against Minsk, immediately to the south, but here, too, the German movements are very slow, as they must necessarily be in such a country as this and with long and difficult lines of communications.

But to the south the tide of battle is much in favor of the Russians. Here they have done exactly what we said they would do, and what they are likely to do in the north as well. Like a rubber ball they have given way just so long as the pressure was strong enough to compel them to do so. And they have rebounded the instant the pressure was lessened. General von Mackensen, attempting the immensely difficult feat of penetrating the Pripiet marshes, has been forced to retreat and to surrender large areas of country, while still further south the Russian successes against the Austrians have been striking and undenied. The Austrians have been thrown back across the Styria and driven out of Loutsk. The Russians once more control the triangle of fortresses of Loutsk, Dubno, and Rovno, although there are now reports of a new German recovery. It was perfectly evident that there must be a limit to the penetration of Russia. A hundred years ago it was possible for the small armies of that day to advance more or less as flying columns and with only sketchy attempts at keeping open their lines of communication. But this can not be done with armies of millions of men who are passing over devastated country, and who depend upon their lines of communication for every button and every bootlace. The lines of communication are like a constantly increasing dead weight around the neck of an advancing enemy. They pull back like an overstretched rubber cord.

The events of the last week were not needed to show us that Russia can not be beaten. She is too vast. It is like fighting against the sky. Germany's one and only intention in invading Russia was to destroy the existing Russian armies and so to eliminate Russia for a sufficiently long time to enable her to move her armies to the west. There was no other success possible to her. An invasion and the taking of many fortresses were of no value whatever to her, and she never supposed that they were. If she could destroy the Russian armies she would have won. If she could not destroy them she would lose. There was no such thing as a partial success. The dollar has to fall heads or tails. If Germany and Austria can not hold back the Russians with the forces that they now have what hope can there be to detach men for service elsewhere? The German army in Russia has performed miracles, but they are not miracles of

the right kind. It will be remembered that Napoleon had reached Moscow before he realized that the vastnesses of Russia had beaten him.

In the last issue of the *Argonaut* it was said that the continued bombardment of the German lines in the west was presumably intended as a preliminary to assault. The bombardment had continued for three weeks. It was incessant and systematic. The whole field was continuously swept by shells so aimed as to cover successively each fifty yards of territory. On Saturday morning came the assault along the whole line from the North Sea to Switzerland. There is no need to enumerate the results, seeing that they have been chronicled in every newspaper in the world. And there is no need to exaggerate the results, a thing quite easy to do. The Germans must have known perfectly well what was coming, but none the less they were driven from their first trenches over large areas of country, and especially in the Champagne district. The notable points are the comparative ease with which this was done, the large number of unwounded prisoners, and the capture of guns. At the moment of writing the battle still continues, and although the Germans claim to have checked the attack they say little about a recovery of lost ground. A bombardment so unprecedented must have made life in the trenches impossible. A mouse could hardly escape.

What is the meaning of it? Is this the great offensive of which we have heard so much, and may we suppose that an attempt is now to be made to push the Germans out of France? To attempt to answer such questions in any positive way would be mere folly. It may be that the commanders themselves can not answer them. It may be that several desirable aims have coincided in this movement and that future operations will be guided by unfolding events. In the first place it is evident that the Allies will push right on so long and so far as they are able to do so and that even if a continued offensive were not intended it might easily develop into a continued offensive. Secondly it is obvious that this action must prove of aid to the Russians, certainly of moral aid, and possibly of material aid. And thirdly, it may have been intended as a warning to the Bulgarians that the Germans were not invincible. And we may add a fourth alternative. If Germany can barely hold her own in the east, if she is shown to be vulnerable in the west, how can she possibly spare a large force for the invasion of Serbia? It is an axiom of tactics that military force must be concentrated upon one point. Germany has tried to concentrate her force since the beginning of the war, first on France and then on Russia, and it may be said that her railroad system has enabled her to preserve the essentials of concentration even though her armies are widely separated. Is it likely that she can spare a force of 800,000 men—for such is the strength mentioned—for the conquest of Serbia? Is it likely that she would undertake such an operation in view of the situation that we now know to exist? Serbia has had a long rest. She has been amply provided with British artillery and French aviators. Everything possible has been done to stiffen her. To force a passage through Serbia to the relief of Constantinople seems an almost impossibly formidable contract, and still more formidable since the events of the last few days. It seems reasonable to believe that the attempt will not be made and we may even suppose that the threat to make it was intended to do no more than to encourage the Turks to continue their resistance.

The difficulties of the Dardanelles campaign can be appreciated only with the aid of the map and by a certain power of visualization. The Peninsula of Gallipoli is a very narrow one, and a comparatively small army can be stretched across it from shore to shore, from the Aegean to the Dardanelles. Such an army can entrench itself almost impregnably, thanks to the character of the land with its billy peaks and plateaus. The Turkish forces can not be outflanked except by fresh landings in their rear. The right flank of the Allies is of course sustained by the warships, but on the other hand it is exposed to fire from the Asiatic side and from guns that are easily hidden and that can be moved to new positions during the night. Therefore there are only two ways in which the Turks can be assailed. The first is by frontal attack, which has been done several times, and with small gains, but at a fearful loss of life. The second way is by cutting their communications. The extreme northeast of the Peninsula at Bulair is only three miles wide, and it is therefore easy to dominate it from the sea and to prevent the sending of supplies from Constantinople. But supplies can be sent in small quantities down the Asiatic coast and ferried across at nighttime, and this can hardly be prevented. The Turkish army is therefore woefully short of both munitions and food, but it is not actually starved. General Hamilton's reports and also the Turkish reports seem to show that there have been fresh landings somewhere between the Turkish forces and Bulair, and these would have the effect of stopping such small land transports as might creep past Bulair in the night, and they would also serve for an attack upon the Turkish entrenchments from the rear. It is too soon to say that the Turkish entrenchments can not be taken by direct assault, but it is evident that the attempt must be much aided by hunger and nakedness, and these are allies that only time can mobilize.

Apparently Bulgaria can not decide which way the cat will jump, and so she herself cannily refrains from jumping at all, lest she should jump the wrong way. But let us rid our minds of the idea that a Bulgarian declaration on the side of Turkey would necessarily prove to be a serious blow to the Allies. It might be quite the contrary. If Ger-



armies can cross Bulgaria to the relief of Constantinople then the Allied armies can also cross Bulgaria to the attack of Constantinople. Bulgaria would have the Roumanian army directly to her north and the Serbian army directly to her west. And what other forces there may be that are ready to cooperate with Roumania and Serbia for the invasion of Bulgaria it would be hard to say. There is certainly a British force of some kind now in Serbia, and we may remember that an Italian force set sail some weeks ago and promptly vanished into thin air. Doubtless the Allies would be pleased enough if Bulgaria should continue to bar the way to the relieving German armies. But they may also view with considerable complacency the possibility that she may throw open her territory to battle. Bulgaria is entirely surrounded by enemies. If Germany should be unable to aid her she would be in extremities very quickly through lack of ammunition. Everything would depend on the power of Germany to push her way quickly through Serbia.

Probably the fact of the matter is that Bulgaria has not made up her mind. That she is frankly sordid goes without saying, but then the spectacle of any European nation charging another with sordid conduct is a humorous one, to say the least of it. Bulgaria has no love for the Germans, and certainly she has no love for Turkey. If she has any racial sympathies at all they would be with Russia. But sympathies are counting for nothing at all with Bulgaria. She considers that she was cheated after the last Turkish war, and she now regards herself as the honest man who comes by his own when the thieves fall out. Her special animosities are Serbia and Greece, and her threats are directed more toward Serbia than toward the Allies in general. She might conceivably be able to attack Serbia and at the same time hold off Roumania, for it is to be remembered that there are Austrian forces in Bukowina who would certainly attack Roumania if she should attack Bulgaria. Roumania is still showing a stiff front to the Germans, but it would be unwise to predict what any Balkan power will or will not do overnight. Bulgarian mobilization by no means implies that Bulgaria has made up her mind. It may mean only that she does not intend to be coerced. Any Balkan state that makes the mistake of espousing a beaten side is likely to be effaced after the war, and well they know it.

The *World's Work* for October gives us an interesting summary of naval gains and losses since the beginning of the war. Only one dreadnought has been lost, the British ship *Audacious*. At the outbreak of hostilities the Allies possessed 44 dreadnoughts and the Teutons 22. The Allies have now 76 dreadnoughts and the Teutons 30. These represent the ships known to be in commission, but Great Britain's shipbuilding powers are enormous and no one knows how many keels she may have laid. Of second-class battleships the Allies have now 86 and the Teutons 34. Of cruisers we are given the losses, which number 34 for the Allies and 54 for the Teutons. The cruisers of England, France, Russia, and Italy total more than four times those of Germany, Austria, and Turkey combined, and the preponderance is increasing. Germany is supposed to have concentrated her ship-building powers on the construction of submarines, and she is said to be building at least one a week. The German submarines have been so active that her enemies' strength in these craft is sometimes overlooked. At the beginning of the war the Allies had five submarines to the Teutons' one, but this disproportion may have been lessened. At the same time Great Britain is known to have built many, and although there has been very little opportunity to use them they would certainly play their part in the event of a great naval engagement. The losses of submarines are conjectural, since they are usually concealed, but the Allies are known to have lost 14 and the Teutons 10. Estimates of a Teuton loss of 40 submarines have been made, but on this point one opinion is as good as another in the absence of positive figures. Enthusiasm is sometimes fatal to arithmetic.

One meets constantly with a curious misstatement with regard to the proportion of France that is now in German possession. This proportion is usually described as a fifth, but occasionally it rises to a third. One would suppose that maps were unobtainable, but even the cheapest of school maps would be enough to correct such an absurdity. As a matter of fact Germany is holding about one-twenty-fifth part of France.

A French soldier with a taste for statistics has calculated the amount of soil that has been moved in the work of trench-making. There are about five hundred miles of first-line trenches stretching all the way from the North Sea to Switzerland. And there are five or six lines of trenches upon each side. A total of ten lines of trenches on the two sides would give a length of about five thousand miles, and this, says the calculating soldier, has involved a task of excavation twice as great as that of the Panama Canal. And it has all been done by hand labor and with military shovels, and much of it has been done under fire and by men who have to work while lying on their chests. Much of the soil thus removed is put into sacks, which are then used to heighten the sides of the trench.

SIDNEY CORYN.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 29, 1915.

Julius Bittner, to whom the Gustav Mahler Foundation prize has been awarded, is a well-known Vienna composer, known particularly in Germany and Austria for his operas, "Der Musikant" and "Der Bergsee." The prize, for which a fund of \$11,000 was set apart in the name of the lamented composer-conductor, was designed to provide financial assistance for creative musicians.

## FRAGMENTS FROM "THE RED LAUGH."

### Madness Steals Upon the Dead Soldier's Brother.

(Perhaps no book yet written on the war sets forth its horrors in such a manner as "The Red Laugh," by the young Russian writer, Leonidas Andreief, but his horror is "full of fine shades." The following extracts are taken from the book, which was recently published by Duffield & Co., of New York.)

#### FRAGMENT XII.

It is beginning. When I entered my brother's study yesterday evening he was sitting in his armchair at his table heaped with books. The hallucination disappeared the moment I lighted a candle, but for a long time I could not bring myself to sit down in the armchair that he had occupied. At first it was terrifying—the empty rooms in which one was constantly hearing rustlings and crackings were the cause of this dread, but afterwards I even liked it—better he than somebody else. Nevertheless I did not leave the armchair the whole evening; it seemed to me that if I were to get up he would instantly sit down in my place. And I left the room very quickly without looking round. The lamps ought to have been lit in all the rooms, but was it worth while? It would have been perhaps worse if I had seen anything by lamp-light—as it was, there was still room for doubt.

Today I entered with a candle and there was nobody in the armchair. Evidently it must have been only a shadow. Again I went to the station—I go there every morning now—and saw a whole carriage full of our mad soldiers. It was not opened, but shunted on to another line, and I had time to see several faces through the windows. They were terrible, especially one. Fearfully drawn, the color of a lemon, with an open black mouth and fixed eyes, it was so like a mask of horror that I could not tear my eyes away from it. And it stared at me, the whole of it, and was motionless, and glided past together with the moving carriage, just as motionless, without the slightest change, never transferring its gaze for an instant. If it were to appear before me this minute in that dark door, I do not believe I should be able to hold out. I made inquiries: there were twenty-two men. The infection is spreading. The papers are hushing up something and, I believe, there is something wrong in our town, too. Black, closely-shut carriages have made their appearance—I counted six during one day in different parts of the town. I suppose I shall also go off in one of them one of these days.

And the papers clamor for fresh troops and more blood every day, and I am beginning to understand less and less what it all means. Yesterday I read an article full of suspicion, stating that there were many spies and traitors amongst the people, warning us to be cautious and mindful, and that the wrath of the people would not fail to find out the guilty. What guilty, and guilty of what? As I was returning from the station in the tram I heard a strange conversation, I suppose in reference to the same article.

"They ought to be all hung without any trial," said one, looking scrutinizingly at me and all the passengers. "Traitors ought to be hung, yes."

"Without any mercy," confirmed the other. "They've been shown mercy enough!"

I jumped out of the tram. The war was making everybody shed tears, and they were crying, too—why, what did it mean? A bloody mist seemed to have enveloped the earth, hiding it from our gaze, and I was beginning to think that the moment of the universal catastrophe was approaching. The red laugh that my brother saw. The madness was coming from over there, from those bloody burnt-out fields, and I felt it cold breath in the air. I am a strong man and have none of those illnesses that corrupt the body, bringing in their train the corruption of the brain also, but I see the infection catching me, and half of my thoughts belong to me no longer. It is worse than the plague and its horrors. One can hide from the plague, take measures, but how can one hide from all-penetrating thought, that knows neither distances nor obstacles?

In the daytime I can still fight against it, but during the night I become, as everybody else does, the slave of my dreams—and my dreams are terrible and full of madness.

#### FRAGMENT XIII.

Universal mob-fights, senseless and sanguinary. The slightest provocation gives rise to the most savage club-law, knives, stones, logs of wood coming into action, and it is all the same who is being killed—red blood asks to be let loose, and flows willingly and plentifully.

There were six of them, all peasants, and they were being led by three soldiers with loaded guns. In their quaint peasant's dress, simple and primitive like a savage's, with their quaint countenances, that seemed as if made of clay and adorned with felted wool instead of hair, in the streets of a rich town, under the escort of disciplined soldiers—they resembled slaves of the antique world. They were being led off to the war, and they moved along in obedience to the bayonets as innocent and dull as cattle led to the slaughterhouse. In front walked a youth, tall, beardless, with a long goose-neck, at the end of which was a motionless little head. His whole body was bent forward like a switch, and he stared at the ground under his

feet so fixedly as if his gaze penetrated into the very depths of the earth. The last in the group was a man of small stature, bearded and middle-aged; he had a desire of resistance, and there was no thought in his eyes, but the earth attracted his feet, gripped the tightly, not letting them loose, and he advanced with his body thrown back, as if struggling against a strong wind. And at each step the soldier gave him a push with the butt-end of his rifle, and one leg, tearing itself from the earth, convulsively thrust itself forward, while the other still stuck tightly. The faces of the soldiers were weary and angry, and evident they had been marching so for a long time; and one felt they were tired and indifferent as to how they carried their guns and how they marched, keeping no step with their feet turned in like countrymen. The senseless, lingering, and silent resistance of the peasant seemed to have dimmed their disciplined brains, as they had ceased to understand where they were going and what their goal was.

"Where are you leading them to?" I asked of one of the soldiers. He started, glanced at me, and in the keen flash of his eyes I felt the bayonet as distinct as if it were already at my breast.

"Go away!" said the soldier; "go away, or else . . ."

The middle-aged man took advantage of the moment and ran away; he ran with a light trot up to the iron railings of the boulevard and sat down on his heels as if he were hiding. No animal would have acted so stupidly, so senselessly. But the soldier became savage. I saw him go close up to him, stoop down, and thrusting his gun into the left hand, strike something soft and flat with the right one. And the again. A crowd was gathering. Laughter and shouts were heard. . . .

#### FRAGMENT XIV.

In the eleventh row of stalls. Somebody's arm were pressing closely against me on my right and left hand side, while far around me in the semi-darkness stuck out motionless heads, tinged with red from the lights upon the stage. And gradually the mass of people, confined in that narrow space, filled me with horror. Everybody was silent, listening to what was being said on the stage or, perhaps, thinking out his own thoughts, but as they were many, they were more audible, for all their silence, than the loud voices of the actors. They were coughing, blowing their noses, making a noise with their feet and clothes, and could distinctly hear their deep, uneven breathing, that was heating the air. They were terrible, for each of them could become a corpse, and they all had senseless brains. In the calmness of those well-brushed heads, resting upon white, stiff collars, I felt a hurricane of madness ready to burst every second.

My hands grew cold as I thought how many are how terrible they were, and how far away I was from the entrance. They were calm, but what if I were to cry out "Fire!" . . . And full of terror, I experienced a painfully passionate desire, of which I could not think without my hands growing cold and moist. Who could hinder me from crying out—yes, standing up, turning round and crying out: "Fire! Save yourselves—fire!"

A convulsive wave of madness would overwhelm their still limbs. They would jump up, yelling as howling like animals; they would forget that they had wives, sisters, mothers, and would begin casting themselves about like men stricken with sudden blindness in their madness throttling each other with their white fingers fragrant with scent. The light would be turned on, and somebody with an ashen face would appear upon the stage, shouting that all was in order and that there was no fire, and the music, trembling and halting, would begin playing something wild and merry—but they would be deaf to everything—the would be throttling, trampling, and beating the heads of the women, demolishing their ingenious, cunning head-dresses. They would tear at each other's ears, bite off each other's noses, and tear the very clothes off each other's bodies, feeling no shame, for the would be mad. Their sensitive, delicate, beautiful, adorable women would scream and writhe helplessly, their feet, clasping their knees, still believing in the generosity—while they would beat them viciously upon their beautiful upturned faces, trying to force the way towards the entrance. For men are always murderers, and their calmness and generosity is the calmness of a well-fed animal, that knows itself out of danger.

And when, having made corpses of half their number, they would gather at the entrance in a trembling, tattered group of shamefaced animals, with a false smile upon their lips, I would go on to the stage and say with a laugh:

"It has all happened because you killed my brother." Yes, I would say with a laugh: "It has all happened because you killed my brother."

I must have whispered something aloud, for a neighbor on the right-hand side moved angrily in his chair and said:

"Hush! You are interrupting."

I felt merry and wanted to play a joke. Assuming a warning severe expression, I stooped towards him. "What is it?" he asked suspiciously. "Why do you look at me so?"

"Hush, I implore you," whispered I with my lips



"Do you not perceive a smell of burning? There is a fire in the theatre."

He had enough power of will and good sense not to cry out. His face grew pale, his eyes starting out of their sockets and almost protruding over his cheeks, enormous as bladders, but he did not cry out. He rose quietly and, without even thanking me, walked tottering towards the entrance, convulsively keeping back his steps. He was afraid of the others guessing about the fire and preventing him getting away—him, the only one worthy of being saved.

I felt disgusted and left the theatre also; besides I did not want to make known my incognito too soon. In the street I looked towards that part of the sky where the war was raging; everything was calm, and the night clouds, yellow from the lights of the town, were slowly and calmly drifting past.

"Perhaps it is only a dream, and there is no war?" thought I, deceived by the stillness of the sky and town.

But a boy sprang out from behind a corner, crying joyously:

"A terrible battle. Enormous losses. Buy a list of telegrams—night telegrams!"

I read it by the light of the street lamp. Four thousand dead. In the theatre, I should say, there were not more than one thousand. And the whole way home I kept repeating—"Four thousand dead."

Now I am afraid of returning to my empty house. When I put my key into the lock and look at the dumb, flat door, I can feel all its dark empty rooms behind it, which, however, the next minute, a man in a hat would pass through, looking furtively around him. I know the way well, but on the stairs I begin lighting match after match, until I find a candle. I never enter my brother's study, and it is locked with all that it contains. And I sleep in the dining-room, whither I have shifted altogether; there I feel calmer, for the air seems to have still retained the traces of talking and laughter and the merry clang of dishes. Sometimes I distinctly hear the scraping of a dry pen—and when I lay down on my bed. . . .

## THE BLIND MAN.

With Unseeing Eyes He Marches Off the Wall.

(Another stirring war tale is "Barnavaux," a new book by Pierre Mille, published by the John Lane Company, from which many fine bits may be quoted, as the following indicates.)

On the thirty-first day, however, the door of his cell opened, and two soldiers took him to Fort Lamotte.

With head thrown back and eyes set in a fixed stare, he crossed the long Faubourg de la Guillotière, accompanied by his two guards. It had been raining in the night and the pavements were still muddy; his feet went into all the puddles.

"If you would only look down and see where you are going, like everybody else, you wouldn't get so wet," said one of the soldiers.

"I tell you I'm blind," answered Dieutegard.

"You try to appear blind, because if you looked on the ground you couldn't help stepping over the puddles. No, I'll swear you couldn't. A fellow's feet and eyes act together without his knowledge. Look down for a moment to see!"

"To see?" repeated the man sarcastically.

"Yes, to see, you damned fraud! And if you don't do as I advise now, you'd better do it later on. It will be better for your health!"

The other soldier sniggered, for he knew what was in store. Dieutegard preserved a disdainful silence without troubling himself to act on their suggestion; and they realized he was doing his best to send his thought far away. At last the long walk came to an end.

When they reached the barracks of the Seventy-Fifth, Major Roger was awaiting them in the company of some other officers. There were several non-commissioned officers there also, smiling, attentive, and deferential.

"At any rate he plays his part well," said one of them.

"You understand," said Major Roger, "that I protest against this experiment."

"Protest as much as you like," put in a captain. "He isn't your man now, he's in my company, and you swore he could see. Therefore—"

"But supposing I made a mistake?" said Roger.

"It's your lookout if you did. The man was sent to me as being able to see, to see so well that he was condemned to thirty days' prison because he pretended he could not see. That's good enough proof for me. Therefore I consider I have a perfect right to give my orders to Private Dieutegard. Is everything ready?" he continued, turning to one of the non-commissioned officers.

"Yes, *mon capitaine*. All that remains to be done is to take the man up the little staircase behind the canteen to the glacis, and to set him on the path. It isn't ten yards long and it ends in the trench above the northeast casemate."

"And—and you have taken every precaution?" asked the major. "It's a serious matter, you know."

"Serious!" ejaculated the captain. "Do you think he will write to the papers?"

"No," said the major, "or I'm much mistaken in him. He may be an anarchist, but I'm sure he is not a sneak."

"Nor even a talker?"

"Nor even a talker. If he had liked—and let me tell you something, too, I like the fellow."

Colonel Lecamus was present. He was a very stout man, who read a great deal. He was getting too stout to ride and would soon be forced to retire, and so his fellow-officers agreed that he was quite clever.

Lecamus had hardly finished speaking when all the spectators grew pale. The sight of Dieutegard and the things surrounding him had opened their eyes.

They saw the little bare path, the worn grass of the glacis, the man in his coarse canvas clothes and the two soldiers guarding him. Then, suddenly on the other side of the ramparts a low line of red brick, bordering a deep trench, met the eye. By lowering the gaze just a trifle, the mere doing of which forced tragically upon the onlookers the dreadful significance of what they were contemplating, their eyes penetrated to the very bottom of the trench with its pool of dirty water, loose stones, and filth of all descriptions, sordid, hideous, and unclean.

Far beyond this came stretch upon stretch of green meadow; red roofs shone in the sunlight and the little brown cottages in the market-gardens looked like so many toys. Then farther still towards the distant horizon, the slow, solemn, heavy white mists of the Rhone Valley rose towards the sky. "What a beautiful view!" Lecamus had said. Ah yes, it was beautiful! but the eye returned to the awful ditch with the rank grasses, the stones, the pool of yellow water and the filth.

"Dieutegard," said the captain, "march straight ahead!"

The soldier inclined his ear quite naturally towards the man who had just spoken to him. The body followed the direction of the head and walked away from the ramparts.

"Straight ahead, *nom de Dieu*!"

And the stones, the pool of water, and the broken tins still shone at the bottom of the ditch with unbearable brightness.

"Straight ahead!"

With pale faces and awkward movements the two soldiers guided Dieutegard again to the middle of the path. And this time he marched ahead!

His lips were open and slightly drawn up over his teeth. A momentary expression of distress came over his face, a fleeting expression upon a face which since so long had been dead and void of change. It seemed almost as though by some strange miracle a portrait were coming to life even as the painting wore away. And he marched along. Ten yards is not very far! twelve or fifteen steps at most, even the steps of a blind man.

One, two, three, four, and as he went along his face became white and expressionless again. Five, six, seven, eight, nine, he continued unhesitatingly towards nothingness. Ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen.

"Enough!" cried Lecamus in a stifled voice. "This is madness! Stop him!"

Fourteen, fifteen. The fifteenth step brought Dieutegard to the brink of the abyss, and he disappeared, without a cry, amid a great and awful stillness. Every one came running up.

"The net was very strong," said the captain to Major Roger, "there is no danger."

But he ran as fast as the others. From props fixed to the casemate, the loopholes of which opened out, in the wall of the ramparts themselves, a net, both wide and solid, was suspended—as the sergeant had said with a good deal of truth, the thing had been arranged as for a circus—and Dieutegard lay calm and unhurt upon the woven tissue of tiny ropes.

No real reason exists for the common belief that the bloodhound is a fierce animal, ready to tear the person whom it may be tracking to pieces. It is, on the contrary, rather noted for its gentleness, even seeming timid, unless especially trained to attack. The origin of the breed, according to Count Le Couteulx de Cantefeu, the greatest living authority on the subject, is from the St. Hubert of St. Hubert's Abbey in the Ardennes. It dates from the earliest ages, and the breed certainly existed in the time of the Gauls. As regards the name bloodhound, the Count Le Couteulx believes that when fox-hunting in something like its present form was instituted it was found that the sleuthhound was not fast enough for the purpose, and the present foxhound was evolved from various material, and about this time it became usual, in speaking of the old hound of the country, to call him the bloodhound, meaning the hound of pure blood (as might be said of a blooded horse), to distinguish him from the new hound or foxhound. There is only one breed of pure, genuine bloodhounds, and that is the English.

There has been discovered in Honduras, on the west coast, in the vicinity of Juticalpa, a deposit of remarkably pure bitumen, or asphalt. Prospects uncovered for over 150 yards show the bed to be of great purity, and there are outcroppings for several miles. There are over 15,000 acres in the tract that is controlled by the discoverer of the deposit.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Dr. L. L. Zamenhof, the author of Esperanto, and his wife, who have been missing for several months, are reported safe and well in Warsaw.

Captain Edward W. Eberle, who succeeds Rear-Admiral Fullam as commandant of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, has been commandant of the Washington navy yard and superintendent of the naval gun factory since last December. His last duty prior to that time was the command of the cruiser *Washington*. He is an able officer and a strict disciplinarian.

Judge George E. Downey, who has been chosen to fill the vacancy on the bench of the United States court of claims, was, until his appointment, comptroller of the treasury. Judge Downey comes from Indiana, where he was for ten years a judge of the circuit court. There is no difference in the salaries of the two positions, but the tenure of office for the judgeship is for life or until retirement by law.

Jeremiah Paulsell, aged ninety-nine years, is entitled to the unique distinction of being the oldest hunter in this country. He lives at Portland, Oregon, and recently procured a free license to hunt big game, owing to the fact that he is a Civil War veteran. He was born in Hamilton County, Indiana, October 10, 1816. He enlisted in the regular army in 1834 and saw service through the Mexican and Civil wars.

Otto Praeger, who has just been appointed Second Assistant Postmaster-General, succeeding Joseph Stewart, is a Texan by birth and has long been the personal friend of Postmaster-General Burleson. Before his appointment as postmaster he was a newspaper correspondent, representing several Texas newspapers at the capital. Mr. Praeger was a student at the University of Texas under the present Secretary of Agriculture, Houston, and has been a Democrat all his life.

Luther Parker, whom the state commission of immigration and housing has secured for a time from the Federal government, is industrial inspector of education for the Philippines, and is known as one of the government's leading experts in education. He is a native of California, and has been in the bureau of education in the Philippines for fourteen years. He is a recognized expert in the teaching of various tribes in the islands, and has received a long and practical training in the teaching of English and civics to foreigners. He will assist the state immigration commission in formulating a programme of education for immigrants.

José Pardo, who has again assumed the presidency of Peru, is entering upon his third term, he having been first elected in 1904. His career is most unusual, regarding it from the political standpoint, for his father was a famous statesman, who became president of Peru. The present incumbent, during the early years of his life, devoted his attention to the family estates, the principal production of which is sugar cane. The benefits derived by the country during his previous term of office, where the reforms were effected, show that numerous treaties were signed, as well as diplomatic agreements, which paved the way for the amicable solution of the grave frontier disputes with the neighboring republics.

Gottlieb von Jagow, imperial foreign German minister, whom rumor has had it as being likely to be replaced, was called in 1913 to the German foreign office from Rome, where he was German ambassador, at the personal insistence of Emperor William. At the time he was almost a novice in the diplomatic field. He had been attached to German embassies in several European capitals, but had served as ambassador for only four years at Rome. He had, however, given proof of high ability during the troublesome period of the Italo-Turkish war, when Austria and Italy were on anything but friendly terms. During the last year Herr von Jagow has been one of the leading statesmen of the world. He has probably signed more important international documents than any of his predecessors in the same office.

Sir William Robertson, British army chief of staff, though heard of but little outside of army circles, has had a remarkable career, and is another big man who came up from the rank of private. Of Scottish blood, he entered the army at the age of nineteen, devoted himself to study, and after ten years of hard work, passed his examination and obtained a commission in the Third Dragoon Guards. A few years later he was assigned to the intelligence branch of the quartermaster's department and sent to India. Again he set himself to study and mastered the native tongue. He came out of the Chitral campaign with the Distinguished Service Order for services which included gallantry in action, when he was severely wounded. In the South African campaign he won further laurels, and in 1910 he was placed in command of the Army Staff College. Meanwhile he studied French and German and gave much attention to the Continental army systems. Later he had much to do with the preparation of the British expeditionary force. He went to France with it as quartermaster-general, who was responsible for keeping the army overseas supplied. His success in this capacity led to his appointment as chief of staff. Now all the branches of the army's activities are under his direction. He is fifty-two years of age.



## ITALY AT WAR.

Mary Garton Foster Writes of Benevolent Work in Siena.

This time I am going to tell you of the effect of the war on Siena—the gayest, the most independently happy, of Italy's ancient hill-towns. Never was a place so given over to holiday-making as old Siena. It is a dull day indeed when a festa of some sort is not in progress. They are quite impartially divided between birthdays of living royalties and of dead saints, but on two occasions, in July and August, anniversaries of greater importance than either occur, and then the town gets gay in mediæval fashion. Those who are fortunate enough to witness one of these celebrations know that never before have they seen a real festa.

In this year of war Siena has become a recruiting centre and a hospital district, and this serious work is taken up with all the zest that was put into her holiday-making. For the first time in centuries the August Palio—the greatest of all the festas—was called off. The suggestion was made that it take place as usual and the proceeds be given to the soldiers' fund, but those taking part in the pageant, the representatives of the seventeen districts of the city, replied that it was impossible, because they could put no joy into it when so many of their companions were away fighting. It turned out to be a wise decision, for during the usually joyous Palio week hundreds of wounded soldiers arrived. The trains bringing them were met by the entire outfit of Red Cross ambulances and stretchers, and as the station is at the foot of a hill on one side of town and the main hospital on a height on the other, the sad processions passed through the steep, crooked, central street between the two points. Here the townspeople and the soldiers off duty at the fort congregated to watch them. It was enough to spoil any festa. Eyes staring fixedly from gaunt, bronzed faces framed in white cotton bandages; maimed bodies outlined stiff and inert beneath the coverlets of their cots. Ten weeks at the front had changed vigorous, hopeful youths to this. The soldiers along the way saluted solemnly, civilians uncovered reverently, as in the presence of death, and women turned away their faces. On such occasions the glory of war is totally obscured.

The best localities in Italy have been selected for the military hospitals, and Siena, on her hilltop, one thousand feet above sea level, surrounded by an open country, is an ideal spot.

In addition to the town's very large and well-equipped hospital, which has been in existence since the eleventh century, there have been established several special Red Cross hospitals and convalescent homes. The hundreds of beds in these places are fitted out with clothes for the wounded men who come from the emergency hospitals at the front possessed only of what they have on. Each bed is provided with three sets of white cotton pajamas, three white cotton caps, and one dark blue cotton dressing-gown, besides socks, slippers, and handkerchiefs.

The colossal task of raising money for the materials and of making these things is assumed by the women of Siena, a town of 40,000 inhabitants, very few of them rich. It is a case of each doing what she is able, of work and of giving. Sometimes material is donated. The women meet in a large room connected with one of the hospitals, and there the garments are cut out and distributed among those who will make them. As the Italian women are expert needlewomen the things are beautifully made and finished. They bear no likeness to the ready-made garments for sale at shops. In addition to this work the ladies are knitting every spare minute, making woolen caps, mufflers, and stockings, for winter wear in the cold mountainous region where the struggle is taking place.

It would seem as if there could be room in the lives of these busy women for nothing else, but there is another need, another important work, watched over by them. It is the care of the young children of the poorer men under arms. The government stipend of twelve cents a day to the wife and of six cents for each child insures the necessities only, so the mothers go out to work. They do so in many instances when hubby is at home, for his earnings in times of peace are scarcely more than this, and by no means as regular. The children were then cared for by the neighbors or left to run the street. But now that the fathers are risking their lives for the country it is a different affair. The little ones have acquired a claim on the public and a day home has been established for them. It is supported entirely by voluntary contributions, and the labor of conducting it is performed by the teachers and undergraduates of the Siena schools. At present there are about a hundred children being cared for, all under seven. A cook is employed, for they are served with two good meals a day, but this is the only person about the place who receives the slightest remuneration. The teachers and students take turns in giving their services, and the home is a model of orderliness as well as a veritable haven of safety and happiness for the little ones.

Because this particular work appeals to me, and because a visit to this home makes war appear for one brief space as not altogether an unmitigated evil, I want to tell you a little about it. The buildings and garden occupied by the home are a part of an ancient estate known as Casa Bianca—the White House. The

place six hundred years ago was the home of a wealthy Siene family who kept eighty servants, and the low-roofed stone buildings now used for the children were the retainers' quarters. They extend around three sides of a "garden" which covers at least two square acres. The rooms are on different levels, with a steep step or two between, as was the custom of building in mediæval days. There are no two of the same size or shape, but they lend themselves well for present purposes. Several small square apartments are used for classrooms, a circular room for general assembly, and a long narrow one for a dining-room. The kitchen is seven steps up from the latter, but the cook does not mind a little thing like that. The children spend much of their time in the wonderful old garden. It is a perfect imitation of a natural forest, with untrimmed trees standing upright, or leaning as the wind or their own strength has ordained; with hills and vales and dense shrubbery, through which shadowy, inviting pathways lead to all sorts of interesting surprises. One may come out in an open space ablaze with flowers, or at an antique fountain whose waters drip from the mouth of a grinning faun; at a Greek temple with a white statue gleaming under its circular roof; but one will not go far in any direction before encountering the inmates of Casa Bianca.

During a recent visit I came upon a grassy nook where a small audience was sitting about one of the young teachers, listening spellbound to a story. Further on a youthful-looking professor was drilling a company of embryonic soldiers, who halted instanter, standing straight and stiff, each little right hand raised to give me the Italian military salute. In a large open space another teacher was conducting a game of tug-of-war, with three bare-legged urchins on each end, while other threes were looking on, impatiently awaiting their turns. It was the real thing, everybody in earnest. At the conductor's word these dead game sports in pinafores bent their sturdy little bodies to the task with all the ardor of their inherited fighting blood. It is not all play at Casa Bianca, but the tasks and lessons are made most attractive, and the patient teachers endeavor between acts to instill a few of the amenities of life.

The little people, with few exceptions, have to be completely outfitted with clothes. This work falls to the older ladies, and no slight task it is to find material and to make trousers, pinafores, and frocks for a hundred children. Besides this, shirts, socks, and shoes must be provided. So there are no toys, because it takes all the funds to purchase necessities. Toys may not be important under the circumstances, still one can not see forty empty-armed little girls without thinking what a magnificent opportunity it affords for placing homeless dolls.

All bodily needs are well looked after. There are weekly baths and daily visits from a doctor. The prescriptions of the latter are the one feature of the home that is not pure joy. The boys take to soap and water—the soap, when it is the sort that lathers profusely, they delight in using lavishly, but medicine is a novelty to be shunned. One enterprising youngster sought to evade an unpleasant encounter by slipping out for a stroll in the garden one morning during the doctor's call. Coming upon a statue of Apollo among the trees, a spirit of friendliness inspired him to climb up and sit on that god's classic shoulder. The effort was not rewarded as it should have been. During the six hundred years that Apollo had stood in the garden no small boy had ever before taken such a liberty. The shock was too great—Apollo toppled over. In consequence the doctor had to sew up a cut. The worst is that the incident carried no moral, for a bandaged head in these days lends a touch of distinction. Any real boy enjoys looking like a wounded soldier.

I have spoken of the work of the women and young people of Siena because it has come directly under my observation. The same work is being done on a larger or smaller scale in every town and city of Italy. This is what war means to the people of fighting countries.

This old town has always been famed for hospitality. Carved upon one of her thirteenth-century city gates is a Latin inscription which, interpreted, reads: "The great heart of Siena opens to thee." At present she is living up to the tradition.

It will be a happy day for her when the war is over, when again her dark stone palace-fronts are decked in colors for the Palio, and once more the white oxen appear drawing their loads through her mediæval streets, but until that longed-for day arrives the people of gay little Siena will continue among the foremost who are working and sacrificing for Italy's needs.

MARY GARTON FOSTER.  
SIENA, ITALY, September 2, 1915.

Mica mining in the United States commenced in 1803 with the opening of the Ruggles mine in Grafton County, New Hampshire, and until mica mining began in North Carolina, about 1867, New Hampshire furnished the mica output of the United States. In 1914 North Carolina ranked first in the value of its mica output, and New Hampshire second. In New Hampshire mica is still obtained in considerable quantity from the dumps of the old mines, at which material suitable for small sheets was thrown away thirty years ago, and the dumps still to be worked over are large.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## Go Where Glory Waits Thee.

Go where glory waits thee,  
But while fame elates thee,  
Oh! still remember me.  
When the praise thou meetest  
To thine ear is sweetest,  
Oh! then remember me.  
Other arms may press thee,  
Dearer friends caress thee,  
All the joys that bless thee,  
Sweeter far may be;  
But when friends are nearest,  
And when joys are dearest,  
Oh! then remember me!

When, at eve, thou rovest  
By the star thou lovest,  
Oh! then remember me.  
Think, when home returning,  
Bright we've seen it burning,  
Oh! thus remember me.  
Oft as summer closes,  
When thine eye reposes  
On its lingering roses,  
Once so loved by thee,  
Think of her who wove them,  
Her who made thee love them,  
Oh! then remember me.

When, around thee dying,  
Autumn leaves are lying,  
Oh! then remember me.  
And, at night, when gazing  
On the gay hearth blazing,  
Oh! still remember me.  
Then should music, stealing  
All the soul of feeling,  
To thy heart appealing,  
Draw one tear from thee;  
Then let memory bring thee  
Strains I used to sing thee—  
Oh! then remember me.

## 'Tis the Last Rose of Summer.

'Tis the last rose of summer  
Left blooming alone;  
All her lovely companions  
Are faded and gone;  
No flower of her kindred,  
No rose-bud is nigh,  
To reflect back her blushes,  
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!  
To pine on the stem;  
Since the lovely are sleeping,  
Go, sleep thou with them.  
Thus kindly I scatter  
Thy leaves o'er the bed,  
Where thy mates of the garden  
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,  
When friendships decay,  
And from Love's shining circle  
The gems drop away.  
When true hearts lie withered,  
And fond ones are flown,  
Oh! who would inhabit  
This bleak world alone?

## Oft, In the Stilly Night.

Oft in the stilly night,  
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,  
Fond Memory brings the light  
Of other days around me;  
The smiles, the tears,  
Of boyhood's years,  
The words of love then spoken;  
The eyes that shone,  
Now dimmed and gone,  
The cheerful hearts now broken!  
Thus, in the stilly night,  
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,  
Sad Memory brings the light  
Of other days around me.

When I remember all  
The friends, so linked together,  
I've seen around me fall,  
Like leaves in wintry weather;  
I feel like one  
Who treads alone  
Some banquet-hall deserted,  
Whose lights are fled,  
Whose garlands dead,  
And all but he departed!  
Thus, in the stilly night,  
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,  
Sad Memory brings the light  
Of other days around me.

## How Dear to Me the Hour.

How dear to me the hour when daylight dies,  
And sunbeams melt along the silent sea,  
For then sweet dreams of other days arise,  
And memory breathes her vespersigh to thee.

And, as I watch the line of light, that plays  
Along the smooth wave toward the burning west,  
I long to tread that golden path of rays,  
And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest.

## The Meeting of the Waters.

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet  
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;  
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,  
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er the scene  
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;  
'Twas not her soft magic of streamlet or hill,  
Oh! no—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,  
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,  
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,  
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest  
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,  
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,  
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

—Thomas Moore.



## J'ACCUSE.

A German Writer Reviews Some of the Causes That Led to the Present War.

One of the strongest indictments of Germany yet put forth is "J'Accuse," written by a German patriot, as the anonymous author styles himself. He is unsparing in his criticism of Germany's course during the days that led up to the declaration of war, maintaining that conflict could have been averted but for the determination of the Kaiser and his military party to precipitate a struggle. It is his contention that England and Russia both strove hard for peace, trying in every way to patch up the difference between Austria and Serbia, and being blocked at every turn by the refusal of Germany to take part in these negotiations. The author insists that Germany, determined upon war, brooded Austria on to provoking Serbia. It was not too late to avert the crash, he maintains, even after Russia mobilized, insisting that the mobilization was purely defensive, made necessary by the mobilization of Austria.

The writer declares that Sir Edward Grey sought to bring about a conference between the ambassadors of Germany, France, and Italy to discuss a settlement of the difficulties between Austria and Serbia. Russia, he says, agreed to accept the decision of these ambassadors:

But the idea of a conference of ambassadors encountered the opposition of Germany and Austria, precisely because it would have been such an easy matter to arrive in this way at a solution of the questions at issue. If the representatives of the four powers not directly affected had sat down round a table in London to compare the verbal differences of the two notes and to explain the misunderstandings, it was absolutely certain that they would have been successful in arriving at a solution, and Austria could not then have withdrawn from the proposals decided on by the ambassadors when Russia, speaking both for herself and on behalf of Serbia, had in advance expressed her readiness to accept these suggestions. Such a course would have frustrated the war, and for this reason it was unacceptable to Austria. For this reason Germany was in the first place entrusted with the task of stepping forward with the objection that they "could not call Austria before a European tribunal." And when the objection was reduced by Grey to an absurdity with the observation that "it would not be an arbitration, but a private and informal discussion to ascertain what suggestion could be made for a settlement," Austria came out with the flat declaration that she must decline the English proposal.

Again, on July 31st:

As a shopkeeper spreads out before a fastidious customer all his available wares in the hope that she will in the end find something to suit her taste, so Grey and Sazonof submitted to Austria, even at the eleventh hour, every possible proposal in the hope that at least one would gain the approval of this fastidious customer. Grey promised to support in the capitals of the other powers any reasonable proposal of peace put forward by Germany and Austria. He offered to support in Petrograd a proposal which would satisfy all Austrian demands without exception, in so far as the sovereignty and integrity of Serbia were not thereby impaired. In answer to the Austrian overture, Sazonof not only declared himself ready to discuss with Austria the substance of the Austrian ultimatum, but he made the further proposal—in order to guarantee as far as possible that the discussion would have a chance of success—that the proceedings should take place in London under the "participation" of the great powers. He added that it would be very important if Austria, during the negotiations in London, were to put a stop provisionally to her military action on Serbian territory. "It would be very important," he observed; it was not made a condition *sine qua non*. This represents a further substantial concession to Austria as compared with previous proposals which had made the cessation of military action a condition.

But all these proposals made in the last hour remained without success. They were bound to be fruitless, because the assumption underlying them, namely, that Austria was honestly prepared to come to an understanding, was illusory.

At last, says the author, Germany consented to negotiations under conditions that made arbitration impossible. Count Berchtold declared himself prepared to entertain Sir Edward Grey's proposal under condition that "the military action against Serbia should continue to take its course," and "the Russian mobilization must be brought to a standstill, whereupon the Austrian counter-measures in Galicia would be canceled." This comment is made:

Was this an acceptance or a refusal of Grey's mediation? It was a refusal in the form of an acceptance. Could it be seriously asked of the Russian government that it was for them to begin demobilization while Austria was prepared to cancel partially in Galicia the general mobilization which she had ordered in the previous night, only after the Russian mobilization had been brought to a standstill? Could it be seriously asked of Russia that, during the proposed conference of ambassadors in London, of which neither the beginning nor the terms could yet be determined, she should allow Austria to proceed with her measures against Serbia, and thus in the meantime crush the tiny state? In addition to this, Austria had merely expressed in general terms her readiness to "entertain" (nähervetreten) Grey's mediatory action, but had not accepted a conference in this form or in that. Events might thus follow the same course as in Berlin during the preceding six days, that is to say, the government of Vienna, on going more closely into the question, might raise on their side all manner of difficulties as to the form, while neglecting, just as Berlin had done, to propose any practical or acceptable form. In short, the Austrian answer to the proposal of Grey, which Herr von Tschirsky "communicated in accordance with instructions," without in any way supporting it—this answer was so ambiguous and restricted that it was equivalent to a refusal of the proposal.

The Allied governments could thus feel sure on both sides that the desired war could not escape them. There was as little hope of a peaceful issue of the negotiations with Russia as of the success of the English mediatory action, in consequence of the clauses and reservations attached by the government of Vienna to their acceptance of both proposals. If, however, there was any danger of a peaceful issue, Berlin, by its ultimatum policy, was taking the necessary measures

to secure that under all circumstances war was bound to come. The cards were, in fact, shuffled with such dexterity that the game could not be lost—the game of war which had so often been played in peace, and which now they wished to carry through in earnest.

Germany and Austria maintained that intervention is offered only for the benefit of Serbia. This is emphatically contradicted:

It is untrue that the Triple Entente intervened exclusively on the side of Serbia. The opposite is the case, and the fact is confirmed, not only by the publications of the Entente powers, but also by the Red Book itself. From the very beginning the governments of England, France, and Russia did not restrain their sympathy for Austria's justifiable demand for satisfaction, nor did they fail to express their deep horror at the assassination of Serajevo. At the same time, after the unprecedented humiliation of Serbia they could not, and dared not, omit to urge on the government of Vienna precepts of moderation, and to warn them of the consequences which would ensue from the continuance of an unaccommodating attitude. The Entente powers, by their moderating influence in Belgrade, had already elicited the submissive Serbian answer. They were ready at the conference proposed by Grey to do everything in their power to accord satisfaction, even to those wishes of Austria which were of a more far-reaching character. Bunsen and Grey, Sazonof and Schebeko repeatedly assured the government of Vienna of their readiness to give effect at the conference to the justifiable wishes of Austria by every means in their power. Where, then, is the political selfishness of the Entente powers? Where is the one-sided participation on behalf of Serbia? Where is the effort to humiliate the Austrian monarchy?

The history and the antecedents of the European conflict clearly reveal which side was guilty of political selfishness, who it was who for her own interests gambled with the well-being of all civilized nations. Did not Austria annex Bosnia and Herzegovina in violation of the solemn obligations contained in the Treaty of Berlin, and thereby stir into full flame the great Serbian national movement? Did not Austria, in pursuit of her selfish interests, push to such an extreme length the question of Skutari, the question of the Serbian harbor, the Albanian question, that on two or three occasions in the last ten years a European war, on account of Austria, was imminent? In August, 1913, was not Austria prepared to begin a war against Serbia, without any regard for the European consequences, and would have done so had not Italy refused to give her support? Austria, the accomplice and the tool of Germany in the present world-war, has indeed no reason to reproach the Entente powers with the violation of "public morality and humanity."

Much space is devoted to the growth of the military and imperialistic spirit in Germany, the accusation being made that the war party misrepresented conditions in clamoring for an expansion of German trade and commerce. They insisted that Germany must have equal opportunities with the rest of the world. But, the author says:

It is leadership that we seek, not merely equal privileges with others. It would be nonsense to say that we seek the latter, since we already possess in the fullest measure such equal privileges. If we are not, as a German professor has expressed it, "morally and intellectually beyond all comparison superior to all other nations," there is at least one superiority which has willingly been granted to our Prussian Germany by the rest of the world for a century and a half. I refer to our military superiority. While we need only fear God, but nothing else in the world, Germany has been feared by all—almost more than God Himself. Even Tacitus long ago pointed out that the defectiveness of the German frontiers was made good by fear of the Teutons: "A Sarmatio Dacisque matuo metu aut moribus separatur." The fear of Germany produces the effect that our word weighs heavily in the council of the nations despite all "encirclement," and despite the wretchedness of our diplomacy.

The author of "J'Accuse" insists that the danger that threatened Germany through being hemmed in on all sides was fiction invented by the militarists:

Every one in Germany constantly speaks about the "policy of encirclement" (Einkreisungspolitik), to which the present catastrophe is attributed. Here also we naturally meet with the same phenomenon as in the whole campaign of justification, which seeks to represent Germany as the innocent lamb and England as the ravening wolf. Those who are initiated, however, know quite well how the matter stands, and if the crown prince were to meet Bernhardt or Frobenius in the field, these comrades in the faith would smile to each other like Roman augurs. They know quite well that it is no foreign policy but our own will—or rather their will—that has urged us into this war, and if they were to deny it, now that they see the fearful consequences, their own writings would rise up against them as bloody witnesses.

The Kaiser is given credit for having been desirous for peace up to recent years. The desire for conflict is laid to the crown prince and his supporters. It is alleged that the Kaiser was "egged on" to becoming a militarist:

A zealous and well-organized press praised the son at the expense of the father and increased the dissensions between the two which had found open expression in a number of well-known serious disputes. With diabolic dexterity they succeeded in playing upon the most sensitive chords of the emperor's soul, his personal vanity, his thirst for popularity, his ambition to be the first amongst his people, living in no man's shadow, the consciousness he had of his authority, which had led him to adopt as his motto the dictum *suprema lex regis voluntas*. Like the poison poured into the ear of Hamlet's father the poisonous thought was instilled into him that the times demanded deeds, not words, that only a purifying war could drive away the sultry heat and restore to the German Empire and its emperor the old prestige within and without.

The change in the emperor's viewpoint took place only recently, it is declared:

In the end a continual dropping will wear out a stone. It is interesting to observe the gradual changes in the emperor's views during the last three years, from 1911 to 1914. In 1910 the Emperor William could still discuss with the French minister, Pichon, the idea of a union of all civilized states and express his approval of the idea. In the previous year, in 1909, speaking at Cuxhaven, he emphasized that peace was needed in equal measure by all civilized nations "to enable them to discharge undisturbed the great tasks of culture involved in their economic and commercial development." In 1911 he emphasized, in a speech delivered in Hamburg, that economic competition between nations could not be fought out by one party striking at the other, but only by each nation straining their capacity to the highest

point. On New Year's Day, 1911, in an address to the diplomatists, he still eulogized the peaceful understanding existing between the nations, which was more in accordance with their interests than the conduct of dangerous wars. But in his speech at Hamburg on June 18, 1912, a different note is already sounded: "Not inconsiderately must we raise the standard where we are not sure that we shall be able to defend it." This speech was delivered six months after the Morocco Convention, and any one who can read between the lines can already detect the influence which the criticism of the emperor's peaceful policy had begun to exercise on the thoughts of the emperor; he no longer rejects war under all circumstances, but if war must come, it is to be, according to the saying of Clausewitz, a continuation of policy by other means—that is, of course, on the assumption that the standard can be defended, in other words, that we are stronger than the other side. In the next year, at the boisterous banquets in commemoration of the War of Liberation in 1913, this military note more and more suppressed the notes of peace. An intoxication appeared to have seized the whole of Germany—a new intoxication of freedom—from what bondage no one knew. This drunkenness was artificially produced by the fiery beverages which an unscrupulous patriotic press had for many a year and day poured out to the German nation. Even those occupying the highest positions were unable to escape this condition of intoxication. A true epidemic of patriotism broke out, setting high and low, young and old, in a fever of ecstasy. No one any longer inquired as to the grounds or the object of this popular movement prepared long in advance and skillfully staged by the Nationalist wire-pullers, a movement in which the emperor and the chancellor were at first victims carried away by the stream, a movement in which later they were voluntary participants, and of which in the end they became the conscious directing leaders.

As a conclusion to the volume many letters from the front, fearful in their realistic descriptions of battle horrors, are quoted. Comment is made on a particularly distressing series of communications:

I seek in vain in all the hundreds of letters from the front, and in the war correspondence that daily fills the columns of the newspapers, for any expression of the sentiment: "How beautiful it is to die for the Fatherland." I find represented everywhere merely the unspeakable horror and the barbarity of the struggle between men, who nourish against each other no sentiment of hostility, who have all left mothers at home; many, very many, wives and children; and who are filled with the one thought: "O, that it were peace again! O, that you were but home among your dear ones, caressed and nourished by your children, in the arms of your wife and mother, free forever from this horrible task of murder."

While "J'Accuse" can not be commended from a standpoint of excellent writing, it will prove interesting to those who want officially supported facts. Most of the statements made by the author are backed up by the Red Book, the White Book, and the similar documents issued by the warring governments.

J'ACCUSE. By a German. New York: The George H. Doran Company; \$1.50 net.

After experimenting for twelve years, a power loom has been perfected in this country which weaves duplicates of the finest Oriental rugs, and so thorough is the work that it is claimed there is little choice between the two. The invention came from the brain of an Armenian. The baffling feature hitherto has been the absence of a power loom which would weave a rug knotted with the real Persian knot, so that it might truly be called a reproduction of the Oriental product—in other words, a machine-made rug which would actually be like, look like, and wear like a hand-made Oriental. The fineness and value of an Oriental rug depend largely upon the number of knots to the square inch—knots which on Oriental looms are of course laboriously tied in, one by one, by hand. A coarse Turkish rug will have as few as thirty or forty knots to the inch, while a fine Persian rug will have 400 or 500. Now, in all of the Wilton and Axminster rugs which have attempted heretofore to reproduce Oriental rugs the pile threads have been simply looped around the wefts, or warp threads, for the very good reason that no one could invent a power loom which could weave the rugs in any other way; but in these new "machine-made Orientals" the pile threads are actually tied around a pair of warps with the exact Sehna knot of the true Persian carpet. In the new production the backs of the rugs show all the colors carried through to the reverse side of the pattern—and knotted. Four of these rugs are now in the National Museum at Washington.

The first wire suspension bridge in the United States, if not in the world, was thrown across the Schuylkill River, near the Falls of Schuylkill, in Philadelphia, in 1816. Its history is as follows: In 1809 Robert Kennedy and Conrad Carpenter built a chain bridge at the Falls of Schuylkill which broke down in 1811. Josiah White and Erskine Hazard, afterwards prominent as pioneers in the anthracite coal trade of Pennsylvania, had erected a rolling mill and a wire factory in the neighborhood, and after the bridge fell they formed a new company and another chain bridge was constructed in April, 1811, but this new bridge in turn gave way in 1816. White & Hazard then swung a wire suspension bridge across the river from an upper window of their factory to some large trees on the west bank, steps leading from the trees to the ground. This primitive bridge structure was intended for foot passengers only, and but eight persons were allowed to go upon the footway at one time. The bridge is said to have cost \$125.

Dawson City, which during the Alaskan gold rush of 1899 reached a population of 25,000, now has less than 2000 inhabitants.



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## The Research Magnificent.

It would seem that the fine art of the novelist may still find its inspiration in the quest of a Holy Grail which belongs not to any time or place, but to all times and places. We have but to change the stage furnishings of this last story by Mr. Wells and his hero becomes a Knight of the Round Table setting forth in search of beauty and honor and led by the vision of a new earth and a new heaven. "This life," says Benham, "is not good enough for me." Somewhere there must be an attainable aristocracy to be won by the triumph over fear and the abandonment of lesser aim. We can all be "happy swine . . . if we didn't know all the time that there was something else to live for, something far more important. And different. Absolutely different and contradictory. So different that it cuts right across all these considerations. It won't fit."

And so Benham goes out into the world that he may see life, in Russia, the Balkans, and in India. Looking for aristocracy, he finds only cruelty and tyranny and lust. Each man must make of himself an aristocrat. He must conquer in himself all those forces that have made of human organization an infernal thing, and then we may possibly have "a world state maintained by an aristocracy of noble men."

But what must we do about sex, about Circe the enchantress, who turns us into pigs? Benham experiments, and disastrously. His Amānda is of the earth earthy, and with the cooling of his transports comes the recognition of the sordid ideals and of the ugly realities underlying sentiment and passion. We are not sure that there is not much to be said for Amānda. She is matter in the wrong place—another name for dirt. She knows nothing of aristocracy or the Grail which "demands control, it demands continence, it insists upon disregard." It seems that the Grail is unattainable unless one travel alone or with the one right woman.

Mr. Wells has written a novel of nobility. Its research is in very truth "magnificent." It is a hard saying, but it may be that here we have the only remedy for the sorry muddle of society, and that when we have wearied of play with the pebbles of politics and of legislation we may reach the recognition that there is no hope for the world except in the production of "an aristocracy of noble men" who, having governed themselves, are thereby fitted to govern others. Mr. Wells has never done anything that will conduce more than this to the betterment of men or to the enhancement of his own reputation as a novelist.

THE RESEARCH MAGNIFICENT. By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

## Habits that Handicap.

Modern society is said to pass its time in attention to one "loud noise" after another. The latest of these mental epidemics is concerned with the drug habit, and already we have a number of laws of the "happy thought" or "something ought to be done" variety that will probably result in more harm than good. The true remedy is, of course, a moral one. Alcoholism and drug-taking are among the results of a scientific materialism that has dethroned the virtues and put self-indulgence and irresponsibility in their place. Whether the methods advocated by Dr. Towns are practicable must be left for ultimate determination. At least we must concede that he has both character and experience. He discusses the situation as it actually exists, and he seems to believe that there are plenty of sanatoriums and plenty of doctors who are more dangerous than the drugs. Dr. Towns writes as a humanitarian as well as an expert, and his book ought to be read, whatever we may think of his suggestions.

When the present legislative impetus has expended itself we shall probably find that we have made it almost impossible to administer narcotic drugs even in grave crises or where disease imperatively calls for their use. And we are by no means sure that the legislative habit is not worse than the drug habit.

HABITS THAT HANDICAP. By Charles B. Towns. New York: The Century Company; \$1.20 net.

## The Lure of London.

Here we have another of Miss Lilian Whiting's inconsequential volumes that seem to tell us so much more of herself than of her topic and that are so curious a blend of appreciation, predilection, and misinformation. Even if we admit the need of so large a volume of guide-book London we can hardly understand why one of its thirteen chapters should be devoted to "Annie Besant and the Theosophical Society" unless for the reason that Annie Besant happens to be *persona grata* to Lilian Whiting, which perhaps is reason enough. But what is Annie Besant doing *dans cette galère*? As an example of misinformation we may quote the author's statement that a London salesman, as the price per yard of a given fabric, will reply "Five shillings, ha'penny, and three farthings." No London salesman ever said such a thing. He would say "Five shillings

and a penny farthing," or, more colloquially, "Five and a penny farthing." Nor is any formality whatever required for admission to the British Museum. Miss Whiting apparently means the British Museum reading-room, but even here she need not be "introduced by her bankers." The introduction of any reputable person is enough. Elsewhere Miss Whiting translates the London taxi fare of "one and six" into "thirty cents, strictly speaking." It should be thirty-six cents, "strictly speaking."

But of course Miss Whiting is interesting, if only because of her inconsequence, irrelevance, and inaccuracies. She can tell us very little about London that we do not know already, but she tells us a great deal about her own delightful personality, and perhaps this is well worth her nearly four hundred substantial pages.

THE LURE OF LONDON. By Lilian Whiting. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$3 net.

## Of Human Bondage.

In these days of tabloid reading and of what may be called fiction by shock it must be admitted that a novel of 648 pages of small type seems better fitted to a sentence of solitary confinement, or indeed to the leisure of immortality, than to the demands of modern life. But Mr. Maugham manages to arrest the attention with his first page and to hold it to the last, although when we have reached the last page we are inclined to wonder if we have spent our time profitably.

He has given us a photographic picture of the life of a young man, and a very commonplace young man at that. Philip's mother dies when he is a child and leaves him with \$10,000 and a club foot. Perhaps the club foot carries with it a sort of psychological shadow, as it probably would do, for Philip becomes pretty much of a failure. Destined for the church, he decides to become a chartered accountant. He abandons this in favor of art and so wastes several years in Paris. But Philip is not an artist, and so he decides to become a doctor, and we leave him finally in a half-fledged condition, but with the usual romantic conviction, and from the usual romantic cause, that he will live happily ever afterwards.

Philip's love affairs are interesting because they are told truthfully. He does pretty much what most young men do and with much of the heartlessness that comes from lack of imagination. We do not even object to his infatuation for the most uninviting and disagreeable little waitress who ever figured in the pages of a novel. Mildred has no attractions, either sexual, mental, or moral. She is cold, calculating, and vulgar, but Philip deserts a nice girl for Mildred and nearly ruins himself in pursuit of her smiles. But we have no criticism to make except that we do not wish to know Mildred. Young men do this sort of thing, and no one was ever wise enough to know why.

Mr. Maugham's narrative ability is perfect, since he persuades us to read so large a novel. We can only wish that the central figure were more deserving of the prominence that his chronicler has given to him.

OF HUMAN BONDAGE. By W. Somerset Maugham. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.50 net.

## Spanish Architecture.

It is to be feared that European art has largely been submerged by war, but Spain at least is happily exempt, and so perhaps may draw to itself some of the art lovers now excluded from their more usual haunts. For the benefit of such as these it may be said that the new edition of "Some Account of Gothic Architecture in Spain," by George Edmund Street, F. S. A., is a thoroughly competent revision of the best book ever issued on the subject. Georgiana Goddard King, who has undertaken the work of editorship, has not been content with the usual perfunctory corrections and additions that are often a mere excuse for a new name on the title-page. She has actually brought the work up to date, sparing neither time nor labor to that end. The result is a book as indispensable to the traveler in Spain as on the day it was first issued and almost as interesting at home as abroad.

SOME ACCOUNT OF GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE IN SPAIN. By George Edmund Street, F. S. A. Edited by Georgiana Goddard King. In two volumes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2 net.

## Brierley Reviews.

Longmans, Green & Co. have published a third edition of "Fra Angelica and Other Lyrics," by I. Gregory Smith. Many of these poems are of a religious nature and all of them have a rare and fine dignity.

A seventh edition has appeared of "Mediterranean Winter Resorts," by Eustace Reynolds-Ball, F. R. G. S. (E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.75 net). It is described as a complete and practical handbook to the principal health and pleasure resorts on the shores of the Mediterranean, with special articles on the principal invalid stations by resident English physicians, with a map and several dia-

grams, revised and in part rewritten. It is to be feared that neither health nor pleasure can now be found on the shores of the Mediterranean, but this fine little book may well be preserved for the coming of happier days.

It is a wholesome sign of the times that Louisa M. Alcott's "Little Women" should still command an audience. And an audience there should assuredly be for this handsome edition from the house of Little, Brown & Co. It is boldly and handsomely printed and enriched with illustrations in color by Jessie Willcox Smith.

Paul Elder & Co. have published "The Universal Order," by Friederika Quitman Ogden. Mrs. Ogden was left a widow after the Civil War, and she wrote this little volume of simple philosophy during many years' seclusion as an invalid. It seems to be somewhat akin to what is known as New Thought. The price is \$1 net.

"Sketches of Great Painters," by Edwin Watts Chubb (Stewart & Kidd Company; \$2 net), treats in a biographical and critical way of fifteen great painters, including Leonardo, Raphael, Angelo, Titian, Velasquez, Rembrandt, Rubens, Murillo, Corot, Turner, Whistler, and Bonheur. The sketches are necessarily short and untechnical, but they are admirably adapted to the ordinary reader.

## Gossip of Books and Authors.

Harper & Brothers have just reprinted "Johnny Appleseed," by Eleanor Atkinson.

"The Man Jesus," by Mary Austin, has just been published by the Harpers. Believing that the time had come for a new appreciation of the humanity of the Prophet of Nazareth, Mrs. Austin, after studying all the historical data available, including that of the Oxyrhynchus papyrus, has written this book. She has endeavored to reproduce the times as Jesus saw them, to tell what Jesus believed and did, rather than what Jesus is reported to have said.

Few Americans have been more fortunate in their biographers than Robert Fulton. At least six different persons have given the world the story of the life of the great inventor. The latest and in many ways the most complete life of Fulton was recently published by the Macmillan Company in their series of books for young people, True Stories of Great Americans. This book has been written by a great-granddaughter of Robert Fulton—Mrs. Alice Cray Sutcliffe.

The esteem in which the late George Fitch was held by the American public is evidenced by the fact that during the weeks following his death practically every newspaper and many of the magazines throughout the country paid editorial tribute to the greatness of this foremost American humorist. The last book from his pen, "Homeburg Memories," a study of small town life, is published by Little, Brown & Co.

That Mary Roberts Rinehart's two latest novels bid fair to become more popular than anything she has written before is evidenced by the announcement from her publisher, the Houghton Mifflin Company, of the sixth printing of "The Street of Seven Stars" and the fifth of "K."

The Teutonic invasion of Russia gives a timeliness to Edward Foord's "Napoleon's Russian Campaign of 1812," which Little, Brown & Co. have recently published in this country. The new material which Mr. Foord was able to secure from the French war office enabled him to give a fresh reason of Napoleon's disastrous Russian adventure. Students of history who are following the present invasion will be enlightened by a perusal of "Napoleon's Russian Campaign of 1812."

Mary Austin has a wickup within a mile or two of the Mission of San Carlos at Carmel, and it was there in the pines that she wrote her play, "The Arrow Maker," published this month by the Houghton Mifflin Company.

Barrett H. Clark's new book, "Contemporary French Dramatists," has just been published by the Stewart & Kidd Company. In this volume Mr. Clark, author of "The Continental Drama of Today," "The British and American Drama of Today," translator of "Four Plays of the Free Theatre," has contributed the first collection of studies on the modern French theatre. He takes up the chief dramatists of France, beginning with the Theatre Libre: Currel, Brieux, Hervieu, Lemaître, Lavedan, Donnay, Porto-Riche, Rostand, Bataille, Bernstein, Capus, Fiers, and Caillavet. The book contains numerous quotations from the chief representative plays of each dramatist, a separate chapter on "Characteristics," and the most complete bibliography to be found anywhere.

Although Miss Sara Ware Bassett has written several books for young people, "The Taming of Zenas Henry," published by the George H. Doran Company, is her first novel for elders. Having read—and thoroughly en-

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|                               |        |
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| HEART OF THE SUNSET.....      | 1.35   |
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| THE RESEARCH MAGNIFICENT..... | 1.50   |
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| THE MONEY MASTER.....         | 1.35   |
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joyed—the story, this fact comes as rather a surprise. It is the result of many delightful visits to Cape Cod made by Miss Bassett. She is a Boston woman, member of a representative family of the state, and is intensely interested in all our types. Her trips to the Cape were not made primarily for the purpose of obtaining "material," but rather to enjoy that fascinating section and to understand the real Cape Codders.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, acting as the American representatives of the Cambridge University Press, recently published in the series of Cambridge Geographical Readers, intended for the perusal of young people and edited by G. F. Bosworth, F. R. G. S., "The British Isles," a succinct but comprehensive account of England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, dwelling not only on the geographical features of the area comprehended but on its products and industries and the surface aspects of the land.

The publication of "Penelope's Postscripts," Kate Douglas Wiggin's new and last "Penelope" book, brings out the fact that of the other volumes in the series more than 167,000 copies have been sold. Of all Mrs. Wiggin's books the total number sold is more than two and a half million.

The new edition of the "New International Encyclopedia" is now in course of publication. This work, like the first edition, is an undertaking of Dodd, Mead & Co., the New York publishers of seventy-five years' experience and for thirty years makers of encyclopedias. Never was a general reference book so thoroughly rewritten within so short a time after publication. Many recent changes profoundly affecting important human activities have demonstrated the imperative need of a new encyclopedia. It is the aim of the publishers to supply this need with the second edition of the New International. It is thus the only standard encyclopedia covering recent events.

Maude Little is an English writer whose talent has surprised the critics and charmed the public. Her first novel to be published in this country is one of the Scribner books. It is entitled "The Rose-Colored Room," and is a very moving love story, hardly less notable for its skill in execution than for its curiously full and sympathetic insight into the feminine nature.

Oliver Onions is still engaged in commissary work for the English army, but is making efforts to get to the front as a private in the ranks. He was offered a commission as captain in the home defense troops, but declared that he would rather hack boots at the front than be a major-general at home. He is a year over the age of the present volunteers, however, and has been unable to get to the front, though an important politician endeavored to have a special post established for him. Meantime, with sanitation, transport, food, etc., he is kept decidedly busy.

"The Trail of the Hawk," a new novel by Sinclair Lewis, has just been published by the Harpers. The son of a Norwegian immigrant to Minnesota feels ambition stirring in him from his earliest youth. In his school and college experiences he is testing his wings. Sooner than he realized he found himself thrown into the world where he had to stand on his own feet. His love of adventure took him into many strange roads; he was actor, hobo, engineer, and many other things. It was only when he went up in an aeroplane that he knew he had found his ambition at last. Then came his adventures into love.



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## Monsignor Villarosa.

The maelstrom of war has engulfed the modernist movement in Italy just as it seems to have engulfed all other varieties of human progress. None the less there should be an audience for this strong story of a heroic Italian bishop who is unable to see why anything must be believed because some one else has said it, whether in the domain of religion or politics, and therefore writes a book on symbolism and then espouses the cause of the agrarian movement. It need hardly be said that his chief revilers are the people whom he has tried to help and who turn upon him with all the ferocities of religious and political superstition and in the ancient and time-honored way.

The story is notable on three grounds. First of all it is a work of art. Secondly it is a striking picture of Italy under the impact of new ideas. Thirdly it enriches the memory by the portrayal of a saintly character who dares to set himself athwart the stream of apathy, superstition, and ignorance.

MONSIGNOR VILLAROSA. By Pompeo Duke Litt. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.35 net.

## New Books Received.

THE CANADIAN IRON AND STEEL INDUSTRY. By W. J. A. Donald. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2 net.

Issued in Hart, Schaffner & Marx Prize Essays in Economics.

THE MAN TRAIL. By Henry Oyen. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

A BOYS' LIFE OF LORD ROBERTS. By Harold F. B. Wheeler. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.50 net.

A biography.

AROUND OLD CHESTER. By Margaret Deland. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

THE RED ARROW. By Elmer Russell Gregor. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1 net.

A story for boys.

TRENCHMATES IN FRANCE. By J. S. Zerbe. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1 net.

A story for boys.

THE MIGHTY AND THE LOWLY. By Katrina Trask. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1. Maintaining that the humanity of Jesus still provides a remedy for present social ills.

HEART OF THE SUNSET. By Rex Beach. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

WITH THE RUSSIAN ARMY. By Robert R. McCormick. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.

The experiences of a National Guardsman.

THE STOIC PHILOSOPHY. By Gilbert Murray, LL. D., D. Litt. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; 75 cents.

An account of a great movement in thought.

POLLY COMES TO WOODBINE. By George Ethelbert Walsh. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1 net.

A story for children.

JEAN CABOT AT THE HOUSE WITH THE BLUE SHUTTERS. By Gertrude Fisher Scott. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1 net.

Fourth and final volume of the Jean Cabot Books.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE. By Felix Adler. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; 75 cents net.

Based on a series of lectures.

DAVE PORTER AT BEAR CAMP. By Edward Stratemeyer. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.25 net.

Issued in the Dave Porter Series.

SOMETHING NEW. By Pelham Grenville Wodehouse. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

THE TESTING OF JANICE DAY. By Helen Beecher Long. New York: Sully & Kleinteich; \$1.25 net.

The second Do Something book.

THE OFFICIAL CHAPERON. By Natalie S. Lincoln. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.30 net.

A novel.

VISION OF WAR. By Lincoln Colcord. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25.

A war poem.

PROBLEMS OF READJUSTMENT AFTER THE WAR. By seven eminent specialist authors. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.

After the war—what?

LITTLE FOLKS OF ANIMAL LAND. Photographed and described by Harry Whittier Frees. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.50 net.

For children.

THE GOLDEN SCARECROW. By Hugh Walpole. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

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A handbook on the relation of the citizen to the state.

MY LIFE. By Richard Wagner. In two volumes. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

An autobiography.

Frederick Warde is to deliver a series of lectures on Shakespeare at Columbia University this fall.

## CURRENT VERSE.

## The Dream of Kings.

Dead Kings in the dust are hid  
Pharaoh in his Pyramid,  
Cesar sleeps no man knows where,  
Alexander's tomb is bare,  
Bonaparte lies robed in lead,  
All the foci he fought are dead,  
Of their conquests all they keep  
Is a place wherein to sleep.

Gone the purple insolence  
Of their brief omnipotence;  
Gone the legions that they hurled  
Half across a flaming world;  
All the trumpets shouting war  
Penetrate not where they are;  
Glory's torch that led them on,  
Pride that mocked oblivion,  
All are darkened, all are gone.

Humbler now the dreams they have,  
Each within his mighty grave;  
Cesar, whoso'er he lies  
Dreams of Cleopatra's eyes;  
Alexander craves the grace  
Of Roxana's tender face;  
Bonaparte with passion keen  
Turns again to Josephine;  
Each toward the other yearns,  
Glory gone, lo, Love returns.

Dead Kings in the dust are bid,  
Yet within the Pyramid,  
Monument of Glory's lust,  
Hands of dust seek hands of dust;  
Quite forgotten crown and state;  
Pomp of power, fear of fate;  
Still remains one subtler bliss,  
Sweetness of some woman's kiss,  
All that life has left them—this!

## The Whispering Wood.

I find within the whispering wood  
No sign of fairy, pard, or elf;  
A holier mystery moves the blood,  
I hear God talking to Himself.

Like breath that flows and ebbs, like sighs  
Of wordless deep intense delight,  
I hear the sacred monodies  
God utters to Himself at night.

"O happy, happy things that move,  
O happy birds that fly or nest,  
Contented with a little love  
And thankful for a little rest!"

"What I have made is very good,  
Good every tiniest thing that walks!"  
Even so amid the whispering wood  
Within Himself God broods and talks.

## The Last Ride of the Sheik Abdullah.

Into the desert, into the desert  
All alone I ride!  
At last the clamour of tongues is still,  
The fever of living, the strife of will,  
The doors of the old sick life flung wide  
Let me out, and thus I ride.

The City smokes like a fire of leaves  
Fallen and burned its laureled pride;  
Grief runs moaning under its eaves;  
But over my head God's whiteness glides,  
Under my feet the wide world slides,  
It is earth that runs hack like a tide,  
And heaven comes rushing up as I ride,  
As into the desert I ride.

Still, as never was city or sea,  
Empty of man or house or tree,  
The desert lies round me as I ride;  
The blue sky shuts down everywhere  
Close on the earth, the quivering air  
Parts like a flame that winds divide,  
And closes behind me as I ride.

Ab, Joy of Freedom! Let me ride  
Far from the world I have denied,  
Forever and ever on, still on,  
Till all the stars that flickered and shone  
Have fallen behind me, one by one,  
Till I touch the blue steep wall of air,  
And suddenly draw rein at God's stair,  
Coming on Heaven unaware,  
As over the desert I ride.

Caged and tamed for many a day,  
In the world's market hot and gray,  
I have danced, a puppet, to pipes that play  
A mirthful tune that mirth belied;  
A wilder music now salutes  
My soul, and runs around life's roots,  
Like silver rain that melts the sod.  
Hark! how the sands around me hum,  
And all the stretched sky, like a drum,  
Thrums at the finger-touch of God,  
As into the desert I ride.

I will ride right on to God's feet,  
For my heart is strong, my camel fleet;  
I will ride on and never stop  
Till at His palace stair I drop,  
When Azrael standeth wonder-eyed,  
In one last venture quenching thirst  
For freedom lost in the years accursed  
Which barren as sand behind me lie;  
On to the rim of the utmost sky  
I ride as I die, I die and ride!

The earth slides under me like a tide,  
My life runs out of me as I ride,  
I ride right into Eternity;  
Azrael stoops to let me by,  
Like a torn curtain hangs the sky,  
Heaven upon its other side!  
And so I ride,  
I die as I ride, I ride and die.  
—From "America and Other Poems," by H. J. Dawson.

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## Epitaph of Benjamin Franklin.

In the library of Congress may be seen the epitaph of Benjamin Franklin, written by himself at the age of twenty-two. However, it appears that this cherished bit of manuscript is a revision of the original inscription, though both were done by the author, it is true. In its unrevised form it runs as follows: "The body of B. Franklin, printer, like the cover of an old book, its contents torn out and strip of its lettering and gilding, lies here, food for worms. But the work shall not be wholly lost, for it will, as he believed, appear once more, in a new and more perfect edition, corrected and amended by the Author." Then is added the date of birth, with so much of the date of death ("17—") as could at that time be conjectured with reasonable certainty. Division into lines, with capitalization, has here been disregarded. In the revised copy the logical Franklin, reasoning that "perfect" admits of no degrees of comparison, substituted "elegant," and be also enclosed in parentheses his likening of the lifeless body to the outside of an old book.

One of the early instances of "lèse majesté" was the barring of performances of "King Lear" in George III's reign, because of the madness of the king.

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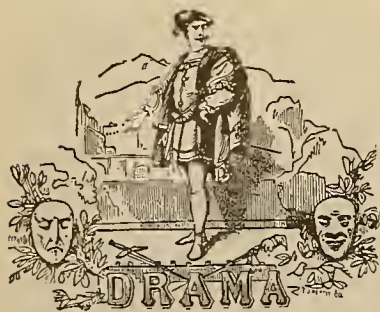
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## THE SUNDAY SYMPHONY CONCERT.

At Festival Hall the last Sunday symphony concert began with the Bach Suite, No. 3, in D major, the third of these four Bach suites composed for the orchestra, which may be considered to be cosmopolitan, in theme at least, since they include a utilization of the folk-songs and dances carried hither and thither across the face of Europe by armies of the many nations which had a hand in the Thirty Years' War. The piece is naturally characterized by the gaiety of the dance tunes, of which there is a succession of four, their sprightly measures shaded by the temperamental pensiveness of ideal dance music and by the lingering, regretful finales. There was, in this piece, much of the beautiful concerted violin work of clear, silvery, but poetically pensive tone for which the Exposition Orchestra is so justly admired.

The Brahms Symphony, No. 2, in D major, op. 73, placed in such neighborhood might have had a kind of neutralizing effect on the programme if it had not closed with Richard Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks." The "golden serenity" of which Eduard Hanslick writes, "widely removed from the stormy finales of the modern school," tends to a soothed and dreamy mood. The second movement does not hold the attention very closely, but the two darling little Prestos in the Scherzo are like sudden, charmingly irrelevant bursts of joy. There is nothing febrile in this Brahms gaiety, however; no wild moods, nor doubting question of life's joy.

The note of contrast to these two compositions was struck in the Richard Strauss piece, which, in its mischief, its trickiness, its incorrigible high spirits, was something like what the Queen Mab speech would be translated into music. It is a dizzying whirl, full of originality and sparkling variety, with perpetual, unexpected contrasts of tone formed by sudden bursts of widely varying tonalities. It contains passages that suggest a mischievous invitation of witches riding their broomsticks, and queer, flickering, fugitive flashes of tone that are like musically playful fireflies. There are odd little passages that pop up in unexpected places like a child's head taking a laughing survey from some ambush, in a game of hide and seek, and creptatious like the rustling of fleeing sprites looking for a hiding place. There are musical warnings that seem to say, "Take care, will be caught!" Only a thoroughly trained and musical ear could follow the identity of the instruments, so varied was their characteristic tone by rendering these original outbursts of the Strauss muse in playful mood. Now a wicked clamor assails the ears; anon, a subterranean muttering. Then squawks, distressful cries, followed by dainty tripping passages. In fact, as great a variety of tonal antics as I ever remember to have heard in one composition of similar length; a curious, laughing, teasing revelry of antic mood, a concert of impish tones such as takes a Richard Strauss to concoct. What the serious moments meant in this maddest, merriest whirl of notation deponent sayeth not; nor Richard Strauss either, for, beyond labeling the piece, he refuses to interpret.

It was played with great skill, requiring intense concentration on the part of the players, but, just as many of the paintings in a gallery of fine arts are, technically, so advanced as to appeal only to the appreciation of painters, so, I should judge, would this piece have too much the flavor of highly spiced and seasoned dishes to appease the requirements of the average, unsophisticated palate. As we listen we flounder, question, gasp, admire, start, recover, smile, relax for a breathless moment or so, during a calm and reassuring passage, and then—the music off again! At its close the mischievous sprite has one instant of apparent sobriety and good behavior, but ends in a somersault.

The soloist of the afternoon was Evan Williams, the Welsh tenor, who must feel that he has some cause to bear a grudge against the climate of the Pacific Coast, as he still has an occasionally recurring frog of hoarseness in his throat. This, however, did not prevent the beauty of his voice and the fervor of his style from evoking much admiration from the audience, who demanded, and were vouchsafed, several encores.

Mr. Williams is rather a curious concert figure, having the aspect of a political orator

rather than a concert tenor. He is broadly and strongly built, might be a relation to W. J. Bryan, and, although he has plenty of ungray hair, seems to have attained to maturity both of voice and appearance. But although he himself is not possessed of personal magnetism, his voice is strongly magnetic, and the instant he begins to sing his voice and style compel attention. In his delivery of the aria, "Lend me your aid," from Gounod's "Queen of Sheba," there was a startling, spiritual, exhortatory quality to his voice. He seemed like Jokanaan in "Salomé" calling out his inspired message. There are sonorous and noble tones in his voice which can move the susceptibilities to a thrilled response. For all this it has thin, frayed places, especially in the upper register; perhaps, however, he still has a cold. His tenor, with its broad, sonorous outgo, is of the kind that seems like a translated, high baritone, in spite of some high notes of indubitably pure tenor quality. His low register is very good, and with it he can accomplish imposing effects. His selection of songs—all of them of great and distinctive beauty—was all in line with his large, urgent, commandingly fervent style. He loves an abrupt, dynamic close, and several of them end thus.

Among the group of beautiful programmed songs and the encores was "Israfil," a musical setting to Edgar Allan Poe's beautiful words. I understood why Mr. Williams chose that song. It is a beautiful thing, and in its strains he poured forth that spiritual impassionedness which characterizes his style. But his voice is not young, pure, and soaring enough to fully convey the idea of that angel, told of in the Koran, "whose heartstrings were a lute." It should be a thrilling, pure, youthful tenor, aspiring to the upper ether of song, for

None sings so wildly well  
As the angel Israfil.

Yet one can not but recognize that many of the younger singers would be operatic rather than spiritual. In "Open the Gates of the Temple" one noted again that spiritually challenging note appropriate to an oratorio singer, while in "The Spirit Song," by Haydn, there was great beauty of expression, a hushed and reverent quality, while "The Pipes of Gordon's Men" was strongly dramatic.

Mr. Williams is to appear at the Autumn Festival of Music, and, judging from his work and the reception accorded him by the audience, he bids fair to be a popular figure, his marked and unusual individuality being a very distinct asset.

## "SINNERS" AT THE CORT.

Sinners they are, in very truth; but immoral and immoral. And, sad to say, we found their society hugely diverting, especially that of that seasoned and conscienceless old reprobate, "Willie" Morgan. For the author, Owen Davis, approaches his sentimental melodrama in curious mood. That is to say, he has all the earmarks there: young women treading the primrose path of dalliance, the while they cast longing glances backward toward the unsinched past and speak with suppressed sobs in their voices; a villain; two villains even, one of the godly type and the other a wine-bibber and a profaner of temples. There is also a snow-white young girl hovering on the dizzy edge of the black pit; a mother possessed of conveniently strong piety and a conveniently weak heart, both of which the author works for all they are worth. They come in strong, indeed, with several curtains, though perhaps I should not apply such a contradictory term to mother's very weak heart. There is a rural, self-respecting servant maid with a background of highly respectable "folks" and a clipping tongue which she exercises alike on the just and the unjust.

There is a country parlor containing a Bible and hymn-books, and a country "front yard" with a convenient tree under which lovers can have melancholy misunderstandings and a final happy reconciliation.

But, with all these traditional characters and accessories, the author has certainly contrived to make us share in the unregenerate joy with which he achieved Willie Morgan. I am quite sure that, without that gray-haired sinner, we should have found the purities of gilded vice much duller. There is something so primitively candid and unashamed about Willie's lack of principle, such a robust adherence to rank materialism, that with him we are on perfectly firm ground, while with Bob Merrick, Hilda Newton, and Mary Horton the earth beneath them shivers and shakes with the uncertainty of their moral status.

Hilda, to be sure, is one of the sinners, but a half-hearted one, with many spasms of conscience, which come with a recurring sob which must have sometimes bored poor, dear Willie.

As for Bob Merrick, he is rather a poor specimen of a sinner. He is trying to nerve himself up to embark on a swift, toboggan slide down the dizzy descent that leads to perdition. But Bob is intrinsically respect-

able, and, really, as a sinner he is no fun at all. However, he is invaluable in the plot and in lending a hand to the shaping of Mary Horton's destiny.

Polly Cary is a specimen of the unmoral type. She, too, has a tongue with a razor edge to it that makes Sadie's, in comparison, merely a harmless paper-cutter. For her the author really has a distinct tendresse, and he succeeds in inducing the audience to share it. Polly is the partner to "Willie" in making the halls of gilded vice entertaining. I should interpolate here that the most rigid censor could find nothing damaging to principles in the trend of "Sinners." Polly, like the easy-going and rather startlingly complaisant Emma, that thoroughly Parisian creation of the thoroughly Parisian Alfred Capus, has a secret yearning for a country farm-yard and rural respectability, and, like Emma, she proposes to "stay by the job" until she has secured the purchase price. But Polly has her excuse for her youthful cynicism. She is the product of tenement-house life and an orphan asylum. But she has a soft heart toward women. Life has taught her to regard man as the enemy. Him she considers as a tree laden with ripe fruit in the shape of hundred-dollar bills. His vices make him justifiable prey, and her little bag is always ready to receive a fresh sheaf of bills. These, we realize later, are to be salted down toward gratifying Polly's inward yearnings for a "chicken ranch."

Polly and Willie have all the fat lines in the humorous dialogue of the play. Polly is a very young cynic, with a voice and aspect cleverly calculated to lend realism to the account she gives of her origin. The character has some originality, both of conception and treatment, and Beatrice Noyes has apparently fitted her conception of it closely to that outlined by the author.

The audience takes very kindly to Polly. It admires her lack of sentimentality just as much as it approves of the excessive amount which is distributed over several of the traditionally melodramatic characters. It is in this particular that Owen Davis has made his melodrama so entertaining; which involves that peculiar mixture of mood of which I spoke several paragraphs back. In the hymn-singing scene, for instance, the spectator is immensely tickled by the pious trap in which the sinners are caught, and one laughs aloud involuntarily at the ungodly disfavor with which Willie casts his sin-weathered orbs on the hymn-book placed suggestively for his use. This and every other point that fell to him was handled in the most masterly manner by Walter Walker, who bestowed humor, realism, and the rich vitality of the conscienceless and unafraid sinner on this gray-haired and unimaginative transgressor.

That hymn-book scene made an excellent climax. There was that innocent old white dove, mother, perfectly matter-of-fact in her piety, handing around her hymn-books which had such a strangely Gorgonizing influence on the sinners. There was little Polly, valiantly attacking the organ to save Hilda's face and not awaken the innocent old saint's suspicions; there was Hilda, her once white plumage blackened by sin, writhing in the throes of remorseful reminiscence, the while the audience laughed ecstatically as the ravens and doves joined in producing the pe-

culiarly dismal, bleating characteristic of average hymn-singing. The audience entered with rich relish into the enjoyment of the humorous side of the picture, while with the other, or reverse side of its susceptibilities, it kindly sympathized with the suffering Hilda, writhing with the remorseful anguish of the unwashed sinner. Rather a curious mixture of motives, but the scene was highly entertaining, nevertheless.

And, indeed, in spite of automatic clearances of the stage to bring about necessary tête-à-têtes between the right people, in spite of old stage props, such as an eligible and soft-hearted bachelor born for matrimony who remains constant to his old sweetheart who is treading the primrose path, such as mother's simple conviction that a late and repentant marriage makes for virtue, such as a parlor of the rural type with steel engravings soaring to the sky line, in which metropolitan sinfulness is placed in contrast with rural godliness, such as mother's heart withstanding heroic tests and coming out in the right place in the final scenes, both pathologically and instinctively, with all these sturdy old pioneers in the melodramatic field being revived and dressed up all over again, "Sinners" is amply entertaining. We are not called upon to take it too seriously with Joe, Willie, and Polly around. In spite of the continual sob in Mary's voice and the continual writhings of the conscience-awakened Hilda, we unflinchingly enjoy the naive manifestations of self-concern on the part of Willie and Joe and the lively jolts administered to this crudely self-interested pair by Polly. The author has one of his four launched sinners and one of his intending sinners repent and reform. Joe and Willie we recognize as unregenerate. Polly continues on her way with Joe. She has not yet saved enough money to carry out her chicken-ranch scheme. In this she is entirely consistent to her type, and the audience accepted her, and really felt, I am convinced, an unregenerate sympathy with her course. Perhaps in this respect the censor of morals might feel slightly uneasy, but the censor of literary standards could not but approve.

A really good company has been chosen to play "Sinners," every part being well acted. Besides those already mentioned, Roselle Knott's work awakened considerable appreciation. Mary Horton's pious and simple-hearted mother she played without cant and with a pleasing effect of sincerity. Helen MacKellar has a valuable heart-break in her voice and is of youthful type, with sufficiently alluring aspect in her costume of emancipation to account for Bob's infatuation for an otherwise tryingly lachrymose young woman. Gertrude Dallas has a telling voice, and as the repentant Hilda was conventional but good; and Florence Beresford's sarcastic Sadie was of the kind that could remain grim and unsmiling while awaking an exactly opposite effect on her audience.

The rather querulous subjugation of Joe Garfield to the disdainful Polly was cleverly indicated by William Caryl, who gave the character the necessary virtue of contrast to the more conventional characters of the doctor, the over-righteous rural swain, and Bob Merrick, the other admirer of Mary whom fate had not cut out for a razzle-dazzle career. These three were also well played,

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### THE PANTAGES THEATRE.

Curiosity to hear "the singing parson" drew me to the Pantages, which has a programme this week full of fun and jocularity, which is keeping the well-pleased audiences in a state of unusually lively response. There are some excellent acrobats, "the bounding Pattersons," who are like human corks; a black-face comedian, Harry Van Fossen, who makes good; some very good trick bicycle riding by the Rondas trio; a playlet which serves its purpose, and the humorously incoherent "Haber-dashery," with its fashion show, group of pretty girls, and comic Englishman.

After all this fun and nonsense "the Rev. Frank W. Gorman" in his clergyman's neck-band and frock coat, struck an appropriately solemn note. But I do not blame this serious young cleric for choosing the dubious and uncertain returns of a stage career. For he really has a very pretty ballad voice and a genuine love of singing. Judging from the expression of his youthful blonde countenance I should say that he was born without a sense of humor, although it may be that his debut before a metropolitan audience may have induced excessive gravity. But his métier is to be the singing of sentimental ballads of the Chauncey Olcott-John McCormick order. He sang, indeed, two of Mr. Olcott's popular songs—"Naming Old Ireland"—if that is its title—and "Mother Macchree."

The young clergyman, however, needs to cultivate his voice, which he shows a more than occasional tendency to button into his throat. Of the technic of the lips and mouth, indeed, in regard to emission of voice, he is as innocent as a public school urchin. But the pleasant ballad voice is there, full of a sort of young, even strength, flowing freely out when his too-enclosing lips will let it, inclining to popular sentimentality of style, and, in fact, it looks as if the Rev. Frank W. Gorman were to be lost to the cloth.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

### FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

#### Margaret Anglin in "The Divine Friend."

Margaret Anglin will begin her fourth week at the Columbia Theatre on Monday night with a new play called "The Divine Friend." The author is Charles Phillips, the retiring editor of the *Weekly Monitor*. Mr. Phillips received his inspiration for the play from seeing Miss Anglin's performance of "Electra" in the Greek Theatre, Berkeley, two years ago, and immediately set to work on the manuscript. The story of the play is based on the life of Mary of Magdala, and is in three acts, the scenes of which show the house of Mary of Magdala, and the tombs near Naim. It is said that in the rôle of Mary Miss Anglin has the greatest emotional character ever written for her. The play has been in rehearsal for the past fortnight under the personal direction of Miss Anglin and the author. A final full-dress rehearsal will be given prior to the first public performance on next Monday night. The cast has been recruited from Miss Anglin's "Beverly's Balance" company and a number of actors who played with Miss Anglin during her recent Greek festival in Berkeley. The principal members of the cast are Alfred Lunt, Ralph G. Kemmet, Bertram Morey, Virginia Welles, Irene Outrim, Marie Connolly, Taylor Graves, Merle Stanton, Lurita Stone, Donald Cameron, Howard Lindsey, Helen Mar Stewart, Paul Harvey, and a number of others. The scenery and costumes were made from designs by Livingston Platt. The special incidental music was composed by Theodor Vogt, a well-known San Francisco musician, who will also conduct an orchestra of eleven pieces. The usual matinees will be given on Wednesday and Saturday.

#### Second Week of "Sinners" at the Cort.

Sunday night's performance of "Sinners" at the Cort Theatre ushers in the second and last week of its highly profitable engagement at the Cort Theatre.

"Sinners" is one of those appealing plays that show deep contrast between good and evil in general and makes its eloquent appeal through a pathos that finds its exact counterpart frequently upon the larger stage of reality. The play finds almost instant favor with every man or woman with a heart that beats in sympathy with humanity. It is capably done, both as to construction and staging, and the dialogue is crisp and moves swiftly, taking the auditor through almost the entire gamut of emotions.

William A. Brady deserves the thanks of San Francisco theatre-goers for the excellent judgment shown in the selection of the cast. Helen MacKellar is charmingly girlish as Mary Horton. Roselle Knott plays the ten-

der, loyal, devout mother in an extraordinarily faithful manner. Gertrude Dallas brings a note of distinction to the part of Hilda Newton. The humor of "Sinners" falls chiefly to Beatrice Noyes and Florence Beresford. All they have to do is amusing and they do it very well. William David makes a capital lover, George D. MacQuarrie is good as a practitioner, and Walter Walker, as the old roué, gives a fine characterization. Harry E. Humphrey and William Caryl are acceptable. The production is thoroughly adequate in every way and thoroughly in keeping.

#### The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum bill for next week is particularly fascinating. A splendid musical organization entitled "Sixteen Navassar Girls" will be the headline attraction. It is a band, orchestra, and choir, and each of the girls who make up the personnel of the company is a soloist. "Sixteen Navassar Girls" have toured this country and Europe and won medals and honorable mentions in many of the continental capitals in which they have appeared. Their conductress is Miss Augusta Dial, a musician of great ability.

"Here and There in Vaudeville" is the title of a splendid act in which James Kelso and Blanche Leighton are making a great hit. It is made up of various kinds of vaudeville offerings and is of a particularly interesting and entertaining nature.

George Chiyo, a famous Japanese athlete of extraordinary muscular development will give an exhibition of his strength and agility, which is the more remarkable when his diminutive stature is taken into consideration. His work is of the whirlwind kind, and from the time he begins his performance until the conclusion he is in constant action, accomplishing innumerable and wonderful feats.

Queenie Dunedin, "the Variety Girl," will introduce a daring and novel bicycle act. Cecil Cunningham, the comedienne extraordinary, who has made such a tremendous hit, will be retained for another week.

The remaining acts will be Wilson and Lenore, novelty entertainers; Erwin and Jane Connelly in "Sweethearts," and the laughable skit, "A Telephone Tangle."

#### "So Long Letty" Next at the Cort.

"So Long Letty," which has just completed a run of 102 consecutive performances at the Morosco Theatre, Los Angeles, is due at the Cort Theatre beginning Sunday, October 10th. This musical comedy is by Oliver Morosco and Elmer Harris, with lyrics and music by Elmer Carroll.

"So Long Letty" is said to be something completely new in the realm of musical comedy, and it will be presented in New York immediately following the Cort Theatre engagement. The cast which Producer Morosco has assembled is a notable one, and includes Charlotte Greenwood, Sydney Grant, Walter Catlett, May Boley, William Rock, Percy Bronson, Winnie Baldwin, Nella Wilson, and a host of other famous players, many of whom may be accounted genuine San Francisco favorites.

#### Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre.

The Scovell Dancers, recruited from the ranks of the ballet of the famous Drury Lane Theatre, London, and headed by Mme. Minni Scovell, première danseuse of that place, is the big attraction on the new bill which opens at the Pantages on Sunday. Eight tiny, dainty sprites in cloud-like tulle dresses, under the leadership of Mme. Scovell, romp in and out of the beautiful scene, presenting a series of classic numbers, including "La Tiger," "Danse à la Basque," a pretty floral offering with the octet in poke bonnets, garden frocks, and slender baskets of flowers, and "Dramatique Dance." Benjamin Scovell, nephew of the late Sir Henry Irving, and in whose arms the great tragedian died, is in charge of the production.

Another big "girlie" offering is "The Melody Six," styled "a sextet symphony in tone and color." The six girls play high-class selections on the violin and have proven one of the big successes of this season's bookings.

Will H. Armstrong, one of the best-liked funmakers that have played here, and his two pretty assistants, Maude Smith and Geraldine Field, will revive the comedian's slashing farce, "The Baggageman."

Josh Dale and Harry Lazar, old-time minstrel men, have a riotous comedy skit called "A Blackville Cabaret," which is a big fun hit.

May Archer and Billy Carr in "The Fortune Teller," and the Royal Gascoignes, amazing jugglers, will round out the rest of the show.

Harry Lauder announces that he is going to the front. He says: "I volunteered my services and the Red Cross Society made all the arrangements. I am going out in my kilt, simply as Harry Lauder, and I don't propose to sing any character songs. I shall sing 'I Love a Lassie,' 'Roamin' in the Gloamin'," and suchlike songs that have a chorus to them which the men can take up. I shall sing in the hospitals and the camps

and put in as much work as possible each day. While in France I hope to see my son, who is a lieutenant in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. He is back in the trenches again after having been wounded."

Sarah Bernhardt recently took part in a charity matinee in Paris, it being her first public appearance since her leg was amputated. The audience which greeted her in the open-air theatre at Andernos, near Bordeaux, went little short of mad in the ovation they tendered her.

### THE MUSIC SEASON.

#### Autumn Music Festival.

The Autumn Musical Festival, which has been creating such great interest at Festival Hall, is drawing to a close, the production of Verdi's "Requiem" on Sunday afternoon bringing this really wonderful series of concerts to a brilliant ending. This—Saturday—afternoon, at half-past two, there will be an Artists' Concert, in which the Exposition Chorus of 400 voices, under the leadership of Emil Mollenhauer, director of the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston, and the Exposition Orchestra of 80 will play an important part. The programme will open with Mrs. H. H. A. Beach's "Panama Hymn," given by the chorus and orchestra, and with Wallace A. Sabin at the Exposition organ. Mrs. Grace Bonner Williams and Mme. Florence Mulford, both of whom achieved such success in Wednesday night's production of "Elijah," will sing, respectively, the aria, "Depuis le Jour" from Charpentier's "Louise," and Saint-Saëns's "Amour viens m'aider." Evan Williams, the Welsh tenor, whose triumphs of last Sunday and Wednesday evening are fresh in mind, will sing the aria from "La Bohème"; Earl Cartwright, the baritone, who won his hearers in "Elijah," will be heard in Buzzi-Peccia's "Gloria a Te," and Frederic Martin, who has the reputation of being America's greatest oratorio basso, will sing the "Drum Major's Song" from "Le Caid," by Ambroise Thomas. The quartet from "Rigoletto" will be sung by the soloists of the afternoon, and the programme will be brought to a fitting conclusion with the "1812" overture of Tchaikowsky.

Sunday afternoon at 2:30 the orchestra will be augmented to 100 musicians. Owing to an unforeseen detention in Europe the place of Mme. Emmy Destinn will be taken by Mrs. Grace Bonner Williams. George Hamlin, the tenor, whose singing with the Chicago Opera Company is pleasantly remembered here, Mme. Florence Mulford, and Frederic Martin will be the other principals of Verdi's "Requiem," written in remembrance of his friend, Manzoni.

Seats for the final concerts of the Autumn Music Festival may be obtained at the Exposition ticket office, 343 Powell Street.

#### Kreisler's Violin Recitals.

Music lovers are enthusiastically looking forward to the musical treats which will be theirs when Fritz Kreisler, the great violinist, gives his recitals at the Cort Theatre under the direction of Frank W. Healy tomorrow—Sunday—afternoon, October 3d, and Sunday afternoon, October 10th.

One-tenth of every dollar that Kreisler makes is given to his wife to help support the forty-three homeless war orphans in Europe she has undertaken to provide for. The orphans fell to Mrs. Kreisler's charge because of her services as nurse in the military hospitals of Austria. Mrs. Kreisler is a New York woman of American parentage, and when Kreisler, then a lieutenant in the Austrian army, was wounded by a Cossack during the terrific fighting near Lemburg, it was Mrs. Kreisler who nursed him back to life.

To violinists and every student of music the Kreisler recitals at the Cort will prove of unalloyed pleasure. The programmes are remarkable for the number of things new to San Francisco that the great violinist will play. Next Sunday will be heard for the first time here Kreisler's Introduction and Scherzo (for violin alone), Slavonic Dances (Dvorak-Kreisler), Viennese Popular Song, and Spanish Serenade (Chaminade-Kreisler). Also Weber's "Larghetto" and a waltz by Godowsky, of which Kreisler himself has said: "These pieces are in their way unique; rich, melodious invention, exquisite harmonization, and an unusual treatment of the violin are their salient features."

Seats and programmes for the Kreisler recitals may be secured at the box-offices of Sherman, Clay & Co., Kohler & Chase, and the Cort Theatre.

#### Kreisler at Stanford University.

Fritz Kreisler will play a rarely beautiful programme next Thursday night, October 7th, at Stanford University, under the auspices of the Peninsula Musical Association. Tickets for this event may be secured at Weingartner's Pharmacy at Palo Alto or by writing to Miss Sara D. Harker at Palo Alto, California. The programme will include the Viotti "Concerto," a "Sonata" by Handel, Schubert's "Moment Musical," Godowsky's "Larghetto Lamentoso," Kreisler's own "Caprice Vien-

nois," and many other exquisite gems, one of which is by the famous Spanish composer, Enrique Granados.

Hundreds of music lovers from San Jose, Redwood City, and other peninsula towns will journey to Stanford for this red-letter event.

Emilio de Gogorza will sing for the Peninsula Association's second concert next January.

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Tickets, programmes ready NOW at box-offices Cort Theatre, Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Kohler & Chase's.



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## VANITY FAIR.

If we were the feminist movement, which of course we are not, we should begin our campaign with the suppression of about half the feminists and all of the writers of women's columns. For surely these people must do a vast injury to the great and glorious cause. No sooner are we persuaded that it is only women who can save the world from irretrievable ruin by giving us all the choice between piety and prison than our eye alights upon the sayings of a suffragette and we scurry back to our trenches and the old deadlock begins again. For example, there is Mrs. Charlotte Smith of Boston. Now we were in a state of grace when we began to read about Mrs. Charlotte Smith of Boston. Conscious of our moral infirmities, we were ready to concede much to the ameliorating and softening influence of women. We had been deeply touched by their statesmanlike efforts to end the war by wearing peace buttons, and it will be remembered that when the buttons mysteriously failed the women were ready to resort to collective and simultaneous prayer and to getting their pictures into the newspapers with the object of attracting the attention of Providence. It is true these measures failed unaccountably, but the women were not daunted. They said they would produce no more baby soldiers, and now the latest of all proposals is for the simultaneous singing of peace songs. You just drop your job, whatever it may be, and begin to sing.

We merely mention these things to explain the favorable attitude that we had been persuaded to adopt toward the Cause. We were a little dubious about cutting off the supply of baby soldiers, not being sure how this was to be done, but then we are ignorant of such matters, although willing to learn. But the rest of it seemed all right, with the reassuring proviso that no power on earth shall persuade us to sing. Even Providence could not stand that.

And now comes Mrs. Charlotte Smith and undoes all this good work. Mrs. Smith is president of something or other that doesn't matter much, and so she feels called upon to initiate some remedial legislation. Casting her eye over the field of male depravity, she perceives that the stenographer is in need of protection. No sooner does the stenographer enter the office, says Mrs. Smith, than her employer ogles her, draws out a box of candy, and approaches. A young girl, says Mrs. Smith, can not do anything but hear it as best she can, and so these "old sinners" get their wicked way. The remedy, of course, is simple. All remedies are simple to the feminist. And so Mrs. Smith "would have a law passed that no man can have a female stenographer in his office without a wire cage surrounding her." Personally we are of opinion that in some cases a barbed-wire entanglement would be needed, but then we are apt to be extremists in matters of purity and the higher life. Of course there are stenographers whose virtue has been sufficiently protected by nature, and perhaps these could be allowed to remain at large. It would be the duty of Federal commissioners to determine who should and who should not go in the cages.

There would, of course, be difficulties, but a short experience would solve them. For example, we do not exactly see how the stenographic heauty is to be forced into the cage. A series of struggles at the beginning of each day's work, renewed at lunch time, would be most unseemly, and might lead to even greater evils than it is sought to avoid. Moreover, how are we to prevent the candy from being passed through the bars. And since the young woman must be liberated at nighttime—if we may mention anything so immodest as nighttime—how shall we prevent the "old sinners" from following up the advantages gained from the candy?

Mrs. Smith of Boston should amend her law. There seems nothing for it but to enclose the stenographer in a permanent and portable wire cage, and to render illegal the sale or possession of knives, wire-nippers, or any other appliance by which the intent of the law may be evaded.

Therefore it seems evident that Mrs. Smith of Boston and all her clan should be suppressed in the interests of the Cause. She is prejudicial to Feminism, which can not afford to be laughed at. She makes us feel sick.

So far as the women's page writers are concerned, they, too, must go in the interests of the same Cause. Take, for example, the case of Mme. Lina Cavalieri. Now we have no objections at all to this lady so long as she confines herself to her proper sphere. Indeed she is said to be a most attractive person. But why should she be asked to write drivel on the subject of the toilet? Are we actually to understand that women in general like this sort of thing? Do women wish to be pilloried day by day as hrowsing contentedly on the rather disgusting drivel dished up for them by Mme. Cavalieri? Let us look at a single paragraph selected at haphazard from her weekly outpourings. Here it is: "Women who are inclined to stoutness have learned that the distension of the inner or-

gans that accomplishes the first stage of digestion tends to stoutness. Wisely they take no man into their confidence in this respect, nor in any other fad that has the serious purpose of making them more heautiful. And man, poor, ignorant man, wonders why the plump, attractive woman who sits beside him at dinner will not accept his tender of a chair." Fancy women being so reticent that they take no man into their confidence in a little matter of this sort. One would think that the tender of a chair would be frankly declined and without any sort of subterfuge. Why should not the lady say, "Thank you, but I prefer to stand. My inner organs are in a state of distension due to the first stage of digestion?" At a time when the most casual inquiry as to a lady's health is usually met by a devastating flood of pathological details there seems to be no reason for coyness on the subject of over-eating. When we were young we were taught as an axiomatic truth that female maladies were confined exclusively to headaches, and that to assume even a cold was to verge slightly upon impropriety. *Mais nous avons changé tout cela.* Nowadays there is nothing excluded even from the conversation of the dinner-table, so there seems to be no adequate reason why a lady should not confess that she has eaten so much that she can not bend.

Here is another paragraph from the Cavalieri, and with apologies to the reader: "Again obtuse man is puzzled. When the fair one of his worship rests her head for a glorious instant on his breast, or when it seeks the refuge of his shoulder, his senses are intoxicated by the most exquisite perfume. He thinks the perfume is an exhalation from her soul. It is, to tell the bald truth, a vapor arising from behind her ears, where women secretly anoint themselves. It is one of the coquettish that have come to us from coquettish France."

What revolting rubbish! What nauseating twaddle! And it is given the place of honor upon the women's page. Presumably it is the kind of thing that women wish to read. The painstaking editor, searching for feminine popularity, can find nothing more conducive to this end than the so-called heauty secrets of Mme. Lina Cavalieri.

It is fortunate for Queen Victoria that she did not live to see the war. Her sympathy with Germany was of the most outspoken kind if we can credit the statements of Mr. Edward Legge in his new book, "The Public and Private Life of Kaiser Wilhelm II." "Unfortunately for us," he says, "Queen Victoria's affection for her grandson, William, was so great, enduring from his birth until her death in his arms, that she made him her confidant, and would not hear a word to his detriment. Thus the Kaiser, before and after he became emperor, had only to ask his grandmother for information to get it."

Mr. Legge tries to disprove Bismarck's contention that Queen Victoria's sympathies were anti-German. He says: "Shortly after the marriage of the Prince of Wales (King Edward) the Princess (Alexandra) opened her heart to her royal mother-in-law concerning the Schleswig-Holstein question and the probability of Prussia and Austria attempting to crush Denmark by force of arms. Queen Victoria was most unsympathetic toward her beautiful daughter-in-law's native country, and said emphatically: 'I will never consent to make war with Germany. It is my husband's and my son-in-law's country, and my daughter is Crown Princess of Prussia. Besides, the Duchies (of Schleswig-Holstein) are German, and are necessary to the unity of Germany.'"

Recently before an audience of more than 1000 summer visitors Mme. Marcella Sembrich sang in the open-air Forest of Arden Theatre at Lake Placid, New York, at a concert in aid of the sufferers in Poland. About \$3500 was realized. Mme. Sembrich was assisted by Frank La Forge, accompanist, and a chorus of fifty voices.

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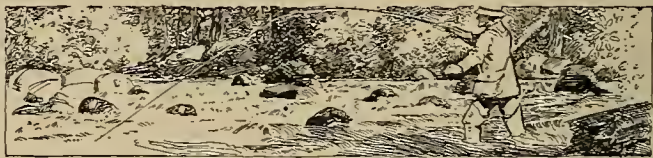
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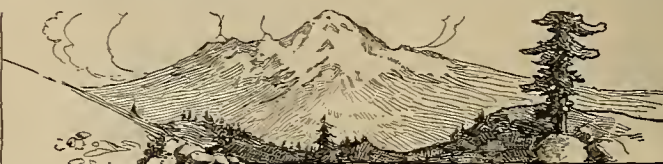
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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The novelist's small boy had just been brought to judgment for telling a fib. His sobs having died away, he sat for a time in silent thought. "Pa," said he, "how long will it be before I stop gettin' licked for tellin' lies an' begin to get paid for 'em, like you do?"

A barefooted darky while hoeing cotton one day saw his big toe under a clod, and, thinking it was a mole's head, hit it and hurt himself. After working with it for a while he got tired, set his foot on a stump and said: "Well, jes pain away now; I doesn't care, yo' hurts yo'self wus'in yo' do me."

General Sherman once stopped at a country home where a tin basin and roller-towel sufficed for the family's ablutions. For two mornings the small boy of the household watched in silence the visitor's toilet. When on the third day the toothbrush, nail-file, whisk-broom, etc., had been duly used, he asked: "Say, mister, air you always that much trouble to you'self?"

At a party where questions were asked, and facetious if not felicitous answers were expected, a coal dealer asked what legal authority was the favorite with his trade. One answered, "Coke." "Right," said the coal dealer. Another suggested Blackstone. "Good, too," said the questioner. Then a little hard-faced man in the corner piped out "Littleton," whereupon the coal dealer sat down without saying anything.

It is related that on the night of the first performance in Paris of "La Dame Aux Camelias," written by the younger Dumas, the elder author of that name and father of the dramatist of the hour attracted considerable attention by his obvious excitement. During one of the *entractes* a diplomatic friend, thinking to flatter the old gentleman, said to him: "Ah, monsieur, there's some of your work in this play." "Yes," was the reply; "the author of it is my work."

The artist was painting—sunset, red, with blue streaks and green dots. The old rustic, at a respectful distance, was watching. "Ah," said the artist, looking up suddenly, "perhaps to you, too, Nature has opened her sky-pictures page by page? Have you seen the lambent flame of dawn leaping across the vivid east; the red-stained, sulphurous islets floating in the lake of fire in the west; the ragged clouds at midnight, black as a raven's wing, blotting out the shuddering moon?" "No," replied the rustic, shortly; "not since I signed the pledge."

"One-eyed" Winston was a negro preacher in Virginia, and his ideas of theology and human nature were often very original, as the following anecdote may prove. A gentleman thus accosted the old preacher one Sunday: "Winston, I understand you believe every woman has seven devils. Now how can you prove it?" "Well, sah, did you ebber read in de Bible how de seben debbels were cast out 'er Mary Magdalen?" "Oh, yes, I've heard of that." "Did you ebber hear of 'em being cast out of any other woman, sah?" "No, I never did." "Well, den, de yudders still got 'em yet."

When prohibition was young in Kansas there was a law that permitted the sale of liquor for medicinal, mechanical, and scientific purposes. A farmer came in one day and offered to purchase a gallon of the stuff from the local druggist. Out came the druggist's book, in which all sales and the purpose for which the liquor was to be used must be registered. "What are you going to use it for, medical, mechanical, or scientific purposes?" asked the drug clerk. "You might as well put it down as mechanical," responded the farmer. "I'm goin' to have a barn raisin'."

It is well known that Chinese doctors are only rewarded for cures and for keeping their patients well. A physician was called in to see a sick tax collector (yamen runner). "You'll have to call in another doctor," said the physician. "Am I so bad that you must have a consultation?" inquired the alarmed patient. "No. You will remember, however, if you have as good a memory as I, that last week you searched high and low and taxed me the last cash on the limit of my property and maximum income. I have too much conscience to kill you, but I'm honest enough to say that I want as little as possible to do with curing you, so good-by."

He was profoundly impressed with the merits of western Pennsylvania as a place of residence. "Nothing like it for a man that's inclined to be a bit low-spirited," he said, in the hotel smoking-room. "They don't take any chances there with you at all. Why, if

you go into a store and ask for a bit of clothes-line the storekeeper will open a big book. 'What do you want this rope for?' he asks. 'The old woman needs it to hang the wash on.' 'And what's your name?' the storekeeper asks. 'Herman Wilhelm Pfeifer.' 'G'wan,' says the storekeeper, closing the book. 'You can't get no rope here without a prescription.'"

A small special constable in England when on top of a tram-car was requested by the conductor to come down to deal with a man who was inclined to be abusive. Reluctantly the special constable complied with the request, but found himself confronted by a huge navy about 6 feet 6 inches high and 4 feet broad. "There he is," said the conductor. "He won't pay his fare." The small special constable reflected, and then remarked sadly: "Well, I suppose I must pay it for him."

Patrick McCann hauled water from the river to the village. One day a passing stranger thought to have some fun at Patrick's expense. He asked: "How long have you hauled water for the village, my good man?" "Tin years, sor." "Ah! How many loads do you take in a day?" "From tin to fifteen, sor." "Ah, yes. Now, I have a problem for you. How much water at this rate have you hauled in all?" The driver of the watering cart jerked his thumb backward toward the river and replied: "All the water yez don't see there now, sor."

A party of soldiers bound for "somewhere in France" was waiting for their train at a rural station in Wiltshire. Among the lookers-on were an old countryman and his wife. Walking slowly past the warriors, the woman eyed them carefully, her attention being mainly paid to their puttee-clad legs. "I say, Garge," she whispered, when out of ear-shot, "there's somethin' I can't understand about they solgers." "What be it, lass?" asked her good man, with a superior air. "I can't think 'ow they get their laigs into they twisted trousers," said the old woman, in wonder.

## THE MERRY MUSE.

## The Excuse.

I'm very fond of exercise,  
I'm getting much too fat,  
And I would take some exercise  
If it were not for that.

—Canadian Courier.

## The Funny Fellows.

Funny people here below!  
For only hear 'em cry:  
"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,  
But keep your powder dry!"

We race for fame and worldly pelf  
'Neath cloudless skies, or dim;  
It's "Love your neighbor as yourself,  
But—train your guns on him!"

Good brethren all, for peace we call—  
In love we live and die.  
But—"Strengthen every fort and wall,  
And keep your powder dry!"

—The Editor.

## The Way It Didn't Happen.

"Mother," said little Willie Jones,  
"If there's no work to do,  
I'd like to join the other boys  
And go in swimming, too."  
"There's not a bit of work today,"  
Said Willie's mother kind:  
"It's useful to know how to swim,  
So go,—I do not mind."

"Father," said Willie to his pa,  
When he had older grown:  
"I'd like to smoke and wish that I  
A briar pipe might own."  
"And so you shall," said Willie's pa,  
Proud of his manly son:  
And to the store he went to buy  
A real expensive one.

"Dear folks," said Willie to them all  
When he was twenty-three,  
"I love Marie, and we're engaged  
And married soon will be."  
"We love her so." "She's just the girl!"  
"The one for you we'd choose!"  
Which goes to prove these lines are false  
And writ but to amuse.

—Clifford Tremblay, in Puck.

## My Love Story.

A lady of sagacity and beautiful audacity once had the pertinacity to ask me, at her door:  
"If I can find a minister who is not bold or sinister—why should I stay a spinster—and you a bachelore?"

It was no time for puttering or stammering or stuttering, and so I hastened, uttering as fast as I could speak:

"I had a home colonial, with furnishings baronial,  
I might feel matrimonial—but NOT on six a week."

She laughed and said quite cynical: "Well, you're the very pinnacle of everything that's finical"—but I said nothing more.  
And thus we found no minister, and I moved off to Finisterre, and she is still a spinster, And I'm a bachelore.

—Richmond (Va.) Times-Dispatch.

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Of San Francisco

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Total Resources.....12,914,677.68

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JUNE 30th, 1915:

Assets.....\$50,321,343.04  
Deposits.....57,362,899.35  
Capital actually paid up in cash.....1,000,000.00  
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....1,938,443.69  
Employees' Pension Fund.....199,164.12  
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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. James K. Wilson have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Madge Wilson, to Dr. Chester Moore. Miss Wilson is a sister of Mrs. Randall Stoney and Mrs. Hugh Fairlie. Dr. Moore is the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Moore of Stockton. No date has yet been set for the wedding.

The wedding of Miss Katherine McRae and Mr. Empey Arthur Robertson took place Saturday evening in St. Luke's Church. After the ceremony a reception was held at the home on Pacific Avenue of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Philip McRae. Miss Grace Cameron of Riverside attended the bride as maid of honor and the bridesmaids were the Misses Josephine Johnson and Marian Robertson. Mr. Keith McRae was the best man, and the ushers were the Messrs. George Bowels, Herbert Johns, Gray Hanson, and Don Hickey. Upon their return from their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Robertson will reside in this city.

Mrs. William Holmes McKittrick was hostess Wednesday at an informal luncheon at her home on California Street.

Mrs. Frank Deering gave a luncheon at her home on Larkin Street Wednesday, when a dozen friends enjoyed her hospitality. The affair was in honor of Mrs. John Jay White of Washington and Mrs. Rufus Cuthbert of Colorado.

Mrs. John Lawson was hostess Monday afternoon at a tea and musicale at her home on Arguello Boulevard. The affair was for the benefit of the British war relief fund.

Mr. and Mrs. Myron T. Herrick were the complimented guests Friday evening at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. William Bowers Down at their home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Pierre Moore entertained a number of friends Thursday at a luncheon at her home in Belvedere in honor of Mrs. Arthur Wilder of Honolulu.

Mrs. Charles R. Page gave a luncheon Friday at her home on Broadway in honor of her cousin, Mrs. Spencer Eddy.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Upham entertained a large number of friends Sunday at a barbecue at their home in Mill Valley. The affair was in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Upham.

Count and Countess del Valle de Salazar were host and hostess Saturday evening at an informal dinner at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. John Polhemus were the complimented guests Saturday evening at a dinner-dance given by Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Young.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace W. Morgan gave a children's party Saturday evening at their home on Washington Street. The affair was in honor of their daughter and son, Miss Eleanor Morgan and Mr. William P. Morgan.

Miss Evelyn Van Winkle was hostess Thursday afternoon at a tea at her home on Lake Street.

The Misses Rita and Lois Brown were the complimented guests Thursday at a luncheon given by Miss Linda Bryan at her home on Vallejo Street.

Mr. Richard Tobin gave a luncheon at the Massachusetts building Friday, when a dozen friends enjoyed his hospitality.

The members of the Bohemian Club entertained a large number of friends Wednesday evening at a dinner in honor of Mr. Alexander Harrison, the marine painter.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel C. Jackling were host and hostess Tuesday evening at a dinner on board their yacht, the *Cypress*.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Findley Montague gave an informal luncheon Wednesday at the New York State building in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Stowe Phelps of New York.

Miss Jeanette Bertheau entertained a number of friends Wednesday at a luncheon at her home on Gough Street.

Miss Eugenie Masten and Miss Theresa Harrison were the complimented guests Friday afternoon at a tea given by Mrs. Alexander Hynemann at her home on Buchanan Street.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young entertained a large number of friends Saturday at a luncheon at their home on California Street in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Myron T. Herrick.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sherwood were host and hostess Friday evening at a theatre and supper party in honor of Mr. Langdon Ewing of Santa Barbara, who was the complimented guest Sunday at a picnic given by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden in San Mateo.

Miss Rhoda Niehling gave an informal tea Saturday afternoon at her home on Sacramento Street in honor of Miss Helen Grow of New York.

Mrs. Chauncey Pennoyer was hostess Thursday at an informal luncheon at her home on Stockton Street.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, Jr., en-

tertained a number of friends Thursday evening at a theatre and supper party in honor of Miss Ruth Winslow, whose engagement to Mr. Algeron Gibson has recently been announced.

Mrs. Herman Focke of Honolulu was the guest of honor Thursday at a luncheon given by Mrs. Alexander Garreau at her home on Jackson Street.

Mrs. Crys Webb was hostess Wednesday afternoon at a bridge-tea at her home at Mare Island. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Arthur Owens, who with her husband, Captain Owens, U. S. N., will leave shortly for the East.

Captain W. Kittelle, U. S. N., and the officers of the U. S. S. *Maryland* were hosts at a dance Wednesday evening on board ship.

Lieutenant-Commander Ralph Pope, U. S. N., and Mrs. Pope entertained a number of friends Saturday evening at a dance at their home at Mare Island.

Captain Edward Carpenter, U. S. A., and Mrs. Carpenter were host and hostess Tuesday evening at a dinner at their home on Jackson Street in honor of Mr. and Mrs. John Douglas of St. Louis.

Captain Victor Houston, U. S. N., and Mrs. Houston gave an informal dinner on board the U. S. S. *St. Louis* Wednesday evening, when a coterie of friends enjoyed their hospitality.

Major Buckley, U. S. A., was host recently at a tea at his home at Fort Baker.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Stowe Phelps, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Louis Findlay Montague, left last week for the Yosemite Valley.

Bishop William Ford Nichols, Mrs. Nichols, and Miss Margaret Nichols have returned from a motor trip through Southern California. They were the guests of Mrs. George W. Gibbs.

Mr. and Mrs. Larz Anderson have been visiting the San Joaquin Valley and many places of interest.

Mrs. A. P. Hotaling has gone East to spend several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. McCutchen have closed their country home in Los Altos and are again occupying their town residence on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Cooper and their little daughter will return to Burlingame November 1st to take possession of their home, which has been occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Cuyler Lee and their family.

Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Jackling and a party of friends departed Friday for Seattle, from where they will sail on their yacht, the *Cypress*, for Alaska. Among their guests are Mr. and Mrs. Walter C. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Horsley Scott, and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Eastland.

Mrs. Joseph Coleman, Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, the Misses Josephine Grant and Emily Pope, and Mr. Gordon Johnson left for the East last week. Mrs. Coleman has been constantly entertained since her arrival from Chicago. Mrs. Wilson will spend a month with Mr. and Mrs. George Dearborn in New York, and the young people will return to their schools, where they will remain until the holidays.

Mr. Alexander Harrison, the marine painter, who formerly resided in Paris, is a visitor in this city.

Miss Flora Low and Miss Eleanor Morgan have returned from Monterey, where they have been spending the summer, and are occupying the home on Buchanan Street of Mrs. James Ward Keeney, who will leave next week with her daughter, Miss Helen Keeney, for Philadelphia.

Mr. Henry Foster Dutton, Mr. Garritt Wilder of Honolulu, and Captain Edward E. Carpenter, U. S. A., returned Wednesday from a ten days' fishing trip at Wehler Lake.

Miss Frances Jolliffe will depart the end of the month for Washington, D. C., where she will spend the winter.

Miss Gertrude Thomas and Miss Marian Crocker are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Charles Belden, Jr., on their ranch in Wyoming. Mrs. William Thomas accompanied Miss Thomas and Miss Crocker as far as Wyoming and continued her journey to New York, where she will soon be joined by Miss Thomas and their daughter. They are planning to spend the holidays in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hervey Pettingell of Los Angeles have come to this city to visit the Exposition and are stopping at the Hotel Bellevue.

Miss Margaret Fechteler, who has been visiting her grandparents, Judge and Mrs. Morrow, at San Rafael this summer, has returned to her home in Newport, Rhode Island. She is the daughter of Admiral and Mrs. Fechteler, who reside at Newport. Admiral Fechteler is in command of the second division of the Atlantic fleet.

Mr. Harry Crocker departed Saturday for Yale after having spent his vacation with his family in this city.

Lady Aberdeen of London is expected to arrive

here about the 1st of November. She has been invited to come here as the special guest of the woman's board.

Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, Miss Ethel Harriman, and Mr. James C. Clark are spending a few weeks at El Mirasol en route to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Isham have returned to their home in Chicago after a brief visit to the Exposition. Mrs. Isham is the daughter of the late Mayor John J. Gaynor of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. George Page and their daughter, Miss Leslie Page, of San Rafael, will as usual spend the winter months in town. They have rented the home on Washington Street of Mrs. Ashfield Potter, who will remain in the East until after the holidays.

Mrs. Caroline Fletcher Mills has arrived in New York and will sail soon for London, where she will remain several months.

Mrs. John Owen Miller has returned to her ranch near Bakersfield after a visit with her sister, Mrs. James W. Sperry, in Sausalito.

Mrs. William Delaware Neilson has joined Mr. and Mrs. Felton Elkins at El Mirasol, Santa Barbara, where Mrs. Elkins is rapidly recovering from a recent serious illness.

Mrs. Frederick W. Sharon has gone East to make several visits before sailing for England, where she will join her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Fermour-Hesketh.

Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Spaulding have closed their country home in Atherton, and have gone East to visit the principal cities before going to St. Augustine, Florida, where they will spend the winter.

Mrs. Henry J. Crocker departed Monday for New York with her daughter, Miss Mary Julia Crocker, who will enter Miss Spence's school. On the same train were Mr. Warren Dearborn Clark and his daughter, Miss Gertrude Clark, who will return to Miss Spence's school for her second term.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman E. Mack and the Misses Mack, of Buffalo, New York, spent the week-end in Monterey.

Dr. Benjamin P. Brodie and Mrs. Brodie have arrived from Santa Barbara and are guests at the Hotel Monroe.

Mrs. William B. Storey departed Wednesday for her home in Chicago after a six weeks' visit with her friends in this city.

Dr. William J. Younger and Mrs. Younger left last week for New York en route to their home in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand C. Peterson of Belvedere are leaving for the San Diego Exposition. On their return they will stop at Los Angeles, Miramar, Montecito, and Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Oscar Cooper has returned to her ranch in Mendocino County after an extended visit with her relatives.

Mr. John McCullough will leave next week for New York for a brief visit, but will return here to join Mrs. McCullough, who will remain at the Fairmont Hotel during her husband's absence.

Senator James D. Phelan will give a house party at his country home in Saratoga over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker and a party of friends have returned from a visit to the McCloud Country Club.

Admiral Charles Fremont Pond, U. S. N., Mrs. Pond, and their daughter, Miss Bessie Pond, will leave for the East the end of this month. Admiral Pond will be stationed at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where Mrs. and Miss Pond will make a brief visit before returning to this city for the winter.

Lieutenant Herbert Whitwell Underwood, U. S. N., and Mrs. Underwood left last week for Annapolis, where they will reside indefinitely. Mrs. A. M. Ramsay, mother of Mrs. Underwood, will join her son-in-law and daughter at Annapolis for the holiday season.

Mrs. William Dougherty has closed her home in Fruitvale and has gone East to spend the winter with her son, Lieutenant Louis Dougherty, U. S. A.

Lieutenant Howard Douglas Bode, U. S. N., and Mrs. Bode have arrived from Honolulu and will reside at Mare Island, where Lieutenant Bode is stationed. Mrs. Bode was formerly Miss Helen Spaulding of Honolulu.

Major Frank Cheatham, U. S. A., and Mrs. Cheatham are expected to arrive shortly from Honolulu, where Major Cheatham has for the past three years been on duty with the Quartermaster's Department. Mrs. Cheatham, who was formerly Miss May Denman, is a sister of Mr. William Denman of this city.

Captain John Cantwell, U. S. N., who resides in Sausalito, has been transferred to Newbern, North Carolina, to command the coast guard steamer *Panther*. From December to April the ship will cruise along Pamlico Sound and along Albemarle Sound.

Captain Orrin R. Wolf, U. S. A., and Mrs. Wolf are coming from the Mexican border to this city and will soon be established at the Presidio. Mrs. Wolf, who was formerly Miss Mabel Watkins, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Watkins.

Rear-Admiral Richardson Clover, Mrs. Clover, and the Misses Eudora and Beatrice Clover will depart October 6th for their home in Washington, D. C. They have been spending the summer at their country home in Napa County.

"Erminie," said to be the most popular operetta ever produced in this country, met with moderate success in London when first brought out, and the American rights were offered for only \$500. Frank W. Sanger secured the rights for this country, and subsequently received \$120,000 in royalties. Under the direction of Rudolph Aronson "Erminie" achieved a run of 1236 performances here, netting large profits to all concerned.

General Joffre has reduced the age of French generals by ten years, and the retirement of six more veterans will bring down the average a little more.

## FALL OPENING

Our Mr. Lucien has spent the past month in the City of New York with the leading Dressmakers and Importers, and announces a selection of Tailor-Made Suits, Evening and Afternoon Dresses and Novelties, which

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## THE CITY IN GENERAL.

The supervisors' finance committee has decided to accept Blyth, Witter & Co.'s bid for \$300,000 of hospital bonds. The bonds bear interest at the rate of four and a half per cent, and are to mature at the rate of \$50,000 annually from 1916 to 1921. An additional block of \$100,000 maturing in 1922 and 1923 brought no bid and is being held by the city treasurer for sale.

Mrs. Ray Dernham, wife of Albert Dernham, president of the Emporium, died on Thursday of last week at her late residence on Jackson Street following a stroke of apoplexy. Mrs. Dernham is survived by her husband and three children and by two sisters. She has for many years been engaged in philanthropic work in connection with the Nursery for Homeless Children.

A case has gone to trial before Judge Seawell in which the University of California is suing J. J. Mack as executor of the estate of the late John M. Keith to recover \$145,000 which it is alleged Keith promised to give the university. The money in question is the balance of a subscription of \$150,000 by Keith to the university toward building a hospital and training school for nurses in conjunction with the Affiliated Colleges, and which was offered on condition that the hospital raise an additional \$600,000.

On Saturday evening an entertainment was given at the Scottish Rite Auditorium under the direction of Mrs. Richard Rees to raise money toward a fund for the rebuilding of the St. Francis Girls' Directory, which was recently destroyed by fire. A series of whist tournaments are also planned to raise money for the building fund for a new building which has been in contemplation since shortly before the fire which left the orphans of the Directory homeless some weeks ago.

The Commonwealth Bonding and Casualty Insurance Company of Fort Worth, Texas, has been stopped from doing business in California by State Insurance Commissioner J. E. Phelps. Phelps' action has followed advices from Fort Worth that the company is in the hands of a receiver. Insolvency, it is claimed, has come about through failure of the company's directors to agree on policy.

On Thursday of last week Gustave B. Kulenkampff testified before the grand jury that he had transferred \$350,000 from Berlin to the German consulate here last September. The grand jury is investigating this fund under the suspicion that it paid for the supplies which the American steamer *Sacramento* delivered to the German-Pacific fleet last autumn. Kulenkampff, who is a member of the New York firm of Wessels, Kulenkampff & Co., declared that this was the first transaction of the kind in which he had a hand and that he had no idea what the money was to be used for. For many months the case has been under investigation by United States District Attorney John W. Preston.

Mrs. Donald Hunter, wife of Donald Hunter of the Union Trust Company of San Francisco, was seriously injured by a fall from her horse while riding in San Rafael last week. Physicians in attendance on Mrs. Hunter at the West End Hospital said that her skull was fractured.

The will of the late Fred G. Sanborn, law book publisher, has been filed for probate by the widow, Mrs. Helen P. Sanborn. The major portion of the \$100,000 estate is bequeathed to the widow. The remainder is divided between the deceased's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. George T. Sanborn of Mountain View, and several nephews.

Mrs. Anna D. Talbot, divorced wife of William H. Talbot, well-known lumberman, died suddenly on Monday afternoon at her home on Jackson Street. Her death was due to tumor of the brain.

An International Gas Congress—the third of its kind ever held—is now in session in this city. Events of the week were a reception to Dr. Alexander C. Humphreys, presi-

dent of the congress, at the Palace Hotel, a formal reception at Native Sons Hall, and a day on the Zone.

On Sunday of this week the Sarah E. Cooper School at Lombard and Jones Streets was dedicated with fitting ceremonies. Miss Anna Stovell, successor of Miss Cooper, after whom the school was named, assisted Mayor Rolph at the ceremonies. The building is the only one of its kind in the city that has an open-air auditorium upon the roof, which in pleasant weather is used for classroom purposes.

A petition has been filed for the recall of City Attorney Long by Attorney Daniel O'Connell. The charges brought against Long have mainly to do with alleged misconduct in litigation in which public service corporations have been defendants.

## NOTES OF THE EXPOSITION.

A report of the Travelers' Aid Society of California just issued shows that the work of this organization since January 1st has aided 93,636 persons. Of these 69,133 were assisted at railroad stations and piers; within the grounds the special staff of aids at the Fair helped 13,656, and the housing department took care of 14,847.

A feature of Mining Week was a demonstration by nine teams showing first-aid methods in caring for the injured in mine accidents. The contest, embracing four problems contingent upon mine accidents, was staged in the North Gardens by teams from California mining companies. The team of the Mammoth Copper Company of Kennet won highest distinction for efficiency in this work, with the Argonaut Mining Company of Jackson second.

On Friday evening of last week the Court of Abundance was the scene of an open-air play, "A Box of Toys," given by Mlle. Louise Le Gai and her corps de ballet to an audience that filled the huge space to overflowing. The performance, which was free, was repeated on Saturday night.

The Netherlands commission has intimated that the exhibit of that country may be a permanent feature in San Francisco and plans are under way to have their display transferred to a show room on Market Street later on. The permanent exhibit will be part of an advertising plan of the two proposed Dutch steamship lines which are to have their termini in this city.

One thousand citizens of Healdsburg one day last week acted as an escort for some two hundred orphans from the Lytton Orphanage of that city on a trip to the Exposition. A special train was chartered for the occasion and the orphans and their escorts were brought to the California building, where they were the guests of the Healdsburg Chamber of Commerce and the Salvation Army. The visitors brought hundreds of packages of fruit which were distributed during the day to visitors at the California building.

Two fruit showers were events of California counties during the past week. On Friday five thousand packages of almonds were distributed as mementoes of Southern California Week, and on Saturday an orange shower was staged at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Seventy-five oranges were shot into the air on the Marina and caught by the crowd. Each orange was later redeemed with a box of fruit.

China Day was celebrated at the Chinese pavilion on Thursday of last week with a programme of music and oratory. Chen Chi, commissioner-general from China, presided at the ceremonies, which began at 2:30. The commissioner was met at his hotel downtown in the morning by an escort of United States Cavalry and conducted to the Fair Grounds, after which he was the complimented guest at a luncheon given by President Moore. Addresses of welcome were made by President Moore, Judge W. B. Lamar, and others in which the Chinese were thanked for their participation in the Fair.

The Boston Band has closed its eleven weeks' engagement and will make a leisurely return to Boston, playing at several places in California en route. A farewell concert consisting of "request" numbers was given by this band in the Court of the Universe on Wednesday night.

One thousand members of the American Federation of Musicians celebrated Musicians' Day on Monday. The day's programme began with a parade which marched from Market Street through the Fair Grounds to the east end of the Zone. After the parade all the bands assembled and played "The Star-Spangled Banner," while the huge audience

joined in the refrain. The combined concert was heard by more than 20,000 persons, who thronged the Court of the Universe. The chief feature of the programme was a rendition of the descriptive piece, "The Death of Custer." In this spectacle more than 100 painted Indians and mounted United States troops participated, giving a graphic portrayal of General Custer's last fight against the redskins.

On Friday of last week the nine engineers who were most conspicuous in the planning, building, and operating of the Exposition were honored at a special function in the Court of Abundance. Dr. John A. Brashear, one of the world's greatest engineers, was among those who came to do honor to these builders. The engineers who were honored were: H. D. K. Connick, director of works; A. H. Markwart, assistant director of works; G. L. Bayley, chief mechanical and electrical engineer; E. E. Carpenter, chief civil engineer; Shirley Baker, construction engineer; H. D. Dewell, chief structural engineer; William Waters, superintendent of construction; W. M. Johnson, engineer of fire protection, and L. E. Leurey, assistant chief mechanical and electrical engineer. A plaque with an inscription commemorating the work of the engineers was presented to each by President Moore.

Mary Austin's drama, "Fire," based on the Indian legend of the sacred flame, was produced on Monday night in the Court of the Universe. Ernest Clewe had the leading rôle of Eyind, the fire bringer. Miss "Dick" Borough, a senior in the University of California, had the part of Laela, whose love for Eyind furnishes the romance of the play.

## Fritz Kreisler at the Greek Theatre.

Next Friday night, October 8th, the first evening concert ever given by a great soloist in the Greek Theatre is announced by the University's Musical and Dramatic Committee. The bright, particular star on this occasion will be Fritz Kreisler, master violinist, composer, soldier, and author of "Three Weeks in the Trenches."

The programme will be the greatest offering of master works for solo violin and orchestra ever offered in this or any other country. To hear three works of this nature on a single programme is an opportunity that is seldom offered even in the big music centres of Europe.

The splendid orchestra will be under the direction of Paul Steindorff, and Herman Martonne, formerly of the New York Symphony and himself a violinist of exceptional ability, will occupy the concert-master's desk.

The complete programme is as follows:

Overture, "Leonore," No. 2.....Beethoven  
Concerto in three movements, A major.....Mozart  
Concerto in three movements, E minor.....Mozart  
.....Mendelssohn  
Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso.....Saint-Saëns

The Mozart work is fraught with exquisite and dainty melodies; the Mendelssohn work is considered by many critics to be the most beautiful of all compositions for violin and orchestra, and the Saint-Saëns number represents "the grand old man of music" at his very best.

Notwithstanding the enormous expense of this combination of a virtuoso and a grand symphony orchestra the usual concert prices will prevail and there will be four thousand unreserved seats, too, at the modest price of seventy-five cents.

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By way of showing what an amount of trouble has been taken in Russia in matters artistic even in the midst of war's alarms a London writer cites the fact that long ago there was given at the Marien Theatre in Petrograd—another name for the Imperial Opera House—the first performance in Russia of Roger-Ducasse's ballet "Orfeo." This was accomplished only after serious difficulties had been surmounted. The stage settings had been designed by Leon Bakst while he was living in Paris some time ago. It was there that he made and completed his sketches of scenery, costumes, and so forth, and there they were left when Bakst returned to Russia. To the theatre directors it seemed impossible at such a time as this to procure the sketches from Paris. But perseverance triumphed, the sketches duly arrived after a journey of many days, and the production took place.

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Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors of The Luther Burbank Company, a corporation, held on the 15th day of September, 1915, an assessment of One Dollar (\$1.00) per share was levied upon the capital stock of said corporation, payable immediately to Ross Thomson, Assistant and Acting Secretary of the corporation, at the office of the Company, Burbank Building, Market and Beale Streets, San Francisco, California. Any stock on which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 18th day of October, 1915, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on the 8th day of November, 1915, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

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### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"My dear, you look sweet enough to kiss."  
"That's the way I intended to look, Jack."—  
Dallas News.

Mrs. S. Kensington—We have such good news from the front! Dear Charles is safely wounded, at last.—Rogue.

"Does Mr. Bryan now aspire to any office?"  
"Yes, he does, and always did aspire to the box-office."—Boston Advertiser.

Husband—I almost sold my car today, Jane. Wife—What stopped the sale? Husband—The fellow's keeper.—Judge.

Young Wife (of sound of explosion)—Thomas! Thomas! The Zeppelins are here! Did you lock the front door?—Punch.

Bacon—What is your daughter doing at the piano? Egbert—Sounds as if she were setting her class yell to music.—Yonkers Statesman.

"She's a very intellectual-looking girl."  
"Yes. Her father didn't make his money until after she had received her education."—Judge.

Jack—Do you believe marriages are made in Heaven? Jill—Probably. Heaven only knows why some are made.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Lady (interviewing girl)—I may tell you that we are vegetarians. Girl (anxious to be hired)—That's my church, too, mum.—Boston Transcript.

"I'd rather play golf than eat." "But what does your wife say to that?" "Oh, she doesn't care. She'd rather play bridge than cook."—Detroit Free Press.

Visitor—What's that new building on the hill yonder? Farmer—Well, if I find a tenant for it, it's a bungalow; if I don't, it's a barn.—The Club-Fellow.

"Hello, Bill! Glad to see you. I just got back from my vacation." "Sorry, old man. I can't lend you a cent. I'm just going on mine."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

First Georgian—How's your health this mawnin', sub? Second Georgian—Fair to middlin', sub—fair to middlin'. Let's go out and hang somebody.—Columbia (S. C.) State.

"Maud seems to consider her alimony an improvement over her husband." "Why shouldn't she? It comes in regularly and doesn't drink or swear."—Boston Transcript.

"Now that women have fallen for furs in summer, I'm working on a great idea." "What is it?" "I'm getting up a palm-leaf fan for winter purposes."—Detroit Free Press.

"My hair is coming out," said a man to his doctor. "Please give me something to keep it in." "Well," said the doctor, "here's an old pill box. Will that do?"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"What crop do you make the most money out of up here?" asked the city girl on her vacation. "Summer hoarders," was the thoughtful reply of the farmer.—Yonkers Statesman.

"You don't come in as frequently as you used to, Mr. Jiggs," remarked the barber. "No," retorted his victim. "It seems that it takes my face longer to heal nowadays."—Buffalo Express.

He—The town you live in is rather arid socially, isn't it? She—Arid? Well, I should say so. Why the soil there is so arid socially that you can't even raise your eyebrows.—Vanity Fair.

Tramp—Please, mum, I'm a Belgian refugee. Lady—Are you? Mention a town in Belgium. Tramp (cogitating a moment)—I would, mum, but they have all been destroyed.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Ermyntude—I'm terribly worried. Dear Harold is coming home on leave, and he tells me he's captured seven Germans. Now I really haven't the faintest idea what to do with them.—Weekly Telegraph.

"Why, Sharpe, I'm glad to see you so lively again. You were quite lame when I last met you." "Oh, yes; I was awfully lame then. But that was before I got a verdict of \$1000 against the railway company."—Chicago Herald.

"Your wife's dinner parties are always beautiful affairs." "Yes," replied Mr. Cumrox. "At first people didn't seem to want to come to 'em. I guess mebbe the high cost of living is making a difference."—Washington Star.

"Motor-cars," said Mr. Chuggins, "have done more than anything else to make people appreciate good roads." "But your machine is constantly breaking down, regardless of the road." "Yes. But it's a great comfort not to have to climb around in a mud-hole while I am fixing it."—Washington Star.

"I noticed," said the husband, "you didn't say 'thank you' to the man who gave you his seat in the car this evening." "No," re-

plied the wife; "you see, I once stopped to say thank you, and by the time I had done so I found that another woman had the seat."—Topeka Journal.

"How do you happen to be in prison?" "It is the result of an accident." "You ran over some one with your automobile?" "No, ma'am; I fell over a chair and waked up the owner of the house."—Houston Post.

"My dear," said Mr. Hawkins to his better half the other evening, "do you know that you have one of the best voices in the

world?" "Indeed?" replied the delighted Mrs. H., with a flush of pride at the compliment. "Do you really think so?" "I certainly do," continued the heartless husband, "otherwise it would have been worn out long ago!"—Brooklyn Eagle.

"Why do you go out rowing with that man? He thinks it's funny to rock the boat." "I've heard so," replied the athletic girl. "I took a dislike to him the first time I saw him, and I'm just dying for an excuse to hit him over the head with an oar."—Washington Star.



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# The Argonaut.

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## THIRTY-NINTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### Obstruction of Neutral Trade.

Now that our diplomatic entanglement with Germany is off the boards, it is time for the Washington administration to take up with energy our contention with England over the matter of her obstruction of neutral commerce. The United States is at peace with all the countries of the world and her citizens have a right to interchange of trade with any or all countries in merchandise not definitely contraband of war. If England chooses to blockade Germany and can make her efforts effective she has under the rules of war the right to do it. But there can not be conceded to her the right to intercept trade in goods not contraband of war between neutrals because such goods may ultimately reach her enemy. President Jefferson laid down the rule in 1793. "Great Britain," he said, "may feel the desire of starving an enemy nation; but she can have no right of doing it at our loss, nor of making us the instrument of it." Now this is precisely what Britain is doing in the immediate instance upon the theory that merchandise sold by the United States to Sweden and Denmark may ultimately be passed on by these countries to her enemy Germany. She is holding up American ships and confiscating or diverting their cargoes. Unable apparently to blockade Germany

against her Baltic neighbors, she seeks to come at the same end by blockading American trade with Sweden and Denmark. It is a gross invasion of rights. It ought not to be tolerated. And it is up to the Washington government to see that it is not tolerated.

California has a special interest in this matter. We have a large direct trade with the Baltic neutral countries. Interference with this trade is reflected in current prices of much that we produce. Especially in the line of foodstuffs, including dried fruits, are our markets related to this trade. Our producers have the right to demand of the government that it come to an understanding of their interests and that it proceed promptly in the enforcement of rights upon which these interests are dependent.

### The Colorado Settlement.

The arrangement effected by young Mr. Rockefeller with the employees of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company may be regarded as a step forward in the movement by which the relations of capital and labor are coming to adjustment. Under this arrangement the company yields to the men the privilege or right of collective bargaining, with correction of certain hoary abuses of corporation management, and guarantees a considerable list of distinct social advantages. Yet the principle of the open shop is reserved. A man is not compelled to be a unionist in order that he may find work with the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company; and the fact that he is a unionist will not bar him from work.

Even while the advantages of this arrangement are admitted by the leaders of unionism, it is condemned by them on the ground that it leaves unionism and its claims outside the reckoning. Very frankly they declare that social advantages, however important in themselves, are not acceptable in lieu of the demands which unionism makes for monopoly of employment and control of its conditions. They overlook the fact that the purpose—and the only proper aim—of unionism is justice; that more than this nobody can have the right to demand.

In the concessions made by Rockefeller may be discovered a very notable advance from the old claims of the employer to do as he pleases with what is his own. A distinct step has been made towards social justice when the employer recognizes that the men in his service have rights, including certain privileges in connection with their employment, which he is bound to respect. And, looking at the matter the other way about, it is none the less a mark of advancement if the employer stands out, as in the immediate instance, against the demands of unionism for monopoly of employment and for writing arbitrarily the rules of service.

This country—the whole world for that matter—is in midstream of a profound social revolution. In the making-over of social rules to meet the new industrial condition there have been two opposing forces. One from above would deny to workmen the right of collective action. The other from below has sought to enforce the monopoly idea under rules both arbitrary and selfish. The line of justice supports neither the one nor the other of these demands. The adjustment in Colorado represents an attempt to find this line. Probably it will not be entirely successful. Very rarely is any adjustment found to be perfect. But an important step has been taken when employer and employed may come together in cordial agreement upon terms conceived by both to be fair and equitable. The Colorado adjustment will no doubt be taken as a basis, if not as a model, for similar adjustments in great industries where individualism and unionism have alike been found ineffective to secure justice and to maintain peace.

Much might be said to the personal credit of young

Mr. Rockefeller in the working out of this arrangement in Colorado. It is plain that he has given the situation thorough investigation in connection with openness of mind and a sincere wish to do what is right. A man less scrupulous, a man less fair, a man less willing to be advised, a man more devoted to his pleasures and less under the inspiration of duty, could not have come to so complete an understanding of conditions, or have won so completely the respect of men only yesterday arrayed against him in the spirit of antagonism. Mr. Rockefeller has set an example not only for young men who like himself have come into large fortunes through inheritance, but to those into whose hands have been placed the responsibilities incidental to great interests. There is need in this country, very serious need, of comprehension of the fact that property has obligations as well as privileges. There will be better times with us when those who administer the powers of property shall realize this principle and shall regulate their conduct in accordance with it.

### The Drift at Washington.

These be quiet days at the national capital. Congress, long dispersed, is not due to convene for full two months. It is vacation time down the line of the administrative departments. Everybody who can get away—and pretty much everybody can excepting the President and his immediate staff, and the staff of the State Department—is at the seaside or in the mountains or gone to the San Francisco Exposition. There has not been a meeting of the cabinet for months. Nor has the President held his customary semi-weekly conferences with the newspaper correspondents since last May. But the President and his personal secretary, Mr. Tumulty, a gray-eyed Irishman and a "conquiving divil," though much occupied with foreign affairs, are finding time to pull off some subtle stunts in the line of trying out popular sentiment, of course with an eye upon the year 1916.

Mr. Tumulty is the active agent in this delicate business. He has laid in a large stock of what the French call "trial balloons" and is sending them up singly and in flocks. Perhaps it is just as well to explain this business of trial balloons. A trial balloon is an out-giving, either direct or diplomatic, on the part of the Administration so devised that without committing anybody to anything it may call forth the sentiment of the country. Thus it may be announced that the Administration is "considering" a project to do this, that, or some other thing. The story goes to the country and thus becomes subject of public attention. By what is said concerning it on the part of the newspapers, by men in public life, by the labor leaders, or by men of large financial power, the Administration may determine the feeling of the country and so be able to adjust its policy harmoniously with it. Your trial balloon, it will be seen, is a feeler-out of public sentiment. Its function is to discover how the political breezes are blowing.

One of Mr. Tumulty's recent activities in the ballooning line has been in connection with the issue of preparedness. He sent up some red war balloons which floated about, brightening with reflections from various parts of the country. Then he let loose a flock of pale yellow peace balloons which upon exposure speedily collapsed. Thus it is clearly indicated that there is more vitality in the issue of preparedness than in suggestions the other way about. In the meantime the President has not in any manner indicated the state of his mind. He is a stubborn man, very much wedded to his own ideas. But he is also a very shrewd politician and he wants to do what in his judgment the country wants him to do. It may be taken for granted that having discovered the wish of the country to



preparation for national defense, he will make recommendations to Congress to that effect. It is a safe prediction that, without espousing the extreme views of the hot advocates of militarism, he will urge a considerable increase in our military and naval establishments.

Careful readers of matters political can hardly have failed to see the President's recent letter to Governor Cox of Ohio with respect to the tariff. Here was another trial balloon. And already it is doing its work. It has brought to Washington even in the dull season none other than Mr. Oxnard, two years ago publicly in bad humor over the manner in which the sugar interests were treated, but now smiling and hopeful. Stand-pat free traders are daily in evidence at the White House indignantly inquiring if the President really intends to do anything with the tariff. They are suavely assured that all that he is striving to do is to get information. They are reminded of his loyalty to the principles of the Democratic party—and that's all the comfort they get. The President has said nothing whatever to indicate what is in his mind. The truth is that as yet he doesn't know. Again with respect to the tariff a small-sized balloon has been sent up in the information that the Trade Commission is to assemble information on the economic effects of the war with a possible view to tariff changes. An effect of all this ballooning appears in preparations on the part not only of sugar as above noted, but of lemons, lumber, and other important industries for representation at Washington this winter in support of tariff changes. Already they are striving to bring the Administration to realization of their needs.

Then there is the lean condition of the national treasury. This, taken in connection with those very elastic words in the declaration of time-honored Democratic principles, "a tariff for revenue only," make consideration of the tariff at the coming session of Congress not altogether improbable. Those who are preparing for a campaign in the interest of modification are a bit fearful of Representative Kitchin, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee and House leader. Kitchin belongs to the slouched-hat, oratorical Southern school of politics. He is a bourbon of bourbons and takes his Democracy straight. Still he might be coaxed.

Speaking of Kitchin recalls the fact that upon his initiative some of the more important Democrats in the House of Representatives are booked for a conference early this month to consider the matter of committee assignments in the coming Congress. When the rules of the House were "reformed," the power of appointing committees was taken from the Speaker. Then the Democratic House turned it over to the Ways and Means Committee, and gradually the Ways and Means Committee turned it over to the chairman, at that time Representative Underwood. Thus the game was put back to the point from which it started—one-man control. Mr. Underwood's task was delicate and difficult. The presence of a huge Democratic majority, with every mother's son of them clamoring for first-class committee places, gave him many unhappy hours. In party caucus and in the cloakroom it caused him to be stigmatized as a despot. Adroit man that he is, he was not adroit enough to save himself against many resentments.

Kitchin's task is less difficult. The party majority is reduced in numbers. There are just as many places as ever, for the majority always takes about two-thirds of the committee memberships, no matter how small proportionately it may be. The coming conference is to determine the manner of selection. Kitchin wants to appear in the position of being guided by the committee. He is personally popular and he wants to make the least possible sacrifice. Profiting by the experience of Mr. Underwood and avoiding certain difficulties under the expedient of a party conference, he stands to pull through in good shape.

On the other hand, the case of Representative Mann, the Republican leader, is one of very serious difficulty. He is today where Underwood was some years ago. He has the same number of committee places to fill, and a great many more men to fill them with—many of them very insistent. Moreover, being a receptive candidate for the presidential nomination, he does not want to create any more resentments than he is compelled to. During the years of Democratic control

Underwood and Mann have had a working agreement by which the latter assigned Republicans to committees and passed the list over to the foreman, who had the committee endorse them and the House ratify them along with the Democratic selections. The Republicans conceded to Mann the responsibility of making his own selections. Practically it is up to Mann to assign the Republican committee memberships. Probably he is having a busy time. Without doubt he is in receipt of a great many letters from Republican members of the new Congress asking committee assignments. He is in a position where much is being asked of him, while at the same time his powers of giving are strictly limited. Truly a painful position for a man who has his eye on the presidential nomination and who would like to make friends.

#### Bending the Twig.

Dr. Claxton, United States commissioner of education, and Dr. Finley, commissioner of education in the State of New York, are anxious that the schools should at once devote themselves to the inculcation of peace principles in the minds of the children. The *Army and Navy Journal*, on the other hand, would like to see the schools enlisted as a sort of department of the war office with a regular apportionment of school hours to the work of drill and discipline. No wonder that some badgered educators should be asking themselves what they are to do.

But why do anything at all? Why should school-teachers feel that they must always keep their ears to the ground in order that they may be in readiness to indoctrinate their pupils with whatever phase of opinion may at the moment be uppermost. It is not a part of their duty to teach either pacifism or militarism. Their mission is to give their pupils an intellectual equipment that will help them ultimately to determine such questions for themselves in the light of good citizenship rather than to give them some permanent mental bent that may at any time conflict with a pressing national need. The schools have been for too long the happy hunting ground for theorists and enthusiasts and subject to innumerable pressures and influences that stultify true education. Nor is it at all desirable that teachers should be subject to uniform directions from some central authority as to the particular tendencies or prejudices that they should try to instill. The nation itself is by no means in agreement as to what is called pacifism. It shows no desire to adopt any labeled or docketed opinion that may at any moment be rendered absurd by events. Why, then, should children be taught either that it is always wicked to fight, or that fighting is a necessary part of life? In other words, why must they be taught to be either pacifists or militarists? What the schools need is to be left to the broad discretion of the teachers with the recognition that the teachers as a body are fairly representative of the nation as a body and that they will impart the broadly national ideas.

#### God and Mammon.

Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis of Plymouth Church made a by no means edifying display of himself when he confessed from the pulpit that a long course of stock exchange speculation had resulted in his financial ruin. Without any serious lapse from Christian charity we may reasonably suppose that the regrets of Dr. Hillis were directed rather to the results of his speculations than to the speculations themselves. If the results had been fortunate we should have heard nothing about them.

There is no reason why a clergyman should not speculate if he wishes to, and therefore there is no reason why Dr. Hillis should don the white sheet of penitence in the pulpit or utter his eloquent *mea culpa* to the accompaniment of sympathetic tears. Clergymen are human beings and they have a very human love of money. The public seems to have no objection to the combined service of God and mammon or it would hardly show such toleration for the greedy pieties of Billy Sunday. Indeed the public is rather disposed to admire the minister who is also a man of affairs. It is at least a frank admission that he has abandoned the pose of superiority to his fellow-men.

It is just here that Dr. Hillis has made his mistake. It does not seem that he had in any way offended against the ethics of finance. He had done no more than probably half his congregation were in the habit of doing. Why then should he apologize? Why not

play the game according to rule, which is to lose and laugh? This act of contrition by Dr. Hillis seems to show that he does actually consider himself as better than other men and that he expects to regain the status by an act of public penitence.

#### A Woman and Her Work.

Writing recently of the work and achievements of women, Miss Margaret Anglin, the well-known actress spoke in high appreciation of Mrs. Josephine Ha Phelps, whose discussions of plays, players, music, and music-makers have for many years appeared week by week in the columns of the *Argonaut*:

Why have we not more women critics of the drama? They are very rare, but whenever they have taken up the work they have made a success of it. I could mention just one name—Mrs. Josephine Hart Phelps of this city. I know of no man who writes of the theatre who has a keener perception of what one's ideas are than she; and that, it seems to me, is the true standard by which to judge one's endeavor. I do not know the lady personally, and I rarely read dramatic criticisms, except of writers in whose artistic judgment I have confidence. But usually when I do pick up an article of this kind I am more than ever impressed with the need of women critics like Mrs. Phelps. She has a few sister critics in distant parts, but too few, quite.

No word too much is here spoken of Mrs. Phelps. Miss Anglin is entirely just in valuation of her "trifling standards," her "keen appreciation," and her "artist judgment." But Miss Anglin wanders afield in identifying these merits with the fact that Mrs. Phelps is a woman. That Mrs. Phelps is a woman has nothing whatever to do with it, for in her work there is no reflection of sex. She writes under the inspirations of intellect highly trained, of feeling duly restrained. Were it otherwise—if she wrote "like a woman"—she could not these many years have sustained herself with the public. And, most certainly, there would have been no place for her work in the *Argonaut*.

Miss Anglin is mistaken in the notion that there is in dramatic criticism a "special field for feminine endeavor." Criticism calls for knowledge, for judgment, for powers of expression. These qualities have no relation to sex. They are found alike in men and women, but only in those men and those women who are willing to pay the price. It is because Mrs. Phelps has done this—because to a fine mind she has added the powers and graces of culture that she stands today at the head of her profession. While others—men and women—who have essayed the work of dramatic criticism have frittered away their time in trivialities she has devoted herself to her work, and so has we through it and in it not only intellectual and technical efficiency, but the respect and confidence which give it its exceptional value. Not every woman—not every man—could have done this because the gift fundamental in Mrs. Phelps's mind and character is rare. But nobody could have done it without the refinement of mind reflected in every sentence written by Mrs. Phelps.

There is another word to be said: Intellectual work as its very first condition calls for intellectual freedom. And intellectual freedom is not always or often to be found under the conditions of modern journalism. Does anybody suppose for a moment that Mr. Phelps could have written for Mr. Hearst's *Examiner* or for Mr. de Young's *Chronicle* as she has written: these years for the *Argonaut*? For nearly twenty years Mrs. Phelps has dealt almost weekly with the current dramatic interests of San Francisco. She has never once in all this time been asked by the editor "color" an article. She has not been called upon "boost" here or to "roast" there. Her work has been done with entire freedom. And to this fact, we venture to say—though perhaps in modesty we should say it—something is due to the development of her powers and to the intellectual poise which characterizes her writings.

#### Editorial Notes.

It is the common judgment at Washington that when Mr. Polk of New York was picked for Secretary of Lansing's old job of Counselor of the Department of State a mighty good job of picking was done. When nobody seems to know very much about Mr. Polk, everybody has come to accept him as very much of a man. Thrown almost immediately into the position of Acting Secretary of State during the absence of Mr. Lansing, he so conducted himself as to command respect alike of the department, of the diplomatic corps, and of the Washington correspondents. A



Polk is described as a man of dignified bearing, obviously a capable lawyer and very sure-footed in his dealings with men and things. His installation practically completes the revolution in the State Department happily brought about by the retirement of Mr. Bryan. While it is true that under Secretary Lansing the department lacks high political distinction, there is no question as to its working efficiency.

Dr. Romulo Naon, Argentine ambassador, has sailed for home. And the understanding is that his return is for the purpose of exploiting his name and victory for the presidency of the republic in the election of next year. For ten years Naon has been not only a receptive, but an openly aggressive candidate. Naon in truth is a very strong man, holding in himself fully ninety per cent of the brains of the A B C combination. He has been Minister of Justice and Education in Argentina. He established forty national industrial training schools when so serving. He has been an officer of the Argentine National Guard. He was long a professor of law in the national university. He has been decorated by several countries for his activity in the cause of arbitration. In brief, Naon is a very live wire. Curiously enough, he is of Italian, not Spanish, descent. He prides himself, not upon that line of descent, but on the fact that his great-grandfather was one of the patriots who fought for the independence of his country. He is a S. A. R.—Son of the Argentine Revolution, or would be if there were such an order. His family holds itself somewhat as the Winthrops do in New England and are immensely wealthy. Naon is vastly popular at Washington, and his candidacy has the universal good wishes of American officials as well as of the Washington diplomatic corps in general.

If Mr. Bryan is actually going to Europe to plead for peace it is to be hoped that he will not be fortified with any credentials from the American government. Unfortunately there is no way to prevent him from going, but there ought to be no sort of national responsibility for his vagaries. That he has anything to say that is worth saying is inconceivable, or that he has anything to propose that is worth proposing. The utmost that he can do is to utter some of the emotional generalities in which he excels, but Europe is not in a mood to be swayed even by that remarkable Chau-tauqua oration on "The Prince of Peace." Mr. Bryan, Miss Jane Addams, and a few other unthinking enthusiasts have the rooted conviction that all's right with the world so long as men are not actually fighting each other. But the majority of intelligent people are more inclined to agree with Dr. Eliot when he says that a premature peace or a sentimental peace would be the greatest of all possible calamities. Mr. Bryan is temperamentally incapable of understanding that war is a result and not a cause, and that there can be no wholesome peace unless it be founded upon a settlement of causes. But Mr. Bryan should certainly not be allowed to speak in any way as a representative of the American government after his intimation to foreign ambassadors that the American government was merely bluffing.

P. F. Rathjens, president of the day at the recent assembly of Germans at Shellmound Park, made some remarks as to the duties of Germans in America that deserve notice and commendation. He said that German organizations in America were not intended to influence legislation nor to establish a state within a state, but to "see that our people properly respect and maintain their Americanism." Organizations with so laudable an aim can hardly be too numerous, and we may reasonably believe that this is indeed the aim of very large numbers of our foreign-born citizens, who may not always be well represented by some of the noisier of their self-appointed spokesmen. No less true is it, as the speaker said, that a man may be a good American and at the same time love the country that gave him birth. Indeed to do otherwise would be unnatural and therefore undesirable.

A Sheffield steel firm has recently evolved a new product, which is called stainless steel, which when brought to a bright, polished finish is proof against rust, stain, or tarnish. The first articles which have been made from this steel are cutlery, and after a prolonged use this has retained its original finish. Although specimens were subjected to a particularly severe test on fruits of various kinds known to stain ordinary steel, there were no marks of any kind on the surfaces of the cutlery.

## THE THEATRE OF WAR.

Unless and until we know what the Allies in the west expected to accomplish by their assault of ten days ago it is futile to talk either of success or of failure. If they expected to push the Germans back to the Rhine, or even to get them "on the move," then of course they failed. If they intended their attack to be one of many, if they expected simply to move appreciably toward certain coveted strategic positions, then they certainly succeeded. It may be true that the advance here and there has been checked, that there has been an occasional falling back, and that positions have been recaptured, but these do not necessarily point to a reverse. We must understand what was expected before we can measure the result.

Nor is it at all possible to measure success or failure with a yardstick. The announcement, for instance, that the French have advanced somewhere for two miles has absolutely no significance unless we know where the advance was made. An advance of two miles in one place might be wholly useless, while an advance of half a mile somewhere else might be vital. What we need to know is not so much how far the French have advanced as how close they are now to certain points of which the capture would tend to make large areas of territory untenable by their enemies.

For example, we are told that the French have advanced two miles between Rheims and Verdun, and this does not seem very far considering that for over a hundred and fifty miles to the north the whole country is in German occupation. If the Germans are to be pushed back a couple of miles once a year the war will certainly be interminable. But a glance at the map shows the importance of this particular advance. Immediately to the rear of the German trenches lies the railroad line over which come all the supplies for the German forces west of Rheims, and as far as the elbow at Noyon and Roye, and perhaps north in the direction of Arras. If that railroad line were cut the whole of the German forces west of Rheims and around the elbow joint would have to fall back. Now if the French intended to cut that railroad they failed actually to do it, although it can now be reached by long-range guns. If, on the other hand, they expected only to approach it in order to gather strength for a final assault, then they succeeded. It may easily be that another half-mile of advance would mean the withdrawal of the Germans from a very large area. The lines of communication must always be the first consideration in determining the importance of an advance. Nine times out of ten we shall find that an advance is aimed at a line of communication, and a few hundred yards may make the difference between complete triumph and complete failure. And it may be said that a few hundred yards more of advance in the Champagne district will have an enormous importance.

Another case in point is the push toward Lille. Now there is a railroad line running north and south immediately behind the German lines and supplying those lines with everything that they need. The importance of Lille lies in the fact that whoever controls the town can control also the railroad line and so cut off the German supplies that are passing over it. To describe the give and take to the south and west of Lille as victories and defeats is absurd. What we want to know is the actual extent to which the railroad is threatened. A few hundred yards may make a great deal of difference here as in the Champagne district. It might also make a great deal of difference to the disposition of the army of the Crown Prince around Verdun and in the loop of Saint Mihiel.

But the battlefield must be viewed as a whole, and not in sections. It is many hundred miles long, and necessarily there must be a certain amount of give and take everywhere. The frenzied announcements that the Germans have been driven back here or the British checked there have simply no meaning unless we understand the significance of the various points involved. That the attack was made all along the line from the North Sea to Switzerland was obviously to prevent the Germans from sending aid from one part of the field to another, but it is obvious that under such a plan there must be many advances and retreats that have no importance whatever. Other advances and retreats are valuable for their bearing elsewhere. For example, the French in the early stage of the fight found that they could make no headway whatever upon Souchez. Then we find a British advance to the north of Souchez, which is repelled after very heavy fighting. But it is repelled only after sufficient Germans have been withdrawn from Souchez to make its capture comparatively easy. An attack may be made for no other reason than to draw the defenders away from some other point of far greater importance or to attain the same end by engaging their reserves. Thus we find a report from Sir John French of this very incident and which says: "We in this fighting have drawn in the enemy's reserve, thus enabling the French on the right to make further progress"—that is to say, to take Souchez.

From the welter of Balkan politics it is not easy to disentangle the precise causes of enmity between Bulgaria and her neighbors nor the exact reasons why Roumania and Greece should be expected to come to the aid of Serbia. It will be remembered that in 1912 the Balkan States entered into an agreement to attack Turkey. It will be remembered also that they fell out among themselves as to the division of the spoils, with the result that Serbia, Greece, and Roumania made a pact of mutual defense against the future aggressions of Bulgaria. This seems simple enough, but actually it is

by no means so simple as it appears in its application to the present situation. Roumania and Greece are pledged to defend the integrity of Serbia against a Bulgarian aggression, but this by no means implies that they are equally bound to protect Serbia against Teutonic aggression and as a matter of fact there has been Teutonic aggression and Roumania and Greece have remained passive. It may even be argued that the pact against Bulgaria has been nullified, since Serbia has herself offered to cede to Bulgaria a certain amount of Macedonian territory, although this was done only in the hope of keeping peace. And if Greece should have objected to such a cession of territory her objection would have been by no means a merely sentimental one. A cession of this kind would have tended to separate Greece from Serbia, and it would also have given to Bulgaria a position north of Salonika of some considerable strategic importance. But even though Greece should decide that the agreement with Serbia was nullified by Serbia's Macedonian offer she would none the less resent any Bulgarian attempt at aggrandizement. If she should fight, and it appears at the moment that she does not intend to do so, it would not be because she has promised to fight—for she might consider that promise void—but because it would seem to her interest to do so.

The attitude of all the Balkan States is determined in the main by a frank valuation of the rival bribes. The process is quite a simple one. The Allies on the one hand and the Teutons on the other are willing with the utmost generosity to give away whatever does not belong to them, and for which they themselves have no immediate use. We do not know yet precisely what these offers have been, but it would seem that so far as Bulgaria is concerned they have been sufficiently substantial to gain her help. Bulgaria naturally believes that if Germany should win with her aid she would become the dominant power in the east, and that she would be able to ride rough-shod over all the others. So far as the Balkans in general are concerned it is obviously not to their interest that they should become a sort of German highway to Constantinople, and but for their mutual enmities they would unitedly resist it. In measuring the Balkan situation it is to be remembered that whereas nearly all other countries are governed by a cold self-interest, the Balkans have always allowed themselves to be ruled also by their hates.

And hate must have a good deal to do with Bulgaria's determination to attack Serbia, if that determination has actually been made. For her enemies make a nearly complete circle around her. Roumania lies to her north, Serbia to her west, Greece to her south, and to her east is the Black Sea, which is dominated by Russian warships. Any aid that reaches her must force its way through hostile territory. If Germany should attack Serbia in large force and irresistibly it would still take her at least three weeks to reach the Bulgarian frontier. A large French and British force is at Salonika, and there is some reason to believe that an Italian army is somewhere in the vicinity. There is also a great Russian army at Odessa, presumably under the command of the Grand Duke, and if Roumania should actually enter the war this army would of course be allowed passage through Roumanian territory. Now Germany may intend to advance through Serbia to the aid of Bulgaria, but it is now evident that the reports as to the massing of 800,000 men on the Serbian frontier are absurd. The latest reports speak of 35,000 men, which is probably an underestimate. With the German armies held fast in Russia and subject to destructive attacks in the west it is hardly likely that Germany can spare enough men to furnish an adequate army for the invasion of Serbia and for such a challenge to Roumania and Greece unless she is sure that Roumania and Greece will keep out of it. To predict the result of military operations that have not yet begun would be the height of imprudence, but it would certainly seem as though Bulgaria were recklessly provoking an avalanche. We may remember also that the nation would be by no means united in a war against Russia or against Russia's friends.

Bulgaria can possibly put 500,000 men into the field, but this would be a strain upon her resources. If Greece alone were to take up the glove Bulgaria would be opposed by an army of about 750,000 men. Roumania could place over 1,000,000 in the field. If Bulgaria, Greece, and Roumania were all to go to war it would add about 2,250,000 men to the total forces engaged. And of that 2,250,000 men Germany would profit to the extent of about 500,000. That is to say she would have created 500,000 friends and 1,750,000 enemies. The Greek fleet is inconsiderable, consisting of three battleships, one cruiser, and several smaller craft.

Bulgaria, Roumania, and Greece are all united by blood to the German cause. Ferdinand of Bulgaria is a prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. Ferdinand of Roumania is a Hohenzollern, and the wife of the King of Greece is a sister of the German Emperor. But family sympathies among royalties seem to be largely a myth.

Dvinsk is still in Russian hands, a fact which shows the relative success of the new defensive tactics. It is quite possible that we shall hear of its fall at any moment, but it is evident that the German armies must have been held stationary for quite a long time. Elsewhere on the eastern battle front the rival forces have been nearly evenly matched for some weeks. On the Russian left in the south the Russians have had the best of it, and have even taken a successful offensive. This, of course, is due to the division of the Teuton forces by the Pripiet marshes and the assignment of the southern war to the Austrians. Whenever the Austrians have been deprived of German backing they have shown that they are no match for the Russians, and in the



centre, where the Germans have been most successful, their advance has become very slow. Immediately after the taking of Warsaw the Germans advanced eastward at the rate of eight miles a day, and they maintained this speed for a week. But during the following two weeks their speed fell to five miles a day. They improved on this slightly during the succeeding three weeks, but then their pace dropped to about a mile a day. Von Hindenburg's march from Kovno to Vilna was at the rate of two miles a day, and these decreases were due first of all to the Russian resistance, which grew steadily stiffer, secondly to the lengthening lines of communication, and thirdly to the natural difficulties of the country. Marshes and lakes are almost insurmountable barriers, and particularly for the Germans, who have to face a devastated country, while the retreating Russians can avail themselves of all the natural resources in their path.

It is worth noting that the present defensive tactics of the Russians are those that were advocated from the beginning by the chief militarists of the country. It is believed that Generals Russky and Ivanoff were strongly opposed to the invasion of Galicia. They believed that the Russian armies should remain well within their lines and that they should compel their enemy to attack them after a long and exhausting march. But they were overborne by the Grand Duke, who was possibly actuated by a chivalrous desire to lessen the strain in the west by coming into contact with the Germans at the earliest possible moment. However that may be, it is evident that the new defensive plan which avoids battles has worked well. We hear no more about the possible envelopment of the Russian armies and it is becoming increasingly evident that the Germans have nearly reached their limit in Russia and that winter is about to play a paralyzing hand in the game. The New York Evening Post points out that Russia's great reverses have been under generals of German origin, and that this must have had some effect upon the popular mind. It was Von Rennenkampff who met with the first great disaster in East Prussia. It was again Von Rennenkampff who failed to keep schedule time around Lodz and so allowed Von Mackensen to escape, and it was Von Sievers who met with the second disaster in East Prussia. There is, of course, no suggestion of treachery on the part of these commanders, but the popular mind in Russia is a fearful and wonderful thing, and it may easily feel comforted by the fact that the armies are now under the control—at least nominally—of the Czar, and of "men with good Slav names like Russky and Ivanoff."

In reading war reports it is well to note their source and to disregard everything that is unofficial or that does not proceed from some well-known authority. Dispatches from Amsterdam, for example, have no value whatever. Nor have most of the messages from news agencies. At best they represent rumors and at worst the opinions of a reporter colored with his own prejudices. The battle lines are many hundreds of miles in length and the great military chiefs are the only ones who know what actually has happened or its true significance. Added to these are a few—a very few—competent military experts, such as Major Morant, Hilaire Belloc, and Stanley Wasburn, who are more or less in the confidence of the authorities. Practically nothing else that comes from Europe regarding the war has any news value whatever. It is wise to disregard everything that is anonymous.

Last week our readers were reminded that in estimating the territory in enemy possession and belonging to the various belligerents it was necessary to include the German colonies. In Africa one million square miles of German territory are now in possession of Germany's enemies, in addition to about a hundred thousand square miles in the Pacific.

The mystery connected with the appearance of British submarines in the Baltic has been solved by an official statement in the British Parliament. The financial secretary of the Admiralty, in answer to a question, explained that these submarines had been lent to the Russian government and were therefore under Russian orders, although their captains and crews were British. Any information with regard to their activities must therefore come from the Russian authorities. It will be remembered that one of these submarines was said to have sunk the German cruiser *Moltke*, or some warship of that type, but this report was denied by Germany.

An incident that is reported from the western front is of the kind that we like to believe, and indeed that we find it easy to believe. The German aviator who was responsible for the destruction of Pegoud is said to have made an ascent on the following day over the same spot and to have dropped a wreath from the sky with the inscription: "To Pegoud, who died like a hero. From his adversary." The identity of Pegoud's adversary is not known, but perhaps this will be disclosed in some subsequent war narrative when the struggle has become a matter of history. In the meantime we shall agree that the German aviator decorated himself as gracefully as he decorated his foe. SIDNEY CORN.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 6, 1915.

Without the aid of pick and shovel and an army of trench-diggers, more than 11,000 feet of arc cable were recently laid in Hunting Park, Philadelphia. Thirty-six standard twenty-five-foot steel lamp poles were erected in this park and connected to underground cables. The trench was perfected with an odd-shaped pilot on the bottom of a straight blade, deep-soil, cast-steel plow, which was drawn through the ground by a portable gasoline-driven winch, operating on a steel running rope.

## SENTENCED TO DEATH.

Dr. Ball's Substitute Receives His Patients.

He had been our family doctor ever since I could remember. I was feeling a little "seedy," rather out of sorts, and my appetite had failed me. So off I went to Dr. Ball. His man, who used to wear the doctor's old clothes and look very much like a physician himself, let me in.

"Is the doctor in?" I said.

"No, he isn't, sir," said the man; "he's away on his summer vacation. But there's another physician seeing his patients for him. You'd better see Dr. Herbert, sir."

I was shown into Dr. Ball's consulting-room, and at the doctor's table sat Dr. Herbert.

"Pray be seated, my dear sir," said Dr. Herbert.

That was exactly what Dr. Ball always said; it is what they all say. But there are ways of saying things. Why, when Ball says it you feel better at once. But then Ball's manner is worth a thousand a year to him, so his professional friends and rivals say. The very sight of old Dr. Ball inspires confidence. What is the good of being a doctor if you do not inspire confidence?

Dr. Herbert's "get-up" was perfection. He wore a choker and he had gold spectacles—not round, glass spectacles, but those queer ones, like *D's* lying on their backs, over the straight tops of which he gazed at me intently. He was tremendously professional altogether.

Before I knew where I was the doctor had seized my wrist and whipped out his watch. Then he dropped my hand suddenly and sighed deeply.

"Want of tone? Loss of flesh? Appetite failing? Sleep bad? General depression? I thought so."

I became alarmed.

"You ought to have come here before," continued Dr. Herbert, severely; "you're breaking up."

Good gracious! He might have put it less brutally.

"Breaking up!" I repeated, mechanically, in an awestricken voice.

"Don't you feel that your clothes are getting too large for you?" asked Dr. Herbert in a sort of moan; "of course you do. There, don't answer me, but get your waistcoat undone and your coat off."

I did as I was bid.

Then the doctor listened to my chest with his stethoscope.

"Dullness," he said; "distinct dullness. Ah! Double mitral bruit and auriculo-ventricular regurgitation, with diastolic pause. Just as I feared. Ah, yes, probably hereditary. Do you suffer from double vision?" asked the doctor, stepping back to look at me.

I had turned pale. Would not any fellow turn pale when he suddenly became aware that he was an auriculo-ventricular regurgitator?

"Poor fellow," muttered the doctor, as if thinking aloud; "not married, I hope?"

"No, sir," I replied, "I am not married. I think you might have spared my feelings a little. You mean to suggest, I suppose, that mine is a bad case?"

Dr. Herbert smiled blandly, and rubbed his chin as though he had been a benevolent ape.

"Will you kindly answer me?" I said, for I was very angry.

"Professional etiquette, my dear sir," said the doctor, blandly.

"Tell me, at least," I cried, "how long I may expect to last. One year, two years—how long?"

"Do you lead a regular life?" asked Dr. Herbert.

"I do," I replied, angrily; "and I am engaged to be married."

Dr. Herbert shook his head dismally.

"Look here, doctor," I continued, coaxingly, "is there nothing I can do? I'll be very careful, I will, indeed; I'll wear flannel next the skin, or sanitary wool, or hygienic boots, or an electric belt."

He only smiled a pitying sort of smile, and then he held out his hand and looked at his great watch. I had the fee ready, wrapped up in tissue paper. I placed it in his extended palm.

"Won't you write me a prescription?" I faltered out.

"What the use?" said the doctor.

"When shall I come again?" I groaned.

"What's the use?" repeated Dr. Herbert.

"How long—how long do you give me?" I sobbed out.

"About three months—or less," replied the doctor; then he held the door open, and it was all over.

Condemned to die! How bright the streets looked. It was a gorgeous summer day. I did not want to die. But—I was an auriculo-ventricular regurgitator, and what was the summer day to me?

How was I to break it to Ethel? We were to have been married in six months' time, about Christmas or the New Year; we had arranged to pass our honeymoon abroad. I wondered whether Ethel would have got over her sorrow for my loss by Christmas. I might die at any moment, of course; I might drop down dead and that sort of thing. The doctor had not exactly said so, but he evidently meant it. I had not any time to lose. I ought to make my will. I went into a book and stationery shop; I bought a blank form of will. As I was paying for it a big black book caught my eye—"Mopes on Heart Disease." The very thing. I would learn the worst. I bought the black book. I dined at the club. I went home to my rooms,

and then I sat down and made my will. My landlady and her husband witnessed it.

Then I read "Mopes on Heart Disease" straight through. I found it rather difficult to understand, but I got some valuable hints. "In advanced cases, where there is no hope to be derived from treatment, the greatest attention should be paid to the diet and regimen. An attack of indigestion may at any moment prove fatal; and the patient should be restricted to a bland farinaceous diet such as the Revalenta Arabica, which may be varied with milk arrowroot, though this latter article is not of much value as a food." Meat should on no account be permitted." And I had just eaten roast beef! "The Revalenta should be prepared with milk and taken frequently in quantities not exceeding a small teacupful."

I went to bed and I sent for the Revalenta Arabica. For two days I carefully followed the suggestion as to diet. I felt myself growing weaker; I was evidently sinking. Then another paragraph alarmed me: "The patient should on no account be confined to bed; exercise in a chair is imperative; other means of locomotion being inadmissible, as jolting may be attended with an immediate fatal result." I ordered an invalid's chair at once, much to my landlady's astonishment, and I went out in it.

Everybody turned round to look at me.

I would have written to Ethel to break it to her; but "the slightest mental emotion may at any moment prove fatal." That was enough for me! How I longed for a smoke; but I knew that "smoking must of course be rigorously prohibited." Before I went to bed that night I re-read the chapter on "Morbid Changes and Physical Signs of Approaching Dissolution." When I tried to go to sleep I noticed that my feet were cold; and I remembered with horror that that was one of the "physical signs" of—Ugh! I might not even wake next morning, for "dissolution frequently, often, takes place quite painlessly; the patient not awakening from his heavy and untroubled sleep!"

Next morning I awoke. I was as hungry as a hunter. I had forgotten for the moment my terrible condition. I had ceased to remember that I was an auriculo-ventricular regurgitator. Alas! it all came back to me: "The patient is frequently harassed by the cravings of a morbid appetite and a hankering after indigestible food." I had longed for sausages fried crisp, coffee, and buckwheat cakes. Then I recollected that "the sufferer should be strongly advised not to dress without assistance, as stooping or over-exertion may at any moment produce fatal syncope." How could I put on my socks without stooping?

I had had a week of it; it was a terrible week. If I could have had but a scintilla of hope I could have borne it; but Dr. Herbert had been precise; "three months—or less;" those were his very words. I was in my invalid's chair. I was being wheeled slowly, very slowly, to avoid that dangerous jolting, when—could my eyes deceive me?—I saw Ball, Dr. Ball.

"Good gracious!" cried the old doctor; "what the deuce is the matter?" He held out his hand, which I took in my loose-lined fur glove (it was August, but "the extremities can not be kept too warm.")

"Matter!" I replied, reprovingly; "hasn't he told you?"

"Hasn't who told me? Told me what?" cried Dr. Ball.

"Doctor, I'm an auriculo-ventricular regurgitator," I said, with the calm of one who knows that he is condemned to die, but who is at least determined to meet his fate like a man.

"A what—a what?" cried Ball.

"That is I believe the professional expression," I said, for I was hurt at his rough manner; "I had it from Dr. Herbert a week ago."

"Ah, Herbert—ah, poor fellow!" said Dr. Ball; and then he whipped off my glove, he put his finger on my pulse, and he laughed aloud in the most unfeeling manner. "Get out of that chair," he said, "you're as sound as a dollar. I'm awfully sorry, my boy," said Dr. Ball in a lower tone; "Herbert, poor fellow, is as mad as a hatter. He's told all my patients the same thing, and I was summoned back in haste. He's in the asylum now, poor fellow; sad case."

"But, doctor—" I began.

"Don't 'but' me, sir," cried Dr. Ball; "I tell you there's nothing wrong. I can't do it here, but jump into my carriage" (fancy telling an auriculo-ventricular regurgitator to jump), "and I'll sound you, if it's any consolation to you, as soon as we get to my office."

He was right. I have no further use for "Mopes on Diseases of the Heart." I'm to be married next month. If Ethel's mother has any nonsense about her I shall lend her my copy of Mopes.

Perhaps the most curious mineral found in the United States is staurolite, otherwise known as the "fairy stone." This is an iron-aluminum silicate found only in Virginia and North Carolina, the reddish brown and brownish-black crystals occurring in well defined single and double crosses. There is some commercial demand for the crosses as curios, which are worn as watch charms or on chains in the manner of a locket or lavalier—a demand perhaps stimulated by the quaint legend which is told of their origin; the fairies living in the caves of the mountains on hearing the sad tidings of the death of Christ, fashioned these crosses as mementoes of Him.



## THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER.

M. Dufourré, Who Was Very Much of a Fool.

There were two of them, Malivoire and Polonceau. One evening Malivoire would slap Polonceau's face, the next Polonceau would return the compliment. This may seem an absurd and inexplicable practice to those who do not understand it, but to those who do it is the most simple thing in the world.

But like all simple things, it needed a genius to discover it. Malivoire was that genius. He had tried many schemes to ingratiate himself in women's good graces, but had generally failed. Even when he accosted some belated woman in the streets and offered her his protection against too adventurous gallants, she either became frightened and ran away or laughed in his face—both of which were sufficiently embarrassing. But one day the idea came to him all at once: "Why not do just the contrary? Why not follow the men who follow women? And as soon as the woman is accosted and calls for help"—as they generally had done with him—"I will spring to her side, slap the man's face, and offer him my card. Then the fair and trembling heroine will take the arm of her brave defender, who will call at her house the next day to inquire if she has entirely recovered from her recent fright, etc.—why, the whole thing's as clear as day! Only," reflected Malivoire, "the scheme is a perfect nest of duels and fist-fights. No, I must find a friend who would be willing to stand a little discomfort—he could have his turn, of course. Egad, Polonceau's the very man!"

He submitted his plan to Polonceau, who found it very droll; and from that day forth these two ingenious fellows made innumerable conquests by boxing each other's ears.

"There is a pretty woman," said Malivoire one evening, when it was his turn to be the protector of insulted innocence. "See, she is making for that dark little street, which is quite deserted; besides the moon is not up and it's dark enough for the devil to trip on his tail. Everything seems to favor me. Now, you follow the adorable creature, while I hurry up and get ahead of her." And Malivoire sped up the little street.

Presently he heard voices in a discussion.

"Let me pass, sir!" cried a woman's voice. "Let me pass!"

And the figure of a woman appeared from the darkness, quickening her steps to escape a man who had seized her arm.

"Now for it," said Malivoire to himself; then, stepping forward: "What is this? You insolent blackguard!" Slap, slap! He struck the man twice, and then added: "There is my card, sir."

But as he spoke he started back thunderstruck. It was not Polonceau!

Our Lovelace had not time to recover from his surprise when the lady seized his arm, saying: "Conduct me to a carriage, sir, I implore you." And she led away her amazed defender.

At this moment Polonceau came up.

"Sir!" said the victim of the mistake to him, "I am that lady's husband. The wretch who struck me is her lover. I secured his card, and am going to have him arrested. You saw the assault, and I call upon you to testify to it in court."

"I, sir?" replied Polonceau in a surprised tone; "it is true that I saw you accost a lady a few steps from here, and ask her where she came from and where she was going, but she ran away from you; you followed her, and I lost sight of both of you. I have witnessed no assault; indeed, I was in the next street when it took place. A thousand regrets, sir, that I can not—"

The furious husband waited to hear no more, and hurried off in pursuit of his wife.

Polonceau, left to himself, remarked: "Her husband! Well, this is a daisy!" And he indulged in various and sundry exhibitions of mirth as he went home.

The husband, M. Dufourré, may be concisely described as a fool. And when it is added that he had made a fortune of twenty thousand francs a year by inventing an improved process for drying codfish, and had become jealous of his wife as soon as he retired from business, you know the good man as well as if you had lived with him all your life.

His jealousy irritated his wife so much that one fine day, after a violent scene, Mme. Dufourré left his house and installed herself in the apartments of a relative who had gone to Nice on the advice of her physicians, leaving at Mme. Dufourré's disposal the rooms and one servant. It was toward this domicile that she was going when her husband met her, at the very moment when Polonceau was about to offer her his arm.

Believing that he had had to do with another pursuer of women like himself, our Don Juan Malivoire spoke of the matter in that light to his fair charge as he conducted her to a carriage-stand; the lady, a prey to violent excitement, confined herself to thanking him, without initiating him into her family troubles. The carriage found, she quickly got in and gave her address to the driver. Malivoire made a note of the address, you may be sure.

The next afternoon, at about two o'clock, just as Mme. Dufourré was preparing to go out, she heard an

altercation in the hall and a visitor entered, in spite of the servant. It was her husband.

"You here, sir!" cried Mme. Dufourré.

"Yes, madame, I am here. You would like to know, perhaps, how I discovered your retreat? Nothing more simple. Last night I pursued you and caught up with you just as you were saying something to your lover from the door of the carriage. I took the cabman's number, easily found him in the morning, and so I have discovered the place of your meetings."

"Of our meetings? Have you demanded an explanation from that gentleman, whom I never saw before he constituted himself my protector against the man he thought had insulted me?"

"We'll see soon enough whether she really doesn't know him," said Dufourré to himself; and he prepared for his wife a trap in which he himself was destined to be caught.

"The explanation," as you call it, took place this morning, madame," he said, aloud; "and resulted in a sword-wound which will, I hope, keep the gentleman in bed for several months."

Mme. Dufourré was astonished. The idea that her husband would risk his life on her account was a revelation; and she could not refrain from a slight expression of admiration for the man whom she had so misjudged.

"Well, sir," she said, at length; "you have made a great mistake. I repeat that I do not know the victim of your insane jealousy, and a letter I wrote this morning to the relative whose apartments I occupy, a letter containing an exact account of last night's adventure, is now in my room ready to be mailed. I will give it to you to read, and you will see if what I say is not true."

Mme. Dufourré quickly left the room, and Dufourré began to ask himself if his suspicions were unjust.

At that moment the sound of the street door-bell was heard; Dufourré, who was about to follow his wife, stopped.

"A gentleman has called to see madame," said the maid, appearing at the door.

"A gentleman!" cried Dufourré. "Where is he?—what is he—young or old?"

"But, sir," replied the astonished maid, who did not see this man's right to question her, "the gentleman is in the parlor. I shall go and announce him to madame."

The gentleman who was in the parlor carried one arm in a sling. It was Malivoire. The carrying of one arm in a sling was part of his plan, when the apparent social position of the lady necessitated that complication. In such a case a duel is never out of place, and somebody must be wounded. Who should receive the sword thrust? Naturally the gallant protector. He would always appear therefore at the lady's house with his arm in a silken handkerchief. "Heavens!" she would cry, all pale and trembling; "you are wounded—and on my account!" It never failed to fetch them.

Mme. Dufourré entered the room, and started back on seeing him. "You, sir!" she cried, in a voice trembling with emotion. "Ah, God be praised, your wound is less severe than they had told me."

Malivoire was dazed.

"Wha—what?" he stammered; "they have told you?"

"Yes, sir; your adversary himself."

"She must be crazy," said Malivoire to himself; then he added aloud: "Er—my adversary; you know him, then?"

"Perfectly, sir; he is my husband."

"What! the gentleman whom, last evening, I—"

"Was my husband."

At this moment the voice of Dufourré, disputing with the maid, was heard in the hall.

"'Tis he!" cried Mme. Dufourré, distracted; "if he finds you here this time he will kill you—he will kill us both."

"But, my dear madame, I ask nothing better than a chance to get out of this. Which way shall I go?"

"Here, this way. Go through the dining-room, it opens on the hall," and she pushed him out of the room. It was barely time—at this moment Dufourré entered.

"Madame," said he, "a man was in here with you just now; don't attempt to deny it! However, he can not get away; I have locked the hall door and here is the key, and I am going to—"

Mme. Dufourré seized him at once. "You would have the cowardice to attack a man who can not defend himself, a man you wounded two hours ago in a duel?"

"What," gasped Dufourré, "the man who is here is—"

"Your adversary. He has come, his wounded arm in a sling, to inquire about me. It is the simple act of courtesy of a well-bred man. His name I have learned from his card."

The poor woman was as one crying in the wilderness; Dufourré heard nothing. He was cudgeling his brains to explain this wound which he had not given, but which his adversary had nevertheless received.

"Besides," said his wife, "here is the letter I told you of; read it."

"Aha," said Dufourré to himself, when he had read the letter; "the Don Quixote of last night is an impostor, who hopes to excite my wife's sympathy by a

pretended wound." He smiled sardonically as he thought how he would expose the wretch.

"Well, you are convinced?" demanded Mme. Dufourré.

The husband, whose sardonic smile had suddenly disappeared, did not reply; he was thinking that to expose the man would expose himself and make him ridiculous in his wife's eyes.

"That letter does not prove anything to you?" said the latter. "Very well, I shall tell the maid to show the gentleman in." And she started toward the bell-rope.

"No, no, I believe you, my dear," cried Dufourré, quickly; "and I will myself show the gentleman out."

He had not time, however. Malivoire appeared at that moment. Having found the door locked, he believed himself in a trap and was looking for a means of escape. Naturally he had taken his arm out of the sling to turn the doorknob.

"Good heavens!" he cried, on seeing the lady and her husband; and, losing his head, he quickly put his arm back in place; but in his confusion it was the left arm that he inserted in the sling.

"Come in, come in, my dear sir," said Dufourré, hastening toward him. "The mistake is all explained." Then in a low voice he rapidly added: "I have given you a sword-thrust in the arm; you have received it; not a word—leave things as they are."

At Mme. Dufourré's request Malivoire recounted his share in the adventure of the evening before; her letter was confirmed in every detail.

"And this is the gallant gentleman whose life you would have taken!" exclaimed the injured wife. "That you did not succeed is no fault of yours, and you have, at any rate, wounded him in his most useful arm." And, pointing to the wounded arm of poor Malivoire, she uttered an exclamation of surprise.

The two men stared at one another without being able to see what was wrong.

"Why—it's your left arm that is in the sling!" she said.

"Confusion!" muttered the perspiring Malivoire, and he managed to stammer out: "Yes, yes; you see, in fact, it was the left arm—"

"Strange," murmured Mme. Dufourré; "a few minutes ago I was sure it was the right."

"It was because I stood this way, perhaps," said Malivoire, turning his back. Then he bowed to make his departure.

"Sir," said Malivoire, when he was alone with Dufourré, who accompanied him to the door, "I was not aware, I assure you, that the gentleman to whom last evening I gave a—"

"You wanted to rob me of my honor, sir," said Dufourré in a low and menacing tone.

"To whom I gave a slap," continued Malivoire, who wanted to finish his sentence.

Dufourré interrupted him again, and, still harping on his honor, with a threatening air, he said: "I shall preserve it, sir, at the risk of my life."

"The slap? Keep it, by all means; I wish you joy of it!" and Malivoire, who had not heard his first remark, burst into a laugh as he went out into the street.

—Adapted from the French of Jules Moinaux.

By the aid of the tide and sandjacks, engineers recently accomplished a novel feat in New York City, that of placing a thousand-ton span of a steel bridge in position over the Harlem River. At 2 in the morning barges moved up to the old bridge and came to a standstill under the ancient centre span. These barges were surmounted by a mass of timber-work, rising toward the bridge. As the tide rose the timber-work on the barges was jacked up until it was firmly wedged against the under side of the centre span. Then as the tide reached a higher point the old span was simply lifted off the stone piers and carried off down stream. It was not yet high tide. As the old span moved down the river the new span began moving from a point a little above the bridge downstream and into place. It moved gently down stream until it was poised precisely in place, but with its floor hovering several feet above the right level and an up and down gap between the end girders and the stone piers. It was lowered into place on the piers by means of sandjacks. The new span had been supported on these sandjacks, which in turn rested on timber-work built on barges. When the span was in the right position the fine sand was allowed to escape in an even, steady flow from these jacks, and as the jacks shortened the span came down with them. It was in place only five minutes after schedule time.

Near Freepport, Texas, sulphur is produced from beds approximately 1000 feet below the surface. The sulphur is melted in place and can then be raised to the surface by means of an air lift. Superheated water at a temperature of 336 degrees Fahrenheit and under high pressure is forced into the sulphur-bearing formation. The water penetrates the deposit and melts the sulphur (whose melting point is 239 degrees Fahrenheit), which then flows to a pipe from which it issues at the surface and runs into bins. These bins are constructed of boards which are raised as the mass increases, the bins finally reaching a height of thirty to thirty-five feet. The sulphur promptly congeals on exposure and after a few hours assumes the true sulphur yellow.



## HAMMERSTEIN AND HIS SINGERS.

The Great Impresario Talks of His Career to Olin Downes in the "Boston Transcript."

Oscar! He no longer wore the famous hat, the hat that used to haunt the corridors of the Manhattan Opera House in the good old days gone by, the hat that was a barometer for all who knew him, the weather-vane of his temper. No! A chastened Oscar sat with me in the middle of bricks and mortar and the whirling dust storms of Seventh Avenue and Forty-Second Street, and talked as he always will talk of his picturesque past and his illimitable future. . . .

"To pick a singer," he cogitated; "how shall I tell you about that? Either you can pick a singer or you can't. With a singer, just as with an impresario, or the editor of a big newspaper, there must be something individual, something magnetic, to carry her forward with the public. This is a thing you have to feel. You can't always analyze it. You can tell a good voice—or if you can't you better say good-bye to success in the operatic ventures. You can find beautiful women, but the people who get over the footlights—it doesn't always follow.

"I have picked my singers everywhere. Where was Mary Garden when I brought her here? She was an understudy at the Opéra Comique at \$40 a month. Where was the great Gerville-Reache? She was singing a minor part in a comic-opera performance in a minor theatre in France. That little devil Trentini, I found her at Parma singing in a second-rate Italian opera house in an opera you never heard, Verdi's 'Forza del Destino.' And then Mazarin; do you remember Mazarin?" . . .

"What magic is there in this man's sleeve, anyhow?" I thought. "Does he make and unmake great artists in a night?" He seemed to find them everywhere. But what has Mazarin been without Hammerstein? An operatic Midas indeed. Think of the artists and the operas that Oscar Hammerstein brought over here. No American had heard anything of them before, and behold, they were fixed stars in the firmament.

"If you do really know so much about opera," said I, "will you please tell me how you found it out?" I thought that this might be worth knowing.

"That," answered Oscar, "is all coming out in the Biography."

"Biography?"

"Yes, Biography," said Mr. Hammerstein complacently. "I'm writing my biography in my off hours. I've been loafing all summer, and loafing is what I can't endure. And inventing. You know, I suppose, that I have now out 107 patents? I can't help it. It's an unconscious propensity with me. Now the other day I saw one of the men hitching up his trousers, and immediately I invented a new kind of suspender." Oscar's eye twinkled.

"It is such a wonderful suspender," said he, "that when you wear it it will not only hold up your pants without your having to hitch them, but you won't need any pants at all!"

"The band will now strike up 'Marching Through Georgia,'" said Mr. Arthur Hammerstein at this juncture, who stood by directing the operations of the workmen.

"Yes," said Oscar, "and in addition to getting married again, I have done other things."

"Have you gotten married again?"

"I'm—" he stopped and sighed. "I'm—" but his feelings were too deep for words. "It's true," said Oscar, limply. He revived, and didn't look so very unhappy either. "But I was saying—I have composed at least twenty-five pounds of music this summer, all available, I suppose, for some good purpose, and I have been thinking, thinking, from my stoop up there on the hill at Atlantic Highlands, New Jersey." . . .

"But you haven't answered my first question," said I, "and I haven't your biography. Will you please tell me how you learned the opera game?"

"Yes, I'll tell you," said Mr. Hammerstein. "It's rather an interesting story. In Germany I was studying at the normal school—I think you would call it that here—my father saw that I had lessons on the violin, the piano, and the flute, also in harmony and—what do you call it—contrapunct? Yes! Well, my father was a pretty strict man. He had forbidden me to skate at a certain place.

"Of course I skated there, and one day he caught me. He took me upstairs and took the long straps out of my skates—you know the long, tough straps they used to have? He took out those straps and laid them before me as the surgeon would place his knives by the operating table, and then he commenced to beat me.

"You see this scar?" he said. There on his forehead was a long livid scar. "That came when I fell. When I came to I took my violin under my arm and dropped from the window. I went to a pawnshop and asked the man how much he would give me on the violin. He looked over the instrument—surely a valuable one—and took it inside his shop. He came out in a minute and said that he didn't care for it.

"I looked at the violin. He had given me a cheap one in place of my own. Then we had an argument—just a little argument," said Oscar playfully, "and at last I convinced that man that unless he returned me my own violin he would have to face the police. It

ended by his giving me forty dollars for the violin. "I got to a seaport and paid \$38 for passage to America on the old *Isaac Webb*. That must have been—let's see—that must have been in 1862. I got to New York and in a sailors' boarding-house. I came on a paper printed in German offering a position as assistant in a tobacco factory at \$2 a week.

"I took the job and commenced my training in opera. I'll tell you how. There was a foreman I worked under, a tall, thin, melancholy man, who had a favorite phrase. He was eternally mooning around with this long face, and always his refrain was, 'You can never tell what a man has to do who has a family.'

"I suppose I shall hear those words now and then in my sleep till I die. Well, one night this 'man with a family' asked me if I knew anything about music. I told him about my studies, and he said at once, 'Meet me next Monday night at 7:45 in front of the Academy of Music.'

"There I met him, and there he told me very carefully what he wanted of me. He headed a claque in the employment of the opera singers. 'You can never tell what a man has to do who has a family,' he said. That was his only excuse.

"Now the art of a claqueur is a very fine one. You can not master it in a night. First there is the psychology of applause—when to applaud, how much to applaud. Shall the applause slowly ripple out or shall it come out with a crash and with shouting and stamping of feet? When shall the biggest salvo be fired, etc.? Then the technic of the art. I was instructed how to use my palms for the various effects that our dear master desired, and it took some practice to satisfy him, too.

"That's the way I learned opera. Every night, right through the season, I was up there. I knew every note of the repertory. Didn't I have to know it in my trade? I learned a great deal about the singers, too, and their effect on the public. I think it was there I got my first invaluable lessons in judging singers likely to be successful. I was learning fast those days, and thanks to the claque and to an invention of mine which revolutionized a certain branch of the tobacco business, my income improved a little. Then there was real estate, then theatres, and then opera."

"You never tried opera in English, did you? Do you think opera in English will ever succeed?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"When it isn't given so often."

"What do you think of artists as human beings, after all your experience with them? Are they a nice lot?"

Mr. Hammerstein looked at me suspiciously. I was serious. He looked at me again, and then at the pavement. "Some—yes. Some. It would be indelicate if I told you all I know."

"But tell me about some of them. How was Renaud, for instance?"

"Oh!" Mr. Hammerstein looked toward heaven. "Wonderful! Wonderful! An artist, a gentleman, my best friend! Not all my enemies, not all the money in the war-chest of the Metropolitan Opera Company could draw him away from me!"

"Have you many enemies?"

"Very few. If I don't harbor resentment, how can the other man? No, my boy! As you grow older you find that the world is filled, more and more, with fine people. Artists? That is another thing! I said people—regular fellows, you know! Last summer I was so sick that I thought I was going," he added, "and it made me happy that at that time I couldn't think of any one that I hated, or even—and I hope my memory was not at fault—any one whom I had deliberately injured." . . .

"Tell me about some other artists," I said. "Tell me about Tetrazzini."

Mr. Hammerstein moaned and made a feeble gesture of utter helplessness.

"Oh!"—he tried again. A weary sigh. His head sank on his chest. "I couldn't."

"Mary Garden," I shouted in his ear, for that corner there is very noisy, what with buses and the drays and the newsboys and the workmen and the falling of structure, and all the other sights and sounds and smells of dirty, gorgeous, outrageous New York. "Mary Garden," I howled in his ear as he bent his head trying to hear me. "HOW WAS MARY GARDEN?" with all the power of my lungs.

When there was a lull he answered, judiciously, "All right for the first two years. Then—a little skittish. I had made her in America—yes. But THEY"—it was not the "They" of Kipling that he meant, but the arch-foe at the Metropolitan—"THEY were after her, and you know, when some one else wants you, and offers you a bigger figure than your present contract, you may somehow feel that you have decided grievances where you are. Somehow this feeling will rise in the breast of the artist, no matter how newly made.

"It is a queer investment—that," said Oscar reflectively. "You discover a singer. You make her. She is eternally grateful. But wait a year or two. Wait till she is mirrored right in the middle of the pupil of the public's eye, and then ask her to sing an extra performance that week. Ah! She has a cold. It is outrageous the way you want her to work. She can't sing. You should pay her more. And then there is the institution over the way, willing, entirely willing, to salve her wounds with cash."

## OLD FAVORITES.

For a' That and a' That.

Is there, for honest poverty,  
That hangs his head, and a' that?  
The coward-slave, we pass him by,  
We dare be poor, for a' that;  
For a' that, and a' that,  
Our toil's obscure, and a' that,  
The rank is hut the guinea's stamp,  
The man's the gowd for a' that.  
What though on hamely fare we dine,  
Wear hoddin gray, and a' that?  
Gi'e fools their silks, and knaves their wine,  
A man's a man for a' that;  
For a' that, and a' that,  
Their tinsel show, and a' that;  
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,  
Is king o' men for a' that.  
Ye see yon hirkie, ca'd a lord,  
Who struts, and stares, and a' that;  
Though hundreds worship at his feet,  
He's but a coof for a' that;  
For a' that, and a' that,  
His ribbon, star, and a' that,  
The man of independent mind,  
He looks and laughs at a' that.  
A prince can make a belted knight,  
A marquis, duke, and a' that;  
But an honest man's ahoon his might  
Guid faith he mauna fa' that.  
For a' that, and a' that,  
Their dignities, and a' that,  
The pith o' sense and pride o' worth  
Are higher ranks than a' that.  
Then let us pray that come it may,  
As come it will for a' that,  
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,  
May bear the gree, and a' that.  
For a' that, and a' that,  
It's coming yet, for a' that,  
That man to man, the world o'er,  
Shall brothers be for a' that.—Robert Burns.

## Clear the Way.

Men of thought; he up, and stirring  
Night and day:  
Sow and seed—withdraw the curtain—  
Clear the way!  
Men of action, aid and cheer them,  
As ye may!  
There's a fount about to stream,  
There's a light about to beam,  
There's a warmth about to glow,  
There's a flower about to blow;  
There's a midnight blackness changing  
Into gray;  
Men of thought and men of action,  
Clear the way!  
Once the welcome light has broken,  
Who shall say  
What the unimagined glories  
Of the day?  
What the evil that shall perish  
In its ray?  
Aid the dawning, tongue and pen;  
Aid it, hopes of honest men,  
Aid it, paper—aid it, type—  
Aid it, for the hour is ripe,  
And our earnest must not slacken  
Into play.  
Men of thought and men of action,  
Clear the way!  
Lo! a cloud's about to vanish  
From the day;  
And a brazen wrong to crumble  
Into clay.  
Lo! the Right's about to conquer;  
Clear the way!  
With the Right shall many more  
Enter smiling at the door;  
With the giant Wrong shall fall  
Many others, great and small  
That for ages long have held us  
For their prey.  
Men of thought and men of action,  
Clear the way! —Charles Mackay.

## Time.

The hell strikes one; we take no note of time,  
But from its loss. To give it, then, a tongue  
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,  
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,  
It is the knell of my departed hours.  
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood  
It is the signal that demands despatch;  
How much is to be done! —Samuel Young.

## Hamlet's Soliloquy.

To be, or not to be, that is the question:—  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,  
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
And, by opposing, end them. To die—to sleep  
No more; and, by a sleep, to say we end  
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wished. To die—to sleep;  
To sleep! perchance to dream; ay, there's the rub;  
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,  
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
Must give us pause. There's the respect,  
That makes calamity of so long life;  
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,  
The insolence of office, and the spurns  
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
When he himself might his quietus make  
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,  
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,  
But that the dread of something after death—  
The undiscovered country, from whose bourn  
No traveler returns—puzzles the will,  
And makes us rather hear those ills we have,  
Than fly to others that we know not of!  
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;  
And thus the native hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;  
And enterprises of great pith and moment,  
With this regard, their currents turn awry,  
And lose the name of action.—William Shakespeare.



## IMPRESSIONS IN BELGIUM.

Miss May Sinclair Describes Some of Her Experiences in a War-Stricken Land.

Since the grim realities of war have superseded the way of fiction in the reading public's interest, all the fiction writers have been hieing themselves to the fields where history and adventure are in the process of making. May Sinclair is the latest to offer us the fruits of her observation, and if we are inclined to complain that her narrative is too fragmentary and her detail trivial, at least we should admire her attempt to be rigidly truthful. In her preface she emphasizes that this is a "Journal of Impressions," and it is nothing more. . . . I have set down the day's imperfect or absurd impression, in all its imperfections or absurdity, and the day's crude emotion in all its crudity." That she has very little to tell us about the work of the relief corps with which she went out is because she had nothing to relate at first-hand, her little job being not to succour, but to report.

Miss Sinclair was one of a party of thirteen volunteers sent out to Belgium as a motor ambulance corps to relieve the refugees. She freely confesses that she is temperamentally unfitted to be of much practical use and she acknowledges her lack of enthusiasm on the eve of departure:

In spite of the little steadily mounting thrill, I remember distinctly those five weeks of frightful anticipation when I knew that I must go out to the war; the going to bed, night after night, drugged with horror, black horror that creeps like poison through your nerves; the falling asleep and forgetting it; the waking, morning after morning, with an energetic and acid brain that throws out a dozen war pictures to the minute like a ghastly cinema show, till horror becomes terror; the hunger for breakfast; the queer, almost uncanny revival of courage that follows its satisfaction; the driving will that strengthens as the day goes on and slackens its hold at evening. I remember one evening very near the end; the Sunday evening when the commandant dropped in, after he had come back from Belgium. We were stirring soup over the gas stove in the scullery—you couldn't imagine a more peaceful scene—when he said, "They are bringing up the heavy siege guns from Namur, and there is going to be a terrific bombardment of Antwerp, and I think it will be very interesting for you to see it." I remember replying with assonate sincerity that I would rather die than see it; that if I could nurse the wounded I would face any bombardment on please to name; but to go and look on and make copy out of the sufferings I can not help—I couldn't and I couldn't, and that was flat. And I wasn't a journalist any more than I was a trained nurse.

I can still see the form of the commandant rising up on the other side of the scullery stove, and in his pained, uncomprehending gaze and in the words he utters I imagine a challenge. It is as if he said, "Of course, if you're afraid"—haven't I told him that I am afraid?—

The gate is thrown down on the scullery floor. I pick it up. And that is why I am here on this singular adventure.

On September 26th the party started out from Osend, just after its bombardment, for Ghent. On arrival at the Flandria Palace Hotel, which is "Hôpital Militaire No. 2," they found nothing to be done but to wait, and Miss Sinclair gives up a good deal of space here to a description of what they had to eat, how they were housed, and what her party wore. Finally the wounded begin to arrive and Miss Sinclair tells us of her emotions at her first sight of a crowded hospital ward:

I don't want to describe that ward, or the effect of those rows upon rows of beds, those rows upon rows of bound and mangled bodies, the intensity of physical anguish suggested by sheer force of multiplication, by the diminishing perspective of the beds, by the clear light and nakedness of the great hall that sets these repeated units of torture in a world part, a world of insufferable space and agonizing time, ruled by some inhuman mathematics and given over to pure, transcendent pain. A sufficiently large ward full of wounded really does leave an impression very like that. But the one true thing about this impression is its transcendence. It is utterly removed from and unlike anything that you have experienced before. From the moment that the doors have been closed behind you, you are in another world, and under its strange impact you are given new senses and a new soul. If there is horror here you are not aware of it as horror, before these multiplied forms of anguish what you feel—is of pity, because it is so near to adoration.

If you are tired of the burden and malady of self, go into one of these great wards and you will find instant release. You and the sun of your little consciousness are not things that matter any more. The lowest and the least of these wounded Belgians is of supreme importance and infinite significance. You, who were once afraid of them and of their wounds, may think that you would suffer for them now, badly; but you are not allowed to suffer; you are marvelously and mercilessly let off. In this sudden deliverance from yourself you have received the ultimate absolution, and their moment is your peace.

Although she is not a nurse, there is work for all among the horrors of Belgium's need and Miss Sinclair finds work to do, helping at the service of the evening meals for three hours, from 6 to 9 p. m. This being arranged:

A young Red Cross volunteer takes me over the Palais. It is an immense building, rather like Olympia. It stands away from the town in open grounds like the Botanical Gardens, Regent's Park. It is where the great annual shows are held and vast civic entertainments given. Miles of country around Ghent are given up to market-gardening, here are whole fields of begonias here, brilliant and vivid in the sun. They will never be sold, never gathered, never shown in the Palais des Fêtes. It is the peasants, the men and women who till these fields, and their children that are being shown here, in the splendid and wonderful place here they never set foot before.

There are four thousand of them lying on straw in the great hall, in a space larger than Olympia. They are laid out in rows all round the four walls, and on every foot of ground between; men, women, and children together, packed so tight that there is barely standing-room between any two of them. Here and there a family huddles up close, trying to put a few inches between it and the rest; some have hol-

lowed out a place in the straw or piled a barrier of straw between themselves and their neighbors, in a piteous attempt at privacy; some have dragged their own bedding with them and are lodged in comparative comfort. But these are the very few. The most are utterly destitute and utterly abandoned to their destitution. They are broken with fatigue. They have stumbled and dropped, no matter where, no matter beside whom. None turns from his neighbor; none scorns or hates or loathes his fellow. The rigidly courteous *bourgeois* lies in the straw breast to breast with the harlot of the village slum, and her innocent daughter back to back with the parish drunkard. Nothing matters. Nothing will ever matter any more.

Miss Sinclair was told that "when the darkness comes down on this there is hell," but so vastly terrible was the scene as a whole that she can not take in the idea that units of the crowd displayed individual volition. She continues:

This place is terribly still. There is hardly any rustling of the straw. Only here and there the cry of a child fretting for sleep or for its mother's breast. These people do not speak to each other. Half of them are sound asleep, fixed in the posture they took when they dropped into the straw. The others are drowsed with weariness, stupefied with sorrow. On all these thousands of faces there is a mortal apathy. Their ruin is complete. They have been stripped bare of the means of life and of all likeness to living things. They do not speak. They do not think. They do not, for the moment, feel. In all the four thousand—except for the child crying yonder—there is not one tear.

After an exciting run to Antwerp, Miss Sinclair visited several of the hospitals there. Mrs. St. Clair Stobart's Hospital, run entirely by women, with women doctors, women surgeons, women orderlies, is described:

It was not like any hospital you ever saw before. Except that the wounded were all comfortably hedged, it was more like the sleeping-hall of the Palais des Fêtes. The floor of the great concert-hall was covered with mattresses and beds, where the wounded lay about in every attitude of suffering. No doubt everything was in the most perfect order, and the nurses and doctors knew how to thread their way through it all, but to the hurried spectator in the doorway the effect was one of most *macabre* confusion. Only one object stood out—the large naked back of a Belgian soldier, who sat on the edge of his bed waiting to be washed. He must have been really the most cheerful and (comparatively) uninjured figure in the whole crowd, but he seemed the most pitiful, because of the sheer human insistence of his pathetic back.

Over his back and over all that prostrate agony the enormous floriated bronze rings that carried the lights of the concert-hall hung from the ceiling in frightful, festive decoration.

With a party of war correspondents Miss Sinclair went out to see "what the ambulance was doing at Zele, and, incidentally, to look at the bombardment of some evacuated villages near it. A great cloud of smoke lured them off their road:

For a long time I could not believe that it was smoke we saw and not an enormous cloud blown by the wind across miles of sky. We seemed to run for miles with that terrible banner streaming on our right to the south, apparently in the same place, as far off as ever. East of it, on the skyline, was a whole fleet of little clouds that hung low over the earth; that rose from it; rose and were never lifted, but as they were shredded away, scattered, and vanished, were perpetually renewed. This movement of their death and re-birth had a horrible sinister pulse in it.

Each cloud of this fleet of clouds was the smoke from a burning village.

At last, after an endless flanking pursuit of the great cloud that continued steadily on our right, piling itself on itself and mounting incessantly, we struck into a side lane that seemed to lead straight to the factory on fire. But in this direct advance the cloud eluded us at every turn of the lane. Now it was rising straight in front of us in the south, now it was streaming away somewhere to the west of our track. When we went west it went east. And when we went east it went west. And wherever we went we met refugees from the burning villages. They were trudging along slowly, very tired, very miserable, but with no panic and no violent grief. We passed through villages and hamlets, untouched still, but waiting patiently, and a little breathlessly, on the edge of their doom.

Presently the sound of the guns was heard and the automobile party found themselves in the middle of an artillery duel, "going on at a range of about a mile and a half, but all over our heads, so that though we heard it with great intensity, we saw nothing." Miss Sinclair remarks of the noise:

Now, you may have hated and dreaded the sound of guns all your life, as you hate and dread any immense and violent noise, but there is something about the sound of the first near gun of your first battle that, so far from being hateful or dreadful, or in any way abhorrent to you, will make you smile in spite of yourself with a kind of quiet exultation mixed very oddly with reminiscence so that, though your first impression (by no means disagreeable) is of "being in for it"; your next, after a second or third gun, is that of having been in for it many times before. The effect on your nerves is now that of being in a very small sailing-boat in a very big-running sea. You climb wave after high wave, and are not swallowed up as you expected. You wait, between guns, for the boom and shock of the next, with a passionate anticipation, as you wait for the next wave. And the sound of the gun when it comes is like the exhilarating smack of the wave that you and your boat mean to resist and do resist when it gets you.

You do not think, as you used to think when you sat safe in your little box-like house in St. John's Wood, how terrible it is that shells should be hurtling through the air and killing men by whole regiments. You do not think at all. Nobody anywhere near you is thinking that sort of thing, or thinking very much at all.

At the sound of the first gun I found myself looking across the road at a French soldier. We were smiling at each other.

Finally the day arrived when the other members of the ambulance corps were all so occupied that there remained only Miss Sinclair to take out an ambulance that had been called for to go to Melle. Five wounded men are rescued, and on the return trip other members of the corps are encountered. Mrs. Torrence, the

very capable nurse, figures heroically through these pages. "Little Janet" is a girl of eighteen:

We found Mrs. Torrence and little Janet in the village. They and Dr. Wilson had been working all day long picking up wounded off the field outside it. The German lines are not far off—at the bottom of the field. I think only a small number of their guns could rake the main street of the village where we were. Their shells went over our heads and over the roofs of the houses toward the French batteries on this side of the village. There must have been a rush from the German lines across this field, and the French batteries have done their work well, for Mrs. Torrence said the German dead are lying thick there among the turnips. She and Janet and Dr. Wilson have been under fire for eight hours on end, lifting men and carrying stretchers. I don't know whether their figures (the two girls in khaki tunics and breeches) could be seen from the German lines, but they just trudged on between the furrows, and over the turnip-tops, serenely regardless of the enemy, carefully sorting the wounded from the dead, with the bullets whizzing past their noses.

Of bullets Mrs. Torrence said, indeed, that eight hours of them were rather more than she cared for; and of carrying stretchers over a turnip field, that it was as much as she and Janet could do. But they came back from it without turning a hair. I have seen women more disheveled after tramping a turnip field in a day's partridge shooting.

When orders come to leave Ghent as the Germans approach there are many sad problems of departure:

Marie, the *bonne*, stands at the door of the service room and watches us with frightened eyes. She follows me into the mess-room and shuts the door. The poor thing has been seized by panic, and her one idea is to get away from Ghent. Can I find a place for her in one of our ambulance cars? She will squeeze in anywhere, she will stand outside on the step. Will I take her back to England? She will do any kind of work, no matter what, and she won't ask for wages if only I will take her there. I tell her we are not going to England. We are going to Bruges. We have to follow the Belgian army wherever it is sent.

Will I take her to Bruges? She has a mother there.

It is ghastly. I have to tell her that it is impossible; that there will be no place for her in the ambulance cars, that they will be crammed with the wounded, that we will have to stand on the steps ourselves, that I do not know how many we will have to take away from the convent, or how many from the hospitals; that I can do nothing without the commandant's orders, and that the commandant is not here. And she pleads and implores. She can not believe that we can be so cruel, and I find my voice growing hard and stern with sheer, wrenching pity. At last I tell her that if there is room I will see what can be done, but that I am afraid that there will not be room. She says, she clings, trying to extort through pity a more certain promise, and I have to tell her to go. She goes, looking at me with the dull resentment of a helpless creature whom I have hurt. The fact that she has left me sick with pity will not do her any good. Nothing will do her any good but that place on the ambulance which I have not the power to give.

When I get back I find Mrs. Torrence downstairs in the hall of the "Flandria." I ask her what we had better do about our refugee children. She says we can do nothing. There must be no refugee children. How can there be in an ambulance packed with wounded men? While I tell her that the children will surely be there if somebody doesn't do something to stop them, she goes off to do it. I don't envy her her job. She is not enjoying it herself. First of all she has to break it to Janet. And Janet will have to break it to the mother.

While we are frequently irritated at Miss Sinclair's frivolity and irrelevancy, there is much in her story that is worth reading. Her attitude of the mere, wholly inexperienced spectator brings out new shades of color and among pages of rather slovenly writing there are very beautiful and vivid passages, such as the following:

We stopped in the village to take up our wounded from the convent. The nuns brought us through a long passage and across a little court to the refectory, which had been turned into a ward. Bowls steaming with the morning meals for the patients stood on narrow tables between the two rows of beds. Each bed was hung around and littered with haversacks, boots, rifles, bandoliers, and uniforms bloody and begrimed. Except for the figures of the nuns and the aspect of the whitewashed walls and its atmosphere of incorruptible peace, the place might have been a barracks or the dormitory in a night lodging, rather than a convent ward.

When we had found and dressed our men, we led them out as we had come. As we went we saw, framed through some open doorway, sunlight and vivid green, and the high walls and clipped alleys of the convent garden.

Of all our sad contacts and separations, these leave-takings at the convents were the saddest. And it was not only that this place had the same poignant and unbearable beauty as the place that we had just left, but its beauty was unique. You felt that if the friends you had just left were turned out of their house and garden tomorrow, they might still return some day. But here you saw a carefully guarded and fragile loveliness on the very eve of its dissolution. The place was fairly saturated with holiness, and the beauty of holiness was in the faces and in every gesture of the nuns. And you felt that they and their faces and gestures were impermanent, that this highly specialized form of holiness had continued with difficulty until now, that it hung by a single thread to a world that had departed very far from it.

Yet, for the moment, while you looked at it, it maintained itself in perfection.

We shall never know all that the war has annihilated. But for that moment of time while it lasted, the convent at Ecloo annihilated the nineteenth and eighteenth centuries, every century between now and the fifteenth. What you saw was a piece of life cut straight out of the middle ages. What you felt was the guarded and hidden beauty of the middle ages, the beauty of obedience, simplicity, and chastity, of souls set apart and dedicated, and the whole insoluble secret charm of the cloistered life. The very horror of invasion that threatened it at this hour of the twentieth century was a horror of the middle ages.

But these devoted women did not seem aware of it. The high-bred little English nun who conducted us talked placidly of England and English things as of things remembered with a certain moral affection, but left behind without regret. It was as if she contemplated the eternal continuance of the convent at Ecloo with no break in its divine tranquillity. One sister went so far as to express the hope that their convent would be spared. It was as if she were uttering some merely perfunctory piety. The rest, without ceasing from their ministrations, looked up at us and smiled.

A JOURNAL OF IMPRESSIONS IN BELGIUM. By May Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## Mr. Bingle.

Mr. George Barr McCutcheon gives us a pleasant extravaganza which helps us to think kindly of our fellow-men. Mr. Bingle is a hank clerk whose poverty is not allowed to interfere with his love for children nor to prevent him from giving hospitality and a home to his ruined and disagreeable old uncle, whose children will have nothing to do with him. When the uncle eventually dies he is found to have amassed a second fortune and to have left the whole of it to the man who so unselfishly befriended him. So Mr. Bingle is able not only to entertain his child protégées at Christmas time, but actually to adopt them, at first in hatches and then at a rate of about one a year, which is not only an imitation of natural processes which had unaccountably failed in the case of Mr. Bingle, but which is actually an improvement on those processes, since it permits of selection and variation. Mr. Bingle invariably reads aloud the "Christmas Carol" every Christmas eve, and Mr. McCutcheon himself seems to have derived his inspiration from the same source. And there is none better.

MR. BINGLE. By George Barr McCutcheon. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.35 net.

## Cycles.

That all phenomena are governed by a law of cycles may be said almost to be an axiom. It is the task of Professor Henry Ludwell Moore to identify the cycles that govern economics, and he seems to have succeeded to a quite appreciable extent.

He finds that the rhythm of economic activity is caused by the rhythm in the yield per acre of the crops and that this again is caused by the rhythm of the rainfall. Going still further back and taking the Mississippi Valley as a field of experiment, he finds that the rainfall here passes through cycles of thirty-three years and of eight years. Such are the author's main conclusions, and they are sustained by careful statistics. The subject is interesting and fascinating because of its mystery. Professor Moore's book deserves attention and study.

ECONOMIC CYCLES: THEIR LAW AND CAUSE. By Henry Ludwell Moore. New York: The Macmillan Company.

## Escape.

Mr. A. C. Benson has a recognition that a great war is being fought and that even the purest of pure literature may be considered as something of an irrelevance. His book, he suggests, may be useful as a means of momentary escape from horrors, and he reminds us appositely that most of the great stories of the world have been stories of escape.

Mr. Benson's essays hardly lend themselves to review. They are graceful and delicate surveys of some of the surfaces of life from the Bensonian viewpoint, and perhaps their chief value is in their self-revelations. We spend a quite profitable hour over them and then turn back with regret to sterner realities, from which, after all, there is no escape.

ESCAPE AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Arthur Christopher Benson. New York: The Century Company; \$1.50 net.

## Aeroplanes and Dirigibles.

This is probably the best book of its kind for the lay reader who is anxious to know what war aviation actually means. Mr. Talbot discusses the making of aeroplanes and dirigibles, what they can and can not do,

their limitations, weapons, and scope, the manœuvres of the air battle and methods of attack and defense. Every department of war in the air is considered and set forth in lucid language and with the aid of numerous excellent illustrations.

AEROPLANES AND DIRIGIBLES OF WAR. By Frederick A. Talbot. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25 net.

## Gossip of Books and Authors.

Charles Scribner's Sons published on September 18th "Felix O'Day," a novel of New York with a distinct Dickens flavor. It is by F. Hopkinson Smith and is believed by the publishers to be his greatest novel and the most important literary achievement of his life.

Harper & Brothers published on September 20th a new Rex Beach novel, "Heart of the Sunset," a story of the Mexican border.

Knut Gjerset, professor of the Norwegian language, literature, and history in Luther College, is the author of "History of the Norwegian People," published recently by the Macmillan Company in two large octavo volumes. This work is the first in English to describe with anything like completeness the Norwegian history from the earliest times to the present. Professor Gjerset shows the social and cultural growth of the nation as well as its economic and political development.

Doubleday, Page & Co. on September 15th published Kathleen Norris's new novel, "The Story of Julia Page." Like Mrs. Norris's previous book, "Saturday's Child," "Julia Page" is a big story both in theme and length. Beginning with Julia's early childhood in San Francisco amidst poor and uncongenial surroundings, the story carries her through her rather shiftless girlhood and through the struggle of her early womanhood to a climax of strength and insight into human emotions which will make the book stand out as a landmark in the development of Mrs. Norris's work. For Julia Page, as Aunt Sanna, the rich, well-born, and eccentric settlement worker who was the girl's first real friend, said: "Ladies are made and not born. You're naturally inclined to choose what is nice, what is refined. You say you are not a lady, but how do you know? You may take my word for it, Julia, that if you make up your mind to be one nothing can stop you."

G. P. Putnam's Sons will publish this month a novel entitled "Midsummer Magic," by Walter Bamiylde, author of "The Uplanders." It is a story of the Cotswold Hills, in which the soft but easily understood dialect of the region prevails. It is as dramatic as it is racy, and as excellent in characterization as it is swift and sure in movement. It is an elementary story, full of deep-lodged passions—jealousy, fear, love, and hate.

Three early fall novels by interesting authors have just been published by the George H. Doran Company, as follows: "Treasure," by W. Dane Bank, author of "James," which was a sensational success in London last year and warmly greeted in America because of the manner in which the author manages to tell a faithful and realistic story, has the same realism as his former novel and a new charm; "The Temple of Dawn," by I. R. Wyllie, is a new story of India by a writer whose former Oriental tales have been uniformly successful for their rich "local color" and their dramatic plots; "If Any Man Sin," by H. A. Cody, author of "The Chief of the Ranges," etc., is another of his stories with the virility and reality based on the author's long experience as missionary and explorer in the wildest stretches of the far north.

"We are farmers, just rubes and hicks, as they say in my country. But we're tilling the soil and growing wheat. We're making a great new country out of what was once a wilderness. We're laboring to feed the world, since the world must have bread, and there's something satisfying and uplifting in the mere thought that we can answer to God, in the end, for our lives, no matter how raw and rude they may have been." These are quotations from "The Prairie Wife," Mr. Arthur Stringer's new novel, published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

In "The Inner Law," just published by the Harpers, Will N. Harhen touches upon a personal problem of the gravest sort with the utter sincerity, the moral clearness and cleanness, and the homely humanity which distinguish this author in all his work. The story, strong in its realistic life-drama, is a study in the laws of happiness. Carter Crofton, the hero, a young Southerner, gifted with a poetic temperament and flattered by general admiration and esteem, has inherited with his father's wealth a moral taint. There is in his blood, though he scarcely knows it, a devouring passion. In sharp contrast with the more or less cynical men of the world with whom he associates, he suffers acutely from his first misstep—a sudden "amour" with an innocent girl of the so-called "poor white" class. Following had advice in opposition to the pleadings of his uncle—a man

whose inner life has been desolated by a like tragedy—Crofton tries to forget his sin by leading, in Europe, the life of a cultivated gentleman of leisure and literary "flaneur." But it is all in vain; he succumbs to a kind of moral dry rot. Returning to his old home in Atlanta, he finds that his former sweetheart has risen above her misfortune; she has achieved happiness, but she will have none of him.

Countess Marie Tarnowska, the famous Russian criminal, who was recently released from the Italian prison to which she was committed at Venice a few years ago for instigating the murder of her lover, bas, under an assumed name, taken a position as nurse in a Moscow war hospital. During the latter part of her term in prison she had been organist of the prison chapel and had acquired among the nuns in attendance a reputation for sanctity. Her confessions, taken down by the Anglo-Italian poetess, Miss Anne Vivanti Chartres, are shortly to appear from the Century Company.

G. P. Putnam's Sons published on September 25th "The Welsh Poems and Ballads" of George Borrow, to which Ernest Rhys contributed an introduction. George Borrow was not only a stout Celtophile, but much inclined, early and late, to be a Welsh idolater. He translated into English verse many of the Welsh hards and rhymers, and gave a flavor of his own to whatever he touched. Not a few of the poems in the present collection are from the Borrow manuscripts. The more important groups or individual poems are prefaced by brief sketches devoted to the hards who produced them.

Richard Wightman, optimist, whose previous publications, "Soul-Spur" and "The Things He Wrote to Her," have had a wide circulation, is the author of a book of poems, "Ashes and Sparks," announced for publication in the near future by the Century Company.

Jean Webster, author of "Dear Enemy," soon to be issued as a hook by the Century Company, and of "Daddy-Long-Legs," which earned a great deal of popularity last year as both a novel and a play, as well as a number of other hooks, was married on September 7th to Glen Ford McKinney, a lawyer of New York. She is the grandniece of Mark Twain. She said in an interview some time ago that she was impressed with the ever-present odor—or aroma, according to the point of view—of tobacco in his hair and heard long before she was impressed with the fact that he was a great author. Her father was Charles L. Webster, a well-known publisher in his day. She was prepared for college at the Lady Jane Grey School, Binghamton, New York, and was graduated from Vassar in 1901.

## New Books Received.

TOMMY AND THE WISHING STONE. By Thornton W. Burgess. New York: The Century Company; \$1 net.  
For children.

A B C OF ARCHITECTURE. By Frank E. Wallis. New York: Harper & Brothers; 50 cents net.  
A book of introduction.

BUCK PARVIN AND THE MOVIES. By Charles E. Van Loan. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.  
A story of the people who make the movies.

LITTLE MISS GROUCH. By Samuel Hopkins Adams. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1 net.  
A story.

THE CO-CITIZENS. By Cotta Harris. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1 net.  
A novel.

GOD'S MAN. By George Bronson Howard. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company.  
A novel.

THE ELOGUES AND GEORGICS OF VIRGIL. Translated from the Latin by J. W. Mackail. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.  
Issued in Longman's Pocket Library.

THE GLAD HAND. By Humphrey J. Desmond. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.  
Short essays of homely philosophy.

CLOSED DOORS. By Margaret Prescott Montague. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1 net.  
Studies of deaf and blind children.

JERUSALEM. By Selma Lagerlöf. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.35 net.  
A novel.

A QUIET CORNER IN A LIBRARY. By William Henry Hudson. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.  
Literary essays.

THE TEMPLE OF DAWN. By I. A. R. Wyllie. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.35 net.  
A novel.

TREASURE. By W. Dane Bank. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.  
A novel.

WHO'S WHO IN THE LAND OF NOD. By Sarah Sanderson Vanderbilt. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1 net.  
For little children.

SOCIALIZED GERMANY. By Frederick C. Howe. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50 net.  
Published partly as an explanation of the efficiency of Germany, but primarily as a suggestion of a new kind of social statesmanship which

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our own as well as other countries must take into consideration if they are to be prepared to meet the Germany which, in victory or defeat, emerges from the war.

ESSAYS AND SPEECHES. By Charles G. Dawes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

With extracts from the journal of Rufus Fearing Dawes and an address upon the Army of the Potomac, by General R. R. Dawes.

"DAME CURTSEY'S" BOOK OF SALADS, SANDWICHES, AND BEVERAGES. By Ellye Howell Glover. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; 50 cents net.

A collection of practical recipes.

THE PROMISE. By James B. Hendryx. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.35 net.  
A tale of the great Northwest.

THE SECRETS OF THE HOHENZOLLERNS. By Dr. Armgaard Karl Graves. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.; \$1.50.

A continuation of the author's first book.

A BOOK OF BRIDGES. By Frank Brangwyn, A. R. A. New York: John Lane Company; \$6 net.  
With forty plates in color and numerous black and white cuts.

IF ANY MAN SIN. By H. A. Cody. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.  
A novel.

STORIES FROM GERMAN HISTORY. By Florence Aston. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.50 net.

From ancient times to the year 1648.

HAPPY HOLLOW FARM. By William R. Lighton. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.  
The story of a newspaper man who found happiness on a mountain farm.

THE PASSPORT. By Emile Voite. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.  
A novel of the war.

ECONOMIC ASPECTS OF THE WAR. By Edwin J. Clapp. New York: Yale University Press; \$1.50 net.

Neutral rights, belligerent claims, and American commerce in the years 1914-1915.

BEEKEEPING. By Everett Franklin Phillips. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2 net.  
Issued in the Rural Science Series, edited by L. H. Bailey.

DUKE JONES. By Ethel Sidgwick. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1.35 net.  
A novel.

## THE SIX BEST SELLERS IN SAN FRANCISCO FOR SEPTEMBER

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Peabody is very much of a man and there is always an audience for stories of real men, possibly because real men are so scarce. But the great charm of the book is its realistic picture of the lumber camp, where the weak go invariably to the wall and where the prizes are given to strength and endurance, courage and good temper. Mr. Oyer has written successfully and acceptably and we should hear much more of him. He knows his subject and he must therefore have material in abundance.

THE MAN TRAIL. By Henry Oyen. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.

Letters of General Grant.

While this collection of family letters can hardly be considered as possessing any large amount of historical value, they should certainly be prized highly for their human interest and for the illumination that they throw on the personal character of Grant. With few exceptions, they are all addressed to his father and to Mrs. M. J. Cramer, his youngest sister, and they cover the years from 1857 to 1878. It is evident that Grant believed the war would be a short one, but

these letters are singularly free from personal opinion and from the aggressiveness that so often marks the character of the military commander. Grant has never appeared in a more pleasing light than in these domestic letters, written for the most part at a time that so tried men's souls.

LETTERS OF ULYSSES S. GRANT. Edited by Jesse Grant Cramer. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.75.

Just Human.

Dr. Frank Crane will probably not leave a very deep mark upon the thought of the world, but doubtless he has persuaded thousands of people that the world is a better place than they had supposed it to be and life a much more beautiful and wonderful thing. And probably this will content him. His little essays have none of the idiot optimism now so much in favor and which consists of repeating a lie in the expectation that it will become true. They have the better optimism of urging us to make them come true by effort.

JUST HUMAN. By Dr. Frank Crane. New York: John Lane Company; \$1 net.

Tad and His Father.

Not very much is known of "Tad" Lincoln, and F. Lauriston Bullard has done wisely in making his book a short one. He seems to have collected all available stories and wove them together into a narrative, and with a result that is singularly pleasing and well deserving of a place upon the Lincoln shelf.

TAD AND HIS FATHER. By F. Lauriston Bullard. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; 50 cents net.

Nuns at Ypres.

Some of the nuns at the Ypres convent had not been beyond their walls for twenty-seven years when the Germans came. In this vol-

ume we have their own unstudied narratives of what happened to them, of what they said to the soldiers and what the soldiers said to them, and of how at last they were forced to leave their sanctuary and to take refuge in England. The Germans told them they were headed for Calais and after that for England, and when they were asked how they would reach England they replied, "By Zeppelin."

It is a simple, unpretentious narrative and deserves a place upon the war shelf. Mr. John Redmond contributes an introduction.

THE IRISH NUNS AT YPRES. By D. M. C. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25 net.

Briefer Reviews.

G. P. Putnam's Sons have published a third edition, revised and enlarged, of "Short Talks with Young Mothers," by Charles Gilmore Kerley, M. D. (\$1). Dr. Kerley's advice on the management of babies and young children is practical and sensible.

The Jean Cabot Series of books for girls comes to an end with "Jean Cabot at the House with the Blue Shutters," by Gertrude Fisher Scott (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1 net). It is a wholesome college story and of irreproachable tendencies.

The latest addition to the Dave Porter Series is "Dave Porter at Bear Camp," by Edward Stratemeyer. This series now contains eleven volumes, and all of them may safely be recommended for boys. The publisher is the Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Price, \$1.25.

Under the title of "The Little Red Doe" Chauncey J. Hawkins has written a pathetic story of a wounded doe who is taken under the protection of a stag in spite of her misery and emaciation. Perhaps there is more

"Christian charity" among animals than we wot of. At least it is a good thing to believe. This capital little yarn is published by Little, Brown & Co. (\$1 net).

The Century Company has published "The Fun of Cooking," by Caroline French Benton. It is a new kind of cook-book for children, a cook-book in the form of a story, but with a practical clearly stated recipe on almost every page. It is meant for children who like to do interesting things. The price is \$1.20 net.

"The Strange Story of Mr. Dog and Mr. Bear," by Mahel Fuller Blodgett (the Century Company; \$1 net), is a book of animal adventures and intended for children just beginning to read. It is written with humor and it has a sugar-coated moral. Moreover, it is recommended by its large type and capital illustrations.

"Chance in Chains," by Guy Thorne, is a story of two young men who broke the bank at Monte Carlo by means of a powerful magnetic current operated from a distance and which controlled the ball of the roulette wheel. The author does not seem to realize that his heroes are common thieves who ought to be in jail instead of married and living happily ever after. The book is published by the Sturgis & Walton Company.

The beekeeper, professional or amateur, should on no account overlook a new book that has just been issued by the Macmillan Company. It is entitled "Beekeeping," and its author is Everett Franklin Phillips, Ph. D. It seems to be the most complete work of its kind that has been issued, nothing being omitted that tends to an understanding of the bee or that can conduce to its productiveness. There are nearly 200 practical illustrations. The price is \$2.



"FRAMERS OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE U.S.A." NO. 10

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IT HAS BEEN SAID the three very great men of our War for Independence were Washington, Franklin and Morris. In the history of mankind no man ever had a more arduous commission than did Morris in financing the armies of Washington. The credit of the nation was practically valueless, and time after time it was the personal credit of Morris which brought forth the money. The financial means raised from his own private resources made the victory at Trenton possible. When Washington proposed the capture of Lord Cornwallis and his entire army, it was from Morris, the patriot and private citizen, and not from the treasury of the Confederate States from which the money came. Thus Washington's last great victory was made possible, and the long and bloody struggle for National Independence brought to an end. Morris was the first to suggest our present system of National banks—the best banking system that any nation has ever known. He was the first American to send a ship forth flying the Stars and Stripes. Like Franklin he signed both the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. He was very hospitable, and whenever Washington visited Philadelphia he was the guest of Morris. He was ever a moderate user of light wines and barley brews, and opposed Prohibition Laws, which make the many suffer for the faults of the few. For 88 years Anheuser-Busch have been brewing the kind of honest barley-malt and Saazer hop brews which the wisdom of Morris knew make for real temperance. To-day at the home of BUDWEISER 7500 people are daily required to meet the natural public demand. BUDWEISER'S ever-increasing popularity comes from quality, purity, mildness and exquisite flavor. Its sales exceed any other beer by millions of bottles.

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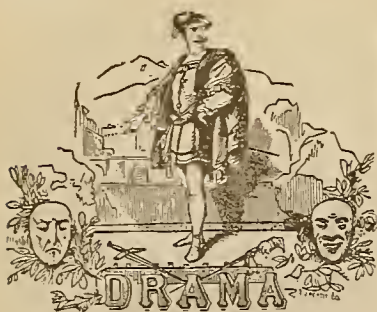
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### "THE DIVINE FRIEND."

The figure of Mary of Magdala has always appealed to the romantic fancy of the generations who have lived their lives down through the long line of centuries following the crucifixion. The picturesque sinner is always more appealing to the imagination than the gray-robed saint. When we think of Mary, we think of her beauty, of her golden hair covering her shoulders like a mantle, of her palaces, her jewels, her art treasures, her gold-encrusted robes. If she had been impure in poverty we would not have cast more consideration to her destinies than to those of any other of the numerous sinners who thronged around Christ and besieged him with their prayers. Men of imagination have felt impelled to invest the figure of the noted courtesan with many charms. Anatole France, in "Le Procureur de Judée," has Lamia describe her as a woman "qui aurait fait pâlir d'envie Cléopâtre elle-même." In his play, "Mary Magdalene," Maeterlinck quotes Verus to this effect: "Do not mistake: she is no vulgar courtesan. . . . She has other attractions, hindering love more firmly."

In fact Mary, with her picturesque repentance and her renunciation of wealth and luxury, is the romance of the New Testament. The character, in Paul Heyes's and Maeterlinck's plays, has attracted the attention of noted actresses; Mrs. Fiske for one, although she was too complex, nervous, restless, and modern to satisfy one as a Magdalen. Margaret Anglin is far, far better. She is more the woman of early times; more single-minded in her emotions, more given over to their dominance. And she is much more of a picture in the rich robes of the luxurious sinner in the days preceding her great renunciation.

To think of Mary Magdalene is to imagine pictures, and Mr. Livingstone Platt, who gave to the great Grecian tragedies as seen in the Greek Theatre a scenic investiture of such reposeful and classic beauty, has again had his services invoked in order to assist us in giving shape to the vaguely splendid background against which our fancy places that sumptuously-lodged siren to men's souls. The production, in fact, is an unusually beautiful one, and the appreciator of the new stage scenic art in its more luxurious aspects will find something well worthy of his admiration.

Mr. Charles Phillips has not followed on Maeterlinck's lines. In the Belgian poet's play there is given a leisurely view of the times and the personages of the times with scenes that read charmingly—but act too slowly—full of discursive, informational chat. In "The Divine Friend" the author has concentrated his forces on depicting the great struggle in the soul of Mary regenerate. Her agony is with her at her first entrance, but this is a love-sorrow; her heart is clinging to the humble lover of her innocent days, and she has not yet heard of David's "divine friend." The author has given over his first act to the depiction of Mary's shame and terror lest this spiritually exalted lover shall have learned of her fall, his second to scenes with her luxurious and rioting companions, when she is in peril of clinging to evil, and the third to the physical and spiritual exhaustion of the poor outcast and her subsequent great choice. He no doubt discovered at the first night's performance that in conducting us through all the terrific chain of emotion and struggle that exhausted Mary he also exhausted the audience, and by this time many excursions will doubtless have been made and some beautifully written dialogue sacrificed.

Miss Anglin has a very taxing rôle in rendering the character of Mary, and is, in a way, obliged to pitch the key of emotionalism so high at her very first entrance that it tends to induce an anticlimax in the last act, as the mental conflict virtually lasts during the first two acts. This the author has sought to prevent by following up in the third act Mary's long collapse by her sudden and inspired victory. That he had not wholly succeeded on the first night need not prevent him from having accomplished his intention by now, for it seemed as if the curtailment of the over-long scenes would be a comparatively simple matter; added to which the shortening of the play would be desirable, as it over-reached the usual limit of time.

There are occasional obscurities in the play, too, that need to be cleared up. In the first act it is not soon enough made apparent who David is; in the last whose is the funeral referred to. The opening scene between the slaves is a little too long, since it is not sufficiently vital to the main issues of the play. In fact the blue pencil will have been very busily employed by now to lessen the dialogue and hasten the action.

Miss Anglin, also, can not fail to have made the discovery on the opening night that she will have to spare herself more in the first act, or a season of this play would in the end infallibly wear her out. For a season she is pretty sure to have. She will probably have good value out of the piece. There is a large part of the public that has set the seal of its approval, in the past, on "The Sign of the Cross," "The Shepherd King," "Quo Vadis," and "Joseph and His Brethren." "The Divine Friend" is far and away ahead of "The Shepherd King," but there is an insufficient strain of action which will prevent it from standing, in drawing power, beside such plays as "The Sign of the Cross." That, indeed, is its weakness. Terrific emotional strain, all founded upon suitable motivation, but not enough action. The play is beautifully written; dangerously so, in fact, since in drama of the twentieth century it is decreed that we have no time to enjoy literature on the stage. However, a play of this kind must be couched in poetic phrase, so, although much that is beautiful must go, what remains need not be altered.

A large company, including some of the players in the Greek tragedies, has been gathered to assist in the representation of "The Divine Friend." Among others, we were all glad to see again the physically resplendent Paul Harvey. This handsome giant turns out to be only a youth, and, clad in the golden raiment of Claudian the Roman, he was a commanding patrician stage figure and wooed his reluctant quarry with fine masculine fervor.

Donald Cameron played very carefully and intelligently the rôle of David, Mary's spiritual-minded sweetheart. But I am afraid such characters, when placed in contrast to a magnificent Claudian, fade to a sort of anemic pallor. At any rate, although Mary loved David deeply, and it was merely her worldly and material self that was attracted toward the splendid Roman, there was a considerably warmer suggestion of red blood in their embraces than in those which were animated by the purer passion.

The character of Julia, a rather spiteful associate of Mary's in going the pace that kills, was well impersonated by Miss Lurita Stone, a young lady who has a talent for striking a variety of picturesque attitudes, but has not yet acquired the fine air of unconsciousness that should go with them. A contrasting character, that of Zoe, whose reason was unseated by losing her lover, was played sympathetically by Saxe Morland, and there were a dozen or more other speaking parts, besides the silent presence of others who were merely figurants in striking stage pictures; the Nubian slave, for instance, whose perfect physical contours lent him the utmost value as a pictorial accessory.

Mr. Platt reversed the usual order of things, and in his three settings worked up from an effect of luxury and profusion to a grand simplicity, thereby showing himself possessed of a sure artistic instinct. Against those great heeling rocks and cliffs of Naim was seen the lonely figure of Mary, pale and spent, leaning back in an attitude expressive of physical and mental collapse. In that dim light, which cast bluish reflections on her pale face and wedded itself with beautiful effect to the gray and blue shadows of her robe, Margaret Anglin looked wonderfully spiritualized and more beautiful than she had appeared even in that lovely robe colored like varying degrees of sunshine amidst the golden lights and rich colors appropriate to the fête in the second act. This silent picture of the third act seemed to suggest peace after the storm, even though it was something of the peace of an armistice. For the struggle began again, although happily brief.

Christ, "the divine friend," was near following to the tomb the body of David. The audience is supposed neither to see Him nor hear His voice. Only the sound of a funeral march announced His approach. But His influence was invoked to bring victory to the weary penitent, and under the influence of its exaltation the play was brought to an effective close.

When I think of it I recall the beautiful stage pictures composed by Mr. Livingstone Platt and the poignant sufferings of Mary as depicted by Miss Anglin, whose talent, it can not but be felt, is greater than the play, but great enough to raise the play, dramatically, to a higher level than it would otherwise attain.

Mr. Theodore Vogt's music lent a discreetly subdued but suggestive and poetic charm to the scenes it accompanied, and dramatic star, musician, and composer all received ample acknowledgment from the audience at the conclusion of the performance.

Mr. Phillips, naturally, is an idealist, and

the faith of an idealist is much needed by poor humanity, stumbling along the difficult path of life with faltering feet, and trying desperately to be good. And so we carry away from the play some valuable reflection of that same idealism that saved Mary of Magda; for she, too, was an idealist; and so, by the way, is Miss Anglin.

### THE AUTUMN MUSIC FESTIVAL.

The Autumn Music Festival is over, and we are all saying to ourselves that Kreisler, who was its jewel and star, shone with such a blazing lustre as almost to extinguish that of the other principals. Those whose light was unshadowed by the vastly superior halo encircling Kreisler's head are Mr. Earl Cartwright and Mr. Evan Williams. The Exposition Orchestra almost always emerges with undimmed lustre, and, indeed, frequently gains an enhancement of its prestige through having won the admiration of some newly-arrived musician. At the conclusion of his Thursday night concert Mr. Kreisler warmly shook Mr. Max Bendix by the hand while still on the stage and under the eye of the public, as a testimony, no doubt, of his approval of the orchestra's work.

The Autumn Festival began on Thursday night of last week with Mendelssohn's oratorio "Elijah." The Exposition Orchestra, with Mr. Emil Mollenhauer acting as conductor, and Wallace Sahin at the organ, lent magnificent support to the fine choral volume of the Exposition Chorus. The voices of the chorus have evidently had a careful "try-out," for the volume was sweet, full, and finely expressive of the devotional sentiment. As to the principals, it was very soon demonstrated that the two men, Messrs. Williams and Cartwright, outshone the women.

Mr. Earl Cartwright had by far the greater proportion of work to do, and speedily established the fact that he was the singer of the evening. His voice is superb, a great smooth, velvety, expressive organ, and its owner can do any quantity of things with it in the most impeccable style. So fine is his vocal control and so absolute his mastery of vocal pyrotechnics that when he executed some exceptionally fine runs almost as lightly as might a soprano he had the whole chorus madly clapping him at the close of the number.

Mr. Evan Williams's large, impressive style is particularly well adapted to oratorio. He has a valuable temperament, and one overlooks vocal faults because of that same temperament.

The two ladies, Mrs. Grace Bonner Williams and Mme. Mulford, although well endowed vocally, strike one more as very useful church singers than as being of the same rank in concert singing as the two men. When they sang duets together their voices failed to blend agreeably, but in the quartets the male voices seemed to reconcile the two disparate female voices to a gentle and harmonious union. However, although in contrast to the men, they almost seemed merely sweet and ladylike in style, the two women sang with the poise and self-reliance gained by thorough experience in oratorio singing. It was the men whose voices, colored with a fine, antique veneration and supplication, gave an early-hilical sentiment to the music.

Vocally the performance of the Verdi "Requiem" was a falling-off as compared to that of the "Elijah." Neither Mr. Williams nor Mr. Cartwright were killed for Sunday's programme. Messrs. George Hamlin and Fredric Martin, with the two ladies already mentioned, figuring as the four principals. Neither of these two valuable but unremarkable singers extinguished the vocal prestige of their fair associates, and there were, consequently, no great doings by the principals at the rendition of the "Requiem." Fine choral and orchestral work, however, joined to the individual contributions of the principals, made us well acquainted with and appreciative of Verdi's beautiful composition.

There is great variety to the music; sometimes it seemed rather operatic, yet not so in the passages demanding contribution from eight trumpets, which sent forth a splendid proclamation of the renown of the honored dead. There were countless passages of noble beauty expressive of a sorrow with healing in its scope, and splendid, triumphal hursts of concerted rapture as if all the heavenly hosts were massed within the gates of paradise to welcome the soul of the dead patriot.

Nevertheless I think one hour and a half of "Requiem" music is a severe tax on the powers of enjoyment resident in the average worldly temperament, and I am quite sure that I am not at all eager to repeat the experience.

Saturday afternoon's concert ran to popular music. Indeed, it was so very popular as to become unpopular with a fairly large contingent of the audience, who in a music festival are probably more classical in their tastes than was recognized in the selection of the programme. Mr. Cartwright was again present, and sang "Toreador." He sang it well, with such beauty of voice and mastery of technique that one almost failed to detect the absence of the temperament appropriate to that class of music. If the very unimpressive music of Buzzi-Peccia's (never heard of him before that I remember) "Gloria a Te" had been equal to Mr. Cartwright's vocalization the audience would have had a taste of his best quality. As it was they just missed it.

Mr. Evan Williams sang an aria from "La Bohème"; sang it with charm, too. Although he was in better voice, I much preferred his work and his selections at the preceding Sunday concert in the same hall. He sang "Depuis le jour" very sweetly and quite charmingly.

Mme. Mulford sang "Amour, viens m'aider" with good voice and execution, but her style is rather too honeyed. However, both were better selections than those of the men. Mr. Williams, for instance, gave "All Through the Night" for an encore.

Mr. Frederic Martin played a utility rôle. He served as a useful fourth in the quartet, but his solo work was not pleasing, and his encore was so dull that I forget what it was.

They say of Evan Williams that he has strained his voice. I shouldn't wonder, for he is too prodigal with it. He sang too loudly in the "Rigoletto" quartet, but there were gallantly caressing notes in his voice for the coquettish Maddalena that I had scarcely heeded it capable of.

To my taste the star of the afternoon was

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orchestra, which stirred us all up with "Chalkowsky's overture, "1812." I handily concede at once that Tchaikowsky perhaps too dramatic in this piece; that it is almost too descriptive; that the battle sounds of bombs and gunshots and the clash of steel are, musically, open to question. I hasten to add that, after all, it is an overture, and therefore makes no pretense of being classic, and that it accomplishes its purpose of awakening thrills of patriotic emotion in the hearts of auditors. Those who have a sufficiently imaginative temperament even felt a little weepy in being thus reminded that a hundred years ago the young soldiers of Europe were at the same old business, fighting, some of them, for a chimera, while others were freely shedding their blood for "altars and their sires." And that kind of weepiness tends to relieve a whole lot of oppressed war emotion lurking in our souls for which we ordinarily have no excuse for giving vent.

Of the four concerts the "one entire and perfect chrysolite" was the Fritz Kreisler one Thursday night. Under the spell created by that fluent bow we saw and felt immediately the mastery of a rare and commanding genius. Beginning with the Beethoven "Concerto No. 3," the violinist next showed how entrancing he could make a concerto the long-dead and to us unknown Vivaldi, "Concerto in C major" was, as it turned out, a particularly choice and interesting selection for a violin recital. The old Italian case has dash and gaiety, brilliant passages, a sweetly pensive strains that induce a poetic sadness. But it was in the second movement that we began to realize the marvel that union of technic, temperament, and genius possessed by the famous Austrian. It is like a tender retrospect; deliciously sweet yet of ineffable sadness; a lovely memory of something precious, like youth or love, or a happy childhood "that has faded away from earth." It might have been a transcription to music in gentler, more resigned mood of Tennyson's "Sweetest," as first love, and wild with all regret—death in life, the days that are no more!

The third movement was a dizzying flight, rapid as the dance of a beam of light through space, devious, lovely, and cheering, was wonderful. It seemed as if hitherto nothing such as this could be possible. Richard Strauss's "Tod und Verklärung" is the offering of the orchestra. Strange, like all of Strauss's pieces, this summary of man's dying survey of precious life that ebbs away was finely interpreted under Bendix's baton. We seemed to realize the moment of the corporeal death and to mark the struggles of the soul breaking through the expiring clay and expanding in first flight in a purer ether. But, Strauss, like Strauss, it is not strange that there are many passages that intrigued the recipient, and I think the listener was grateful that finale, a death dirge of serene beauty which seemed to announce the approach of peace to a bewildered and struggling soul. In the Beethoven "Concerto in D major" the piece seemed, appropriately enough, to express a meditative calm in the survey of life's varied aspects. And all those wonderful, liquid runs, those ripples of silver, those marvelous violin tones as pure and clear as light itself, had an ethereal eloquence that spoke intimately to the heart. With no visible effort this apparently inured being played on as if his magic bow could scarcely bear to cease giving forth its message.

Sometimes these strains of penetrating intensity seemed to have a vocal quality; at times it was as if the player were threading pearls of sound on a silver strand; and, again, he would weave a marvelous lace-work of crystalline notes. With all this revelation of the musical levels of which he is capable Mr. Kreisler makes no bid for attracting romantic interest. He is a man of considerable native dignity, and, on the platform, is all business. Nor does he make the tiniest assertion of his importance over the orchestra, but plays as if he were a part of the whole, lace-like foam of waves, borne aloft on the bosom of the mighty tide whose soul he seems to interpret. It is well that fate spared us such an artist from the hideous perils of the trenches, for all that rich harvest being gathered of ad and dying artists it may be long before we shall look upon his like again.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

It has been estimated by one of the principal authorities that there are present in this country three times the usual number of us seeking vaudeville bookings. Nearly all of us have been idle, and many of them are going off because they are asking anti-war salaries. About twelve per cent of the acts available are foreign, while a large majority are American acts which have canceled their foreign time on account of the war. This accounts for the plethora of acts in America today and the mandate of the B. O. that no more shall be booked until salaries are radically reduced.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Miss Anglin Continues "The Divine Friend."

Margaret Anglin has registered another success in the rôle of Mary of Magdala in "The Divine Friend," Charles Phillips's biblical play, which received its première at the Columbia Theatre last Monday night. Mr. Phillips has written a strong play and Miss Anglin has full opportunities for the tremendous scope of her emotional powers in the character of Mary the wanton and then the penitent.

In her Columbia season, hitherto given over to comedy, Miss Anglin struck the first note of vital human emotion, and immediately on her entrance on Monday night as Mary, she held her audience in rapt attention, until its final burst into tumultuous applause, both sustained and prolonged.

The supporting company is an organization of many excellent players, more particularly the Claudian of Paul Harvey, well known in San Francisco; Donald Cameron in the rôle of David, the wooer of Mary; Saxone Morland, Alfred Lunt, and thirty others in the long list of characters, each assisting to one of the most interesting productions that Miss Anglin has given. The scenery and costumes are at once artistic, vast, and elaborate. The incidental music by Theodor Vogt is another feature of the production.

Miss Anglin will continue with Mr. Phillips' play during the remainder of the engagement at the Columbia. The usual mid-week and Saturday matinées will be given.

"So Long Letty" at the Cort.

One of the most important announcements of the season at the Cort Theatre is the coming of the comedy with music, "So Long Letty," which opens Sunday night, October 10th, after a run of 102 performances at the Morosco Theatre, Los Angeles, during which it broke the famous long-run record there of "Peg o' My Heart."

The same company will appear at the Cort Theatre and will later be sent to New York by Manager Morosco, who regards "So Long Letty" as one of the biggest laugh-getters of the season.

Heading the cast will be Charlotte Greenwood and Sydney Grant, last seen here in "Pretty Mrs. Smith" and "The Tik Tok Man of Oz," while the other two leading rôles will be handled by Walter Catlett and May Boley.

William Rock, formerly of the team of Rock and Fulton, and his new dancing partner, Frances White, are in the cast, as are Percy Bronson and Winnie Baldwin of vaudeville fame. Nella Wilson, an Australian prima donna, has one of the big singing rôles of the production, and the lesser parts are as competently taken care of.

In the chorus, which numbers over thirty, the utmost care was used to secure the most beautiful girls to be found in the professional ranks in California. Scenically and in costume "So Long Letty" is unusually attractive.

The play was written by Oliver Morosco and Elmer Harris, and is an adaptation of Mr. Harris's well-known comedy, "Your Neighbor's Wife." Its plot tells the story of two men who are dissatisfied with their wives and attempt a transfer.

With this theme the musical adaptation has proven highly popular, the lyrics, words, and music having been written by the well-known young composer of New York, Earl Carroll. There will be the usual Wednesday and Saturday matinées at the Cort.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum announces for next week a great new show which will introduce a number of brilliant vaudeville stars.

Walter C. Kelly, who will head the bill, is known all over the English-speaking world as "the Virginia Judge." He is a humorist and historian, and his narratives are the actual happenings of the little Virginia courthouse where mostly those brought to trial are negroes. Monologists may come and go, but Walter C. Kelly still remains the king of his class. His mastery of dialect is little short of marvelous and his fund of humor inexhaustible.

Pat Rooney and Marion Bent are decidedly one of the most popular and successful teams in vaudeville. They sing, dance, and indulge in repartee to the great delight of their audiences.

Long Tack Sam and his company of Chinese wonder-workers, clad in the richest apparel of their country, give an entertainment which for variety and quality is astonishing. Their programme includes sleight-of-hand tricks, plate spinning, and acrobatics. In addition to these, the dangerous is accomplished when Sam jumps through a small plane in which are imbedded sharp knives. Two performers swing by their hair to ropes and the others perform acrobatic feats from their suspended bodies. A sensational climax is afforded when one of the Chinese slides from the top balcony of the house to the stage, his hair being caught in a sliding pulley.

Pipifax and Panlo, two English panto-

minists, in an act styled "Humpsti Bumpsti," provoke screams of laughter.

Eugene Damond, who has just reached his majority, is a concert violinist and a pupil of Ysaye.

Miss Brownie Dupont, the Living Venus, a perfectly formed woman, is the main factor of the optical novelty, "The Aurora of Light." She poses in a huge seashell, while by electrical effects innumerable exquisite pictures are made to blend to her form.

Bessie Browning, a clever and versatile entertainer with a pleasing and distinctive individuality, is among the newcomers.

The remaining acts in this wonderful bill are James Kelso and Blanche Leighton and the Sixteen Navassar Girls.

Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre.

"Little Miss U. S. A.," a pretentious musical tabloid, with the usual bevy of pretty chorus girls and catchy music, is the headline attraction at the Pantages on Sunday. The production is patterned into vaudeville shape after "Madame Butterfly," and there are several situations in the piece reminiscent of Puccini's Japanese masterpiece. The scene is laid in Japan, with a gorgeous stage setting, and there are ten pretty Geisha girls who follow in the footsteps of dashing "Miss U. S. A."

The vaudeville trouble starts from that point. Ober and Dumont, who claim to be originators of the "Tango," "Maxixe," and various other South American ballroom twirls, are the special extra attraction. The dancing couple carries a stage carpenter, a carload of special "sets," and their own musical director, which is some excess for two performers to trot around in these days of popular-priced vaudeville.

Every once in a while an animal act comes along that is worth watching. From reports, "Lady Betty," a monkey with acrobatic and comedy proclivities, is one of the best-trained chimpanzees in the game.

Grey and Wheeler have a strenuous skit entitled "The Girl and Charlie Chaplin," with the comedian doing all of the rough stuff of the English star.

Other good numbers will be presented by Will and Reap, a duo of clever acrobats; Padden and Read, black-faced clowns, and Kennedy and Burt, singers.

Cort's New York Success.

Gotham's critics are unanimous in the opinion that John Cort's new comic opera, "The Princess Pat," by Blossom and Herbert, recently presented at the Cort Theatre, New York, has registered the most unqualified hit of any light opera produced in this country in years. The critics have vied with one another apparently to find superlatives with which to express their admiration of the work and the elaborateness of its settings. Charles Darn-ton of the New York World, one of the foremost authorities, said: "The Princess Pat" is the best comic opera that has been written in years, and I'm not forgetting 'Robin Hood' and 'The Serenade.' Victor Herbert is said to have excelled himself in his lively score and Henry Blossom's book possesses genuine humor.

"On Trial" Coming to the Columbia.

"On Trial," one of the great dramatic hits of the past several seasons, will be presented at the Columbia Theatre in the near future with the original Chicago company. When the curtain rises on the first act of "On Trial" the audience sees a courtroom where a man is on trial for murder. The regular proceedings of the court are gone through with up to the time the first witness for the prosecution takes the stand. This witness is the wife of the murdered man, and the moment she begins to speak the stage darkens, the scene changes, and the home of the murdered man and all the testimony of the woman, which includes the murder itself, takes place before the audience. This is a brief outline of the plot of the play spoken of as one of the genuine dramatic successes of the theatre.

"Daddy-Long-Legs" will return to the Columbia Theatre for an engagement in the near future.

William A. Brady is one manager who is against the war play unless the war element is greatly eliminated or reduced to a minimum. He produced last season "The White Feather," and insisted on keeping all reference to its actual subject away from its billing. The play did well in New York, but did not meet with as great a success on the road. This Mr. Brady attributes to the subject. A war play in time of war is not the proper kind of subject to give the American public.

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## VANITY FAIR.

A willingness, one might even say a desire, to take orders, seems to be an ineffaceable characteristic of the human mind and one that should be faced quite seriously by those who look forward to some glorious democratic age when every one will do precisely what he pleases. The desire for personal liberty seems indeed to be pretty much of a myth, a fine thing to be talked about, but one to be sedulously avoided in practice. In fact it is a good deal of a nuisance to have to make up one's mind about a dozen different courses of action and a good deal of a comfort to have some one to do it for us. As a result the modern community is divided between a number of unofficial persons who shout their orders through megaphones and a much larger number of persons who hasten to obey. And this habit of order shouting is much more prevalent in democratic countries than in others. In the older countries of the world, where there are actually persons who can give orders and compel obedience, they have been taught by the gentle practice of cutting off heads to look upon their authority as a matter of theory and carefully to refrain from speaking in a loud voice. It is mainly in democratic countries that the habit of implicit obedience is most deeply ingrained. We assure ourselves that since we can actually do exactly as we please there can be no possible harm in complying meekly with the vociferous demands of every strident voice.

Take, for example, the innumerable conventions that are now the order of the day. They are made up for the most part of experts, and the correct attitude toward the expert is to prostrate one's self in the mud and to knock one's forehead three times upon the ground. That the expert, and especially the sociological and "scientific" expert, is usually an ignorant mountebank does not matter at all. It is a peculiarity of the day that the mountebank is adulated in precise ratio to his mountebankism. If Plato and Moses and Paul were to re-appear on earth today no one except the police would take any notice of them. Billy Sunday is about our style. We live in an age of Billy Sundayism.

And so the conventions are issuing their orders. Men and women alike are told precisely what they are to wear, and it would no more occur to them to disobey than it would occur to the average citizen to object to being huddled by a policeman. The watchmakers have held their little prayer-meeting and have told us that we must wear wrist watches, and at once we proceed to do so. Thank heaven they did not tell us that the watch must be imbedded in the flesh or carried in the mouth or suspended from the left ear. We should have done it.

Now come the dancing teachers. There is a voice from Boston, which is another name for Sinai. They are good enough to tell us what we must dance and, curiously enough, this happens to correspond with what they are willing to teach. Everything that we have been dancing hitherto, and which they taught us to dance, is intolerably vulgar and must be discarded instantly. That we should dance the dances that we already know would obviously be unprofitable to the dancing teachers and would bring no grist to their mill. And so they issue their orders. There is no diffidence about them. Not a sign of it. They talk as we might suppose that God would talk to a black beetle. The one-step, they tell us, will be continued with its walking steps, followed by a simple figure. The fox-trot is also to remain, but with modifications. Syncopation is to be eliminated, and any one who fails to eliminate it will fall under the displeasure of the dancing teachers' convention. There is no need to enumerate the penalties of disobedience. No one will think of disobeying. Instant obedience is our long suit. "We are not going back to the old dances," said one teacher. "The smooth, running steps will be distinctly different from the old glide steps." That settles it. No matter as to the identity of the "we." That does not matter at all. It is a loud noise, and we always obey a loud noise. Moreover, we have learned that whatever we did, or said, or thought, or danced, or wore, last year it will be vulgar and degrading to do, or say, or think, or dance, or wear this year. Let us pay up cheerfully and avoid being hark numbers.

And now comes the medical convention in Chicago. Does it strike you with surprise that there should be fashions in maladies and remedies? Why there is more opportunity to show a genuine had taste in diseases than anything else. You can be more hopelessly unfashionable in the choice of a pain or ache than in the cut of your pajamas. No gentleman who is a gentleman will tolerate the idea that his internal economy is subject to the same derangements as that of mere common people. And how the common people do cower, to be sure. There was a time when appendicitis was the peculiar privilege of persons of wealth. Poor people were quite properly content with pain under their pinafores and castor oil and vulgar things of that kind. But nowadays, thanks to the medical experts

who keep writing to newspapers at \$10 a column, nearly every one can put his finger approximately on his appendix and can diagnose what is the matter with him after eating an ice-cream sundae. There seems to be no such thing as exclusiveness left on earth. Only last week we heard of a quite common person who was operated on for appendicitis at a charitable institution. Certainly there was some excuse, seeing that medical students must learn. But in this case a certain nemesis overtook the doctor. He lost a valuable medical sheers and it was only by pure luck that he recovered it at the post-mortem.

It is largely the fault of the doctors themselves that the common herd has thus been allowed to invade the sacred precincts. A year or so ago a doctor could tell by a glance at a man's clothes whether he had appendicitis. But suddenly it dawned upon the profession that even quite shabby people often owned their homes and that said homes were good for a mortgage of a couple of hundred dollars. A little adroit questioning was needed to ascertain the real estate facts and so to determine whether it was a case of appendicitis or of pain in the stomachs. Mistakes were made sometimes, and then it had to be a dollar down and a dollar a week. But this just shows how doctors are to blame for leveling the social barriers and allowing just any one to scramble into the grandstand.

But the medical convention at Philadelphia has promised to amend its ways. If the proletariat is determined to have appendicitis it may have appendicitis for its very own. Wealth and culture will henceforth be provided with some other disease and appendicitis will now be a mark of vulgarity, and not of rank.

The pancreas, says the Philadelphia doctors, promises to provide what may be called a virgin field. Pancreatitis is a winsome disease that may be expected to follow close in the footsteps of wealth. The wrist watch, the amended fox-trot, and pancreatitis will be the marks of blue blood, and we may now ask the doctors to inform us as to the symptoms of pancreatitis so that we may proceed to develop them. A costly operation will of course be necessary, and we can but express the hope that it will be so very costly that only the elect will be able to indulge in the new malady. Let us hope that doctors in general will sternly discourage any attempt on the part of the masses to cheapen and vulgarize a malady that should be the monopoly of the higher rungs of the social ladder. No man ought to be allowed to have pancreatitis merely because he is found to own his home or to have an uncle who is a plumber.

It is not known (says the Providence Bulletin) who invented the "sport shirt" and wished it on misguided youths. The garment has a V neck, giving it a lovely effeminate air, and the broad, flowing collar is trained over the outside of the coat collar. It only needs some embroidery or lace insertion to look as picturesque as possible. One gets the firm impression that the grown-up wearer of a sport shirt is not old enough to vote, whatever the records may say or whatever his size and face may indicate. Perhaps it is one of the "American fashions," but in any event it suggests melancholy reflections.

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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A young lady entered a hook store and inquired of the gentlemanly clerk—a married man, by the way—if he had a book suitable for an old gentleman who had been married fifty years. Without the least hesitation the clerk reached for a copy of Parkman's "A Half-Century of Conflict."

Traveling through Ireland on horseback, a tourist came upon an old man who was fencing in a most barren and desolate piece of land. "What are you fencing in that lot for, Pat?" said he. "A herd of cows would starve to death on that land." "And sure, your honor, wasn't I finding it to keep the poor bastards out av it!"

The grocer had just put a new boy to work and among the other instructions was this: "If you do not happen to have what a customer asks for suggest something else as nearly like it as possible." Soon a woman came into the store and asked the boy: "Have you any fresh green stuff today?" "No, ma'am," answered the boy, "but we have some nice bluing."

The town council of a thriving Scotch burgh recently acquired a piano for their town hall, and appointed three of their number to inspect and report on the purchase. The councilors were not musical experts, but one—a joiner—bending down and applying his eye to the several corners of the instrument, remarked: "I'm no judge o' music, but I'll warrant ye a' the boards are plumb."

The general was inspecting a regiment just about to depart for new quarters. He asked a young subaltern what would be his next order if he was in command of a regiment passing over a plain in a hostile country, and he found his front blocked by artillery, a brigade of cavalry on his right flank, and a morass on his left, while his retreat was cut off by a large body of infantry. "Halt! Order arms, ground arms, kneel down, say your prayers!" replied the subaltern.

They were about the roughest, rawest lot of recruits the sergeant ever had to tackle. He worked hard at them for three hours, and at last thought they were getting into some sort of shape, so he decided to test them. "Right turn!" he barked. Then, before they had ceased to move, came another order: "Left turn!" One yokel slowly left the ranks and made off toward the barrack room. "Here, you!" yelled the sergeant, angrily, "where are you off to?" "Ah've had enough," replied the recruit in disgusted tone. "Tba doesna know tha own mind for two minutes runnin'!"

A motorist was stopped by a policeman for speeding, whereupon he became angry and called the policeman an ass. After he had paid his fine the judge reproved him for what he had said to the officer. "Then I mustn't call a policeman an ass?" he said. "Certainly not," said the judge. "You must not insult the police." "But you wouldn't mind if I called an ass a policeman, would you?" "Why, no, if it gives you any satisfaction," answered his honor with a smile. The motorist turned to the man who had arrested him. "Good-day, policeman," he said, and immediately left the courtroom.

When the ballplayers are down south in the spring the old boys do not take any chances with their pitching arms, letting the youngsters prove their energies instead. One day at Little Rock, where the Detroit team was playing an exhibition game, old Red Donabue, who in his day was the sharpest-tongued man in baseball, was tossing them over and letting the Little Rock batters hit at will, to the great delight of the spectators. "Oh, Red, you're easy, easy," shrieked one very wild fan who was getting on Red's nerves. "I'm not half as easy as you are," retorted Red, "you paid fifty cents to see me do it."

There was a brigadier-general in the Civil War who was so earnest in his religious efforts that in a short time he had converted every man in the brigade except one hardened teamster. Going to his commander one day this man said, solemnly: "General, I am lonesome. Every man in the camp has been converted except me. I suppose it's the right thing, but I don't see how I can manage it." "Why, my good fellow," said the general, "I see no difficulty in the way of it if you will just surrender your own will and ask for guidance." "That's jest it, general," said the teamster. "If I am converted, who in blazes is goin' to drive them mules?"

Mrs. Bosbyshell heard that her ebony-hued cook, the pride and joy of the kitchen, was about to take another plunge into the matrimonial sea. So she decided to ascertain the

truth of the report. "Mirandy," she said, "I hear it rumored that you are going to be married again, this time to Joe." "No'm, I aint gwine git mabried ag'in, Miss Lucy," replied Mirandy. "I kinda like Joe, but I aint gwine mahry him." "What's the trouble?" asked Mrs. Bosbyshell. "Aint no trouble, Miss Lucy," said Mirandy, "but yo' see I done been mahried three times already, an' to tell yo' de truff I'm gittin' mighty tiahed payin' out good money to dem undabtakahs."

A visiting minister preaching in a small town, near which a well-known race meeting is held, forcibly denounced the "sport of kings." The principal patron of the church always attended the home meetings, and of this the stranger was afterward informed. "I'm afraid I touched one of your weaknesses," said the preacher, not wishing to offend the wealthy one; "but it was quite unintentional, I assure you." "Oh, don't mention it," cheerfully retorted the backslider, "it's a mighty poor sermon that don't hit me somewhere."

A happy couple were on their way to Scotland. They had to change trains at Carlisle, and an obliging porter, while struggling with the luggage, noticed that the young lady's hair was dotted with rice. He approached the young man and, pulling a folded paper from his pocket, said: "A present for you, sir, with the company's compliments." "Indeed," said the traveler; "what is it?" "A railway map, sir." "Oh, thank you; but what are these marks in blue pencil?" "That's the beauty of it, sir; these marks show just where the tunnels are and their length."

Senator Hoar used to tell with glee of a Southerner just home from New England who said to his friend: "You know those little white round beans?" "Yes," replied the friend, "the kind we feed to our horses?" "The very same. Well, do you know, sir, that in Boston the enlightened citizens take those little white round beans, boil them for three or four hours, mix them with molasses and I know not what other ingredients, bake them, and then—what do you suppose they do with the beans?" "They—" "They eat 'em, suh," interrupted the first Southerner impressively; "damme, suh, they eat 'em!"

## THE MERRY MUSE.

## After Prayer Meeting.

Prayer-meeting o'er,  
I saw her there,  
Close by the door,  
With her raven hair,  
Close by the door,  
With her eyes of light,  
Prayer-meeting o'er,  
On a starry night.

Would she say "yes"?  
How dare I try!  
The stars will bless  
In a crystal sky,  
The wind will woo  
And the moon's a guide,  
But it's hard to do  
If you've never tried.

She started away,  
My tongue stuck fast!  
Her smile was gay  
As she sauntered past  
In the starry night  
(Ah, who'd believe!),  
With her hand laid white  
On my rival's sleeve.

—H. S. Haskins in *New York Sun*.

Eve was the only woman who  
Ne'er turned around to see  
Just what the other woman wore;  
With that you will agree!  
—Vanity Fair.

## All "Over."

Marie is in the mountains,  
The precious little dove,  
And she is (so Jane writes me)  
Over her head  
in  
love.

And Daisy's at the seashore,  
She's getting awful tanned.  
Upon the beach she's lounging  
Over her limbs  
in  
sand.

And Myrtle's on the prairies  
(A tall, romantic lass),  
Outdoors she's idly rambling  
Over her knees  
in  
grass.

And father's in the city,  
He's hustling hard, you bet,  
Poor man! they say that he is  
Over his ears  
in  
debt.

—The Bohemian.

## Gradatim.

A maiden at college named Breeze,  
Weighed down by B. A.'s and M. D.'s  
Collapsed from the strain.  
Said the doctor, "'Tis plain  
You are killing yourself by degrees!"  
—Kansas City Star.

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JUNE 30th, 1915:

Assets.....\$90,321,343.04  
Deposits.....57,362,899.35  
Capital actually paid up in cash.....1,000,000.00  
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....1,958,443.69  
Employees' Pension Fund.....193,164.12  
Number of Depositors.....66,965  
For the 6 months ending June 30th, 1915, a dividend to depositors of 4 per cent per annum was declared. Open Saturday Evenings 6 to 8.

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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Judge Frederick William Henshaw and Mrs. Henshaw have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Eleanor Tay, to Mr. John Mighell, Mr. Mighell is the son of Captain William E. Mighell, U. S. A., of this city. The wedding will take place in January.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Sloss entertained a number of friends recently at a dinner at their home on Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Findlay Montague were host and hostess Tuesday evening at a dinner at their home on Pacific Avenue. The affair was in honor of their house guests, Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Warren, of New York.

Mrs. Atholl McBean was hostess Tuesday at a luncheon at her home on Washington Street. Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Folger gave a dinner at their home on Pacific Avenue. The affair was in honor of friends enjoyed their hospitality. The affair was in honor of Mrs. J. H. Greenway and her son, Mr. John C. Greenway, of Arizona.

Mrs. John McMullin gave a luncheon at the California building Thursday, when a coterie of friends enjoyed her hospitality.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker entertained a number of friends Wednesday evening at a dinner at their home in San Mateo.

Mrs. Harry Weihe has issued invitations to a bridge-tee Wednesday afternoon, October 13th, at her home in Oakland.

Miss Linda Bryan was hostess Tuesday afternoon at a tea at her home on Vallejo Street.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott entertained a number of friends Thursday at a luncheon at her home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Taylor-Smith of New York was the complimentary guest Saturday at a luncheon given by Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr., at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Van Coenen Torchiana gave a house party at their home in Santa Cruz over the weekend, when a coterie of friends enjoyed their hospitality.

Mrs. Adolph Barkan and Miss Fannie Barkan entertained a large number of friends Wednesday afternoon at a reception at their home on Laguna Street. The affair was in honor of Miss Phebe Bunker, whose engagement to Dr. Hans Barkan has recently been announced.

Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels entertained a number of friends Wednesday evening at a dinner at their home in San Diego. The affair was in honor of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Jr., who are spending their honeymoon in Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller were host and hostess Tuesday evening at a theatre and supper party in honor of Mr. Langdon Ewing of Santa Barbara.

Mrs. William Bailey Lamar gave a luncheon at the Fairmont Hotel Tuesday, when a dozen friends enjoyed her hospitality.

Mrs. Francis Hazelhurst and Miss Ella Eastis of Philadelphia were the complimentary guests Thursday at a luncheon given by Mrs. James Otis, Sr., at the Town and Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Peixoto entertained a number of friends Thursday evening at a dinner at their home on Clay Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Payne entertained a large number of friends Saturday evening at a dance at the home in San Mateo of Mrs. Payne's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Sahla.

The Misses Marion and Ethel Maroney were formally presented to society Saturday afternoon at a reception given by their aunt, Mrs. Harry Rice Bostwick, at her home on Broadway.

Miss Marie Southard of Washington, D. C., was the complimentary guest Sunday afternoon at a tea given by Miss Madeleine Sissons.

Mr. and Mrs. George Bowles entertained a large number of friends Saturday afternoon at a tea at their home, the Pines, in Oakland.

Miss Marguerite Sullivan was hostess Tuesday at a luncheon at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Holbrook have issued invitations to a dance Friday evening, October 22d, at their home on Pacific Avenue. The affair will be in honor of Miss Marian Baker, who will make her debut on this occasion.

Mme. Yasutaro Numano was hostess Thursday afternoon at a tea in honor of his excellency, M. Alatic, the minister to Mexico from Japan.

Mrs. Walter C. Beattie and Miss Margaret Berkeley Beattie gave a tea recently at their home in Sausalito.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Kohl were host and hostess recently at a luncheon in honor of their house guests, the Misses Mary and Helen Patten, of Washington, D. C.

Miss Mary Gayley was hostess Thursday at her home in Berkeley at a luncheon. The affair was in honor of Miss Corona Williams, whose wedding

to Mr. Berrien Anderson will take place Thursday, October 14th.

Mr. John McCullough was host at a stag dinner Monday at the Fairmont Hotel. Mr. McCullough is en route to New York, but will return here after a brief visit.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin entertained a number of friends Thursday at a dinner at her home on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. McCormick were host and hostess at a dinner-dance Friday evening at their home on Vallejo Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Haig Patigian were host and hostess at a dinner Friday evening at their home on Francisco Street.

Mrs. George A. Pope was hostess Thursday at a luncheon at her home in Burlingame in honor of Mrs. Myron T. Herrick.

Miss Naud O'Connor gave a luncheon Thursday at the Francisca Club. The affair was in honor of Mrs. John P. Jones.

Mrs. Fitzhugh Lee and Mrs. Harry Cootes were the complimented guests Tuesday at a luncheon given by Miss Edith Bull at the Francisca Club. Lieutenant George de Neal, U. S. N., and Mrs. de Neal were host and hostess Saturday afternoon at a tea on board the U. S. S. Oregon.

Mrs. Alfred Hunter entertained a number of friends Saturday afternoon at a bridge-tee at her home at Fort Scott. The affair was in honor of Mrs. John Hayes, who with her husband, Captain Hayes, U. S. A., sailed Tuesday for the Philippines.

Naval Constructor Robert B. Hilliard, U. S. N., and Mrs. Hilliard were host and hostess recently at a bridge party at their home at Mare Island.

Mrs. Edwin Long was hostess Thursday afternoon at a bridge party at her home at Fort Scott. The affair was in honor of Mrs. George Bell, Jr.

Mrs. Lester Moreton was the complimented guest Friday afternoon at a bridge-tee given by Mrs. Charles Hines at her home at Fort Scott.

Major-General Arthur Murray, U. S. A., and Mrs. Murray entertained a number of friends Sunday at a luncheon at their home at Fort Mason. The affair was in honor of Major-General James B. Aleshire, U. S. A., and Brigadier-General Tasker H. Bliss, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bliss, of Washington, D. C.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. Edmunds Lyman sailed Wednesday for Honolulu, expecting to remain about a month.

Mrs. J. C. Wilson and her three children have gone East to spend the winter, and may decide to reside permanently in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Bain have rented their home in Montecito and have gone East to spend the winter. In New York they will join Lieutenant Harry Gantz, U. S. A., and Mrs. Gantz, who were married a few weeks ago in Montecito. Mrs. Gantz, who was formerly Miss Beatrice Miller, is the daughter of Mrs. Bain.

Mrs. Frank Preston arrived last week from Medford, Oregon, and is visiting her sister-in-law, Mrs. Willard N. Drown.

Mrs. James W. Sperry has decided to spend the winter in Grenoble, France, with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Carrigan. Mrs. Carrigan is visiting relatives in the East, but expects to join her mother here and accompany her on her trip to Europe.

Mrs. Adrian von Behrens and Miss Josephine Ross have returned to Santa Barbara after a few weeks' visit in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. John McCullough have returned to their home in New York after an extended visit. Mrs. McCullough had planned to remain here several weeks longer, but finally decided to accompany her husband.

Mr. and Mrs. William Gifford sailed last week for their home in Honolulu. They have been in town for the past three months.

Mrs. Gilbert Brooks Perkins is here from New York and is visiting her mother, Mrs. M. A. Huntington, at her home on Maple Street. Mrs. Perkins was formerly Miss Clara Huntington of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Christian de Guigné, Jr., and Miss Ysabel Chase sailed Wednesday for Honolulu, where they will remain a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lewis Coleman and their daughter, Miss Cara Coleman, will soon close their home in Burlingame and will occupy a house on Broadway near Laguna Street during the winter. Miss Coleman is a debutante of the season.

Mrs. C. O. Richards of San Diego has been spending the past two weeks as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Lawson and Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall.

Mrs. William S. Porter and her son, Mr. Hugh Porter, are expected home soon from Southern California, where they have been visiting during the past month. They are planning to spend the winter in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Vanderhilt are com-

ing from New York to spend the winter in Santa Barbara, where they will occupy the home of Mrs. William Miller Graham. Mrs. Vanderhilt is a sister of Mrs. William Post, who returned to New York two weeks ago after an extended visit at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Sherwood Hopkins and Miss Gertrude Hopkins are again occupying their home, which was rented for two months to Dr. James McBryde of Pasadena.

Dr. Benjamin P. Brodie and Mrs. Brodie of Santa Barbara are in town and will remain here during the winter. They have taken an apartment at Stanford Court.

Mirza Ali Kuli Khan has been appointed Persian consul-general to New York and will soon leave with his wife and children to take up his duties in the Eastern metropolis. Mme. Khan was formerly Miss Florence Breed of Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Winston and their daughters, the Misses Marguerita and Carolina Winston, have come from Santa Barbara to spend a month in this city.

Honorable Charles Page Bryan has returned to his home in Chicago after a few weeks' visit to the Exposition.

Dr. Oliver Dwight Norton and Mrs. Norton, who reside in Montecito, have decided to spend the winter in the East. They arrived last week from the south, as also did Mrs. John Edward Beale and Miss Bispham.

Miss Marin and Miss Rice have returned to Santa Barbara after a month's visit at Stanford Court.

Mr. and Mrs. George Barr Baker have returned to their home in New York after having spent the summer in San Mateo. Mr. and Mrs. John Douglas departed the same day. They came from the East a few weeks ago to visit the Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Collins are here from Honolulu and are the guests of Mrs. Collins's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Kittredge, at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lloyd Butler, who were married recently in New York, have arrived in Pasadena, where they will spend a few weeks before establishing themselves in Santa Barbara. Mrs. Lloyd Butler was formerly Miss Ida Ross.

Mrs. Berge Bishop Beckett departed Tuesday for Goldfield to join her husband, whose business interests will keep him there indefinitely.

Miss Frances Stewart is visiting friends in Mendocino County and is planning to come to this city before returning to her home in San Diego.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Lapham are in town for the winter after having spent the summer in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn and Miss Marjorie Josselyn have closed their home in Woodside and are settled for the winter at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Cortlandt Bishop have arrived from New York and are guests at the Fairmont Hotel. This is their second visit to the Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Emil Pohli have returned to their town house from Mill Valley. Their son, Mr. Emil Pohli, Jr., is finishing his agricultural course at the University of California farm at Davis.

Mr. Dunbar Wright is a recent visitor from New York who has been enjoying the Exposition.

Major Thomas Grafton Hanson, U. S. A., Mrs. Hanson, and Miss Elizabeth Hanson, who have recently arrived here, are established at the Presidio.

Lieutenant Lester Moreton, U. S. A., and Mrs. Moreton have come from Fortress Monroe and are stationed at Fort Winfield Scott.

Brigadier-General Henry P. McCain, U. S. A., and Mrs. McCain have returned to Washington, D. C., after a brief visit in this city. They are the parents of Mrs. Emory Smith, wife of Lieutenant Smith, U. S. A. General McCain is adjutant-general of the army.

Major I. C. Jenks, U. S. A., and Mrs. Jenks are en route to the Philippines, where Major Jenks will join his regiment.

Major Frank Cheatham, U. S. A., and Mrs. Cheatham will occupy the quarters at Fort Mason of Major William H. Bertsch, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bertsch, who will move to the Presidio.

Commander James H. Bull, U. S. N., and Mrs. Bull have come from Santa Barbara to spend the winter season.

Mrs. Richard Flanders has been spending the past week with Lieutenant Richard Keiran, U. S. N., and Mrs. Keiran.

Governor George Carter of Honolulu, Mrs. Carter, and their daughters, the Misses Elizabeth and Phebe Carter, departed Sunday for Boston, where they have taken a house for the winter. They spent a week in this city visiting the Exposition.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Marion F. Terry has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. Terry was formerly Miss Geraldine St. John.

## Play to Aid the War Victims.

Having won the approval of Paris theatre-goers, Mme. Myriam-Deroxe will appear tonight in a benefit performance of Theodore de Bonville's sketch, "La Baiser." The proceeds will be given to aid the destitute victims of the war. Mme. Myriam-Deroxe, after studying abroad, has returned to this city, where her parents reside. She won the Ponsin prize and the first scholarship in the Conservatory of Paris, and has appeared with success in Paris and London for the last six years.

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MATTHEW HAMILTON,  
Business Manager.  
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 2d day of September, 1915.  
(Seal) NETTIE HAMILTON,  
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## THE MUSIC SEASON.

## Earl Cartwright to Appear with Orchestra.

The popular and delightful symphony concerts of the Exposition Orchestra will be resumed at Festival Hall this Sunday afternoon at half-past two, when one of the most important programmes of this very eventful year will be given. The soloist will be Earl Cartwright, the distinguished haritone, who created a genuine furor at the recent Autumn Music Festival. His tones are wonderfully clear and resonant, his enunciation is flawless, and these attributes, combined with his sympathetic expression, make his singing a genuine delight. Mr. Cartwright has chosen for his selections the serenade from "Don Juan," by Tschaiakowsky, and the "Pilgrim's Song," by the same composer. The entire programme for the afternoon will be made up of works by the great Russian composer, with one exception, "On the Steppes of Central Asia," op. 7, by Borodin. Conductor Max Bendix and his splendid organization of eighty musicians will offer, for the other numbers, Tschaiakowsky's wonderful Symphony No. 6, in B minor, "Pathétique," op. 74, and his "Capriccio Italien," op. 45. Mr. Bendix presented a remarkably successful Tschaiakowsky programme early in the season and seats for this concert are going with a rush at the Exposition ticket office, 343 Powell Street.

## Fritz Kreisler's Violin Recitals.

Fritz Kreisler will, assisted by Carl Lamson, accompanist, give his second recital at the Cort Theatre this Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock sharp. Warning is given that late arrivals will not be seated until after the first number has been played.

Last Sunday afternoon at the Cort two thousand people heard and applauded him to the echo. The programme, which follows, is filled to the brim and overflowing with good things:

|  |                   |
|--|-------------------|
| La Folia (Variations).....                 | Corelli           |
| First time here by Kreisler                |                   |
| Sarabande, Double and Bourree, B minor.... | Bach              |
| For violin alone                           |                   |
| Fantasy, C major, op. 131.....             | Schumann          |
| Larghetto Lamentoso .....                  | Godowsky          |
| First time here                            |                   |
| Rondino (on a theme by Beethoven).....     | Kreisler          |
| First time here                            |                   |
| Aubade Provencale .....                    | Couperin          |
| First time here by Kreisler                |                   |
| Mazurka .....                              | Chopin            |
| First time here by Kreisler                |                   |
| Variations .....                           | Tartini           |
| Indian Lament .....                        | Dvorak-Kreisler   |
| First time here by Kreisler                |                   |
| Viennese Melody .....                      | Gaertner-Kreisler |
| First time here                            |                   |
| Spanish Dance .....                        | Granados          |
| First time here                            |                   |
| Hungarian Dance .....                      | Brahms            |

Tickets are on sale and programmes may be secured at the box-offices of Sherman, Clay & Co., Kohler & Chase, and the Cort Theatre. Mail orders will be filled in the order of their receipt and as near the desired location as possible.

Frank W. Healy, under whose local direction Mr. Kreisler is appearing, has, by general request, arranged for an extra recital to take place at the Cort Theatre Sunday afternoon, October 17th.

## THE CITY IN GENERAL.

A jury in Judge Bernard J. Flood's department of the superior court has returned a verdict in favor of the defendant in the case of the Union Securities Corporation against Mrs. Besse Grim Cook, wife of the late Judge Carroll Cook, in which promissory notes of \$1500 were involved. Mrs. Cook alleged that the signatures of these instruments were forged by her late husband.

The board of education has adopted a resolution to invite Dr. P. P. Claxton, United States commissioner of education, to conduct a survey of the San Francisco schools. Dr. Claxton comes as the result of an agreement with the Chamber of Commerce, which body is to pay all the expenses of the investigation.

The United Manufacturers, one of the largest cigar-making concerns in the country, in which Mose and Morgan Gunst and Milton and Alfred Esberg of this city are heavily interested, has purchased for more than \$1,000,000 the business of Bonder & Ledder of New York, the largest independent cigar company in the United States. Announcement of the deal was made here last Tuesday by Mose Gunst of the M. A. Gunst Company.

An estate in California valued at \$134,184.87 is disposed of in the will of Oscar T. Sewall, late member of the shipping firm of Williams, Dimond & Co., who died in Greenwich, Connecticut, early last year. The will, with a petition for letters of administration, was filed for probate here on Tuesday by Warren D. Clark, a member of the same firm. The California holdings, consisting of stock in the shipping concern and other companies, are bequeathed to relatives in the East.

A social service school will be opened October 15th under the auspices of the San

Francisco Polyclinic and Post-Graduate College. The purpose of the school is to fit educated women for civic and social service, either professional or volunteer, and for effective work as directors of philanthropic institutions, members of committees, and friendly visitors. A partial course of thirty evening lectures has been arranged for those unable to take the regular course.

Wells Fargo & Co. on Tuesday of this week asked the railroad commission for a rehearing on its application to increase its express rates within the State of California. The express company claims that the commission has overestimated its net revenue from its business by \$500,000 for the year 1911 and has overestimated the value of its property devoted to the California business by an equal amount.

City Attorney Long has asked the board of supervisors for a further appropriation in the case of the city's water-rate litigation with the Spring Valley Water Company. Lately the board has appropriated \$15,000 to meet this expense. The city attorney says that further funds, at least in the sum of \$12,000 or \$13,000, are immediately necessary, and that between now and the conclusion of this trial early next year not less than \$20,000 will have to be spent by the city in this case to determine water rates.

The Southern Pacific Company has chosen Detective P. J. Kindelon as chief special agent of all of its western divisions. Kindelon, who is one of the best-known railroad detectives on the Coast, is thus placed over the largest territory of any special agent in the United States.

William H. McCarthy, who entered the contest for assessor at the primaries, has withdrawn his name from the list of candidates for the November election in favor of John Ginty, who opposed him on September 28th. Ginty, who had a plurality over McCarthy of 25,000 votes, lacked but 533 votes to be elected at the primaries.

The Pacific Mail liner *China* came into port on Thursday of last week, completing her last voyage under the Pacific Mail flag. This vessel has been sold to the Atlantic Transport Company and will be turned over to them immediately for use in Atlantic waters.

Charles Sleeper, who for thirty-eight years has been manager of the San Francisco Clearing House, died on Sunday at the Hahnemann Hospital at the age of seventy-two. He is survived by a widow, two sons, and two daughters.

On Sunday last, which was the feast of Our Lady of the Rosary, several thousand Catholics took part in an open-air procession which started from St. Dominic's Church, passed around several blocks and returned again to the church. The services began with the "Blessing of the Roses." Solemn high mass followed, with the Rosary sermon.

The estate of Isaak Kohn, known as "Oregon" Kohn, is being probated, and court records show that he left property valued in all at over \$4,000,000. Of this amount \$557,000 is in actual cash, the largest amount of cash ever handled in the local probate court. The inheritance tax on the estate amounted to \$264,927.63. The remainder of the estate consists of stock in almost every large bank in the city, corporation securities, and promissory notes. The chief beneficiary is the widow, who receives over \$2,000,000, the rest of the estate going to his five children, with the exception of a bequest to a servant and \$5000 to the Hebrew Orphan Asylum.

Frederick Greisheimer, accused of having fleeced Dr. Karl Muck, director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra out of \$300 during Dr. Muck's recent visit to this city, has been returned here from New York for trial. He is said to have escaped from a deputy sheriff here while the latter was accompanying him to a dentist's office.

Miss Catherine Jahne, recently of Germany, won the four-mile swimming match on the bay Sunday, when she competed with three men and two other women in a race from Alcatraz to Fort Point. This was the annual long-distance swim of the United States Life-Saving Corps. Miss Jahne in this contest defeated three of the best swimmers among local prize-winners, Walter Griffiths, George Mertens, and Edward Murray.

The Toyo Kisen Kaisha, the Japanese steamship company operating between Japan and this country and South America, has found it necessary to change the routing of three of its boats which heretofore have touched only at South American ports so that they will now touch at this port as well. The retirement of the Pacific Mail and other American companies from the Pacific on account of the seamen's bill recently passed and enforced has

so increased the passenger and freight demands upon the Japanese line that it finds it incumbent to run thirteen boats between this city and the Orient instead of ten.

On Monday the American Electrical Railway Association began its convention here with a session at Native Sons' Hall. On Tuesday the most important meeting of the session was held at the Civic Centre Auditorium, when Governor Johnson, Jesse W. Lillenthal, C. Loomis Allen, and others addressed the visiting delegates. All the problems of the street railway world are under discussion and railway men from all parts of the United States are in attendance.

## NOTES OF THE EXPOSITION.

Much attention has been attracted to the Horse Show. On Tuesday a number of blue ribbons were awarded. Several were taken by the Anita Baldwin stable. In the five-gaited saddle-horse class La France, the chestnut mare of Miss Louisa King of Kansas City, captured the blue ribbon. Calamity Jane, owned by Harry Hastings of Campbell, California, won in the green polo class. Captain Cootes and Mrs. Grace Maxwell made an almost perfect record in hurdle jumping with their hunting pair. Then came the harness tandems. The Woodland Hackney Stud of San Francisco took the blue ribbon with Delight and Emmeline, Revel Lindsey English capturing the red ribbon with Edith Adams and Highland Lucia. Little Bernice, Jack Walsh owner, won in the single roadster class. In the polo pony race for army officers, Dago Mike, ridden by Lieutenant A. L. P. Sands, took the blue ribbon, and in the tent-pegging finals Private R. Brooks, riding Jack, was the winner.

The presentation of two "highest awards" has been made to the Southern Pacific Company. One is the highest award for railway track, equipment, motive power, and safety-first appliances, and the other is the highest award for traffic promotion. They come in the nature of two banners, specifying why they were given and bearing the official Panama-Pacific ribbon.

The woman's board of the Exposition has decided to drop the controversy with J. E. D. Trask, chief of the Exposition department of fine arts, over the exhibition of the picture, "The Expectant Mother," drawn by Bela Uitz, Hungarian artist, and hung in the annex to the Palace of Fine Arts.

This past week has been designated as Prune Week at the California building, where in the Santa Clara County booth each day prunes have been given to visitors. In all some 32,000 pounds have been distributed.

During the past week twenty-five conventions have met in different buildings, and twenty-three special organizations have celebrated their "day." The largest of the conventions was that of the American Electric Railway Association and five affiliated organizations, which convened on Monday.

There were two Portuguese celebrations on the grounds on Monday. One was under the auspices of the Portuguese-Americans and took place in the morning in the Court of Abundance. A separate celebration was held by representatives of the home country in the Pavilion de Portugal in the afternoon. J. A. Silveira of the Portuguese-American Bank



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presided at the function of the morning, while Vicomte d'Alte had the place of honor at the more formal party of the afternoon. Officials of the Exposition took part in both festivities.

Honduras Day has been postponed to November 4th, because Commissioner-General Antonio Fontechi, through a change of president in the late election in Honduras, has been supplanted by T. Miralda, consul-general for San Francisco. A special envoy will come from Honduras for the November celebration.

United States Senator Lawrence Y. Sherman of Illinois was the guest of honor at an informal reception given on Tuesday night at the Illinois building by the Illinois commission.

On Tuesday the Aetna Insurance Company opened its convention at the Inside Inn. Representatives of this company from the East made up the largest individual party that has ever come across the continent, making in all five trainloads. The delegates, numbering one thousand in all, are from New York, Boston, Chicago, Columbus, Ohio, and the Northwest.

Tuesday was Ohio Day, and thousands of Ohioans from all parts of California responded. Governor Frank B. Willis of Ohio was the central figure. President Moore and the directors of the Exposition were the hosts to Governor Willis at luncheon at noon.

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Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors of The Luther Burbank Company, a corporation, held on the 15th day of September, 1915, an assessment of One Dollar (\$1.00) per share was levied upon the capital stock of said corporation, payable immediately to Ross Thomson, Assistant and Acting Secretary of the corporation, at the office of the Company, Burhank Building, Market and Beale Streets, San Francisco, California. Any stock on which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 18th day of October, 1915, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on the 8th day of November, 1915, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

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### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Polly—I believe Miss Yellowleaf actually prays for a man. Dolly—Well, most men need praying for.—*Life*.

"Are you going to rusticate this summer, Mrs. Comeup?" "No, indeed; we're just going down on the farm."—*Baltimore American*.

"Your husband sends you very few letters." "That's all right. He sends me his pay envelope every week."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"The De Vorees would be ideally married if it were not for one thing." "What's that?" "The fact that they are married to each other."—*Judge*.

"Poor Jeannette is still grieving over her husband's death." "Yes; one would almost think he had taken his money to heaven with him."—*Kansas City Star*.

Newcomer—Can you tell me, please, where I can find good hoard in this town? One-Time City Dweller—Only in the lumber yard, I fear.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Late Comer at Lecture (to occupant of aisle seat)—Is the seat next you reserved? Occupant—Evidently. It hasn't made a sound since I came in.—*Dallas News*.

Helen—Do you love me, dear? Jock—Deary, sweetheart. Helen—Would you die for me? Jock—No, my pet. Mine is an undying love.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

Mrs. Cossey—The doctor says ye hov appendikitis, Tim! Mr. Cossey—Och, Norah, Norah! Whoy wor ye so foolish as to show him yer hank book?—*Dallas News*.

She—Why did you wear that top-coat on a warm day like this? He—I expected you would wear your fox furs and I didn't want to be odd.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

Mrs. Wulloby—De agent says if we aint got de rent nex' Monday we's got to git out. Som Wulloby—Nex, Monday? Den we doan' ned ter worry fo' de nex' fo' days!—*Puck*.

"I see you hought a Ford?" "Yes, and these would-be humorists make me sick. Only today one of them sent me a rubber hand for an extra tire."—*New York Times*.

Guzzler—I met Talkalot this morning. It was a treat simply to listen to him. Flubdub—What did he say that was so interesting? Guzzler—Asked me what I'd have.—*Lonity Fair*.

"Why does your dachshund sit up on his hind legs all the time?" "The intelligent animal realizes that lengthwise he takes up too much room in the flat."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Bigson—How well you're looking this morning, Jigson! Jigson—Yes; I never looked better in my life. I'm looking for a man who owes me ten dollars.—*Denver Republican*.

Employer—I'll hire you on one condition. You must get results. New Office Boy—Say, I'll get them and the batteries and the hits and errors within half an hour after every game.—*Judge*.

Stronger—Have you a good hair tonic you can recommend? Druggist (prohibition town)—Here is something that is spoken of very favorably by the people who have drunk it.—*Topeka Journal*.

Lunatic (looking over asylum wall)—What are you so pleased about? Crank—I've thought of a way to end the war. Lunatic—Oh, what's the idea? Crank—Sue for peace. Lunatic—Come inside.—*Passing Show*.

"Is our friend a prominent and influential citizen?" "I should say so. He is so prominent and influential that he could lead a lynching party without the slightest fear of being recognized."—*Washington Star*.

Officer in Volunteer Comp (to recruit)—Now, in the event of a fire breaking out, what are you to do? Recruit—Run and find you, sir. Officer—Right. And if I'm not to be found, what then? Recruit—Put out the fire, sir.—*Punch*.

"One gets lots of sympathy in the world," said the optimist. "Yes," said the pessimist, "but most of the sympathy you get in life is about as sincere as is the sad look on the face of the undertaker who is conducting a \$900 funeral."—*Topeka Journal*.

"I've just bought a setter," said Blithers. "That's some coincidence—I've just had one wished on me," said Slithers. "Mine's a Gordon," said Blithers. "Mine's a hired man," said Slithers.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Vicar's Daughter—I'm sorry to hear you were at the Methodist tea meeting, Miss Jones. I can not think what arguments have caused you to change your creed. Miss Jones—Well, miss, first it was their sultany cakes, but it was their 'am sangwidges as converted me, miss.—*Tit-Bits*.

The Impresario—Certainly, madam. I can

supply you with a second prima donna to sing your children to sleep. But you sing so perfectly yourself. The Prima Donna Assoluto—But my singing is worth \$5000 a night, and I couldn't think of squandering that amount on the children.—*Houston Chronicle*.

Scientific Parent (on a stroll)—You see out there in the street, my son, a simple illustration of a principle in mechanics. The man with that cart pushes it in front of him. Can you guess the reason why? Probably

not. I will answer for you. (To the child) You push that cart because of physics. Cause I ain' a boss, you old timer.—*Tit-Bits*.

"Do you see that strong, healthy man over there?" "I was just admiring his physique." "The doctor told me he was found they couldn't get a."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.



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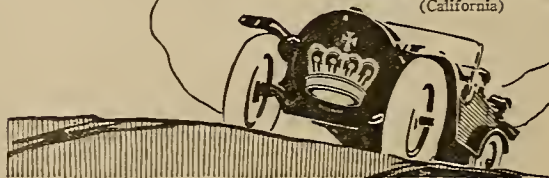
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# The Argonaut.

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## THIRTY-NINTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### President Wilson's Campaign Programme.

Announcement that Secretaries Garrison and Daniels have agreed upon a programme looking to large increase in the military and naval forces of the United States may be accepted as defining one feature of President Wilson's campaign for reelection. Now for several weeks the Administration by various devices has been testing out the sentiment of the country. Having discovered that the universal feeling is for increased defensive forces the policy of a bigger army and a stronger navy has been determined upon. Another indication of administrative policy, looking to next year's campaign, is with respect to woman's suffrage. The President, hitherto somewhat less than lukewarm, has declared himself as favorable to extension of suffrage to women by action of the several states; and with the single exception of Secretary Lansing, the department heads have fallen into line. Obviously the Administration does not intend to be at disadvantage with respect to an issue which is crowding itself toward the centre of the stage. There remains one vastly important matter with re-

spect to which Administration policy must be formed, namely, the tariff. Traditional Democratic policy looks one way. Immediate requirements, both financial and political, look the other way. Tariff schedules need now in the interest alike of the national treasury and of general prosperity to be revised upwards. This is what the Republican party will promise to do. What is Mr. Wilson's attitude toward this issue? Nobody now knows, probably least of all Mr. Wilson himself. But the Argonaut ventures the prediction that long before the presidential campaign begins the Administration will be found openly arrayed on the side of a higher tariff. There will be various disguises to cover this radical departure from Democratic tradition and from recent Administration policy. But the situation, regarded politically as well as economically, calls for a flop, and the President will find arguments in justification of it.

The Argonaut ventures this prophecy, namely, that in the year 1916 President Wilson will be found a candidate for reelection on a platform of (1) preparedness; (2) extension of the suffrage to women by state action; (3) increase in tariff duties; (4) to hell with the one-term plank.

### The "Beauties of the Fair."

There is need for a calm and sane word respecting projects more or less under discussion to "save the beauties of the Fair." Reference, we hasten to say, is not to Stella, nor yet to the more or less veiled ladies of the Streets of Cairo—past saving we sadly fear—but to certain "features" whose dignity and loveliness have contributed largely to the charm of the Exposition. It does seem a pity that so much beauty should go out of the world. And this reflection—putting to one side the fine commercial enthusiasm of neighbor De Young—has been the inspiration of suggestions looking to perpetuation of the "Art Palace" with its detached colonnade, the adjacent Lagoon, the Avenue of Palms, the Marina, and perhaps other engineering or architectural structures.

Now if these things really existed in forms and materials capable of being preserved the project might possibly be worth while. We say possibly because we have doubts. How much of their charm is connected directly with the circumstances of this year and this occasion? Is there in the Art Palace—that is, in the building itself—anything really beautiful? Admitted that its east wall in conjunction with the detached colonnades is a thing of infinite dignity, how much of all this would survive the spirit of the Exposition and the throngs which give animation to the scene? Take away the Exposition structures, banish the crowds, remove the works of art scattered about, give the place over to solitude and the neglect which goes with it, and would there be anything left to admire in a thing which now charms us all? Imagination does not have to travel far to discover the Art Palace reduced to the status of a warehouse, the colonnade in the rôle of a band-stand, and the now beautiful Lagoon a mudhole of pestilential odors and a breeding-place for toads and mosquitoes. And as to the Marina, whose beauty is not a thing of itself but of the unchanging Golden Gate and of the mountains which lie beyond: Here, we are told, is something which neither time nor circumstance can mar. But hold a moment! Beyond the Marina and now submerged there lies, we are told, a full tier of city blocks held in private ownership. With the Marina "saved" it would surely be worth the while of those who own this property to put it to utilitarian account. Then your lovely Marina would be transformed into a useful though, we suspect, not very beautiful street. It would be just another of the several more or less delectable avenues which make up the North Beach district. Much the same argument

applies in the case of the Avenue of Palms, though with its greater width and its fixed adornments there is opportunity here for something rather better in the salvage line than in the case of the Marina.

But as a matter of fact these "beauties of the Fair" have no existence in forms and materials capable of being preserved. That which we now so greatly admire is nothing more or better than mere papier mache models of the conceptions of artists and architects. Those massive walls, those stupendous pillars, are mere fakes designed for a temporary purpose and for nothing else. One winter's exposure will turn their grandeur into shabbiness. These "beauties," if they shall indeed be "preserved," will speedily be no beauties at all, but a pitiful and depressing wreck of past delights. Talk about saving the beauties of the Fair is mere idle talk, because there is nothing that can be saved. The beauties of the Fair are like the beauties of a garden—born to fade. To attempt to extend their life would be as futile as to attempt to prolong the charm of the lily or the rose.

All of the projects thus far suggested are dependent upon impossibilities. The Presidio, upon the edge of which the Art Palace stands, is a military reservation and it may legitimately be used only for military purposes. Any project to constitute it a species of architectural museum must run the gauntlet of military inquiry and inevitably fail. The War Department most surely would not permit the maintenance of structures upon the military reserve unavailable for military uses. This has been stated plainly enough by the commandant of the Presidio, but for some reason—or in sheer hardihood—has been ignored by the champions of saving projects. It is possible that the government may be induced to acquire and keep open the Avenue of Palms as a connection between Black Point and the Presidio. This would serve a strictly military purpose. And of all the salvage projects yet proposed it is the only one which may be defined as practicable.

Those who talk about preserving the yacht harbor as an aquatic park and of the acquisition of part of the Exposition site by the city for park purposes, ignore the financial incompetence of San Francisco for further enterprises along this line. San Francisco has parks and open spaces quite equal to her needs; and even if she had not, this is hardly a time for urging enterprise along these lines. We are not yet recovered, in a financial sense, from the great disaster of 1906. True, we have rehabilitated the municipality in many ways, larger and better than before. But these achievements are reflected in a bill yet to be paid. San Francisco is heavily in debt—so heavily that nobody seems willing to accept our pledges. It is not a time for further straining our credit—and increasing our tax bills—and nobody seriously conscious of our responsibilities would suggest it.

There remains still another consideration, not so much related to the project itself as explaining possible motives connected with it. Preservation of the "beauties of the Fair"—or the attempt to preserve them—would naturally have relationship to the values of adjacent property. And with the razing and removal of the Exposition buildings there may be a very considerable area in the form of lots and blocks with streets ready laid, sewers ready placed, and all other conditions favorable, etc. Perhaps this fact may have something to do with stimulating the enthusiasm for "saving the beauties of the Fair."

### A Disgraceful Exhibit.

The incident in connection with the dismissal of the aviator, Pettrossi, seems to show that the veneer of our civilization is even thinner than we had suspected. It is an incident disgraceful to the Exposition and reflective of disgrace upon the city itself. Pettrossi, it seems, has not placed his life in sufficient



by his daily exploits in the air. The crowds attracted to the Exposition by the possibilities of tragedy have been disappointed by flights that end day after day in monotonous safety. The thrills created by the desperate performances of Lincoln Beachey, performances that ended in his frightful death, have evaporated and are not being satisfactorily renewed by his successor. Pettrossi has therefore been warned by Mr. Connick and Mr. Hardee—if we may trust the newspaper report—that he must “show more stuff,” that is to say that he must place his life in greater danger. A subsequent report describes how the unfortunate aviator tried to comply with this cruel demand by performing the “elongated loop,” involving a fall of 800 feet. But even this was not sufficient to satisfy the appetite of Connick and Hardee, who have accordingly canceled Pettrossi's engagement and have announced the return of Art Smith, who has presumably guaranteed to furnish the public with a full half-dollar's worth of horrid anticipation.

The *Argonaut* hopes and believes that Connick and Hardee have misinterpreted the public demand for sensationalism and that they have done no more than express their own brutal vulgarity. But unfortunately these persons are in a position of authority, and they will use that authority to the continued disgrace of the Exposition unless they are checked by those with the necessary authority to do so. Has Mr. Moore nothing to say to such savagery as this? Does he countenance this direct invitation to a repetition of the Beachey horror? Is he willing to rival the barbarisms of the Roman amphitheatre in order that a few additional dollars may be paid at the admission gates? If this shameful thing is to be allowed there seems to be no reason why we should not frankly revert to the honest savageries of the gladiatorial combat, while to ban the innocent bullfight becomes mere hypocrisy. If Pettrossi's successor should meet the fate that was undoubtedly forced upon Beachey there need be no hesitation in saying that Connick and Hardee ought to be indicted for manslaughter. For that will be the precise designation of the offense.

The *Argonaut* does not believe that the public wishes to see a human being incur a deadly danger for its holiday amusement, or that an understanding public would sanction so demoralizing an exhibition. There seemed to be no pretense in its lament for Beachey, and surely one such horror is enough without deliberately purchasing its repetition by pecuniary inducements so high that human nature can hardly resist the bribe. If the public actually desires this sort of exhibition, if it is willing to tolerate it, then we had better stop the cant of the agitation against war and the appeals to the communal conscience that evidently does not exist. No reward can be too great for a display of useful skill and daring, but that the Exposition authorities should actually demand of a human being that he incur the deadliest and the most useless of dangers for the already sated pleasure of a holiday crowd is almost unbelievable. Once more we may ask if Mr. Moore will use the necessary influence with the understrappers of the Exposition in order that this disgraceful business may be avoided?

#### The White House Bride.

Mrs. Galt, soon to become the wife of President Wilson, is the widow of the late Norman Galt of Washington. Norman Galt was one of the four sons of William M. Galt, for many years proprietor of the local “Tiffany” shop at Washington. Three of the sons died following the death of the father, and Norman succeeded to the business, which he conducted up to his death four years ago. Then his wife—a Miss Bolling of Virginia—acquired the interests of the other heirs and became the sole owner of the Galt business, which is managed by her brother. The Galts have long been associated with the best social life of Washington, though not particularly active and not eminent in it. Their immediate social connection has centered about St. Thomas's Episcopal Church, of which Norman Galt was a vestryman and his wife prominent in parish affairs.

Mrs. Galt, who came to Washington a bride in her early twenties—she is now thirty-eight—is a woman of cultivated mind, is well-mannered, handsome, charming. In personal style she differs in a marked way from the Wilson family connection, which is essentially of the college type. They have the standards and habits characteristic of a small though highly cul-

tivated community, whereas Mrs. Galt is essentially a woman of the world in the best sense. As mistress of the White House she will bring to that establishment a connection which it has lacked under the Wilson régime.

To be mistress of the White House is no easy job. While it does not involve anything in the way of administrative talent, it does call for grace of personality and for sustained energies. The White House is less a domestic than an official establishment. It is the house of the President rather than of the President's wife. The motives, times, and forms of White House entertainment are diplomatic and official, and so being are regulated by the President and his aides. The part of the women of the President's household is to fit gracefully into prearranged conditions rather than to have a share in the making of the conditions.

The most successful mistresses of the White House have been women who made no attempt to intrude domestic or personal motives into the formal life of officialism. A woman of the yielding rather than of the masterful type is best adapted to the duties of official hostess. The failures—and they have been many—have been on the part of women so lacking in experience or judgment as to fail to understand the paramount obligation of official motives and who therefore have sought to exploit themselves and their dietary or other whims or to introduce inconsequential family friends into circles where they have no proper place. Washington, it is understood, entirely approves of the marriage of the President and Mrs. Galt. The common opinion is that she will fill gracefully the public duties which will fall to her as the wife of the President and that she will give to the White House an atmosphere of grace and dignity which of course has been lacking in the period since Mrs. Wilson's death some fourteen months ago.

Many unfamiliar with Washington life find it difficult to believe that there are a score of houses in Washington of higher valuation in a social sense than the White House. The explanation is simple. The motives of entertainment at the White House being political and diplomatic, invitations are given out on political and diplomatic account. Persons of no social consequence at home may frequently be seen at the President's entertainments. If we are not mistaken our own Eugene Schmitz was once a guest at the White House. Certainly many another man no more distinguished for character or social prestige has enjoyed that special form of compliment. Other houses at Washington, notably that of the Secretary of State, and even more notably the British Embassy, lie under no political obligations. Persons are bidden there upon other considerations, commonly very much higher considerations. Thus a dinner invitation, say to the British Embassy, regarded as a social distinction, is a far higher card than a summons to the White House. It will readily be understood that this fact rather augments than diminishes the demand upon the mistress of the White House for social tact. Since she receives all sorts of people she must, if she would be highly successful, be the mistress of varied graces. One who entertains a “mixed” company has need for far greater subtlety of mind and of courtesy than one who deals only with a particular class.

The country will wish Mr. Wilson all manner of good fortune in his matrimonial venture. He is by temperament, as well as by the circumstances of official life, a man very much apart. He ought to find in a happy marriage much to counteract and efface the cares and burdens of official life.

#### Recognition of Carranza.

The immediate effect of the effort to pacify Mexico by getting behind Carranza will be to intensify the animosities and the activities of the Mexican embroglio. As matters stand today Carranza is undoubtedly the strongest of the factional chiefs in his command of moral and material forces. He controls in a military sense all of southern Mexico—that is to say, the states of Yucatan, Chiapas, Campeche, Tabasco, Guerrero, and Oaxaca. In the centre and north of Mexico he controls the states of Vera Cruz, Puebla, Hidalgo, Tlaxcala, Mexico, Guanajuato, Jalisco, Colima, San Luis Potosi, Zacatecas, Tamaulipas, Nuevo Leon, Sinaloa, Aguas Calientes, Queretaro, Michoacan, and the Federal District, besides the territories of Tepic and Quintana Roo. In all these regions a semblance of peace has been enforced and military governors

appointed by Carranza are in authority “pending the elections of Constitutional government.”

Villa has control only of the state of Chihuahua, part of Coahuila, Durango, and Sonora. Zapata controls only the state of Morelos, the smallest in the republic. Obregon and Jacinto Trevino have no definite jurisdiction. Villa's army is an indefinite quantity ranging in numbers from 8000 to 20,000 as against a numerical strength approximating 100,000 (according to his own statement) on the part of Carranza.

The adjustment proposed by the United States in the recognition of Carranza will please just one person—Carranza himself. Its first effect, as we have already said, will be to increase the numerous animosities and activities of the war. Villa, Zapata, Trevino, and God knows who else of the revolutionary chiefs, large and small, may now be expected to compromise their differences and present a united front to Carranza. The business of these men is that of war. Their status and their interest are dependent upon the continuance of war. To surrender to the authority of Carranza would be to submit themselves to the mercies of a rival who, for all his character as a man of education and presumptive gentleman, is without mercy. The only way to save their skins is to fight and to keep on fighting. This they will surely do. Instead of bringing about peace, therefore, recognition of Carranza will merely stimulate the war.

In this settlement we are theoretically avoiding participation in the troubles of Mexico. But as a matter of fact we are going just far enough to involve ourselves in the responsibilities of intervention without really accomplishing anything. We are further compromising ourselves by a partnership with a man of known vindictiveness whose open purpose is to hang whoever of his enemies may fall into his hands.

General Carranza's programme of government as presented to the Pan-American conferees at Washington would be vague enough if it came from a man of civilized standards. Coming from a Mexican whose open avowals exhibit his inability to comprehend the obligations of authority from a civilized point of view, it means just nothing at all. Carranza promises protection to foreigners in their lives and property, with indemnities for the damages which the revolution may have caused to them, in so far as these indemnities may be just. Second, he promises “true justice” to everybody; third, freedom of religion, with the further statement that “temples shall continue to be the property of the nation \* \* \* and shall again be ceded for the purpose of worship when it may be necessary.” Fourth, Carranza pledges that there shall be “equitable distribution of the lands owned by the government,” with “just and equitable” taxation. Fifth, “all property legitimately acquired \* \* \* and which may not constitute a privilege or a monopoly, shall be respected.” Sixth, “permitting the establishment of private schools subject to our laws.” Finally, “the congress will convene an election for president and vice-president throughout the republic” \* \* \* and as soon as this takes place Carranza \* \* \* “shall deliver the executive authority to the president-elect.”

All this means just nothing at all. It is a plan formulated for consumption at Washington upon the basis of a shrewd understanding of President Wilson's susceptibility to fine phrases. Promises so vague may be construed any way which may please the circumstances or the whim of the man in authority. We may judge of the definiteness and integrity of the whole business by the final pledge which promises a constitutional election, etc. Of course no such thing as a constitutional election is possible. Elections in Mexico are the special privilege of the man in authority. Whoever controls the machinery of elections gets whatever result he may desire. There is just one person in the world who appears unable to comprehend this fact, and that person is Mr. Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States.

The primary fault of this whole scheme lies in its attempt to accomplish by indirection that which we should do either directly or not at all. In backing Carranza as against his rivals we are in effect intervening in the affairs of Mexico; but we are doing it under cover and in a blundering way. We are stirring up old animosities and developing new ones. We are working through an agent of known defective character. In brief, we are continuing the policy of the past three years—a policy founded in doubt, looking to action through subterfuge and aiming at impracticable



bilities. We sadly fear that instead of helping Mexico we shall only intensify and prolong her sufferings.

#### Pointing the Way.

The settlement effected by young Mr. Rockefeller with the employees of the Colorado Iron and Fuel Company is important not more as related to the immediate case than as affording a conspicuous example for adjustment of future contentions between labor and capital. Once make the principle involved in this settlement the custom of the country and, presto, there will have been secured the things for which unions of workmen—theoretically at least—have been created and are maintained. We say theoretically because time and conflict have added something to the original scheme of labor unionism, nothing less than a special professionalism with the machinery to support it, all very costly and in many ways tending to corruption in varied forms.

The one unchallengeable justification of unionism is the demand for justice. Capital comes into combination in various ways, and works to common purposes and through expert agents. Union of workmen, theoretically—and largely in practice—is needed to meet and combat organized capital. It was found that the individual worker got the worst of it when face to face with impersonal capital. But the Colorado settlement is under a principle which recognizes the rights of the workman quite apart from union affiliation. While maintaining the principle of the open shop, it admits the right of labor to collective bargaining and recognizes the right of the worker to reasonable and human conditions of wages and of living. In brief, it concedes everything which labor, organized or independent, has the right to ask. Its only denial is the demand of unionism for monopoly of employment—for practical penalization of the man who does not come under the rule of labor leaders, yield them obedience, and contribute to their support. It is notable that this settlement comes, not as a surrender to organized labor, nor as a consequence of its efforts, but in recognition of broad social rights and in relation to conditions as they have grown up in connection with the operation of one very large industry.

It was of course inevitable that time should work out a scheme of things better than a balancing of selfish interests between labor and capital. The economies of business which now play so important a part in all enterprises of production were in conflict with the union scheme; likewise the equities were bound to work out a practice more just all round than that devised by the selfishness of capital or by the resentments of labor. It was certain that both labor and capital must ultimately discover the advantages of a system based on contract and fully recognizing common interests and common rights. This seems to have been attained, not completely and finally, perhaps, but in principle and measurably in practice by the Colorado settlement.

It was of course to be expected that the professional group in the scheme of organized labor should find motives of dissatisfaction in this adjustment—not more perhaps in the adjustment itself than in the promise of peace predicated by it. Leadership of labor unionism has come to be a trade, and a very profitable trade. It has created and it sustains an army of organizers, promoters, champions. The business of this professional class will of course be destroyed by a development in the relations between labor and capital which eliminates the necessity for its existence. Naturally men whose importance, whose position, and whose livelihood depend upon the maintenance of one condition will not be pleased by a development which establishes another condition. Their status is much like that of the mercantile jobber who protests every development in the mechanism of trade which tends to eliminate the middleman. Or like the military officer who can see only personal disaster in a reign of peace. The leaders of unionism are mere middlemen, and a very expensive sort of middlemen. Their position rests not upon peace between labor and capital, but upon war. They want no peace founded in mutual understanding and in mutual acceptance of simple and fair rules of dealing. What they want is a status that will perpetuate the need of unionism, its taxes, and its costly organization, to the end that their dignities and their profits may continue.

It would be mere Utopianism to assume that the Colorado settlement has solved not only the strike in Colorado, but all the matters in conflict between

labor and capital. Again it would be going far to assume that this settlement has developed the final word in relation to the equities between labor and capital. None the less it is a very great achievement as pointing the way to fair dealing all round. Once let the principle upon which this settlement is founded have universal acceptance, let it become the custom of the country, and a tremendous advance will have been made both in the efficiencies of industry and in the equities of human life in the United States. Under this principle there will be no need of those costly schemes of aggression and defense illustrated on the one hand by the Pinkerton agency and on the other by the militant organization of unionism. This is far from saying that the unions should or may disband. There are plenty of things for unionism to do besides promote strikes. Again, the vigilance which is the price of liberty can only be maintained by sustaining the machinery which may work out in representative force. Unionism in its better phases must always be a necessity. But we repeat that when the principle involved in the Colorado settlement shall be universally accepted—as it will be—there will be no need for the rough-riding organizers and whippers-in who in recent years have been not so much the servants of labor as its masters.

#### THE THEATRE OF WAR.

The war situation in eastern Europe is now so complex that the observer may well be content to extricate a few salient facts and to await a future that is too obscure even for the most tentative prediction. And prominent among these few available facts is the circumstance that Bulgaria has actually entered the war after a period of uncertainty due first of all to a fear of internal dissensions and secondly to a wholesome dread of incurring the anger of Russia.

The recent history of Bulgaria is not exactly of a kind to stimulate her audacities, nor has King Ferdinand established for himself a reputation for successful statecraft. The terror of Russia hangs like a cloud over all the Balkan States, and although this may have been lessened by recent Russian reverses it is still a very real and abiding thing. It will be remembered that before the outbreak of the second Balkan war the Czar threatened the aggressor with punishment. The threat was so far effective that there was no actual declaration of hostilities, but none the less Bulgaria drew the sword and was not only soundly beaten by Serbia, but was taught a sharp lesson from Petrograd. Roumania took and kept what she wanted of Bulgarian territory. Bulgaria was denied the strip of Macedonia that she coveted, and she lost the greater part of Thrace that had been wrested from Turkey. She suffered terribly in the war that she had provoked, and at its conclusion she found herself beaten in the field, impoverished in her finances, and poorer territorially than she had ever been before. This was her reward for a defiance of Russia, and we may be sure that she is not at all anxious for a repetition of this particular page of history. We are told that certain Bulgarian statesmen have openly threatened Ferdinand with the loss of his head if he should once more lead his country to disaster, and we may look here for the reason of Bulgaria's hesitation. The king would undoubtedly like to fight, but he would rather defend than attack. He would like to be forced into war, not only that he might thereby excuse himself to Russia in the event of reverses, but also that he might appeal to his people for unanimity. This accounts for Bulgaria's pacific assurances to Great Britain and also for the statement of the Bulgarian premier that there would be no attack upon Serbia without a preliminary attack by Germany. If Germany should invade Serbia, as she has now done, it would strengthen the Bulgarian war party by giving them the plea of national interests that must be safeguarded. Bulgaria is keenly anxious to revenge herself on Serbia and also to recover her lost territory, but she was not anxious to move until she was fairly certain of the way in which the cat would jump. She has a dread of Russia abroad and of revolution at home.

The bribe offered to Bulgaria by Germany is naturally a matter of speculation, and we need hardly apologize for using the word bribe, since the Bulgarian premier openly avowed that his country was in the market and awaiting the highest bidder. Cherif Pasha is responsible for the statement that Turkey has been persuaded by Germany to offer Constantinople to Bulgaria in return for her aid, and there is reason to believe that this may be so and that with such an offer there could be no competition. In that case Bulgaria would dominate all the Balkan States while herself dominated by Germany, and we should have the impressive spectacle of a Teutonic *Bund* stretching right away to the Black Sea. Such a project is dazzling enough to capture the German imagination, and we may well believe that all other considerations become subsidiary to so splendid a vision and one so worthy of German imperialism.

But can it be done? Is there any possibility of doing it? That, of course, depends upon the possibility of overrunning Serbia and so making an open road to Constantinople. With Bulgaria attacking Serbia, and Greece and Roumania remaining neutral, there does not seem very much chance of a successful Serbian resistance unless Russia, France, England, and Italy should show themselves to be in earnest

in coming to the aid of their little ally in the Balkans. There are so many undetermined factors that even the probabilities are too evasive to be captured. Greece, Roumania, and Serbia could probably defeat any forces that could be sent against them. The Serbian country is admirably adapted for defensive purposes, while Roumania would be able to menace the flanks of an invader. Roumania's sympathies are strongly with Russia and Serbia, and it is nearly certain that Russia's influence will prevail here. Greece seems determined on a benevolent neutrality, but here again we must count on the possibilities of popular pressure, always a vital factor in eastern Europe. It may easily force Greece into war against Germany, and it may easily force Roumania. Every country in the Balkans is on the knife edge of indecision, and probably not one among them could forecast its own actions. And those actions are likely to be determined by the success of Serbia in her own defense and with the aid that has already been given to her by England and France.

And here again we are in the dark. We know that British forces are landing at Salonika, presumably detached from the Dardanelles, but we do not know how many. We know also that there are British officers and British artillery now with the Serbian forces, which are described as practically recreated. We shall do well to be cautious in crediting Serbian reports of successes, but we may usefully remember that Serbia nearly destroyed the Austrian forces sent against her in the early part of the war. Austria was no match for Serbia. Indeed she found that the Serbian nut was too hard to crack, and abandoned the attempt. The present invading force is of Austrian composition, but it is officered by Germans, and this makes all the difference. Belgrade has fallen, but then Belgrade fell once before and was retaken. Serbia's true defensive territory lies to the back of Belgrade, and there seems to be no doubt that she is full of fight and that her invasion will be in no sense a military parade. At the present time her efforts are directed not so much to the defeat of the Germans as to compelling a sufficient delay in their advance to allow the Salonika forces to come up.

It may be said that the fortune of the war in the Balkans will largely depend upon the importance given to it by the Allies. If they take the view that the Balkans have now become the supreme storm centre of the war then we shall see a vast concentration in defense of Serbia which will probably prove to be the last chapter of the struggle and that is almost sure to engulf the hesitating nations. Of England's intentions there are now no doubts. She will send every man and every gun that can be spared, even at the cost of a relaxation of the Gallipoli operations. Russia will certainly take the same view, since her interests demand her dominance in Balkan affairs as well as the ultimate possession of Constantinople. But of France and Italy we can not be so sure. A considerable Italian force is probably within striking distance of Serbia, since we know that such a force set sail a month ago and it has never been accounted for. At the same time it is said that General Cadorna is strongly opposed to a division of strength or to an extension of the sphere of operations. The same indecision may be said to prevail in France, where there is a feeling that the first of all French duties is to rid French soil of the invader. A certain number of French troops are known to be at Salonika, but whether France will concur in the view that the Balkans are now the centre of gravity remains to be seen. In any case it seems likely that she will leave the Balkan work to Russia and England. France has by no means an unlimited supply of men, and she would have to be quite convinced that the longest way round may be the shortest way home before she will be willing to relax her efforts in France or to divert much of her strength from the French trenches. Russia is said to have 600,000 men at Odessa, and these are intended either to fight Bulgaria or to defend Serbia. We may apply the usual discount to these large figures, but we may at least be quite sure that Russia will not be half-hearted where there is any question of the Balkans or of Constantinople.

The strength of the German attacking force should also be estimated with caution. The earlier reports spoke of 150,000 men and the later stories speak of 600,000. If we assume the actual number to be somewhere in the neighborhood of 200,000 men we shall probably be accurate. With the German armies in Russia grimly holding their own, and with so serious an attack in the west, it is hardly possible that Germany could find any very large army for the invasion of Serbia. At the same time she could bring very large reinforcements from Russia if it should seem absolutely necessary to do so, so necessary as to risk a sweep westward of the Russian tide.

With so many factors impossible of determination it would be merely reckless to depart from the safe ground of generalities. At the same time there is good reason to believe that the Balkans have in very truth become the supreme centre that at one time was in France and then in Russia. We may even entertain the speculation that the greatest and final struggle will be in eastern Europe, and that we are about to witness the culminating phase of the war. The whole of Germany is now practically a besieged fortress with Serbia as the one weak link in the encircling chain of steel and fire. If Germany can break her way through to Constantinople she will once more be in the open air, and moreover she will be able to recruit her armies from the masses of first-class fighting material to be found in the Turkish Empire and that need no more than the brief attention of the drill sergeant. To the east, the west, and the south she is confronted with gigantic armies of veterans whom she may be able to push back in places, but that she can not capture



destroy. Alone in the southeast there is a gate ajar, so far but weakly held, and that may be forced by a sudden and determined attack. It is hard to believe that France and Italy will hold aloof from the effort to close that gate before it is too late or that they will take a merely parochial view of the issue that is at stake. Even if France should decide to continue her present concentration in the west it would not necessarily show that she had underestimated the importance of the Balkan struggle, but rather that the field had been divided among the Allies and that her own apportionment would be the territory in which her main armies are now.

So far as we may forecast the probable alignment of forces in the Balkans we may suppose that Germany has 200,000 men with indefinite reinforcements and Bulgaria 300,000. Opposed to these are 150,000 Serbians, 500,000 Russians, and probably 100,000 British and French. If Roumania should come in she could place 750,000 men in the field. But neither the Russians, the British, nor the French are yet on the scene in numbers, and Roumania has not yet declared herself, although she is nearly certain to do so. The immediate struggle is therefore between the Serbians and their enemies, and it is a struggle between a rat and a dog. We may expect to hear of German successes against a ferocious Serbian resistance, but the struggle will be more nearly equalized as soon as the Russians and their Allies come upon the scene. The points to be watched for are revolutionary movements in Bulgaria, a popular pressure in Greece on the side of the Allies, and the entry of Roumania. There will be the heaviest fighting in France in order to prevent the sending to the Balkans of German reinforcements and we shall probably hear of Slav successes in Russia on account of the weakening of the German lines. Everything points to the Balkans as the scene of the culminating and concluding struggle of the war.

It is now possible to summarize the results of the recent fighting in the west. There were four points of main attack, at Lens, at Souchez, at Hooze, and at Perthes. At Lens, at Souchez, and at Perthes the object is obvious. Immediately behind Lens and Souchez is the highroad which is used for German communications by motors, while immediately behind the road is the railroad line which brings supplies to within a couple of miles of the fortifications. The highroad has been taken by the French, while the railroad is now within range. To the north of Perthes and Rheims is another railroad which is used by the Germans for the supply of their whole line from Verdun to Noyon. The French made important gains here, but they did not succeed in reaching the railroad, although they are within three miles of it. How much the French expected to accomplish is a matter of speculation. The Germans claim to have found copies of the general orders from the commander-in-chief, which seem to show hope on the part of the Allies to get the Germans on the run all along the line. Such a hope may have been expressed in the general orders without being more than an effort to arouse enthusiasm. But perhaps the real significance of the fight is to be found, not in the amount of trenches gained and lost, but in the demonstrated ability of the French to make progress against fortifications that have been strengthened for a year and that were supposed to be impregnable. General Joffre is reported as saying that the German defenders were not taken by surprise, and that they knew so well what was coming that they had brought reinforcements from Russia. Indeed there can be no element of surprise in operations that are preceded by a bombardment that lasted for four weeks and that increased steadily in violence up to the final moment. A bombardment such as this means only one thing, an attack by infantry, and the Germans can hardly have been surprised by a sudden assault that had been rendered possible by the destruction of large areas of trenches and the flattening out of the barbed-wire defenses. Once more we are reminded that battles are fought with artillery, and that the day is won by the largest supply of munitions. It is evident that the lines have not been so deadlocked as we may have supposed, and that they can not be held merely by the process of sitting tight. If the French are to be prevented from making another rush, and with similar results, it will have to be done by a reinforcement of the German lines, and this is hardly consistent with the dispatch of a large new army to Serbia. And it is likely enough that the attack in the west was timed in order to discourage the Serbian expedition and also to coincide with the high-water mark of German successes in Russia.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 13, 1915.

SIDNEY CORYN.

Large rafts and barges on the Yenisei River serve a double purpose, which is probably not duplicated elsewhere in the world. This Siberian river, the fifth longest in the world, varies in width from ten to thirty miles for a distance of 300 miles from its mouth, and from the upper parts rafts made of timber are sent down, simply drifting with the current. A kind of rough barge is also used, purely for drifting purposes, which is usually sent from the more cultivated districts on the upper part of the river loaded with various necessities of life and broken up for building purposes at its destination, which is north of the line where trees grow.

The extent of animal life in central Siberia may be imagined when it is considered that one merchant has been known to buy as many as 1,000,000 squirrel skins in a single season.

Mining is the oldest industry in central Siberia, and in the Yenisei district about thirty gold dredgers are employed, yielding good returns.

## THE STORY OF A DAGGER.

Also of Love and a Woman's Secret.

We were sitting, Sir Marmaduke and I, at the Café de la Régence, one sultry evening in early summer. We had each a *mazagran* and a cigar. Sir Marmaduke was reading the *Times*, while I looked lazily through a veil of smoke at the stars and the passers-by. In the white front of the Théâtre Français every window blazed with light. The gas lamps of the Avenue de l'Opéra shone like flakes of gold in contrast with the misty pallor of electricity through which, at the end of the vista, the façade of the opera-house could be dimly discerned. The fountain of the Place du Théâtre Français reflected in shifting gleams the thousand lights around. In front of the great theatre the red lamps of the orange stalls, shining on the pyramids of fruit, heightened harmoniously the pale yellow of the prevailing light. The monotonously strident cries of the orange-men and programme-sellers, together with the tinkle of the liquorice-water vendor's bell, mingled in my ears with the dull clap-clap of the cab-horses' hoofs upon the asphalt. All sorts and conditions of men and women filed past on the broad pavement; and, watching them, I amused myself by fancifully recognizing in the more noticeable figures this or that personage of Dumas *filis*, or Daudet, or Zola—a Monsieur Alphonse or a Duc de Septmonts; a Risler *ainé*, a Delobelle, or a Deschelles; a Sidonie or a Sapho; a Gervaise, a Lautier, a Zéphyrin, or a Satin.

But there were other types in the shifting scene besides those of the French realists. Every now and then there would pass a personage who had evidently walked straight from the pages of Mr. Howells or Mr. James; and the characters of Mr. Du Maurier (a realist, too, after his kind) brought with them airs from Kensington and blasts from Bayswater. Here, for instance, was an unmistakable Englishman crossing toward us from the Théâtre Français, whence issued two streams of men eager for a breath of air between the acts. The Englishman was of tallish figure, middle-aged, correct, commonplace. His short brown whiskers were touched with gray; his upper lip and chin were shaved; his mouth was firm; his nose thin and well cut, his eyes small and unremarkable. His eyebrows were the only striking feature of his face—long, bushy, and overhanging, like those which Darwin developed, it is said, by continual concentration over his microscope. On the whole, I took him for a barrister in good practice, or a Home Office man; and the latter hypothesis, as I afterward found, was correct. He walked up to the Café de la Régence and looked about for a seat in the open space in front. To get at the only unoccupied table he had to pass Sir Marmaduke, whose outspread *Times* was blocking the way. Sir Marmaduke looked up absently at the intruder, then sprang from his seat, almost knocking over his water-carafe in his excitement, and seized the astonished Englishman by the hand.

"Phillips?" he cried, "where have you dropped from? How glad I am to see you!"

"Ah, Middleton!" said the other cordially; "I was thinking of you the other day as I passed by Stresa, on my way over the Simplon."

"We haven't met since that day on Maggiore—how many years ago?" said Sir Marmaduke.

"Eight or nine," put in Mr. Phillips, who had meanwhile given the waiter his order.

"No; eleven," replied Sir Marmaduke, after a little thought.

"I needn't ask whether you took my advice," said Phillips, looking at him; "your hair is scarcely grizzled."

This enigmatic remark excited my curiosity. Could this friend of Sir Marmaduke's be an agent of the hyacinthine Mrs. Allen, or a traveler in "Balm of Columbia"?

"If I hadn't taken your advice, my dear fellow," said Sir Marmaduke, "I shouldn't be here at this moment."

"You'd be settled in India?" said the other, with a curious smile.

"Probably," replied Sir Marmaduke, reflecting his friend's smile; "settled for good."

He now introduced me to Mr. Phillips, and we nodded to each other with the studied frigidity of true-born Britons.

"And now tell me," said Sir Marmaduke with interest, "what became of you after we parted that morning? You vanished into thin air. Did you find your hippogriff awaiting you when you landed at Palanza? You must know," he added, turning to me, "that Phillips is a necromancer, a Cagliostro, by Jove!"

"I didn't find a hippogriff," said Phillips, "but a telegram from the Home Office. I took the first steamer for Arona, and was in London two days later."

"Do you still practice the black art?" asked Sir Marmaduke.

"The black and white art, you mean," said the other, laughing. "Oh, yes, in a small way. But now I must be off—I don't want to miss the last act of 'Ruy Blas,' and besides, I'm with some people."

"But look here," said Sir Marmaduke, "you mustn't go and perform your great vanishing trick again, as you did the other time. I've something to return you, you know—with many thanks."

"Oh, that!" said the other. "Well, I shouldn't mind

having it again, especially as I don't suppose it has any great sentimental value for you. Where are you stopping?"

"Meurice's."

"And I at the Continental. Well, when I've seen my people home, I'll stroll along if you like."

"Do," said Sir Marmaduke; "you'll find us in the smoking-room."

"All right," was the reply; "expect me about twelve." And, after paying for his black coffee, Mr. Phillips hurried back to the theatre.

"Who's your mysterious friend?" I asked Sir Marmaduke; "and what's all this stuff about the black art?"

"No stuff at all," said Sir Marmaduke, with conviction; "that's the most wonderful fellow I ever knew. But for him, my boy, I should now have been married and done for."

"Did he cut you out?" I asked. "He is a wonderful fellow!"

"Obvious and gratuitous impertinence!" replied the dear old boy, unruffled.

"Scusi, sa!" I said. "Tell me all about it. He doesn't look like a magician."

"By his works you shall know him," my friend answered; "the proof of the magician is in his magic, and I'm a living monument to his occult powers. Have another weed?"

We each lighted a cigar, and, that ceremony over, Sir Marmaduke began:

"Before I settled in Venice, you know, I had a villa for some time on the Lago Maggiore, at Stresa. It was a pretty little chalet of a place, a good bit above the level of the lake, with a charming outlook over the Borromean Islands. It suited me down to the ground, and I might have stopped there to this day but for the 'events I am about to narrate,' as the story-tellers say.

"Another villa, much larger than mine, stood on the slope just above it, a narrow line separating the two gardens. It had long been unoccupied, much to my satisfaction, for I did not care to be overlooked. At last, one morning, my Italian valet brought me the news that it had been taken, and taken by a lady. The Marchesa Trabelli, he said, was her name, but he had been unable to find out anything more about her, except that she was evidently rich. The furnishings, which soon began to arrive in cart-load upon cart-load, confirmed the latter intelligence. My man brought me glowing reports of the Oriental splendor with which the place was being bedizened. The furniture came, not from Milan, but from Paris, and it was a Parisian decorator who was in charge.

"A few weeks sufficed to transform the house from a barrack to a palace, and the garden from a wilderness to a trim pleasure. Then came the lady herself, accompanied by only two servants, a maid and a steward; the other domestics were engaged in the neighborhood. She remained a mystery to every one. She neither belonged to the local nobility nor had any friends among them. Her two French servants either knew nothing of her antecedents, or kept what they knew carefully to themselves. On two points only all reports agreed: she was a genuine Italian, and, so far as beauty was concerned, she might well be not merely a marchesa, but a princess or a queen.

"On the latter point I was somewhat skeptical, for the beauty which knocks the average Italian all of a heap is apt to be too florid for my taste. But, by Jove, sir, I was punished for my skepticism! The moment I saw her I knew it was all up with me. She came, I saw, she conquered. She wasn't very young—thirty at least—but her beauty had just reached its maturity without losing a jot of its freshness. She was tall and finely proportioned, black-haired, olive-skinned, red-lipped, oval-faced; and, oh! if you could have seen how her head was set on her shoulders, and with what a lovely motion of her neck she would turn her face majestically toward you, and let her two great eyes blaze upon you—positively blaze—like—like—do you know the way the new Calais *phare* sends shaft on shaft of blinding light sweeping slowly round the farthest horizon?"

This burst of enthusiasm left my old friend out of breath, and he came to a sudden pause, illustrating by a rotund gesture the sweep of the Calais light and of the marchesa's eyes.

"You're getting quite Musset-ish," I said:

"Avez-vous vu, dans Barcelone,  
Une Andalouse au sein bruni,  
Pâle comme un beau soir d'automne?  
C'est ma maîtresse, ma lionne!  
La Marquessa d'Amagui."

"That's about it," said Sir Marmaduke; "and, now I come to think of it, Musset was her favorite poet. Well, I needn't tell you how we made acquaintance with each other, or how our acquaintance ripened. She was educated and accomplished far beyond the Italian average—spoke English and French almost as well as her mother-tongue, had read much in these three languages, sang with a splendid contralto voice, and dressed with studied and sober simplicity. Indeed, she was still in half-mourning for her husband, the departed marchese, at whose death one of the most ancient Neapolitan families became extinct. Since then she had lived with relatives in Paris; but, though her English accent was of the utmost purity, she had never crossed the Channel. Her Parisian friends had



left for South America; and, as the climate of Naples did not suit her, not to mention the gloomy associations the place must ever have for her, she had determined to settle in North Italy, and lead a quiet life of study and beneficence.

"To say that I fell in love with her would be to misstate the case. I was forty, she scarcely ten years younger; and there was a self-reliance, not to say self-sufficiency, in her character which put all tenderness out of the question. She was a being to be worshiped, not caressed. Even after she was my affianced wife our relations were courtly rather than cordial. She was not precisely cold, but she seemed to feel, as I, too, felt, that such beauty as hers must go hand-in-hand with perfect dignity, and that playfulness would ill-beseem her as it would the Agrippina of the capitol. I felt toward her as toward a unique 'thing of beauty.' Have you never thought, in the presence of some supreme work of art—the Sistine Madonna, for example, or the Venus of Milo—that you would like to sell all you had and buy that one thing, even though you should end, like Frankenstein, in becoming a slave to it? Well, that was something like my feelings toward the Marchesa Lucrezia. I thought her, or rather I knew her, to be one of the loveliest beings ever created; and I had an insane desire to call this phoenix mine, as Faustus longed for—

The face that launched a thousand ships,  
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium.

You Socialists may say what you like; but, as human nature is constituted, there will always be a peculiar, poignant pleasure in the sense of monopoly. Another thing which determined me to affront what I could not but recognize as the perils of matrimony, was the thought of the long face my confounded cousin would pull when he heard of my marriage; but that was a minor motive. I was in reality under a spell, quite completely as any of those fellows in the mediaeval ballads."

"Sir Marmaduke Tannhäuser," I put in—

"Ich hab in meinem sinne:  
fraw Venus, edle fraw so zart  
ir seind aine teufelinne."

"Don't go too fast," said Sir Marmaduke; "wait and see."

"Well, the day fixed for our marriage drew near," he continued. "It was to be absolutely private. Lucrezia expressed a horror of festivities, especially at a second marriage; and I chuckled at the idea of springing the news on my friends and relations (including my heir presumptive) through the first column of the *Times*. Our wedding tour was to be in the East. Lucrezia dreaded the English climate; and, as Dr. Johnson said of clean linen, 'I myself, sir, have no passion for it,' so we looked forward to living permanently south of the Alps.

"One day I happened to row across to the Isola de Pescatori, on some charitable errand of the Marchesa's; and there, strolling about in the one narrow street, I met Phillips. I had known him intimately at Oxford, but we had lost sight of each other for ten or fifteen years, and we were both glad to meet again. He was stopping, he said, at Pallanza; so I made him dismiss his *barca*, and promised to put him over to the mainland in my own sailing-boat. There was very little wind, so on the way we had a long talk over old times.

"One fad of his remained implanted in my memory, because I used sometimes to ruffle his otherwise imperturbable temper by chaffing him on the subject. He was a devout believer in the possibility of reading character in handwriting, and used to devote a great deal of time and study to what I then regarded as a mere superstition. I asked him if he still kept up this craze, as I called it, and he answered, with a smile and a shrug, that he did. A sudden idea occurred to me. I found in my pocket a note from the marchesa—a mere business letter, concluding with an invitation to dinner, and written, moreover, in Italian, which Phillips had just been telling me that he did not understand. She wrote a particularly masculine hand; so, in the hopes that he would not discover even the sex of the writer, I tore off the signature—'Lucrezia.' Then I handed it to Phillips, and asked him for a diagnosis of the writer's character.

"I watched his expression as he examined the writing. At the first glance he raised his eyebrows and compressed his lips with the air of a man who finds himself face to face with an unexpected problem. Then he wrinkled his eyebrows together till they hung forward like a pent-house over his eyes, and peered microscopically into each stroke, curve, and dot of the whole letter. The examination lasted, I am sure, a good five minutes, during which neither of us spoke.

"At last he looked straight up at me and said: 'Are you much interested in this—lady?'

"Ah, then you know it's a lady," I replied, a little taken aback.

"I know more than that," he said, solemnly; and, as he tapped the paper with his forefinger, he added: 'This writing is the writing of a murderess!'

"I let go the helm and sprang forward with a cry, almost capsizing the little boat. She luffed up at once into the wind, and I had to return to my post, else I believe I should have assaulted him.

"Come, Phillips," I said, "a joke's a joke, but this is carrying the thing a little too far."

"If it were a joke," he said, "it would be in the worst possible taste; but I am in sober earnest."

"You're mad!" I said; "this tomfoolery of yours has become a monomania. Let me tell you that I am about to marry the lady who wrote that letter."

"Then all I can say is," he replied, "and remember, I'm in solemn earnest—all I can say is, your life's not worth a twelvemonth's purchase." He again examined the letter carefully, and then said: 'Believe me or not, as you like, this is the handwriting of a murderess. And I can tell you more—the hand that formed these letters has clasped a stiletto—that is her weapon.'

"Poooh!" I said, beginning, in spite of myself, to be somewhat impressed. 'Do you take me for a child? If she had been a poisoner, I suppose you could have told from her handwriting whether she used antimony or arsenic?'

"That's as may be," was the answer. 'What I do see in the present case is that the hand which wrote this has used cold iron. Do you know the lady's past history?'

"I know she's a widow," I replied.

"That's not improbable," said he.

"And that her husband was a Neapolitan nobleman," I continued.

"Hum!" he said, and proceeded to cross-question me in such a way as to show me, what had really never occurred to me, that I had no one's evidence but her own as to a single fact of her past life. At last, driven into a corner, I exclaimed, impatiently. 'Then what do you propose that I should do? I can't go to her and say, "Marchesa, a necromancer of my acquaintance assures me that you have assassinated some one—probably the late lamented marquis. Pray, is this true?"'

"Let me think," Phillips replied. Then, after a pause, while he again looked at the letter, 'Your plan is to take her by surprise. She is evidently of a high-strung, nervous temperament.'

"There you're wrong," I interrupted.

"No, I am not," he replied, imperturbably. 'I'll stake my reputation on it, that if you were suddenly to show her this stiletto, she would say or do something that would betray her secret'; and, to my astonishment, he produced from under his coat a little dagger that flashed in the sunlight.

"I burst out laughing. 'You come to Italy armed!' I cried. 'You think we are still in the Middle Ages! That accounts for your absurd interpretation of the handwriting.'

"Not a bit of it," he replied, 'I always carry this little bit of steel; it is useful in many ways, and it has associations for me. I'm so far from imagining it particularly necessary in Italy that I dare say you, who live here, haven't such a thing in your possession.'

"I admitted I hadn't. 'Well, then,' he said, unfastening the sheath which hung at his waistband, concealed by his coat, 'I'll make a sort of wager with you. This is a very pretty little toy, you'll admit—an antique Italian dagger, the hilt and sheath of ivory inlaid with gold; and here you see is a red amethyst set in the butt of the handle, and another in the point of the sheath. Well, I hand this over to you on condition that you suddenly, and without any warning, produce it and present it to the lady. If there is nothing unusual in her method of accepting it, the knife is hers, and I have lost my wager. If you notice anything odd in her behavior, come and tell me, and we will inquire into the matter farther.'

"Well, positively," I said, 'it is a sort of insult to the marchesa to consent to any such test. But you're right, the dagger is a very beautiful piece of workmanship, and—hang it!—I rather like the idea of making her a handsome present at your expense, especially as I dare say the lesson will do you good, and imprint on you the maxim, "Put not your trust in pot-hooks."'

"Pot hooks are sometimes hangers as well," he replied. To this day I do not know what he meant by the remark, for just then I laid the boat in to the steamboat stage at Pallanza, and he stepped ashore. He gave me the name of his hotel, and I promised to look him up the next day and report. Then I sailed back to Stresa with a fresher breeze, pondering on his curious mania and on his last oracular remark.

"That afternoon I presented myself at the Villa Trabelli at the usual hour. I had carefully wrapped up the dagger in white paper, tied it with a pink ribbon, and sealed the packet. I found Lucrezia in a rocking-chair on the veranda, looking superbly beautiful. She wore a black summer dress, I remember of some gauzy, diaphanous material, closed at the throat and at the wrists with knots of red ribbon; and round the alabaster pillar of her throat were three narrow circlets of blood-red coral.

"Marchesa," I said, as I kissed her hand, 'I have here a small offering for you—a trifle, but I think unique.'

"She untied the ribbon and broke the seals. 'Some amiable surprise, I do not doubt,' she said, as she unrolled the wrappings; but before she had finished doing so, the dagger slipped out, sheath and all, and fell in her lap.

"The instant she set eyes on it she raised her hands in the air and sprang from her seat with a sort of gurgling, stifled cry. The dagger dropped on the matting at her feet, and for a moment she stared at it, her eyes starting from their sockets, while her complexion turned to livid green. Then she staggered back

a few paces, as though making for the *salon*, and sank in a huddled heap on the floor.

"I did not do it! I did not do it!" she moaned. 'It was she—the viper—the fiend. I was innocent! innocent! innocent!' Her voice failed her, but she continued to moan to herself in broken sentences, writhing the while as though in physical agony.

"I called to her maid, who quickly appeared. 'Your mistress is ill,' I said, and together we raised her from the floor. This brought her in some degree to herself, and when I attempted to help the servant in supporting her into the house she shrank from me with a gesture of horror, leaned her whole weight on the sturdy Frenchwoman's arm, tottered into the *salon*, and disappeared.

"I was bewildered and benumbed. I picked up the dagger, put it in my pocket, hurried down as fast as I could to the lake, jumped into a skiff, and ordered two rowers to take me at a racing speed to Pallanza, where I went straight to Phillips's hotel. He was gone!—to Arona and Milan, the porter believed, but after that nothing was known of his destination. From that day until this evening I saw and heard nothing of him. He had left me no address, and I knew of none that would find him. From something he said this evening I presume he must have been in the Home Office, but he had not mentioned the fact. I rather fancied he was an idle globe-trotter, like myself, and trusted to the fates, in this little world of ours, to bring us together again. They have done so, you see, though it has taken them eleven years.

"On returning to Stresa, I inquired at the Villa Trabelli, and learned that the marchesa was ill and in bed. Next morning I called again, when one of the Italian servants handed me a note, and informed me that the marchesa and her maid had departed early that morning, no one knew whither. The note was written in English; I can repeat it word for word:

"I imagined that Sir Marmaduke Middleton was a gentleman; is it the part of a gentleman brutally to wrench and wring the nerves of a much-trying woman? Whatever sins have been laid at my door, I have never tortured a being weaker than myself—a friend, who had done me no wrong. If you have a spark of chivalry left, you will make no attempt to track me, and breathe no word of my secret.—L. T."

"You may imagine that when I read this I felt, as the Yankees say, 'almighty mean.' I breathed no word of her secret, for the very good reason that I knew no word of it to breathe; but, by way of a little penance, I have mortified my curiosity and carefully refrained from making any attempt to discover it. A month or two later I learned that the Villa Trabelli, with all its furnishing and appurtenances, just as it stood, had been sold to a German banker. I soon sold my own *château*, and set off for a three years' ramble in China, Japan, California, and so forth. Once, at a small station on the Pacific railroad, I fancied I caught a glimpse of my enchantress's face. Her train was just moving off in the direction of San Francisco as mine was starting for Omaha. I felt a momentary impulse to jump out and take the next train in pursuit; but I resisted it, and here I am."

Mr. Phillips was as good as his word, and arrived at Meurice's shortly before midnight. The more I studied his solid, well-built, commonplace features, the less did I believe in his clairvoyance or whatever occult faculty Sir Marmaduke credited him with. I was curious, consequently, to hear their conversation.

Sir Marmaduke began by telling Mr. Phillips the result of his experiment, just as he related it to me. He was describing the sudden collapse of the Marchesa Lucrezia, when his hearer interrupted him.

"By Jove!" he said, "I gave her credit for more nerve than that!"

"Then your black and white art can't quite rank among the sciences?" said Sir Marmaduke. "You can't measure nerve force to a millionth of a grain?"

"The fact is," said Phillips, smiling, "I confess I was trifling with you to a certain extent. You used to be so obstinately skeptical of my power of reading character that I could not resist the temptation to pay you out a bit. Handwriting is to a certain extent an index to character, and by long and close study of it I developed an abnormally keen sense for minute resemblances and differences; in short, I made myself an expert. At the Home Office my powers quickly became known, and I was given frequent opportunities for exercising them. Then I began to be called as a witness in courts of law, though the impertinent incredulity with which the evidence of experts is generally regarded made me detest those cases. Don't you remember a murder trial fourteen or fifteen years ago, in which an Italian lady (she had been an opera singer) was accused of deliberately stabbing her husband, an Englishman and a man of great wealth, either from jealousy, or from mere cupidity, or perhaps from both combined? She suspected him of carrying on an intrigue with another woman, and she forged a letter, purporting to be in that woman's handwriting, giving him an assignation at the dead of night in some lonely corner of his own park. He fell into the trap, came to the spot, and sat down on a log to await the lady's arrival; whereupon his wife stole up behind him and stabbed him in three places, killing him almost before he could utter a cry. That, at any rate, was the theory of the prosecution; but the whole case turned on bringing home to her the forged letter. I was one of the



experts called, and I had not the slightest hesitation in identifying the writing of the forged letter with the prisoner's acknowledged hand. The other so-called experts, who were mere charlatans, expressed less confidence; and the result was that the murderess escaped. The moment you showed me that letter, Middleton, I recognized her handwriting. After the trial I had secured as a curiosity the little stiletto with which the murder was committed; and in this I at once saw a chance of mystifying you a bit, and saving you from the lady's toils. I thought she would betray herself in some way at the sight of the weapon, or, at any rate would take it as a hint that you either knew, or were on the verge of discovering, her secret; but from her behavior during the trial I thought she would have brazened it out a good deal better than she did. What you tell me amounts to an absolute admission of guilt."

"In the disguise of an assertion of innocence," I could not refrain from putting in; "that dagger would have quite sufficiently painful associations for her, though she were as innocent as the day."

"I believe I've been an even greater brute than I thought," said Sir Marmaduke; "it seems to me, Phillips, that by your own showing you are the only witness against her."

"It was her own hand that condemned her," said the expert.

"No, that's just what it didn't," said Sir Marmaduke. "In this case pot-hooks were not hangers. But why did she take a bogus title? And why—? And why—? On the whole, Phillips, I bear you no grudge for having forbidden the banns."

WILLIAM ARCHER.

The only substitute for absorbent cotton that has found a large sale in Berlin is the Zellstoff-Watte "Lignin." It is made of pure pine cellulose and can be commercially produced much cheaper than absorbent cotton. It is chiefly used to stop bleeding. It is claimed that it absorbs blood better than cotton, but it can not compete with that fibre as a dressing for a wound. Physicians state, however, that "Lignin" serves very satisfactorily as a second dressing. A quantity of cellulose wadding is also made from chemical wood pulp in Sweden for dressing wounds. The wadding is prepared in very thin sheets—like tissue paper, but crimped—and in general appears to be manufactured in the same way as tissue paper. The details regarding the process of manufacture are held secret. Bog moss (*Sphagnum cymbifolium*), found in Germany and in certain parts of England, is held in high esteem as a surgical dressing. The moss is permeated with minute tubes which in a natural state hold water eight or nine times the weight of the plant, so that when it is dry it is one of the most absorbent materials known. It is antiseptic, soft, light, and cool. As very little preparation is necessary before use if it is carefully gathered—for it has only to be sterilized and placed in flannel bags—it is a very economical dressing. It has for some time been used in hospitals in this country and before the war was supplied from Germany. It is said to be a common sight to see country women with big baskets of plants going into chemists' shops to sell or exchange their goods.

Although frequent reference is made to the "ice age" or the "glacial epoch" on this continent, such statements are not strictly correct, for there have been many such ages and epochs. It is now known that even this latest or Pleistocene glacial epoch has several important divisions, and in the Rocky Mountain region it appears that important changes in the form and height of the mountains, due to a wearing down by erosion, took place between the glacial subepochs. More than fifty years ago it was recognized by English geologists that certain masses of gravel and breccia and certain planed and grooved rock surfaces in rocks of Permian age in India indicated a glacial epoch vastly older than that of the Canadian ice sheets, but it is only within the last thirty years that geologists have learned that glacial conditions have recurred at many different times in the earth's history. The evidence of this has been found in all continents, in Europe, Asia, Africa, Austria, South and North America. The formation of great ice sheets took place at different periods in the larger divisions of geologic time back to the Proterozoic—that is, to the age of the oldest known sedimentary rocks, a great many million years ago.

Every traveler on the upper Yukon River has noted a conspicuous white bed, four to six inches in thickness, that occurs on the river banks. This is made up of volcanic ash derived from a volcano located in the northern margin of the St. Elias Range more than 100 miles to the south. Though geologically speaking the material is of recent age, yet it was probably erupted 1400 years ago. There are, of course, no historical records of this eruption, but in the course of explorations in Alaska much has been learned about the distribution and thickness of the material ejected. It originally covered an area of over 140,000 square miles, and some of it was carried over 450 miles from the volcano. The deposit varies in thickness from 300 feet near the volcano to an inch or two at the margin of the area covered by it. A rough estimate indicates that over ten cubic miles of material was ejected at the time of this eruption.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Dr. Richard Bull, who claims to have discovered in eucalyptus oil a cure for meningitis, is director of the bacteriological laboratory of the University of Melbourne. In Australia, where he has devoted years to research work, he is recognized as a scientist of exceptional ability.

Wang Shih-Chew, a member of the committee of ten recently named to draft a permanent constitution for the Chinese republic, is well known to Europeans. He was formerly attached to the Chinese legation in London, and during his residence in England he studied law and was admitted to the bar.

Queen Amelie of Portugal has for several months been training as a nurse at the Third London General Hospital. She has no intention of going to the front, but intends to stay and help as a Red Cross nurse in her own hospital. At first Nurse Amelie, as she prefers to be known, visited only the wounded soldiers, but she soon became anxious to do more, so she entered the hospital as a probationer. When her cases require it she goes with them to the operating room and sees them through their ordeal.

Rear-Admiral William Freeland Fullam, recently removed from the post of commandant of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, has of late been at Cristobal in command of the Naval Academy practice squadron. He has been given command of the Pacific reserve fleet, with headquarters at Puget Sound. In 1877 he graduated from Annapolis at the head of his class. During the war with Spain he was aboard the *New Orleans*. He was appointed to Annapolis last February. Among the works which he has published are "Hand-Book of Infantry and Artillery" and "Text-Book of Ordnance and Gunnery."

William A. Wirt, who is to receive \$10,000 a year for once-a-week trips to New York to apply his genius to reorganizing the public schools of that city, is the originator of the vocational and industrial "Gary System," applied to the model town of Gary, Indiana, built on the sand dunes by the United States Steel Corporation for its huge industrial plant. He is a farmer's son, born in Markle, Indiana; attended public schools, was graduated from De Pauw University, took post-graduate work there and at the University of Chicago, and later went to Europe to study the school systems of Germany, France, and England. He introduced the whole-year idea of four terms into the public schools of Bluffton, Indiana, before his call to Gary. Both knowledge and imagination equip the man for accomplishment.

Frank Arthur Vanderlip, president of the National City Bank, New York, the greatest banking house in this country, was a farmer boy out in Indiana before he decided to become something else and earn more money. So he finally went to Aurora, where he found work in a plant where wood-working machinery was manufactured, and was paid seventy-five cents a day. Ambition spurred him on, and he studied stenography. He later worked as a reporter in Chicago, finally becoming financial editor of the *Chicago Tribune*, having in his spare moments made a study of financial questions. For four years, beginning with 1897, he was assistant secretary of the United States Treasury. He has written several volumes, among them "The American Commercial Invasion of Europe" and "Business and Education."

Bishop John H. Vincent, the founder and head of America's great Chautauqua movement, has resigned his position as chancellor of the Chautauqua institution in favor of his son, George E. Vincent, president of the Minnesota University. Bishop Vincent becomes chancellor emeritus. Dr. Arthur E. Bestor, who has had business charge for the past ten years as director, has been appointed president in recognition of his able services. The new president, just formally elected by the board of trustees, has proved especial fitness for his task, being a graduate of Chicago University, a speaker of unusual power, and leader of contagious enthusiasm. He has won the hearty support of all loyal Chautauquans and has evolved many new plans for the further expansion and development of the institution. President Bestor is well known as a lecturer and writer of keen insight and power.

Albert Thomas, minister of munitions in the French cabinet under the minister of war, has risen to his present position despite many obstacles. His father was a poor baker on the outside of Paris—at Champigny, to be exact—and the son delivered bread to customers. By the utmost saving, Thomas senior managed to send the lad to the Lycée, where he took his degrees. Then he became a private tutor, developed a taste for metallurgy, and at the same time for literature. He became a journalist, was appointed municipal councillor, mayor, and deputy in turn for Champigny. When the war broke out he enlisted and went to the front with his regiment as a sergeant. Promotion to a lieutenantancy followed. Later his regiment was stationed in the camp in Paris. His exceptional knowledge of factory methods finally led to further advancement and quick renown, for he is now termed "the organizer of victory for the artillery of the French." Politically he is a Socialist.

## OLD FAVORITES.

### To Victis

I sing the hymn of the conquered, who fell in the Battle of Life,  
The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died overwhelmed in the strife;  
Not the jubilant song of the victors, for whom the resounding acclaim  
Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows wore the chaplet of fame,  
But the hymn of the low and the humble, the weary, the broken in heart,  
Who strove and who failed, acting bravely a silent and desperate part;  
Whose youth bore no flower on its branches, whose hopes burned in ashes away,  
From whose hands slipped the prize they had grasped at, who stood at the dying of day  
With the wreck of their life all around them, unpitied, unheeded, alone,  
With Death swooping down o'er their failure, and all but their faith overthrown,  
While the voice of the world shouts its chorus,—its pæan for those who have won;  
While the trumpet is sounding triumphant, and high to the breeze and the sun,  
Glad banners are waving, hands clapping, and hurrying feet  
Thronging after the laurel-crowned victors, I stand on the field of defeat.  
In the shadow, with those who have fallen, and wounded, and dying, and there  
Chant a requiem low, place my hand on their pain-knotted brow, breathe a prayer,  
Hold the hands that are helpless, and whisper, "They only the victory win,  
Who have fought the good fight; and have vanished the demon that tempts us within;  
Who have held to their faith unseduced by the prize that the world holds on high;  
Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, resist, fight,—if need be, to die."  
Speak, History! who are Life's victors? Unroll thy long annals, and say,  
Are they those whom the world called the victors—who won the success of a day?  
The martyrs, or Nero? The Spartans, who fell at Thermopylae's trust,  
Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges or Socrates? Pilate or Christ?  
—William Wetmore Story.

### Noon to Night on the Salt Marshes.

Glooms of the live-oaks, beautiful-braided and woven,  
With intricate shades of the vines that myriad-cloven  
Clamber the forks of the multiforked boughs,—  
Emerald twilights,—  
Virginal shy lights,  
Wrought of the leaves to allure to the whisper of vows,  
Where lovers pace timidly down through the green colonnades  
Of the dim sweet woods, of the dear dark woods,  
Of the heavenly woods and glades,  
That run to the radiant marginal sand-beach within  
The wide sea-marshes of Glynn.  
Beautiful glooms, soft dusks in the noon-day fire,  
Wildwood privacies, closets of lone desire,  
Chamber from chamber parted with wavering arras of leaves,—  
Cells for the passionate pleasure of prayer to the soul that grieves,  
Pure with a sense of the passing of saints through the wood,  
Cool for the dutiful weighing of ill with good:—  
O braided dusks of the oak and woven shades of the vine,  
While the riotous noonday sun of the June day long did shine  
Ye held me fast in your heart and I held you fast in mine;  
But now when the noon is no more, and riot is rest,  
And the sun is await at the ponderous gate of the west,  
And the slant yellow beam down the wood aisle doth seem  
Like a lane into heaven that leads from a dream,—  
Oh now, unafraid, I am fain to face  
The vast sweet visage of space,  
To the edge of the wood I am drawn, I am drawn,  
Where the gray heath glimmering runs, as a belt of the dawn,  
For a mete and a mark  
To the forest dark,—  
So:  
Affable live-oak, leaning low,—  
Thus—with your favor,—soft, with a reverent hand,  
Bending your beauty aside, with a step I stand  
On the firm-packed sand,  
Free,  
By a world of marsh that borders a world of sea.  
Sinuous southward and sinuous northward the shimmering band  
Of the sand beach fastens the fringe of the marsh to the folds of the land,  
Vanishing, swerving, evermore curving again into sight,  
Softly the sand beach wavers away to a dim gray looping of light,  
And what if behind me to westward the wall of the woods stands high?  
The world lies east: how ample, the marsh and the sea and the sky!  
A league and a league of marsh-grass, waist-high, broad in the blade,  
Green, and all of a height, and unflecked with a light or a shade,  
Stretch leisurely off in a pleasant plain  
To the terminal blue of the main.  
Lo! out of his plenty the sea  
Pours fast; full soon the time of the flood tide must he;  
Look how the grace of the sea doth go  
About and about through the intricate channels that flow  
Here and there  
Everywhere,  
Till his waters have flooded the uttermost creeks and the low-lying lanes,  
And the marsh is meshed with a million veins  
That like as with rosy and silvery essences flow  
In the rose and silver evening glow,  
Farewell, my lord Sun!  
The creeks overflow; a thousand rivulets run  
Twist the roots of the sod; the blades of the marsh-grass stir;  
Passeth a hurrying sound of wings that westward whirl,—  
Passeth, and all is still; and the currents cease to run;  
And the sea and the marsh are one,  
—From "The Marshes of Glynn," by Sidney Lanier.



## BERNARD SHAW.

P. P. Howe, from the Standpoint of the Disciple, Writes an Appreciation of His Literary Master.

A page or two of P. P. Howe's "Bernard Shaw: A Critical Study" is sufficient to warn the reader that the author is biased, for we note immediately that there is a certain familiarity in the twist of his phrases that shortly reveals the subject of his critique to be his master. This emulation prepares us to expect further flattery and we imagine that, if it is to be consistent, it must be subtle, and probably achieved by means of indirection. We must have our wits about us. Mr. Howe's opening paragraph is properly aggressive:

There is a singular modern heresy, sprung from one does not quite know where, according to which it is not possible to speak the truth about a writer until that writer is dead; nor can the truth be then immediately spoken, for in the record of the dead, as is well known, we must see nothing but good. The result of this double inhibition is curious, but frequently observed; it is to shift the burden of critical appraisal on to the shoulders of posterity. There was once a man, we are told, who refused to do anything for posterity on the ground that posterity had done nothing for him; but now we find his saw of little might. In the field at least of literary judgment, we are becoming accustomed to leave to posterity a very delicate and a very difficult duty. Posterity today is very far from doing nothing for us; posterity is in the habit of making up our minds.

That we should leave to posterity the final biographical summing-up of a life that we have not seen completed, as the chief figure of that life "happens to be happily far from dead," Mr. Howe is willing to concede, but he denies that we should be deprived the satisfaction of determining the value of the completed "public works of a creative artist." He protests:

I know of no real distinction in kind which should make it more impossible for us to know what we think, and to say it, in regard to a man's just finished play or picture than in regard to St. Paul's Cathedral, which also is finished. You may speak of the difficulty of getting the work into a just perspective; but then the difficulty of getting St. Paul's Cathedral into a just perspective was no more and no less on the day it was finished than it is today—if anything, indeed, it was less difficult, because you had not the irrelevant accretions which interfere with the view. You had, of course, to step back to do it. Now this act of stepping back is, or should be, a commonplace of criticism; its achievement is what is known as an attitude of detachment. By all means criticism should be detached. Let us suppose this attitude to be difficult, and you will then know your critic by his ability to achieve it; but you will not of necessity postpone all critical absolutes until the attitude of detachment is mechanically inevitable through passage of time. There is small credit in the act of stepping back from an object that has already receded into a comfortable middle distance. You do not praise a man for his attitude of detachment in regard to the train which has left him behind on the platform. And the criticism of posterity is in this point of vantage, that its attitude of detachment is found ready made. This would amount to a positive and an inherent superiority, worthy perhaps of all the deference which our day is ready to pay to it, if it were not for the fact that works of art are all the same age. There are changes in taste that are cyclical, but these again it is part of the elemental business of criticism to allow for, as a skillful golfer allows for the wind.

Mr. Howe reminds us of Shaw's anecdote of his own disturbance on being informed by his oculist that his vision was "normal," the disturbance abating when the oculist explained that only a very small percentage of human eyesight was normal. Our critic continues:

At this fresh evidence that he was one of a good swinging minority—a minority which he has since publicly estimated at the proportion of one to forty-eight millions—our subject was correspondingly elated; and being elated, he wrote a preface about it. With the aid of this clinical misnomer for analogy, our subject established conclusively, to his own satisfaction, that he it was alone who saw life steadily and saw it whole, while the rest of his fellows—the "abnormal" herd of the forty-eight millions—were unfortunate enough to see it askant. The importance of this event in the career of our subject can hardly be overestimated; for since we all of us wish to be normal, and since Mr. Shaw alone among us is normal, or almost alone—the five or the fifteen per cent might be regarded, at a generous estimate, as the members of the Fabian Society—it follows of necessity that he has had to do his best to teach us to see with his eyes ever since. Our subject is far too thorough a humanitarian to have endured, beyond his twenty-fourth year or so, the spectacle of the blind leading the blind. Fortunately for us, and in the mercy of Providence, our subject has seen it on the whole as a comic subject.

But that the abnormal herd oftentimes refuses to take seriously the prophet under the harlequin's garb is, Mr. Howe hints, his subject's tragedy.

Mr. Shaw's adolescent novels were artistic preparation in expression toward his later prominence as an economist. Of his early address to the Economic Section of the British Association Mr. Howe remarks:

It is not without significance that what Mr. Shaw undertook to explain to the economists was the Transition to Social Democracy, for that is what the members of the Fabian Society have been explaining to one another ever since. I do not wish, in saying this, to be misunderstood. The Fabian Society, a body of persons of both sexes who have met together once in a fortnight for a quarter of a century to listen to Mr. Shaw, and have left before his speech was over if the duration of its interest conflicted with the departure of their train for the suburbs, are only of significance to the subject of our present study in so far as their history is his history. In themselves, and apart from the admirable special activities of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb and others of the platform figures, they may be described as the passionate friends of the unreality of the economists. For a quarter of a century they have discussed how they will behave, how they will all allow us to behave, "under socialism." It is an amiable hobby, like another, and they have pursued it with the diligent single-mindedness with which another body of persons might discuss how vegetables behave under glass. I propose to assert that Mr. Shaw, the borough councillor, the apostle of the cart and trumpet, the cogent advocate of municipal trading, has all the time been a sufferer from the unreality of the economist. He cleared the econo-

mists out of their corner just as, later on, he cleared the dramatists out of the theatre, and for the same reason—to make room for some goods of his own which he had all ready for delivery. For the unreality of the orthodox economists he substituted, in the name of reality, a new unreality; just as for the unreality of the orthodox dramatists he went on to substitute, in the name of reality, a new unreality again.

Mr. Howe commends Mr. Shaw's bravery as an economist in daring to disagree with Marx "on the subject of value":

This annoyed the Socialists; but Mr. Shaw has always delighted in annoying those people whose attachment to an idea is by means of a sentiment. Along this line, if it were any part of our immediate business, we might discover in him a great deal of aesthetic as well as intellectual integrity. He annoyed the friends of the little peoples by his advocacy, because of its superior efficiency, of British ascendancy in South Africa; when the Americanized trust then known as the Times Book Club promised superior efficiency, he annoyed the friends of the freedom of letters by giving the enterprise his support. In fact, I suppose our subject has always been more than anything else in love with efficiency. "Become efficient at your own particular trade or profession," has been his advice to the young Fabians, "and then tell every one you are a Socialist." That has been his policy of peaceful permeation; in contradistinction to the jolly umbrella-shaking of Mr. Hyndman amongst the lions in Trafalgar Square, and the distinguished Hidalgoism of Mr. Cunningham-Graham in the same setting. It is advice with which it is not possible to quarrel.

Mr. Shaw's chief personal achievement in his treatises on economics, and sundry prefaces, according to Mr. Howe, is his extraordinary emphasis upon the fact of how he hates the poor, and from the economist, finally, our critic sees develop "the publicist," whose ambition he epitomizes:

We shall find when we come to Mr. Shaw's plays, with their machinery of the preface, that his procedure is just what we should expect. It is an *a priori* procedure, from the general to the particular, from "the millions of poor people, dirty people, abject people," for example, of whom one reads in the preface to "Major Barbara, to West Ham," and not vice versa. It is as though Mr. Shaw, having written a letter to the *Times* establishing that poverty is a crime, and then paid a visit to a Salvation Army Shelter, and found there everything which he had expected to find. His observation, that is to say, does not begin with Rummy Michens, and Snobby Price, and Bill Walker; it begins in the economist's own corner, and only condescends, in a humorous and delightful manner, to make itself concrete in Rummy and Snobby & Co. And now perhaps it will be as well to substitute for the word "economist" the word "publicist." Our subject has only sometimes been the economist, he has been the publicist all the time. In one sense, of course, every artist is a publicist; if he does not find his matter in what people happen to be interested in, he hopes that people will happen to be interested in his matter. But the true publicist, whether he is an artist or not, wants to be interesting people in his own brand of good all the time. If he is an artist, he will interest them by means of his art, and he will want to interest them outside of his art as well—by means of his opinions on every conceivable subject, by means of his personality and person, by means even of the fact that his telegraphic address is "Socialist, London." We may as well sum it all up by saying, as our subject has done, "I want to change the ideas of the people of this country."

Mr. Howe has dealt with "his subject" under four heads: "Economics," "Esthetics," "Dramatics," and "The Poet's Heart." In commencing his second division he sketches the field of Shaw's activities as follows:

Our subject has surveyed mankind from the Balkans to the Far West, he has associated on familiar terms with Napoleon after Lodi, with Burgoyne before Saratoga, with Caesar in Egypt, with Shakespeare at Whitehall, and he has personally conducted a party of tourists from Richmond to Hell. At least two visions of Heaven he has given us, one (in the essay on church-going, and again from the lips of Tom Broadbent) "a drawing-room in blue taint" and one the dream of a madman. He has written novels in his nonage, essays in philosophic criticism in the lustiness of his manhood, plays in his maturity, and prefaces all the time. He has made spirited personal sorties against the materialism of Marx and Darwin, and has lived to enjoy the spectacle of a world seething with the reaction of Ibsen's ideas. He has run with the Nietzschean hares, and hunted with the anti-Nietzschean hounds. He has explained the Wagnerian movement in music in terms of economic allegory. And goodness alone knows what he has not done to the collectivist movement in politics, ethics, and sociology! There is only one word for him, and that is the word of the hero of the anti-romantic comedy: "What a man! What a man!"

And all these many parts, says Mr. Howe, fit into Shaw's plan:

Now if we were to take some of these activities of our subject and call them artistic, and to take other activities of our subject, and call them extra-artistic, we should be doing something which might be all very well in the case of another man (Sterne, for example, who was a preacher of sermons on Sundays and a receiver of secular sensations on every other day of the week; or Mr. Walkley, who is an assistant to Mr. Hobhouse when he is not giving to the drama's patrons the drama's laws), but which would not be the thing in the case of our subject at all. For all the time he has been one man, doing the same thing; and that is the secret—the often very well-kept secret—of his sincerity. The one thing he has been doing is changing the ideas of the people of this country; and that is a man's job for a lifetime, with quite enough employment to keep him from going off duty.

The critic applauds Mr. Shaw's vehement protest against the accepted slogan, "Art for art's sake," condemning it as reeking of decadency. Of the manner of Shaw's art, of Shaw's literary style, he observes:

Now style, to our Puritan, is, in itself, something quite abhorrent: to find pleasure in the style of a work of art as apart from its meaning is as intolerable as to find pleasure in marriage as apart from its offspring. The purpose of marriage, as Mr. Shaw has asserted on one thousand occasions, is the procreation of children. [Here it occurs to us to remember that Mr. Shaw is married and that Mr. Shaw has no children.] The Book of Common Prayer, in affirming its secondly and thirdly (and particularly its secondly) is a pandar compared to him. And the purpose of art, as Mr. Shaw has asserted on one thousand further occasions, is the procreation of ideas: art is "the living word of a man delivering a message to his own time." It therefore comes about, in the

most natural manner in the world, that to Mr. Shaw the question of style is the question of effective assertion. And that, so to speak, is not a question at all; it admits of no question. If you have anything to say to your time, if you have any goods to deliver, the value of the manner of delivery will be the value of the goods, one and inseparable. In a word, "Effectiveness of assertion is the Alpha and Omega of style." But let us have the whole passage. It is from the vehemently Puritanical epistle by means of which "Man and Superman" was dedicated to Mr. Walkley, and let us hope in passing that Mr. Walkley enjoyed it.

We give the quoted Shavian passage:

No doubt I must recognize, as even the Ancient Mariner did, that I must tell my story entertainingly if I am to hold the wedding guest spellbound in spite of the siren sounds of the loud bassoon. But "for art's sake" alone I would not face the toil of writing a single sentence. I know that there are men who, having nothing to say and nothing to write, are nevertheless so in love with oratory and with literature that they delight in repeating as much as they can understand of what others have said or written aforetime. I know that the leisurely tricks which their want of conviction leaves them free to play with the diluted and misapprehended message supply them with a pleasant parlor game which they call style. I can pity their dotage and even sympathize with their fancy. But a true original style is never achieved for its own sake; a man may pay from a shilling to a guinea, according to his means, to see, hear, or read another man's act of genius; but he will not pay with his whole life and soul to become a mere virtuoso in literature, exhibiting an accomplishment which will not even make money for him, like fiddle-playing. Effectiveness of assertion is the Alpha and Omega of style. He who has nothing to assert has none and can have none; he who has something to assert will go as far in power of style as its momentousness and his conviction will carry him.

As dramatist, Mr. Howe finds Mr. Shaw's methods equally utilitarian:

But to our author, it is already apparent, the play is not the thing; it is in the message, and not in the play, that the social conscience is to be caught. The message is lined, as it were, with all those lighter qualities of which this author has no mean endowment. Indeed these lighter qualities are present in such quantity that before "Mrs. Warren's Profession" they sufficed Mr. Shaw to write two of the most amusing comedies in the English language, and after "Mrs. Warren's Profession," when the contemporary fashion of trying to write plays in the Ibsen manner had passed over him, they have served him to deck out his philosophy in theatrical form as well as to give him a number of opportunities for minor relaxation.

Finally Mr. Howe decides that Shaw is first of all a Romanticist, because he has thrown such "an aura of glamour" around the person of Mr. Shaw! He is his own master creation. Mr. Howe's estimation of Shaw's influence follows:

Mr. Shaw has edified and delighted his age, but he has not profoundly affected it. His usefulness has been the usefulness of the man who, in face of our complacent assurance that our garments are white, has gone on reiterating his assertion that they are black, until we have looked at them and found that in places they have turned a bit grayish. His temperament does not know any half-measures. He is like Falstaff in this, that he "had as lief they would put ratsbane in his mouth as to offer to stop it with security." His unflagging good spirits, with their consequent excessiveness of utterance, while they have been the truest friend of his comic style, have been the worst enemy of his opinions. "A person who talks with equal vivacity on every subject," says Hazlitt, "excites no interest in any. Repose is as necessary in conversation as in a picture." It is the beauties of repose that have evaded Mr. Shaw's conversation. His first instinct, when he has got hold of an idea, has been to run out and tell us about it. All his life he has told us everything that came into his head—every single thing that came into his quite exceptional head. He has been like a busy salesman with a demand on his shop, so heavily engaged in handing out his goods that he has not been able to spare much attention to the manner of their wrapping. He has had so many ideas, and he has run out into the street so often, that his appearances, like those of the boy who called wolf, have affected his hearers less deeply than they ought to have done. In his presence, we have been in the position of the Duchess's baby in "Alice," at whom the cook threw saucepans: "the baby was howling so much already that it was quite impossible to say whether the blows hurt or not." He has given us a very great deal, but he somehow has not always given us just what we felt disposed to assimilate at the moment. In all the works of our subject there is a hint of the indiscreet helper, who does better than the scriptural injunction by giving us a cupful when we ask for half a cup. And Mr. Shaw has even given us some in the saucer.

After all, this does not sound greatly like flattery! Nor does the conclusion, either:

Mr. Shaw has on so many occasions piped unto us, and we have not danced; he has mourned unto us, and we have not lamented. He has expressed his distaste for the scorched corpses of animals, and we continue to eat meat with our bread. He has commented with all his force upon the deterioration and figure of Falstaff, and we continue to drink beer with our meat. He has held up his hands in horror at the British double bed, and we continue to sleep in it. He has proved that there is not a single credible established religion in the world, and we continue to believe in it. He has mined with his absurdity and blown up with his wrath the institution of the family, and the institution of the family continues to exist and is daily reformed. He has pointed the finger of ridicule at our very own indispensable mothers, and we have laughed at the ridiculousness which Mr. Shaw has seen and we have seen something else besides. All his life he has been like King Cole; he has called for this, and he has called for that, and some of the things for which he has called we have brought him, and some we have not brought him. On behalf of the generation he has adorned and illuminated, "We now call for the Superman," he says. Do not let the last words of this book assert that there will be no answer.

BERNARD SHAW: A CRITICAL STUDY. By P. P. Howe. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$2.

The investment of capital in the paper industry in Siberia promises large profits, and all printing offices are awaiting with impatience the opening of the paper factory at Tomsk, the first paper mill in that entire country.



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## Julia Page.

Mrs. Norris goes from height to height. Her "Julia Page" is the best thing that she has done, best in plot, characterization, and motive. The story is laid in San Francisco, and we are introduced to the heroine, Little Julia Page, at the age of four, living with her slatternly mother on O'Farrell Street in an atmosphere of tawdry finery and soap-suds and with the career of a fourth-rate actress as her goal in life.

But Julia has natural tendencies toward something better, and she gets a glimpse of the something better when she is engaged professionally to strengthen the cast of a fashionable amateur company. She resolves to be a lady at all costs, and she gets her chance when she falls in with Miss Toland at the Settlement House managed by that admirable but eccentric lady for the benefit of working girls. Under Miss Toland's tutelage we see Julia gradually grow out of her common vulgarity into a lovely and gracious woman, rich in her knowledge of life and doubly rich in her interpretation of life.

And now we make the discovery that when Julia was sixteen she made the mistake of all mistakes, made it because she was curious and because she simply knew no better. When she promises to be the wife of Dr. Studdiford, the wealthy society physician, she tells him of the "hideous fact," and he condones it and marries her. But he does not forget. He allows his wife's early mishap so to prey upon his mind that in a fit of passion he leaves her and stays away for four years. Then he returns, and we are inclined to think that Mrs. Norris weakens her story by a reconciliation that is artificial, sentimental, and undesirable. Possibly Mrs. Norris does not realize that in Dr. Studdiford she has created a cowardly and contemptible cur.

Mrs. Norris has filled her stage most liberally. She is as familiar with "south of Market" as with Burlingame, and alike charitable to both. She shows us the girls who are "growing older year after year, idle, expensive, waiting for some man to miraculously happen along," and she shows us those other girls utterly without opportunity who are doomed to be prolific sluts, or worse, and cursed with the conviction of the inevitability of poverty.

But the author's real problem is the girl who has a "hideous fact" in her life. What is to be done for, and with, her? Of course the problem is not solved. It will never be solved until we recognize that the fact is not hideous—that is to say, until we cease to be pharisees.

THE STORY OF JULIA PAGE. By Kathleen Norris. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.: \$1.35 net.

## Piano Playing.

Miss Brower has here produced a book that can hardly fail to arouse the attention of piano-players everywhere. She has persuaded Paderewski, Von Bülow, Bauer, and twenty-eight others of the most famous players and teachers to describe their own methods of learning and of teaching. Miss Brower herself supplies a summary of these interviews and she also furnishes some personal glimpses of each artist. The book in its way is unique, while an additional value is to be found in its sixteen portrait illustrations.

PIANO MASTERY. By Harriette Brower. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company; \$1.50 net.

## Incense and Iconoclasm.

Most of us have admired Mr. Charles Leonard Moore's essays in the Chicago *Dial*, and those of us who have not yet done so may well be urged to begin. Indeed they are well worth publication in this more permanent form. But why does Mr. Moore call himself an iconoclast? Never was there a more suave and benignant critic nor one with a stronger inclination to admire. And in this respect he has but little of the democratic spirit which, as he wells says, would like to destroy everything that was on the stage before itself. There must be no superlatives, and nature, that loves aristocracies and the grading of human minds, must be frowned upon.

There are thirty-nine of these essays, nearly all devoted to topics rather than to individuals. Sometimes we may think that

Mr. Moore's touch is too light for full justice, as where he blames Lowell's New England conscience for the extinction of the "images of beauty and grandeur." But such lapses are rare. Usually Mr. Moore is serious and appreciative, but his seriousness is consistent with humor and with a certain sparkle of diction that makes his pages a delight.

INCENSE AND ICONOCLASM. By Charles Leonard Moore. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50 net.

## The Man Jesus.

Probably thousands of people will read Mary Austin's life of Jesus without any realization that her sources of information are confined to the four Gospels and that any one with ten cents can purchase an equipment of knowledge equal to her own. Mary Austin's literary style is of course impressive, although even here we may be pardoned if we prefer the biblical diction.

The author's methods tend to perplexity. Upon what principle, for example, does she select certain portions of the biblical narrative and give them her credence while refusing a like credence to other portions? Apparently she believes the stories of healing because modern science has shown them to be possible, but the story of the loaves and fishes is rejected on the theory that "what probably happened," etc. Her own opinion of probabilities becomes, therefore, the arbiter. The biblical narratives fall to the ground unless they receive the support of the professor of psychology. This may be gratifying to modern self-conceit, but it hardly adds to our knowledge of Jesus, who is thus, in a way, patronized by systems of thought whose dominant characteristic is a crude and stupid materialism.

Mary Austin's book deserves all possible praise as a literary gem, but as nothing else. Those who go to it for light on the character and achievements of Jesus would do better to buy or borrow a New Testament and read it with minds free from dogmas and priestcraft.

THE MAN JESUS. By Mary Austin. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.20 net.

## What a Man Wills.

Mrs. G. de Horne Vaizey imagines a number of people at a house party who are invited to express their wishes and desires. Then follow a number of separate but connected stories showing the ways in which those wishes and desires were accomplished. They leave the impression that the fulfillment of ambitions is usually of an unexpected and even unwelcome nature, which is doubtless true enough.

One of these stories relates to a boy who is born blind and who at the age of six mourns his infirmity and complains that "it's dull all alone in the dark." But would a child who was born blind have anything but the vaguest sense of incapacity? Deprived of contrast, would he know what was meant by the dark? In short, would he have the faintest conception of a sense that he had never experienced?

WHAT A MAN WILLS. By Mrs. George de Horne Vaizey. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.35.

## Minnie's Bishop.

George A. Birmingham has so well established himself as a teller of stories that it is hardly necessary to commend this volume of twenty-six short narratives of Irish life in which humor and pathos are so well blended. But these stories are by no means of equal merit. Indeed some few of them might have been omitted with advantage, and among them "The Ghosts," which has been told so many times as to be commonplace.

MINNIE'S BISHOP AND OTHER STORIES. By George A. Birmingham. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.20 net.

## Briefer Reviews.

The Houghton Mifflin Company has published a new and revised edition of "The Arrow-Maker," a drama in three acts by Mary Austin (75 cents net).

The latest volume to appear in the Hart, Schaffner & Marx Prize Essays in Economics is "The Tin Plate Industry," by Donald Earl Dunbar (Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1 net). It presents a study and comparison of the tin-plate industry in free-trade Wales and in protectionist America and is evidently the result of careful and elaborate study.

Charles Scribner's Sons have published a capital book for girls who love the outdoor life and everything associated with the trail. It is entitled "On the Trail," and its authors are Lina Beard and Adelia Belle Beard. Here we have all that a girl needs to know about woodcraft, camping, accidents, fishing, photography, and the commissariat. The price is \$1.25 net.

"A B C of Architecture," by Frank E. Wallis (Harper & Brothers; 50 cents net), is "written for those inquisitive folk who wish to know the periods or styles in architecture and the relation which they bear to one another; why one of these periods is called

Greek, and another Roman or Gothic; or why, perchance, it carries the name of a reigning monarch."

G. P. Putnam's Sons have issued a volume of "Brontë Poems," edited with an introduction by Arthur C. Benson (\$2 net). Since the selection made by Charlotte Brontë in 1850 of her own and her late sister's work a large number of poems by the three sisters, and some by Branwell Brontë have been discovered, and many of them have appeared in limited and other privately printed editions. In making the present selection Arthur C. Benson has laid under contribution all the published poems, and has added several others by each of the sisters that have not been printed before, the dates of composition of the poems being given as far as possible. All the best poetical work of this gifted family is thus made accessible for the first time in one volume.

## Gossip of Books and Authors.

Dr. John J. Mullowney, a member of the Religious Society of Friends or Quakers, and a member of the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, has compiled the "Peace Calendar and Diary for 1916," which is to be published by Paul Elder & Co. in the near future.

In connection with announcements in the press of the decoration just bestowed upon Mr. Rockefeller for his relief work in Serbia it is interesting to know that it was Princess Lazarovich-Hrebelianovich, an American by birth, whose memoirs, "Pleasures and Palaces," are announced for publication this month by the Century Company, who first laid the plight of the Serbians before the Rockefeller Foundation.

The event of the Reilly & Britton year was the publication of "The Lovable Meddler," by Leona Dalrymple. "The Lovable Meddler" is a romance, with a kindly old Scotch doctor as the central figure, but with the love interest always to the fore.

"Spragge's Canyon," by Horace Annesley Vachell, is a story of California mountains and a love drama—altogether Mr. Vachell's most important American story to date, and in its humanness ranking with his famous story, "Quinneys." It is published by the George H. Doran Company.

Francis E. Leupp, the author of "Walks About Washington," which Little, Brown & Co. have brought out with full-page pen and ink sketches by Lester G. Hornby, is a veteran newspaper man and former United States Commissioner of Indian Affairs. Mr. Leupp has long made a study of the history of the national capital and the famous men who have lived there, so that his book is enlivened with amusing stories of the Presidents and other notables.

In "Carlyle: How to Know Him," just published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Professor Bliss Perry of Harvard has undertaken to tell the story and interpret the meaning of Carlyle with a special view to making his significance clear to Americans of the new generation.

Under the title, "The Nearing Case," Dr. Lightner Winner, head of the department of psychology of the University of Pennsylvania, has prepared a complete statement of what led up to Dr. Nearing's dismissal and the facts in all their ramifications. The book will be published at once by B. W. Huebsch. It contains practically the indictment, the evidence, the arguments, and many interesting documents, among them the now historic letter from Dr. Nearing to Billy Sunday, which, according to some, led to the trustees' action.

On September 24th all of the Century Company's autumn juveniles were published. These are: "The Fun of Cooking," by Caroline French Benton; "The Boarded-Up House," by Augusta Huiell Seaman; "Tommy and the Wishing-Stone," by Thornton W. Burgess; "Peg o' the Ring," by E. B. and A. A. Knipe; and "The Strange Story of Mr. Dog and Mr. Bear," by Mabel Fuller Blodgett. The Century Company also announces that "The Golofish," the anonymous confession of a rich New Yorker, has gone into its sixth printing, while a fourth printing has been required of Eric Fisher Wood's "Note-Book of an Attaché."

The John Lane Company published on October 1st "A Book of Bridges," by Frank Brangwyn, A. R. A. The volume will contain thirty-five plates in color and thirty-six illustrations in black and white. The text is by Walter Shaw Sparrow.

Harper & Brothers have just republished "Heart of the Sunset," Rex Beach's new novel, published on September 20th; "The Unseen Empire," by Atherton Brownell, and "A Letter of Introduction," by William Dean Howells.

There will be wide interest in the announcement that Mrs. Wharton is about to publish a book through the Scribners on her experiences and impressions of France in the war, including her own visits to different parts of the French battle line, some of the

## The White House

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chapters being the articles which she has contributed this summer and autumn to *Scribner's Magazine*—"The Look of Paris," "In Argonne," "In Lorraine and the Vosges," and "On the North Front."

Whatever the outcome of President Wilson's much criticized Mexican policy, it has at least given the public "Straight Down the Crooked Lane," the new novel by Bertha Runkle, shortly to be issued by the Century Company. Mrs. Bash, the wife of Captain Louis H. Bash, Sixth Infantry, as she is known in private life, has spent the last two years at San Francisco, in the absence of her husband, who, with his regiment, has been "watchfully waiting" on the Texas border. She had often been urged to write an army story, being so well fitted as a result of her years passed in garrisons—east, west, north, and south—as well as in the Philippines, to handle the "local color" so puzzling to civilian writers.

Owen Wister's "The Pentecost of Calamity," which recently came from the Macmillan press, has already gone into a new edition. It is one of the most remarkable literary productions yet published on the subject of the war.

"The Golden Scarecrow," the new novel by Mr. Walpole, is his first since "The Duchess of Wrexhe." It is the story of a number of children living about an old city square, into all of whose lives comes the Friend of the Children, that Santa Claus-like fancy of whom Stevenson wrote. Mr. Walpole has, apparently, planned to write a story which will bring back to grown-ups the wonder of their own childhood. It is doubtful if any of his novels is so filled with a mellow beauty as this. It is published by the George H. Doran Company.

Good photoplays, especially comedies, are always in demand, says Louella O. Parsons, four years on the editorial staff of the *Essanay* Company, but to write them acceptably requires more preparation than is generally supposed. "A knowledge of the technic is absolutely necessary if success in photoplay writing is desired," says Mrs. Parsons, "and it must be studied before scenario writing is attempted." How the amateur can master the technic of photoplay writing and market his productions is most comprehensively set forth in Mrs. Parsons's book, "How to Write for the Movies," just published by A. C. McClurg & Co.

Charles Scribner's Sons have published a new book by E. Alexander Powell, entitled "The Road to Glory." In it are vividly recounted some of the most romantic and heroic of the exploits of our history—those generally neglected by the regular historian because of their unofficial character, and therefore unfamiliar or unknown to the general reader. They are concerned with the winning of Texas, Florida, and the great territory acquired from France by the Louisiana Purchase, etc.

The Russian Grand Duke Constantine, who died recently, was not only a commanding figure in the nobility of Russia, but also a man of high literary attainments—an author of several books, one of which has been republished in this country by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, in translation, under title "The King of the Jews." It is a Passion Play in verse. The duke's poems appeared always over his familiar signature letters "K. K."—standing for Konstantine Konstantinovich. He translated "Hamlet" into Russian, staged it, and played the chief part himself.

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## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## A Young Man's Year.

Anthony Hope's new story will be read with a certain regret for his earlier efforts. From "The Prisoner of Zenda" to the life of the modern young Londoner is a far cry, and we feel that we have dropped much of real romance by the way. Human motives remain, of course, the same, but the trappings lose their glamour.

There is nothing to admire in Arthur Lisle, the hero of this story. He is a briefless barrister, and but for the skilled vivacity of the telling we should follow his adventures with something like indifference. We are reminded by constant implication that he is a "gentleman," and we almost find ourselves acknowledging that he ought not to marry Marie Saradet, whose only disadvantage is that she is the daughter of a tradesman. And of course it would be highly improper for him to marry the little actress who helps to produce the play upon which Arthur has staked his fortune. We rather suspect that Mr. Hawkins was puzzled to find a mate for Arthur and that he had to introduce a lady for that express purpose. Arthur being what he is, it would never do to allow us to forget the pale shadow of the salt, and indeed we never do forget it.

The author's one distinctive character is Bernadette, who reminds us of Dolly of the Dialogues. Bernadette is married, but she runs away with a lover and lives happy ever after, but there are no transports of passion. Even adultery becomes decorous among the ladies and gentlemen of England. And as for Arthur, we leave him quite comfortable, thank you, with a few briefs on the horizon and no particular reason why he should not one day be a judge.

A YOUNG MAN'S YEAR. By Anthony Hope. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.35 net.

## The Magic of Experience.

Mr. Stanley Redgrove has already proved himself well qualified to write on topics that are likely to become more and more popular as the wave of an exclusive commercialism recedes, as it is certain to do. His book is a small one, but it is condensed rather than superficial. His section on Idealism is lucid and convincing, as good a survey of a great philosophical school as has yet been written. To a lesser extent the same may be said of the section on Mysticism, which would have been strengthened by a greater attention to the Oriental schools. The third section is devoted to "The Nature and Criteria of Truth," the author reaching the conclusion that "all truth is gained through the rational interpretation of experience, which is revealed by God and discovered by man."

THE MAGIC OF EXPERIENCE. By H. Stanley Redgrove, B. Sc., F. C. S. With an introduction by Sir W. F. Barrett, F. R. S. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1 net.

## New Books Received.

COLLEGE SONS AND COLLEGE FATHERS. By Henry Seidel Canby. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.20 net.

An examination of the student, the professor, and the results.

THE BUNNIKINS-BUNNIES' CHRISTMAS TREE. By Edith B. Davidson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

For little children.

THE CASE OF AMERICAN DRAMA. By Thomas H. Dickinson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50 net.

What is the present status and future outlook of the legitimate drama in America?

THE TOY SHOP BOOK. By Ada Van Stone Harris and Lillian McLean Waldo. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.25 net.

For little children.

ONE HUNDRED PICNIC SUGGESTIONS. By Linda Hull Larned. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

For the picnic basket.

WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN. By Gouverneur Morris. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

THE HOLY EARTH. By L. H. Bailey. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1 net.

Man's relation to the soil, both physical and spiritual.

THE TWISTED SKEIN. By Ralph D. Paine. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.35 net.

A story for boys.

HISTORY OF THE NORWEGIAN PEOPLE. By Knut Hamsund, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$8 net.

In two volumes. With maps and illustrations.

POEMS. By Gilbert K. Chesterton. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25 net.

A volume of verse.

A HISTORY OF LATIN LITERATURE. By Marcus Jimsdale. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$2 net.

Intended to interest the average reader and for classroom use.

THE "GENIUS." By Theodore Dreiser. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50 net.

A novel.

KISINGTON TOWN. By Abbie Farwell Brown. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.

A book for boys and girls.

MEANS AND METHODS OF AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION.

By Albert Leake. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2 net.

Issued in Hart, Schaffner & Marx Prize Essays in Economics.

THE CHILDREN'S BOOK OF BIRDS. By Olive Thorne Miller. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2 net.

With sixteen colored plates and many other illustrations.

ROBIN THE BOBBIN. By Vale Downie. New York: Harper & Brothers; 50 cents net.

A short story.

IN VACATION AMERICA. By Harrison Rhodes. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.50 net.

American resorts and their charms.

POEMS. By Dana Burnet. New York: Harper Brothers; \$1.20 net.

Lyrics of peace and war.

THE SECRET PLAY. By Ralph Henry Barbour. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.30 net.

A story for boys.

SONGS OF THE WORKDAY WORLD. By Berton Braley. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1 net.

Songs of the workers, miners, and sailors, told by a man who has worked and played with them.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. By E. Lawrence Dudley. New York: The Macmillan Company; 50 cents net.

Issued in the True Stories of Great Americans Series.

WILLIAM PENN. By Rupert S. Holland. New York: The Macmillan Company; 50 cents net.

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ECONOMIC ORIGINS OF JEFFERSONIAN DEMOCRACY. By Charles A. Beard. New York: The Macmillan Company.

A political survey.

THE ISLAND OF SURPRISE. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

SUZANNA STIRS THE FIRE. By Emily Calvin Blake. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.25 net.

The story of a child.

THE CRIMINAL IMBECILE. By Henry Herbert Goddard. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

An analysis of three remarkable murder cases.

DOROTHY DAINY AT CRESTVILLE. By Amy Brooks. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1 net.

A story for children.

CHRISTMAS IN LEGEND AND STORY. Compiled by Elva S. Smith and Alice J. Hazeltine. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.50 net.

A book for boys and girls.

THE BELGIAN COOK-BOOK. Edited by Mrs. Brian Luck. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1 net.

A collection of Belgian recipes gathered from Belgian refugees in England.

THE CORNER STONE. By Margaret Hill McCarter. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; 50 cents net.

A novel.

A REAL CINDERELLA. By Nina Rhoades. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1 net.

A story for children.

THE SONG OF THE LARK. By Willa Sibert Cather. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.40 net.

A novel.

EVE DORRE. By Emily Videl Stotter. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

WHEN CHRISTMAS COMES AROUND. By Priscilla Underwood. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.35 net.

Sketches of children with illustrations in color by Jessie Willcox Smith.

GOLD SEEKERS OF '49. By Edwin L. Sabin. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25 net.

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THE OBSESSION OF VICTORIA GRACEN. By Grace Livingston Hill Lutz. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25 net.

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A book of verse.

THE RIDDLE OF THE NIGHT. By Thomas W. Hanshew. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A detective story.

HEARTS STEADFAST. By Edward S. Moffat. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

ROBERT BROWNING: HOW TO KNOW HIM. By William Lyon Phelps, M. A., Ph. D. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.50 net.

A guide to the study of Browning.

HEIDI. By Johanna Spyri. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25 net.

A story for children, translated by Elisabeth P. Stork and illustrated in color by Maria L. Kirk.

SAILING SHIPS AND THEIR STORY. By E. Keble

Chatterton. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.50 net.

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PEEPS INTO PICARDY. By W. D. Cranford and E. and A. Manton. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1 net.

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## CURRENT VERSE.

## Fatherland.

There is no sword in my hand  
Where I watch oversea.  
Father's land, mother's land,  
What will you say of me,  
Who am blood of your German blood,  
Through and through,  
Yet would not, if I could,  
Slaughter for you?  
What will you say of one  
Who has no heart  
Even to cheer you on?  
No heavens apart,  
No guiding God appears  
To my strained eyes.  
Apathetic fog of fears  
And hates and lies,  
I see no goal, I mark  
No ringing message flying;  
Only a brawl in the dark  
And death and the groans of the dying.

For you, your men of dreams  
And your strong men of deeds  
Crumble and die with screams,  
And under hoofs like weeds  
Are trampled; for you  
In city and on hill  
Voices you knew  
And needed are still.  
And roundabout  
Harbor and shoal  
The lights of your soul  
Go out.

To what end, O Fatherland?  
I see your legions sweep  
Like waves up the gray strand.  
I hear your women weep.  
And the sound is as the groaning  
Swish of the ebbing wave—  
A nation's pitiful moaning  
Beside an open grave.  
Ah, Fatherland, not all  
Who love you most,  
Armed to triumph or fall,  
March with your mighty host.  
Some there are yet, as I,  
Who stand apart,  
And with aching heart  
Ponder the Whither and Why  
Of the tragic story,  
Asking with hated breath,  
Which way lies glory  
And which way, death?  
—Herman Hagedorn, in Poetry.

## The Open Door.

Now choristers are on the wing,  
Blackbird and thrush and soaring lark;  
Now all the rapture of the spring  
Breaks forth from winter's dark:

All set against a peerless sky,  
A radiant arch of stainless blue;  
Lilac and gold-green poplars high,  
Apple and pear-bloom, too.

All intermixed with warm brown thatch,  
Or set by lichen, mossed brown stone;  
Crowding round many a cottage-latch,  
Or sweet, apart, alone.

O breaking joy of sun-kissed bloom,  
O bridal earth and blissful sky!  
How is there any aching room  
For sin, or tear, or sigh?

For sigh, or tear, or evil thing,  
When Heaven's door is flung so wide,  
When all the angels dance and sing,  
Bidding us look inside?

Give me a homely cottage-latch,  
Four lichen'd walls of mossed brown stone,  
A heart that primrose peace to match,  
Serene, apart, alone.

Then, tho I tread an earth-bound floor,  
Fettered by many an earth-bound thing,  
I still can lean against the Door  
And hear the angels sing.  
—Mary Samuel Daniel, in Harper's Magazine.

## Rung Out at Lloyd's.

The seas will rage or shimmer clear,  
The wind moan on the bar  
While ships set sail to ports afar,  
Gulls will call, yet we shall not hear  
When the bell tolls out at Lloyd's.

Oh, we are the ghosts of men long lost  
Away on the tropic strand;  
Our watery tomb the mocking surges band.  
For us no stone or shroud will cost  
The bell toll'd out at Lloyd's.

No man knows where our bleached bones lie  
On the floor of the silent deep  
In grotto, dim, where the snakefish sleep.  
And owners will start and heave a sigh  
When the bell tolls out at Lloyd's.

At home the feeble hopes will wane  
For the wanderers who sailed beyond the pale.  
The women, lonely, weep and wail  
When the sea fiends prowl the desolate main  
And the bell tolls out at Lloyd's.

The bell tolls out at Lloyd's,  
But only the sobbing widows hear  
The knell that brings the children's tear  
For the ones who crossed the voids.  
Clang! the bell tolls out at Lloyd's.

—Albert J. Porter, in the Seven Seas.

## Guatemala, a Favored Land.

The present Republic of Guatemala was founded in 1839, although independence was declared in 1821. One of the sights of the country is the active volcano, Fuego, with an elevation of 12,075 feet. The greater part of the country is mountainous, the highlands having a mean elevation of 7000 feet, but the surface presents great variety with extensive plateaus, terraces, and upland valleys, the last-named being notable for their beauty, fertility, and favorable climate. Except in the low-lying district the climate approximates perpetual spring. Guatemala claims to be the home of corn, which the early explorers found under cultivation by the Indians. Coffee, however, is the chief article of export and is noted for its excellence. Indeed, the coffee and the cocoa of Guatemala are noted the world over and bring the best prices in the finest and most discriminating markets of the world. The forests, many of which have never known the woodman's axe, are perhaps the richest on the North American continent in point of size, containing as they do many varieties of valuable hardwoods which the northern countries do not produce. One of the principal items which has become a part of the farm life of the Guatemalan is now the raising of stock, an industry which has brought most profitable returns, the country being especially adapted to the growing of fine cattle. Good schools, roads, and telegraph lines speak for the progressive nature of the country, and the study of English is obligatory. The curriculum of the schools corresponds in many ways to that of the public schools of the United States. The republic has made unusual progress since 1898, when Don Manuel Estrada Cabrera was first elected president. So well has he governed that he has continued ever since in office, and his reelection is expected next year. It is claimed that laws passed by the Congress of Guatemala during the administration of President Cabrera have been the most beneficial which the history of the country can point to in the past. Among these enactments of especial interest to Americans are those which provide for the rights of foreigners residing within the republic. They are such laws as provide most fully for rights and liberties of all foreigners, guaranteeing them protection and safety, the unchallengeable right to carry on their business or pursuits without interference, the right to worship as it may please them, and, in a word, affording them every liberty which they would find in any country of which they were not citizens.

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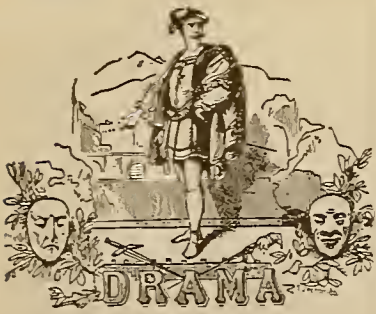
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### THE KREISLER CONCERT.

A third concert by Fritz Kreisler drew an overflowing audience to the Cort last Sunday, and no doubt similar conditions will be repeated tomorrow. The seats were all occupied and the audience overflowed into the lobby and spread out over the stage.

The violinist had a particularly choice programme, which included several compositions never previously heard here, and some which were rendered in this city for the first time under the how of the famous Austrian.

Corelli's "La Folia," with variations, led the programme, the lovely theme recurring like pauses of delicious reverie in the midst of the brilliant whirl.

A Bach piece occupied, I think, the place of wall-flower on the programme, the Schumann Fantasy C major grouping itself with the Corelli piece by its brilliancy, variety, and beauty.

Then came a succession of compositions from which it was difficult to choose; heavenly beautiful each one, but it seemed to me that in the Godowsky Larghetto Lamentoso the marvelous humanness of expression which Kreisler can draw from his violin strings was the greatest miracle of the afternoon. Could it be that those tones of sorrow issued from a mere, insensate combination of wood and catgut, or had the player, fresh from the suffering and anguish of the war in which he had participated, made of his heartstrings a medium with which to pour out his newly-won perception of what constitutes a world's woe?

The Beethoven Rondino was gay, yet pensive; a lovely thing, so delicately penetrating to the sensibilities that the player had to repeat it.

An "Auhade Provencale," by Couperin, is indescribable, characterized by a variety of moods, each more enchanting than the one preceding it. The Chopin Mazurka, lovely though it is, could but just hold its own, and no more, against those other musical jewels spread before us. There was a Tardini "Variations," furnishing a delightful instance of the swifter and more dazzling manifestations of Kreisler's art. There was the Indian Lament, adapted for the violin from Dvorak by Kreisler himself. Out of that suggestion of a primitive grief, hearing the stamp of the new world whose fascination Dvorak had celebrated in his symphony, the player wove a lovely fabric of surpassingly beautiful art, hearing always its burden of a piercing sorrow.

There was the Caprice, Kreisler's own composition, given as an encore, in which he rendered tones attenuated to a marvelous, an almost unearthly fineness, sweetness, and delicacy. There were a Spanish and a Hungarian Dance to leave the audience in joyous mood, and one or two more encores. In fine, there were such riches of tone melting, throbbing, and dying in our ears as only Kreisler can produce. For surely never before have we heard a violinist who can so wonderfully compete with the human voice in the variety, beauty, and rich expressiveness of the tones he draws from his instrument.

### "SO LONG LETTY."

The gayly improper "So Long Letty," they tell us, had a run of one hundred and two nights at Los Angeles. And I thought they were a lot of godly, transplanted Easterners down there. My, aint it awful! We never have a run of a hundred and anything here, so the evidence seems to point to our being of sterner standards. All the same, that theatrical of young couples that I saw there on Monday night gave delighted evidence of having just what they wanted. They filled the theatre to the last rows, their eyes shone with anticipation, they roared rapturously over every double entendre—and there were not a few—and they were entirely open and unashamed in their enjoyment of the humorous treatment of the delicate questions that arise when a couple of husbands, living in neighborly concord, fraternally agree to swap wives.

The fact of the matter is that the farce is so cleverly gotten up, the situations, and the treatment of them, so laughter-inducing, the company so excellent in its special field, that disapproval and reprobation die away, almost ashamed to be ashamed.

"So Long Letty," however, is just that sort of play, with its high spirits and its light, cavalier treatment of topics ordinarily handled on the stage with a certain degree of reticence, that induces toleration toward what stage conventions have been wont to prohibit. And it is all so clever. Dull, stupid vulgarity always, willy nilly, tilts a lance for virtue. But when stage impropriety is clever, and sparkling, and in the most capable hands, why, poor old virtue retires, discomfited, from the fray. Not that "So Long Letty" is vile. Not at all. It does not snigger odiously behind a fan, but merely lets down a few additional barriers, makes the sex appeal rather strong, and sends several thousand young people away in a very fleshly frame of mind. "So Long Letty," in fact, appeals to the tastes of people who like to crack vulgar jokes to each other without meaning any harm thereby.

I merely mention all this in passing "pour constater," as it were, in advance, the kind of entertainment it is, before proceeding to discuss the piece on its merits. Thus may it be known whether or not the subject is of interest to the possible reader. What, for example, were those two dear old gray-haired ladies doing at "So Long Letty"? Did they know in advance just what they had come to see? They looked to be of the type of that vast army of spinsters and sentimental old matrons—and many young ones, too—who condemn the President for not living lonely and unaccompanied through another year. For what reason, forsooth? Evidently in order to minister to their anemic ideas of what constitutes fidelity. Isn't a year's mourning and a re-marriage man's sincerest testimony to the domestic and social virtues of his first partner? However, we seem to be getting rather far from "So Long Letty," in spite of its highly domestic atmosphere.

The piece, which was adapted to musical-comedy treatment by Oliver Morosco and Elmer Harris from a comedy by the latter, entitled "Your Neighbor's Wife," is, in its capability to entertain, much ahead of the average musical-comedy show, with its numerous irrelevant features, because the story is highly entertaining and really dominates the whole performance. And furthermore, the domestic atmosphere tickles the spectators enormously. In this epoch of servant-less apartment-house life, everybody, more or less, knows something about domesticity, if it is only a crook and his temporary companion. And that talk about sardine-and-cracker meals carelessly served up to her conjugal mate by the ohddurate Letty reached the sensibilities of many a heart—or stomach. In fact, there was so much about things to eat in the play, including a rapid meal in which the slices of bread were deftly shuffled and dealt out like cards, while the round ginger cookies served as poker chips, that probably the entire theatrical, influenced by the law of suggestion, goes forth nightly on restaurants intent, which is probably not at all displeasing to the proprietors of restaurants.

In the two households placed in such neighborly continuity all is not well with Tommy Robbins, who yearns for those succulent flesh-pots presided over by zealous wives, which his careless consort refuses to serve up to him. He therefore casts favorable eyes on Gracie, the next-door wife, who wears gingham and dabs of flour and habitually stays at home attending to her household duties. With the perversity of humankind, Gracie's husband, the dandified Harry, wearies of his wife's humdrum virtues, inclining toward gadabout Letty. And thus the transfer eventually takes place, the wives conniving at it for purposes of their own. The author makes it plain that the two ladies, animated by an obstinately feminine sense of fidelity, wished to work things back to their original status, even though they merely put up with and endured their own lawful spouses. That they did so is no doubt regarded as a saving grace in regard to the propriety of the piece, which, by the way, is not at all un-Gallic in its airily farcical handling, even though it is simultaneously wholly American.

A great lot of stage favorites have been chosen to enhance the drawing qualities of the piece, among whom Charlotte Greenwood reigns supreme. This actress is a queer, fascinating, absorbing creature; a long-faced, long-armed, long-legged piece of gauche yet graceful witchery that you can't keep your eyes off, and who dances like nobody else in the world. She transforms the inordinate length of her arms and legs into advantages. They are the most flexibly-hinged of members, and swing themselves automatically over anything that gets in their way as lightly and easily as a butterfly flutters its wing. This actress has unusual individuality and a pronounced yet distinctive sense of humor. Her voice, her speech is telling. You lose not a word that she says, even in the rather dubious acoustics of the theatre, and when vulgarities occur in her lines or her business somehow she "hands it over" with such fleeting lightness that she persuades you to forgive her. That momentary attitude of prayer, for instance, that she assumed in farcical spirit when she landed

out of the bed upon which she had lighted after her peculiar, wild, free, fascinating dance, in which her limber arms and legs revolved like the arms of a windmill. I confess I felt somewhat jolted by it, calloused though one becomes by the nonchalant irreverences of the stage. I am neither prude nor pietist, and hereby seize the occasion to disavow the capitals heading the his's and him's in a few sentences about Christ in my copy of last week, placed there by a careful proofreader who has plenty of precedent to justify him. I myself consider that the too-insistent and obtrusive reverence of those capitalized pronouns distract the mind from and lessen the effect of simplicity and sincerity in such text as contains them. But there are some conventions that we ought to stick to, and I notice, within the last year or two, since the "My Gawd" and "Honest to Gawd" of the telephone-and-chorus-girl have acquired a humorous popularity in print, a growing tendency to hush aside conventions. It developed in musical comedy, in which much is tolerated, while any departure from traditional reticence is bitterly opposed in the regular drama. Thus there has been nothing but indulgence from the public toward a growing tendency to use the word God in humorous expletives on the stage. As, for example, when sardine-fed Harry exploded into "Oh God, dinner!" on hearing his more fortunate neighbor allude to that sacred meal. Well it was funny, and very comically done. We all laughed. And yet, Mr. Musical Comedy Author, are there not a few rags of convention and tradition that are entitled to respect and that should be left free from careless handling on the stage?

To resume: Plump May Boley, more trite than her associate, but always pleasing, was particularly good in the rôle of the domestically inclined Gracie, and Miss Nella Wilson evinces a voice and an awe-inspiring suggestion of wealth in the rôle of the rich aunt. Sydney Grant and Walter Catlett were the two unstable husbands. They are an exceedingly valuable pair in projecting the humor of "So Long Letty" over the footlights, each entirely different from the other, and both full of that quality which causes the merest nothing to make a pronouncedly humorous appeal. As it happens, however, they have particularly fat material in the piece, lines and business alike being very bright and spontaneous. The two play into each other's hands nobly, the humor is unforced, and the piece runs on oiled wheels. Sydney Grant is also a great singer.

Percy Bronson and Winnie Baldwin, whom we saw not so long ago at the Orpheum, occupy secondary rôles, in which fetching little Winnie Baldwin shows great ability in making herself look positively distracting in a hatching suit; she also speaks her lines very prettily.

William Rock's light was partly, and voluntarily, shaded from view during the dancing numbers, when he gallantly kept his new, very pretty, and chic little partner, Frances White, who is about two and a half minutes of age, as much in the public eye as possible. But when he came forth in full splendence William was all there. His comedy talents, too, shone as of yore in the scenes in which he posed as a water-side hero, in his capacity of swimming-master res-

cuing a drowning maid from the hriny element that is so useful as an agency for the display of feminine contours.

There were four chorus men with shiny hair and white suits, and a much larger number of entrancing chorus-girls who wore bewitching costumes bewitchingly, varying things at one stage in the performance by apparently wearing nothing at all.

The lively music was only occasional; a mere side issue in "So Long Letty," in which the play is the thing; but the audience enjoyed it and came forth humming that last lively number with the satisfied air of people who have just risen from a highly-seasoned French dinner.

### THE ORPHEUM.

Pipifax and Panlo actually hit on a new finale for their comic clown in "Humpsti-Bumpsti," a lively act in comic, really comic, acrobatics; but I'll not give it away, if only to spare any one from losing the surprise.

And now they have a "living Venus" in vaudeville, a young woman clad only in silk fleshings and reflected pictures, her plump proportions accurately fitting into the place left vacant for her in each picture. I remember we had something of the kind before at the Orpheum, the pictures of the present act resembling those in their crudity, their garish coloring, and their resemblance to the high-colored ornateness of very cheap advertising cards. The novelty and ingenuity of the idea, however, pleases the audience, and the act is a success.

There are a couple of musical numbers this week, the sixteen Navassar girls, under the leadership of their directress, giving a lot of popular music both with strings and brass. They also have some vocal numbers—a little uncertain in pitch—and close with the old "Anvil Chorus" coming in as a popular finale, with real stage hammers and anvils and a lot of red-shirted girls lighted up by flickering flashes of electric light to serve as an encore-drawers.

Eugene Damond, in a violin solo number, by his bow-flourishings and self-consciousness, rendered us all but oblivious, at first, that he knows how to play the violin. This youth will have to learn for himself that the true artist forgets himself in his art, and that an artist can never be truly and deeply interesting until he attains to a condition of self-forgetfulness. It is but just to add that the quality of Mr. Damond's playing encourages one to hope that he may realize this in time.

We will pass by Bessie Browning, who also has several things to learn, and throw a bouquet to Pat Rooney and Marion Bent, who presented several novelties in their act, the lively dancing and tumultuous lingerie of the young lady and the redundant antics of her partner serving to warm up the audience to a high pitch of response. Pat Rooney achieved glory by introducing "George," the zealous supernumerary, to the public. "George" having viewed his public long from the stage, maintained a professional calm, which refused to leave him whether he danced or made a speech. Serving as a supernumerary in a vaudeville house evidently has a tendency to induce a good-natured, indulgent scorn for the big baby public in front. "George" did not even pro-

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duce the usual feeble grin of the private citizen haled into performing publicity. For that I admired "George." His dignity as a man was thoroughly unshaken. He did his little stunt, unusual though it was, with exactly the same punctilious care and zeal with which he rolls up and removes a strip of carpet from the stage. Pat Rooney, who was rather exhausting in his perpetual action in the beginning of his act, achieved a very good finale by his take-off of an orchestra leader and the frantic rhythmic dance with which he closed it. This couple almost extinguished the light of the other comedy pair, who nevertheless served to while away the usual quarter-hour, and "Long Tack Sam and his wonder-workers" did the usual things in Chinese magic. We are getting used to it now, but I'd give a quarter to know how they manage to produce those bowls filled with water and living fish from nowhere, unless it be from their ample vestments, and if so, how about all that water, which seems to be as wet as most of its kind? And, speaking of water, when Long Tack Sam, in an upside-down position, drank from that much-discussed bowl of water, did it reverse the laws of gravity and flow to his stomach or remain stationary in his gullet until he was topside up? These little be-puzzlements will obtrude when we see acts in magic.

The gem of the performance is furnished by Walter C. Kelly in his act called "The Virginia Judge." Mr. Kelly sinks his voice to a rich, mellow depth, slightly husky with a suggestion of dinners compounded of Virginia trout, poultry, and good red wine. I suspect that he cultivates this voice in order to make the necessary contrast to the different voices required in his various impersonations. He has a magnificent assortment of dark personalities in his throat, and with these jaunty blacks dealing out the plausible, self-exculpatory loquacities of their tribe, with the pugnacious Irishman and the defensive Italian vegetable-man lending variety to the personations, and with the genuine wit and humor of the speeches uttered by his gallery of invisible folk, Mr. Kelly evokes the atmosphere of a rustic court and peoples it for our delectation with a highly amusing group of characters.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

#### FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

##### "So Long Letty" Continues at the Cort.

The second week of "So Long Letty," Oliver Morosco's whimsical comedy with music, will start on Sunday night, October 17th, at the Cort Theatre. The first week of this production has been a record-breaker from a standpoint of attendance, the Cort having been sold out at every performance, even the standing-room being taken to capacity.

"So Long Letty" has secured a firm hold upon the theatre patrons of San Francisco and the advance sale for the second week indicates that it also will prove of capacity proportions.

There are numerous San Francisco favorites in the cast of this production. Heading the list is Charlotte Greenwood, whose quaint comedy has made her a favorite here in the past, and who appears in the production in a rôle exactly suited to her. Walter Catlett, another San Francisco favorite, is playing a leading rôle, as is the roly poly comedienne, May Boley, and Sydney Grant.

There are numerous dance numbers in "So Long Letty." These are capably handled by her favorites, Percy Bronson and Winnie Baldwin, who have been seen here often as vaudeville headliners, and William Rock, former partner of Maude Fulton, who is now dancing with Frances White.

Nella Wilson, Australian prima donna, has an important rôle in the production, and here is a chorus of thirty California girls who keep the big numbers moving at top speed.

There will be the usual popular matinees at the Cort on Wednesday and Saturday.

##### The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum bill for next week will have as joint headliners Nellie V. Nichols and Larry Beresford and his company.

Miss Nichols, who is appropriately styled a songstress comedienne, will introduce a new assortment of songs and stories. She is one of the cleverest and most successful headliners in vaudeville and her popularity in this city is established.

Mr. Beresford, whose most recent dramatic achievement was in Charles Frohman's production of "The Conspiracy," will present a comedy of youth and springtime by Tom Barry, entitled "Twenty Odd Years." It is a pretty epoch of youth and old age and its effect is enhanced by a perfect and picturesque scenic production.

The Jack Dudley Trio will appear in a novelty called "In the Moonlight." For this purpose they bring with them a scenic set of great beauty. They do not, however, depend on their success upon it. It is merely incidental to the really excellent routine of head-hand balancing they excel in.

Emily Frances Hooper and Ellsworth Cook

call their little offering "Give Us a Chance." It is a conglomeration of dancing and singing which proves them to be an exceedingly clever and versatile couple.

Una Fairweather, who has met with great success on the English concert stage and is the possessor of a glorious and well-cultivated mezzo-soprano voice, will be heard in a repertory of classical and popular songs. Her accompanist will be Jean Baptiste Toner.

Williams and Warner are two Frenchmen who have invented quite a number of odd musical instruments, among them being the "Clacaphone," which sounds like a combination of the organ and human voice. They are also original and diverting comedians.

Pat Rooney and Marion Bent, Long Tack Sam and his marvelous Chinese troupe, and the incomparable Walter C. Kelly as "The Virginia Judge" will conclude their engagements.

##### Columbia to Show Real War Pictures.

It has remained for the Columbia Theatre to put forward what have been declared to be the most remarkable and authentic motion pictures of the European war, filmed by Edwin F. Weigle, staff photographer of the Chicago Tribune, upon German battlefields. They are to be revealed for the first time in this city on Sunday morning, October 17th, at 11 o'clock, and will be shown daily at the same hour and continuously until 11 o'clock at night. The low rate of twenty-five cents has been fixed as the price of admission to all parts of the house.

These pictures have created amazement and enthusiasm in New York, where they are being shown at the Forty-Fourth Street Theatre to enormous audiences. Giant field guns, belching their disaster in tons of lead at the enemy lines, furnish some of the most vividly spectacular scenes of the film. These scenes were actually taken at the firing line, remarkably clever and beautiful photography showing the explosion of the shells at a distance of many miles, the feat being accomplished with a telephoto lens. To those who see these astonishing pictures the war will be a definite, clean-cut, present-day reality—vivid in a way that words could never make it. It is more than a "movie" that is thrown upon the screen. It is the distilled essence of history in the making.

##### Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre.

George Lovette, one of the greatest mental scientists, with the aid of his two associates, Mme. Zenda and Mercedes Crane, will head the new bill at the Pantages on Sunday. Lovette styles his offering "Concentration," and during the act he answers any question submitted to him by the audience through the medium of the two ladies, who are placed on the stage in full view of the spectators. Mme. Zenda answers the most mystifying queries, while Miss Crane will play any musical selection on the piano that is requested. Lovette passes through the audience and receives the questions, and he claims by the aid of mental suggestion his two associates will do his bidding without a word being spoken.

"Fong Choy," a beautiful musical operetta, featuring Agnes von Bracht, a charming young prima donna, is the special feature of the new bill. A special setting picturing the land of the Mikado, with twelve attractive girls, prettily costumed, makes the production a splendid offering.

The five juggling Normans are adepts in expert club tossing.

E. J. Moore, known as the "gabby trixter," will amuse with his comedy patter and mystic magic.

Fred Lewis and Martha Chapin have a jolly little travesty, and other good numbers are Lew Zimmerman, a whistling imitator, and Miss Amelia von Ell and Russell Drew in different dances.

##### "On Trial" Coming to the Columbia.

"On Trial," which will be presented here by Cohan and Harris at the Columbia Theatre a few weeks hence, is not built like the usual play; it is more on the lines of a moving-picture scenario. The story of "On Trial" has to do with a murder and circumstantial evidence; a husband is on trial for his life, the last juror has been sworn, and the district attorney is stating the case. The defendant's lawyer follows, and the first witness is called. The wife of the murdered man takes the stand and begins to tell of a telephone call that preceded the murder of her husband. As she says "the telephone bell rang" the lights go out and a telephone bell rings. One has scarcely time to count sixty when up flash the lights and one sees the completely furnished library of a luxurious home. What the witness is testifying is seen enacted before the spectator's eyes. The rest of the play moves by exactly the same method, and always one is brought back to the courtroom where the final scene takes place.

##### All Join to Help a Good Cause.

The Associated Theatrical Managers of San Francisco will hold one of their big benefits in aid of their sick and charity fund at the

Columbia Theatre next Friday afternoon, October 22d. It has been four years since the association has given a benefit, and in the meantime the treasury has been entirely depleted through the calls of sick and distressed actors. The public always receives much more than its money's worth at these entertainments, the best attractions from the leading theatres always volunteering to help along the good cause. The committee in charge, Morris Meyerfeld, Jr., J. J. Gottlof, Homer Curran, Melville Marx, George Davis, and John Morrissey, who comes back into harness to help things along, promise a splendid programme, and tickets may be obtained at the box-offices of the Columbia, Cort, Orpheum, and Alcazar Theatres.

One of the new acts that has just started a tour of the Orpheum Circuit is composed of Al Gerrard and Sylvia Clark. They call their act "Modern Vaudeville Frolics." Mr. Gerrard is a former member of the "Candy Shop" company, and was also with Valeska Suratt's "Black Crepe and Diamonds," while Miss Clark comes from the "Kiss Waltz."

Valeska Suratt, one of the most spectacular figures in the theatrical world, will be seen on the Orpheum Circuit this season. She began her season on October 11th at the Orpheum Theatre, Los Angeles.

Sir Charles Villiers Stanford, the British composer, has written an opera to Sheridan's play, "The Critic." In its new version the work is in one act. The first act of Sheridan's play has been omitted, and the scene wherein Puff, Snerer, and Dangle appear together has been condensed into a spoken prologue to the opera. Puff becomes a composer, while Snerer and Dangle, the "practitioner in panegyric," remain as they were. The orchestra appears only after the play has begun, and its first notes consist of tuning the instruments. From that point the work proceeds in more conventional operatic style, but with interspersed passages of spoken dialogue.

Maud Allan fully intended to become a pianist, and her early experience gave proof that she would have succeeded, had she not become engrossed with the possibilities of the dance. She obtained a very complete musical education, however, and studied piano at the Hochschule in Berlin and with Busoni. When finally she determined to alter her artistic course, it was owing to the conviction that the new field offered greater opportunities and that there were more passable pianists than dancers.

##### Victor Herbert to Conduct "Pop" Concerts.

The Exposition has been honored by the presence of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Camille Saint-Saëns, several distinguished American composers, as well as by some great soloists, and now for the final big series of musical events comes America's greatest composer-conductor, Victor Herbert, whose delightful compositions are known in every household.

In addition to his activities as a composer he has long been one of America's five leading orchestral conductors. He was solo violoncellist and assistant conductor with Anton Seidl, and for six years he was conductor of the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra. For the past five years he has been at the head of a permanent orchestra of his own.

The Victor Herbert programmes will be entirely different from any that have been heard at the Exposition. They will not be symphony concerts, but programmes of melodious, beautiful, and often jolly music that will delight both musician and layman—that will please any one who loves music at all. No programme of this character has been given here since the days of the lamented Fritz Scheel at the Vienna Prater of the Midwinter Fair.

Mr. Herbert has never before appeared west of Chicago, and it was Will L. Greenbaum who induced him to consider a visit to the Exposition. Mr. Greenbaum has determined that not only shall the programmes be popular, but also that the prices of admission shall be popular, too, and he has taken into consideration the cost of admission to the grounds. The result is that reserved seats for the Victor Herbert orchestral concerts will be but 50 cents, 75 cents, and \$1, with the box seats at \$1.50.

Seven concerts will be given, commencing Monday night, November 1st, with a special matinee Sunday afternoon, November 7th. There will be an entire change of programme at every concert and one night will be devoted entirely to the serious and light works of Victor Herbert.

Complete programmes may be obtained at all the music stores and at the Exposition ticket office, 343 Powell Street, or will be mailed to any address on request. Address all communications to Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, San Francisco, and also mail orders.

Victor Herbert will come exclusively for the Exposition concerts and will not be heard in any city en route.

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Between Stockton and Powell  
Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon  
Matinee Every Day  
NELLIE V. NICHOLS, Songstress Comedienne; HARRY BERESFORD and Company in Tom Barry's Comedy, "Twenty Odd Years"; JACK DUDLEY TRIO, "In the Moonlight"; EMILY FRANCES HOOPER and ELLSWORTH COOK in "Give Us a Chance"; UNA FAIRWEATHER, the Gifted English Mezzo-Soprano, Jean Baptiste Toner at the Piano; WILLIAMS and WARNER, Musical Merry-makers; PAT ROONEY and MARION BENT, "At the News Stand"; LONG TACK SAM and His Company of Wonder-Workers; Last Week, WALTER C. KELLY, "The Virginia Judge."  
Evening prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Matinee prices (except Sundays and holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phone—Douglas 70.

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With CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD, SYDNEY GRANT, and a Company of San Francisco Favorites, Including 30 Rare Chorus Beauties.  
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With Mme. Zenda, the Psychic Wonder, and Mercedes Crane, the Musical Oracle  
Positively the Climax of All Acts of Mystery  
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A WONDERFUL EIGHT-ACT SHOW



## VANITY FAIR.

Some of the radical newspapers of the country have found grist for their mills in the fact that Miss Virginia Bruce Loney, aged sixteen, has been awarded by the courts the annual sum of \$25,000 from the mother's estate for the "necessaries" of life. These "necessaries" include such items as \$6000 for rent, \$600 for a maid, \$3500 for clothing, and \$2500 for vacation. Behold, say the newspapers, the extravagances and luxuries of the idle rich. And then they tell us how many families of plumbers, cobblers, and Methodist parsons could live in affluence on the amount that Miss Virginia Bruce Loney proposes to spend on the single item of rent.

Quite so, dearly beloved scribes, but then everything in this vale of tears is a matter of comparison, you see. Personally we think that \$6000 a year is a good deal to pay for rent, and we have no intention to secure the services of a maid at \$600 a year. We should not know what to do with so expensive a maid, or indeed with a maid at all, if it comes to that. We dress ourselves—under orthodox supervision. It is a weakness of human nature to assume that our own standard of living is the frontier line between poverty and extravagance, forgetting that there are innumerable people who look upon us as bloated aristocrats and scowl with envy because we are able to owe our tailor \$25 for a suit of ready-made clothes. Half a dozen hoboes could live in luxury—their kind of luxury—on the earnings of a dock laborer, and probably they look upon the dock laborer as an undesirable citizen, a sort of plutocratic higher-up, since he has a roof over his head and three square meals a day. And the dock laborer looks with green-eyed envy upon the plumber, and regards him as a predatory parasite who ought to have his money shaken out of his pockets by state hoards and legally confiscated by state commissions. And so it goes, as Mr. Dooley would say. Any one who spends more money than we ourselves possess must be guilty of criminal extravagance, just as we ourselves are similarly adjudged by those who have still less. If Miss Virginia Bruce Loney were deprived of her \$600 maid she would have just as keen a sense of hardship as we should have if we were deprived of the interesting Samurai who is good enough to wash our dishes for the inconsiderable sum of thirty-five cents an hour, or as the predatory plumber would feel if his wife should breathe a few zephyr sentiments on the subject of an eight-hour day for plumberesses.

Therefore we shall not apply for an injunction against Miss Virginia Bruce Loney. We shall not interfere with her maid, nor her clothing, nor her automobile, nor her gorgeous vacation at \$2500, nor with anything that is hers. On the contrary we shall hope that as long as she lives she will have everything that she thinks to be necessary, and that is actually necessary simply because she thinks it is, just as we hope that we ourselves shall be able to maintain the confidence of our trustful tailor and all those other credits, small and humble though they be, that have gradually assumed the status of necessities.

Men have worn various forms of hifurcated nether garments since the beginning of recorded history (says the Chicago News), but it is asserted upon reliable authority that the first trousers of modern cut were worn by a London tailor in 1815. Aided and abetted by the Duke of Wellington, this enemy of his sex and of the human race made the unspeakable garment fashionable and men have been in bondage to trousers ever since.

If there is something the direct opposite of a monument it ought to be erected—or dug—to that London tailor. It is recorded that he was mobbed upon his first appearance in public wearing his diabolical invention. It is difficult to understand the leniency of the Britisher of that day in permitting the fellow to escape with his life. It is even more difficult to understand how the wretched garment was allowed to come into general use.

It is chronicled that the Duke of Wellington himself was refused admittance to a hall when he appeared in long trousers. Thus is awakened a suspicion that the pugnacious hero of Waterloo thereupon used all his power and prestige to make the men of Europe, which he claimed to have saved, wear the sartorial abomination. The duke, one fancies, was a convert to what is now called "efficiency." He was mad about the saving of time, motion, and energy. And the sole appeal of long trousers was in the fact that they enabled a man to dress—or rather to cover himself—in about half the time required by knee breeches and stockings.

But the duke was a poor logician at that. If the saving of time and energy were the sole desideratum, the kimono has trousers beaten. As a matter of fact there has never been any reasonable excuse for trousers. They offend art and utility. Perhaps the reason of their being is that man, despairing of rivaling woman in loveliness, determined

to make himself so ugly as to fascinate by the weird horror of his ensemble.

Any man who suggests that the centenary of long trousers he celebrated will, of course, be shot at sunrise. However, on second thought, it is clear that the only adequate way now to punish the inventor of the garment is to represent him by means of a statue of heroic size in the act of wearing trousers. Imagine with what glee any self-respecting, long-suffering, and revengeful sculptor would create such a statue of the enemy of man and of the sacred art of Phidias and Michelangelo!

A New York weekly propounds the following problem and offers a reward for the best solution: "Captain A. of the Royal British Navy, for several years a naval attaché at various European posts, falls in love and marries a fascinating foreigner. Their married life is ideal; they have a child—another is en route. The captain has been ordered back to his country and in a few months he discovers beyond the possibility of a doubt that his wife is a spy—that in the sanctity of their domestic life she has extracted from him secret after secret which she has transmitted to the war office of the country from which she came. What should Captain A. do? He loves his wife and adores his child. But he is an Englishman and a graduate of a naval college in England." We do not propose to compete for this prize, not having any clear idea of what Captain A. ought to do, or what he can do. But we are reminded of a somewhat similar problem that once confronted Lord Palmerston when he was urged to admit to his cabinet a certain statesman well known for the indiscretions of his marital confidences. Lord Palmerston finally agreed to issue the necessary invitation to cabinet membership, but on the understanding "that we take it in turns to sleep with them."

Fourteen suits of clothes, three overcoats, forty shirts, and twenty-eight cents is the present grubstake of Prince Ludovico Pignatelli d'Aragon. "But," as the court reporter wrote, "at that the twenty-eight cents reduced his liabilities from \$36,545.60 to \$36,545.32."

The popularity of E. W. Howe's writings is largely due to his employment of short sentences (says the Lincoln (Neb.) State Journal). You follow his thought without effort. You know exactly what he is driving at, for his words, like his sentences, are the short and common words with which people generally are familiar. But there he times when a short word and the sentence are inadequate. You can't say it that way.

Last week there was a wedding at Ada, Ohio. The editor of the Ada Record, recently graduated from a correspondence school of journalism, saw in this happy event an opportunity to sling himself, and he did so in these effective words: "In obedience to the universal mandate and innate instinct which, with irresistible, alluring magnetism is ever drawing into juxtaposition the bounteous and chivalrous, the brave and the gay, softly and sweetly as the song of sirens, but nevertheless unerringly and eternally as the mariner's compass is ever seeking the pole, until in the processes of time two existences, two lives, two individualities which have hitherto flowed on each in its independent courses through the vicissitudes of this mundane sphere, even as two mountain rivulets have rippled on separately and thoughtlessly over their pebbly beds and through sunshine and shadows until at last, escaping from their mountain fastness, they emerge upon the surrounding plane to blend together into a single purling brook destined forevermore to travel as a single ribbon of crystalline clearness toward the great ocean of futurity, two of our Ada acquaintances on Saturday last amalgamated their earthly entirety, when W. H. L. Morrow, who has been instrumental in adjusting into their proper positions the metallic type with which the Ada Record is printed, accompanied Mrs. Christina R. Markwood to the city of Kenton, and there upon the hymeneal altar said fateful words which bind the twain as one."

Few have heard of the University of Amersfoort, and its attendance is only about 100 students, but on its faculty are many famous Belgian and Dutch professors. It was formed less than a year ago among Belgian refugees interned for the duration of the war at the Dutch town by that name. The students undergo no entrance examinations, choose their own courses of study, and end them whenever they may desire.

An Indian idol which is watched over by the British is the god whose name is Kiak Kiak, equivalent to "Lord of Lords," which is supposed to be asleep for 6000 years and whose awakening will be the end of all things. Hence the natives of the city of Pegu, in Burma, fear that some one will arouse the god; so the British government, to avert trouble, stationed a sentry there to prevent this catastrophe.



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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A number of raw recruits were being drilled for the army in England and an old couple whose son was among them had gone to watch. "Isn't it a grand sight, pa?" murmured the old lady. "And just look: they're every one of them out of step but our John."

Three days after the storm struck Potlatch, Oklahoma. Jackrabbit Smith, a prominent citizen, was discovered two counties northeast in a somewhat rumpled condition. "Were you blown here by the cyclone?" he was asked. "Heck, no!" he replied. "I outrun it!"

A simple-hearted man who has tasted but few of the drinks of the world took dinner with a lively family, where a glass of milk punch was quietly set down by each plate. In silence and happiness the guest guzzled his goblet, and then added: "Madam, you should daily give thanks for such a good cow."

A lady sent her servant over to the house of a sick neighbor. "Mrs. Smith," said she, "sent me over the speir hoo yer husband was this morning." "Very bad, indeed. The doctor says he may die any minute," was the reply. "Ah, weel," said the woman, "I'll better wait a wee while; I've nae itber thing tae dae the noo."

One does not often hear of feminine protest against the military note in prevalent fashions of dress, but the wife of a newly appointed diplomat from a rural region was responsible for this one: "Why, my dear, how sober you look! There isn't a single bright color about you." "No; I thought that now James is in the diplomatic service I had better wear neutral tints."

Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, discussing the divorce evil, said in Philadelphia: "Love is the best foundation for marriage, of course. But common sense keeps it cool—and cool things, of course, keep the best. But selfishness kills all—and some married people are as selfish as the lady to whom the palmist said: 'These lines, alas, tell me that you are destined to wear widow's weeds.' 'Oh, dear me!' said the lady. 'For how long?'"

A noted American writer and orator likes the prairies, and goes West every summer. During a recent trip he was overtaken by night in a little village of Nebraska. He stayed at the local hotel. In the morning he wanted to take a bath, and consulted the landlord about it. The landlord shouted back to the kitchen: "Hey, Jim, this here gent wants to take a bath. Bring the fixin's." Soon afterwards the boy appeared carrying a cake of yellow soap, a towel, and a pickaxe. "What's the pickaxe for?" asked the visitor. "Why," said the landlord, "you'll have to dam up the creek."

Once when Sir Herbert Tree was playing "Drake" his box-office keeper came to him in considerable perturbation. "I think," he remarked, "you ought to reconsider your bills outside the theatre." "Why?" asked Tree. "Well, it leads to confusion," he proceeded. "At the head of the bill is printed, 'Proprietor and manager, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree,' while among the actors you are simply described as 'Herbert Tree.' They think you are two different persons. A gentleman came to the box-office after seeing 'Drake' last night and said: 'I want to buy more seats for tonight. That young Herbert Tree is a fine actor. I never could stand his father.'"

Of course they were very much in love and time sped away with such rapidity that neither thought of the hour. Then came father's voice, rolling down the stairs: "Mary!" "Yes, papa, dear." "Ask that young man if he has the time." A moment of silence. "Yes, George has his watch with him." "Then ask him what is the time." "He says it is 1:48, papa." "Then ask him if he doesn't think it about bed time." Another moment of silence. "He says, papa," the silvery voice unannounced, impersonally, "he says that he rarely goes to bed before 1, but it seems to him that it is a matter of personal preference merely, and that if he were in your place he would go now if he felt sleepy."

Farmer Swank attended church regularly and bore himself on Sunday with a meek and owly air as became one of the Lord's anointed, as he undoubtedly considered himself. The remainder of the wicked week he served customers along his milk route. Suspicion attached itself to the purity of his milk, but as most of his customers were in arrears, they bore their resentment in silence. Into the community moved a family which, having sold its farm in another district, knew well what milk should be. This family became one of Farmer Swank's customers.

Three days later husband and wife were waiting for the milkman, and as soon as the milk was delivered the former sampled it, remarking, "Mother, this milk is better than yesterday's milk was." "Don't say that, dear," replied his wife, sweetly looking Farmer Swank in the eye. "Say there's more milk in this water than there was in the water we received yesterday."

He was the slowest boy on earth, and had been sacked at three places in two weeks, so his parents had apprenticed him to a naturalist. But even he found him slow. It took him two hours to give the canaries their seed, three to stick a pin through a dead butterfly, and four to pick a convolvulus. The only point about him was that he was willing. "And what," he asked, having spent a whole afternoon changing the goldfishes' water, "shall I do now, sir?" The naturalist ran his fingers through his locks. "Well, Robert," he replied at length, "I think you might now take the tortoise out for a run."

Representative Billy Wilson, who dwells in Chicago, found himself in the upper peninsula of Michigan doing some fishing and hunting. While there he conversed with the guide that he had hired in order to have somebody around to talk to. "Must get mighty all-fired cold up here in winter," remarked Wilson one morning. "Yes, it often gets away down to forty-five below zero," replied the native. "Don't see how you stand it," said the congressman. "Oh, I always spend my winters in the south," explained the guide. "Go south, eh? Well, well! That's enterprising. And where do you go?" "Grand Rapids," said the guide.

The lady who sat in the physician's consulting-room was certainly stout. Her reason for seeing him was that he might prescribe some course of treatment which would reduce her too solid flesh, and after some consideration the doctor drew up a dietary for her, ordering her strictly to follow it and report to him in a month. At the end of that time she came back looking stouter than ever. The physician was aghast. "Are you quite sure you ate what I ordered?" he asked. "Everything," answered the patient. His brow wrinkled in perplexity. "And nothing else?" "Nothing whatever, doctor, except, of course, my regular meals."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Wail of a Waitress.

She aint so much! I seen her at the show. If she's a ravin' beauty, I don't know What good looks is, an' I shan't never learn. I think my shape is just as good as hern; My hair looks pretty when I do it low.

Gee, when I seen her face I got a blow. I thought the girl that got him for a beau Would be a person that had style to burn— She aint so much!

That kind is only lookin' for the dough. I think somebody'd oughter tell him so Before he spends more money'n he can earn. 'Taint up to me to do him a good turn, But if it was, I'd say, "I feel as though She aint so much!" —Smart Set.

Home Sorrows.

The shot and shell, the dropping bomb, the mighty cannon's roar, The tales of valiant heroes being slaughtered by the score, The awful toll of victories in battles of the war Do not excite my sympathies as they have done before.

Instead, my heart is har'ring thoughts That might belong to Dante— For Mother is a Suffraget, and Sister Anne's an Anti.

I've always hitherto believed that home was woman's sphere; To hear of Mrs. Pankhurst's deeds was discord to my ear.

My mind had placed on pedestals my sister and my mother, In ignorance, I hoped they'd leave the voting to their brother.

So now my heart performs "Retard" Where once it throbbed "Andante." For Mother is a Suffraget, and Sister Anne's an Anti.


I note that mother lost no time in getting into power; They made her chairman, and she's been a leader from that hour.

Catherine caught the fever, too—she's interested, very— Not slow to recognize her worth, they made her Secretary.

Our home will miss the woman's touch— The hope of that is scanty Since Mother is a Suffraget, and Sister Anne's an Anti.

I know that countless thousands die each day from sun to sun; I know that hearts are heavy 'mongst the Russ and Turk and Hun; I sympathize with Belgium—even thinking brings a sob—

Who wouldn't pity Belgium after reading Irvin Cobb? But here at home a man can feel He has some sorrows, can't he, When Mother is a Suffraget, and Sister Anne's an Anti? —Cleveland Plain Dealer.



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JUNE 30th, 1915:

Assets.....\$90,321,343.04

Deposits.....57,362,892.55

Capital actually paid up in cash.....1,000,000.00

Reserve and Contingent Funds.....1,958,443.69

Employees' Pension Fund.....199,164.12

Number of Depositors.....66,968

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Collier's Weekly and Argonaut.....5.05

Commoner and Argonaut.....4.25

Current Opinion and Argonaut.....5.75

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Field and Stream and Argonaut.....4.75

Harper's Magazine and Argonaut.....7.05

Harper's Weekly and Argonaut.....7.05

House Beautiful and Argonaut.....5.25

International Magazine and Argonaut...4.30

Judge and Argonaut.....8.25

Leslie's Weekly and Argonaut.....8.25

Life and Argonaut.....8.00

Lippincott's Magazine and Argonaut...5.25

Littell's Living Age and Argonaut.....9.10

Mexican Herald and Argonaut.....9.20

Munsey's Magazine and Argonaut.....4.95

Nation and Argonaut.....6.75

Nineteenth Century and Argonaut.....7.40

North American Review and Argonaut..7.05

Outlook and Argonaut.....6.25

Outing and Argonaut.....6.00

Overland Monthly and Argonaut.....4.65

Political Science Quarterly and Argonaut.....6.00

Puck and Argonaut.....8.00

Review of Reviews and Argonaut.....5.25

Scribner's Magazine and Argonaut.....6.00

Smart Set and Argonaut.....5.75

St. Nicholas and Argonaut.....6.00

Sunset and Argonaut.....5.25

Theatre Magazine and Argonaut.....6.30

Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic) and Argonaut.....4.30

Weekly New York Tribune Farmer and Argonaut.....4.25

Woman's Home Companion and Argonaut 4.75

Youth's Companion and Argonaut.....5.50



## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mrs. Ruth Merrill Hammond has announced her engagement to Mr. William Devereux. Mrs. Hammond is the daughter of Mrs. John F. Merrill and a sister of Mrs. Harry Bates and Mr. Charles Merrill. The wedding will take place November 30th at the home of Mrs. Hammond's mother, Mrs. John F. Merrill.

From Philadelphia comes the announcement of the engagement of Miss Helen Tower to Mr. James H. R. Cromwell. Miss Tower is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charlemagne Tower and a sister of Miss Gertrude Tower and Mr. Frederick Tower. Mr. Cromwell is the son of Mrs. Edward Stothers. He is a brother of Mrs. Walter Brooks and Mr. Oliver Cromwell. No date has yet been set for the wedding.

News comes from New York of the wedding of Miss Ruth Haskins and Mr. Cyril Tohin, which took place Thursday afternoon at the home of the bride's parents. After a wedding trip on the east coast Mr. and Mrs. Tohin will come to San Francisco to reside.

The wedding of Miss Marjorie Ramsey and Mr. Charles Blyth took place Saturday afternoon at the home in Los Angeles of the bride's mother, Mrs. William E. Ramsey. Mrs. Chauncey Penoyer was her niece's matron of honor and the bridesmaids were the Misses Beatrice Nickel, Arabella Schwerin, Mona Pujio of New Orleans, Daphne Drake, Katherine Ramsey, and Chila Miller. Mr. Raymond Armshy was the best man, and the ushers were the Messrs. J. Cheever Corbin, Frederick Van Sicken, Hartley Ramsey, Platt Kent, Dean Witter, Harris Hammond, and Guernsey Newlin. Upon their return from their honeymoon the young couple will reside in this city.

The wedding of Miss Bernice Bush and Mr. Starr C. Cahill took place Thursday noon, October 7th, in the garden at the country home in Atlanta of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bush. Only relatives and a few intimate friends were present. Upon their return from their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Cahill will reside in Antioch.

Mr. and Mrs. Chi Chen entertained a large number of friends Saturday afternoon at a reception at the Chinese building.

Mrs. William G. Irwin was hostess Wednesday at a luncheon at her home. Crossways, in Burlingame.

Viscount d'Alte, minister from Portugal to the United States, was the complimented guest Friday evening at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Francis B. Loomis at the Burlingame Club.

Mrs. Henry E. Bothin gave a luncheon at her home in Ross Tuesday, when a dozen friends enjoyed her hospitality.

Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden was hostess Monday at a luncheon at the Francisco Club in honor of Mrs. Charles Hopkins of Santa Barbara.

Mrs. E. O. McCormick entertained a number of friends Friday at a luncheon at the Burlingame Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant gave a dinner at their home in Burlingame Friday evening, when a score of friends enjoyed their hospitality.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl entertained a number of friends Thursday evening at a reception and bridge party at their home in Easton. The affair was to celebrate the anniversary of their wedding.

Señor Sanguines, the commissioner-general from Bolivia to the Exposition, was the guest of honor Thursday at a luncheon given by Judge William Bailey Lamar at the Fairmont Hotel.

Miss Marian Leigh Mailliard was hostess Wednesday at a luncheon at her home in Belvedere in honor of Miss Marian Baker and Miss Elene Eyre, two of the season's debutantes.

Dr. Philip King Brown and Mrs. Brown have issued invitations to a dance Monday evening, October 18th, at their home at Sea Cliff, in honor of their niece, Miss Doris Baldwin.

Mrs. Theodore Tomlinson of New York was the complimented guest Tuesday at a luncheon given by Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden at her home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton entertained a number of friends Sunday evening at a dinner at the Burlingame Club. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Dutton's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Harry MacFarlane, of Honolulu.

Mrs. William Bailey Lamar was hostess Tuesday at a luncheon at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of Mrs. De Witt Talmage of Washington, D. C., and Mrs. E. W. McCarren of Atlanta, Georgia.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight entertained a number of friends Friday evening at a dance at their home in Burlingame. The affair was to celebrate the anniversary of their wedding.

Miss Molly Phelan was hostess Tuesday at a luncheon at the Francisco Club in honor of Miss Kathleen O'Brian of Dublin, Ireland, the writer

and lecturer, who was the complimented guest the following day at a similar affair given by Mrs. Joseph Tobia at the New York State building.

Miss Linda Bryan gave a tea Tuesday afternoon at the home on Vallejo Street of her mother, Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Gade entertained a number of friends Thursday evening at a dinner at the Fairmont Hotel.

Major William Hale Thompson, U. S. A., of Chicago, was the guest of honor Sunday evening at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young at their home on California Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dutton entertained a number of friends Tuesday evening at a dinner at their home in Berkeley in honor of Miss Ruth Heyman, who is visiting Miss Anna Olney.

Mr. and Mrs. Pelham Ames have issued invitations to a reception Monday afternoon, October 18th, at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Wood, of Baltimore.

Mrs. Raymond V. Morris was hostess recently at a bridge party and tea at her home in Coronado.

Mrs. Horace Hill gave a luncheon at the Francisco Club Wednesday, when a dozen friends enjoyed her hospitality. The affair was in honor of Mrs. John P. Jones.

Mrs. Sue Merriman gave a children's party Saturday evening at her home at the Presidio to celebrate the birthday of her daughter, Miss Elizabeth Merriman.

Captain Frank Hines, U. S. A., and Mrs. Hines entertained a number of friends Tuesday evening at a bridge party at their home at Fort Scott.

Colonel George F. McGunnegle, U. S. A., will be host this evening at a dance at his home at Fort McDowell in honor of Miss Lloyd Meiere.

Captain Herbert S. Crosby, U. S. A., and Mrs. Crosby gave a dinner Friday evening at their home at the Presidio. The affair was in honor of Captain Fitzhugh Lee, U. S. A., and Mrs. Lee.

Admiral Charles Fremont Pond, U. S. N., and Mrs. Pond entertained a large number of friends Thursday evening at a reception on board the U. S. S. *South Dakota*, anchored off the Exposition.

The officers of the U. S. S. *McCullough* were hosts Monday evening at a dinner in honor of Miss Gwendolyn Reed, daughter of Captain Byron Reed, U. S. N., commander of the *McCullough*.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. E. Duplessis Beylard and their daughter, Miss Sophie Beylard, have returned from Santa Barbara, where they have been spending the summer. During their absence their home in San Mateo has been occupied by Mr. and Mrs. C. Oliver Iselin, who departed last week for Colorado Springs for a visit en route to New York. They were accompanied by Mrs. Iselin's mother, Mrs. William Goddard, who has been spending the past two months in San Mateo, where she rented the George H. Howard house.

Mrs. Lovell White, who has been seriously ill, is rapidly recovering at her home on Sacramento Street. Mrs. White has been elected president emerita of the California Club, an honor that has been conferred for the first time upon a California Club member.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. McNear will soon close their country home in Menlo Park, and will occupy the Cuyler Lee house on Vallejo Street during the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Taylor, Jr., have again rented the home on Scott Street of Mrs. Buckingham. Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor will spend the winter with Mrs. W. H. Taylor, Sr.

Miss Marin and Miss Rice have returned to Santa Barbara after a month's visit at Stanford Court.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe and their family will as usual spend the winter season in town. They will occupy Miss Warren's house on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry MacFarlane are here from Honolulu and are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton in Burlingame. Mrs. MacFarlane, who was formerly Miss Polly Dunn, is a sister of Mrs. Dutton.

Mrs. Frederick W. Sharon has arrived in New York and is established at the Ritz-Carlton, where she will remain until she leaves for London to visit her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Ferman Hesketh.

Miss Lillian Van Vorst is expected home from the Orient early in November.

Mr. and Mrs. Garritt P. Wilder will sail Tuesday for their home in Honolulu. They have been spending the past three months at Stanford Court.

Mr. and Mrs. Emil Pohli have returned to town after having spent the summer in Mill Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mayer of New York will

sail October 23d for Japan. Prior to their departure they will be the guests of Mrs. Hearst in Pleasanton.

Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Goodrich have returned to their home on Broadway after a month's visit at Miramar.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Plummer are here from Los Angeles for a month's visit with Mrs. Plummer's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William B. Wilshire.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Frank Judge of Salt Lake City are en route to New York, where they will spend several weeks. They are planning to spend the holidays in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Eddy have recently moved to Burlingame, where they have leased the home of Mrs. George T. Marye with the intention of extending their stay here six months longer. Miss Louise Scott, who arrived Monday from New York, will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Eddy for several weeks.

Miss Cornelia O'Connor has returned from the East, where she has been motoring with friends during the past two months.

Mrs. Adrian Van Behrens and Miss Josephine Ross arrived last week from Santa Barbara after a visit in New York. They will spend the next six months in this city.

Mrs. Charles H. Hopkins of Santa Barbara will depart October 22d for New York, where she will spend the holidays. Her son, Mr. Prince Hopkins, is planning to sail the day following for the Orient.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Deering of Portland are among the recent visitors who have been enjoying the Exposition.

Mrs. Charles S. Stanton departed Monday for Chicago, where she will join her husband, who left here in August. Mr. and Mrs. Stanton will reside permanently in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Bush Fennell and their son, Mr. Philip Fennell, will leave soon for Java, where they will remain indefinitely.

Mrs. Thomas F. Walsh of Washington, D. C., has been spending the past week with Mr. and Mrs. Norman E. Mack at the New York State building. Mrs. Mack and her daughters, the Misses Norma and Harriet Mack, are making plans to return in November to their home in Buffalo, where they will make their debut this winter.

Mr. and Mrs. John Cedric Snook are expected to arrive next month from their ranch in Wyoming and will spend the holidays with their relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Lambert are en route to their home in France after having spent the past eight months in this city. Mr. Lambert was a commissioner from France to the Exposition.

Mrs. Crawford Hill has returned to her home in Denver after a visit to the Exposition. She was a guest at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Bothin will depart soon for Montecito to spend the winter. They have been occupying their country home in Ross during the past few months.

Mrs. James Sloane, with a party of friends, will leave New York next week for a visit to the Exposition. During their stay here they will be guests at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Lorillard Spencer is another well-known New York woman who will soon visit the Exposition.

Miss Edith Bull has gone to Salt Lake City to make a brief visit.

Mrs. William R. Wheeler has gone to her country home in Milton, Virginia, to spend several weeks. Mrs. Wheeler came West recently to look after her interests in San Diego and this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean and Miss Helen Dean are again settled in their apartments at the Fairmont Hotel, where they will remain during the winter. For the past three months they have been at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Malcolm D. Whitman and her children have returned to New York after having spent the summer in Burlingame. Mr. Whitman, who was here with his family, departed two weeks ago for the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Moore closed their country home in Belvedere Tuesday and are settled for the winter at the Fairmont Hotel.

Colonel Frederick von Schrader, U. S. A. (retired), and Mrs. von Schrader will soon leave for Monterey, where they have rented the hangar of Mrs. Sue Merriman.

Captain Lewis Turtle, U. S. A., and Mrs. Turtle, who have been stationed at the Presidio, sailed last week for the Philippines. On the same transport was Mrs. Hayes, who will join her husband, Captain Jack Hayes, U. S. A., in Manila.

Major-General James B. Aleshire, U. S. A., is visiting Major James G. Harbord, U. S. A., and Mrs. Harbord at the Presidio.

Colonel Walter H. Gordon, U. S. A., sailed last Wednesday for the Philippines after a visit with his brother-in-law and sister, Colonel James B. Erwin, U. S. A., and Mrs. Erwin.

Major Thomas Q. Ashburn, U. S. A., and Mrs. Ashburn are expected to arrive soon from the Philippines, where they have recently been stationed, and will proceed to Major Ashburn's new post at Fort Banks, Massachusetts.

Colonel Alfred M. Hunter, U. S. A., will sail February 5th for Honolulu, having been ordered for duty at the coast defenses of Oahu.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. John Herbert Mee has been brightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. Mee, who was formerly Miss Erna St. Goar, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry St. Goar.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. William Orrick has been brightened by the advent of a son.

The Belgians are said to be the greatest potato consumers, outranking even the Irish in that respect.

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THE MUSIC SEASON.

Alice Gentle, Orchestra Soloist.

The symphony concerts given by the Exposition Orchestra at Festival Hall are growing more popular week by week, and the one announced for next Sunday afternoon at half-past two bids fair to be more attractive than any yet offered. The soloist of the afternoon will be Alice Gentle, a favorite vocalist here, who sings with taste and intelligence. She has a mezzo-soprano voice of luscious quality and extensive range, perfect in its development. In all of her registers there is brilliancy, warmth, and mellowness, and when she sang in grand opera here last season she created a genuine sensation. Her programmed numbers are the aria, "O Don Fatale," from Verdi's seldom heard "Don Carlos," and the aria, "Pleurez, Pleurez Mes Yeux," from "Le Cid," by Massenet. The numbers chosen by Max Bendix for his eighty musicians are very interesting, including Mozart's Symphony No. 2, in G minor, the Serenade for wood-wind and horns by Richard Strauss, and Armande de Polignac's "Thousand and One Nights." There is a large demand for seats at the Exposition ticket office, 343 Powell Street.

The soloist for the Exposition Orchestra symphony concert of October 24th will be Schorita Paquita Madriguera, the phenomenal young pianist whose playing has aroused so much enthusiasm in San Francisco.

Fritz Kreisler's Third Recital.

Fritz Kreisler will give his last recital in San Francisco at the Cort Theatre this Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock sharp. The programme, which is filled to the brim with good things, follows:

The Devil's Trill, Sonata G minor.....Tartini  
Concerto No. 2, F sharp minor.....Vieuxtemps  
Allegro moderato, Andante, Finale  
Prelude, E major.....Bach  
Javotte, E major.....Bach  
Song Without Words.....Mendelssohn-Kreisler  
a Chasse.....Carter  
Hanson Louis XIII et Pavane.....Louis Couperin  
Two Caprices.....Paganini-Kreisler  
(1) B minor. (2) A minor  
Legende.....Godowsky  
Slavonic Fantasy.....Dvorak-Kreisler  
Two Old Vienna Valses.....Kreisler  
(1) Liebesleid. (2) Liebesfreud

Tickets are on sale at the box-offices of Sherman, Clay & Co., Kohler & Chase, and the Cort Theatre.

The San Francisco Quintet Club.

The first of a series of chamber music concerts by the San Francisco Quintet Club, founded by E. M. Hecht, will be given Thurs-

Pacific Service for Motor Trucks

The electrical engineer and the chemist have worked diligently, and in recent years have placed upon the market an electric storage battery which is light in weight, efficient and practically fool-proof, together with a motor that will stand up under the heaviest duty; thus giving the commercial world an electric truck that may be economically operated for any method of trucking with a number of other features in its favor.

These facts and conditions led the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, San Francisco district, to make arrangements whereby it is now in a position to offer to the merchants and manufacturers of San Francisco a proposition for taking care of most of the troubles encountered in the trucking and teaming business at lessened cost. The proposition is as follows:

An electric truck may be purchased now without the electric storage battery, an item which has made the electric truck appear to have a high first cost. The sale being made under these conditions, the purchaser then enters into an agreement with the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, whereby he is entitled to the battery service system. This service provides that the electric company shall purchase and own the battery or batteries for the successful operation of the truck in whatever use it may be put to, and at what time it may be necessary to operate, day or night. The agreement provides for the garaging of the truck, its oiling, washing and polishing, inspection for breakage, damages, etc. The agreement provides that the electric company shall charge all batteries with electricity and keep them charged, so that all the driver of the truck will have to do is to call for his truck in the morning at the electric company's garage and drive away with a full battery, and bring it back in the evening and forget it until morning; or, should he make a greater number of miles in a day than the battery is charged for, he simply drives back to the garage and in a few minutes a new battery is inserted in the truck and is away again. This may happen as often as he wishes, and it gives any truck the privilege of twenty-four hours' operation in busy times. In other words, it is just like going into the library and taking out a book, you take one at a time as often as you may care to.

The system of payment for the service is made upon a two-rate charge; that is, the merchant pays a flat sum in advance, plus a rate per mile for the number of miles the truck has run during the month.

day night, October 28th, in the St. Francis ballroom, on which occasion Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, the composer, will be the guest star and will play the piano part in her own Quintet for piano and strings, op. 67. A "Sonata" for flute, violin, and piano and a "Quartet" for strings by Mozart will complete the offering. These concerts are not given for financial gain, but entirely for the cause of good music, and the prices for season tickets for three concerts are \$2 and \$1. If every seat in the room were taken it would not commence to pay Messrs. Hecht and Greenbaum the cost of maintaining the permanent organization. For particulars address Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Emmy Destinn failed to arrive in time for her big tour. The cause was illness. She will fulfill her contracts in the spring.

THE CITY IN GENERAL.

The Union Securities Company has filed notice with Judge Flood that it will move for a new trial of its suit against Mrs. Besse Grim Cook to recover \$1500 on three promissory notes.

Daniel P. Haggerty of San Francisco was again chosen president of the California State Federation of Labor by several thousand votes over James E. Hopkins of San Francisco at the election held at Santa Rosa. Paul Scharrenberg was reelected secretary-treasurer.

Raphael Weill has published a summary of the European war in book form, which bears the title "Les Ephémérides de la Guerre." It is a diary of the first year of the great conflict, which appeared in *Le Temps* of Paris on August 1st. Under the title, "The Eve of the Second Year of the War," as an introduction, a fair and lucid summary of the progress of the war to date is given.

Notice is being given by Tax Collector Bryant that the next Twin Peaks tunnel assessment is due and will become delinquent on December 4th next. The state of the fund is such it is not probable any extension will be allowed.

Mrs. Gertrude Proll died last Saturday at her home in Alameda at the age of eighty-two. Mrs. Proll was the widow of Henry Proll, a business man of San Francisco, and came to California from Germany on her wedding trip in 1850, by way of the Horn. Dr. R. H. Proll of San Francisco, a son, survives.

The funeral of the late Joseph Cassell was held last Tuesday. He died on Saturday of last week in the Hahnemann Hospital at the age of fifty-one years. Decedent was a well-known journalist and a clever writer of fiction and light opera. He was the author of "Miss Frisco," which was produced successfully at the Tivoli Opera House before the fire. A widow and three sons, Joseph, Leonard, and Lawrence Cassell, survive.

William C. Ralston, former California state senator and mining man for half a lifetime, is about to move to New York, where he has opened offices. He intends to continue to forward his mining interests in this state and Alaska.

The China Mail Steamship Company, with a paid-up capital of \$10,000,000, has been formed to take the place in the Oriental trade vacated by the Pacific Mail. As its first move the new Chinese company has bought the historic steamship *China*, formerly owned by the Pacific Mail Company. The first sailing of the *China*, which is one of the best of the old Pacific Mail fleet, a steamship built on the lines of a yacht, will be October 16th.

Mrs. A. S. Hallidi, widow of the late A. S. Hallidi, who was the principal owner of the California Wire Works, has filed suit in the superior court against the First Federal Trust Company as administrator of the estate of the late Victor Enginger to recover \$147,919.10. Mrs. Hallidi states that Enginger obtained this amount by fraud from her husband when in his employ some years ago. The money in question Mrs. Hallidi claims was earned on stock which Enginger sold to her husband which he held for her after her husband's death.

Miss Josephine Redding, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Redding, died in New York on October 7th on her way home from Europe, where for months she had been assisting in the work of nursing the wounded soldiers in France.

Whitney Palache, formerly of this city, but now of Hartford, Connecticut, has given \$10,000 to maintain a bed in the University Hospital on Parnassus Avenue. The endowment is in memory of Palache's late wife, Belle Garber Palache, and her brother, Joseph B. Garber, who was a medalist graduate of the class of 1892.

NOTES OF THE EXPOSITION.

Seventy-two varieties of table and wine grapes raised in the heart of the San Bernardino desert without irrigation have been received by the California State exhibit at the Palace of Horticulture. The grapes were sent to the exhibit by Pomologist Huson, who has charge of the viticultural investigations for the United States Department of Agriculture.

The directors of the Exposition have closed the five "girl" shows on the Zone. The places closed are the café in the 101 Ranch, the Streets of Cairo, the Streets of All Nations, the second show of the Model's Dream, and the second show of "The Girl in Blue."

The Horse Show feature of Saturday was the awarding of the futurity stake of \$3000 to Eloise Thornton, a chestnut mare owned by Miss M. F. G. Burr, of Bement, Illinois. Katherine Grigsby, owned by R. A. Long, Lee's Summit, Missouri, was second, and Highland Monarch, owned by the Adelaide Gillis stables in Los Angeles, was third. The prize stallion was Farceur, a Belgian. The previous day saw Jack Barrymore, a gray gelding owned by Mrs. H. B. Thornberry of Los Angeles, win over My Major Dare in the five-gaited classic, Major Dare is owned by Miss Loula Long of Kansas City.

The thirty-fifth anniversary of the founding of "Uniao Portugueza do Estado da California" was celebrated on Friday of last week in an appropriate manner by hundreds of Portuguese-Americans. A feature was the chorus singing by 100 Portuguese children.

The National Society of Colonial Dames of America, residents of California, has received an Exposition commemorative bronze medal. The presentation was made by Frank L. Brown, official of the Exposition and officer of the Colonial War Society, affiliated with the Colonial Dames of America. Mrs. William Ashburner accepted the medal and responded.

Hundreds of Canadians assembled at the Canadian Pacific building on Thursday of last week to participate in the British Columbia Day exercises and celebration. Hundreds of crates of British Columbia apples were distributed.

Exhibition drills by three crack Elk drill teams were the features of the California Elks Reunion Association Day celebration. The teams participating were the famous White Squadron of Los Angeles, the "expert forty" from the Oakland Lodge, No. 171, and the crack squad from the San Francisco Lodge, No. 3.

Last Saturday was John McLaren Day, in honor of the man who made the mud flats and the sand wastes bloom in a succession of wonderful color patterns during all these months that San Francisco has been host to the world. In the evening Mr. and Mrs. McLaren received a few friends at The Lodge in Golden Gate Park. During the dinner hour a handsome silver vase arrived. It was a present from the Bohemian Club to "John McLaren and Mrs. McLaren."

On Tuesday Columbus Day was celebrated by the Knights of Columbus with a programme of aquatic sports, fireworks, and literary exercises. The literary part of the programme took place in the Court of the Universe at 3:30. Angelo J. Rossi was chairman of the day.

The fifth anniversary of the founding of



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the Chinese republic was celebrated with a reception in the Chinese pavilion. Nearly a thousand invited guests assembled at the main building within the "walled city," which is the Chinese section. They were received by Chen Chi, the commissioner-general of the Republic of China, and Mrs. Chen Chi.

On Tuesday of this week Life Conservation Day was celebrated by the several life insurance companies that make up the World's Insurance Congress now in session here. Troops of soldiers and sailors, state and municipal boards of health, firemen, life-saving crews, and members of the police department made up the unusual parade which ended in the Avenue of Palms, where appropriate exercises were held in front of the Tower of Jewels.

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NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT.

THE LUTHER BURBANK COMPANY.

San Francisco, California.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors of The Luther Burbank Com-pany, a corporation, held on the 15th day of Sep-tember, 1915, an assessment of One Dollar (\$1.00) per share was levied upon the capital stock of said corporation, payable immediately to Ross Thomson, Assistant and Acting Secretary of the corporation, at the office of the Company, Bur-bank Building, Market and Beale Streets, San Francisco, California. Any stock on which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 18th day of October, 1915, will be delinquent and adver-tised for sale at public auction, and unless pay-ment is made before, will be sold on the 8th day of November, 1915, to pay the delinquent assess-ment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

ROSS THOMSON,

Assistant Secretary and Acting Secretary of The Luther Burbank Company.

Office of the Company, Burbank Building, Mar-ket and Beale Streets, San Francisco, California.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Pa, what is an echo?" "An echo, my son, is the only thing that can cheat a woman out of the last word."—*Boston Transcript*.

Jinks—She's decidedly against vivisection. Jenks—I found it out the minute I tried to open my heart to her.—*The Club-Fellow*.

Francis Josef—Tell me, Wilhelm, why do your people keep on saying "God punish England"? Wilhelm—Well, we can't.—*Lon-don Opinion*.

"I wish some plug tobacco for my hus-band." "Yes'm. What kind?" "I hardly know. What flavors have you?"—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Artist's Wife (during quarrel)—You were quite obscure before I married you. Artist—You didn't have any trouble in finding me.—*Boston Transcript*.

Surgeon—You'll live two years if you con-sent to this operation. Payton—How much longer than two years will I live if I refuse to have it?—*Life*.

Modern Child—What do they mean by a long winter evening? Mother—A portion of the day which existed before the era of movies and talking machines.—*Judge*.

The Insolvent—Tell me, is it a crime to be poor? The Lawyer—Not in this state, sir. The charge for my opinion on the subject is \$5. Pay my clerk and go out quietly.—*Judge*.

Lady (in London garden)—We always keep the hose ready in case of a Zeppelin raid. Visitor—But surely, my dear, it would never reach them at the height they fly?—*Punch*.

"Do you think the next election is going your way?" "I don't know anything about that," replied Senator Sorghum. "I'm busily revising my opinions and trying to go its way."—*Washington Star*.

"Did you use that money you put by for a rainy day in the way you intended?" "Not exactly. But I came as near using it that way as I could. I bought watered stock with it."—*Washington Star*.

Professor—Illustrate the fact that Germany is a militaristic country, America a commer-cial one. Student—The German hoy wants to be a Field Marshal, the American hoy wants to be a Marshall Field.—*Life*.

Trustee—We're thinking of putting up a nice motto over your desk to encourage the children. How would "Knowledge is wealth" do? Teacher—Not at all. The children know what my salary is.—*Chicago Herald*.

"There's one consolation about being in jail, mum." "What is it, my poor man?" "After I once go to bed nobody here makes me get up and go down to be sure that the back door's locked."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Yes, sir," said the sedate heavy weight. "I'm going to learn to dance!" "Well," re-plied his wife, "I have no suggestions to offer. Some men like practical jokes so well they will play them on themselves."—*Washington Star*.

De Gooshy—I am utterly ruined—I've lost every cent of my money. What shall I do? Reggy—Never mind, old chap—hurry up and be a man. De Gooshy—What! And hush some other fellow's hoots and clothes? Nevah!—*Puck*.

"Pa, what is meant by 'emoluments of office'?" "That's a high-sounding word used frequently by politicians to denote their pay, my sou, and it's like charity." "How's that, pa?" "It covers a multitude of sins."—*Bir-mingham Age-Herald*.

The Professor—Humph! Dear me! I gave that young man two courses on the cultiva-tion of the memory, and he's gone away and forgot to pay me, and I can't for the life of me remember the fellow's name. How pro-voking!—*The Pathfinder*.

"What's Professor Diggs doing these days?" "He's trying to decipher a Babylonian tab-let." "Any results so far?" "Yes, Mrs. Diggs has nervous prostration and the chil-dren have been sent to the home of a rela-tive."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"Which are the pictures in your gallery that you value most highly?" "I dunno," re-plied Mr. Cumrox. "Mother an' the girls told the man to go round and take off the price marks I had put on 'em before I had time to learn 'em by heart."—*Washington Star*.

"Well, how did your ticket come out in the primaries?" "Crooked methods beat us," answered the Plunkville candidate. "We were fixing to offer two dollars for votes and the other side came along offering five. It's a heavy blow to reform."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"What are you going to wear to the fancy-dress party?" "I dunno," replied Mr. Cum-rox. "I guess I'll go as a clown, and then if I do something that makes the guests snicker

maybe mother an' the girls'll think I'm doing it a-purpose."—*Washington Star*.

"I can't find any old clothes to put on the scarecrow," said Farmer Cornstossel. "You might use some of the fancy duds our boy josh brought home," suggested his wife. "I'm tryin' to scare the crows; I'm not tryin' to make 'em laugh."—*Harvard Lam-poan*.

"What you must do, son, is to lay the foundation for a solid business success."

"That's my idea, dad. Now, first of all, I require sound financial hacking." "I get you, son. I'll provide carfare until you land a job."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

First Excursion Steamboat Inspector—I'm going to fire that secretary of mine. Second E. S. I.—What's she been doing? First E. S. I.—Why, I went around to inspect one of our largest excursion steamboats the other day, only to discover that she hadn't notified 'em beforehand that I was coming.—*Life*.

Many an Estate Has Suffered Loss

Because the one left to administer it did not know where certain documents were. By the time they were found, business conditions had changed.

The original owner had put these papers away in a haphazard manner—some he had left in his desk, some in his office safe, and his attorney had some.

The owner didn't think of the inevitable. It came suddenly.

If he had used a safe deposit box his papers would have been all together, ready for immediate access.

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# The Argonaut.

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## THIRTY-NINTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### A Matter of Standards.

That was an interesting meeting on Monday when Thomas A. Edison and Luther Burbank came together for the first time. Here are two men each supreme in a great sphere of constructive achievement. Mr. Edison has done more for the world in the sense of augmenting by scientific development conditions advantageous for human life than any man in the history of the world. Mr. Burbank has done more than any man in the history of the world to increase the range and augment the forces of food production. The work of both has been wholly constructive, wholly beneficent. Mankind in this generation and in generations to come is infinitely richer for what these two men have accomplished.

Mr. Burbank's reference to Mr. Edison as "the greatest human being that now walks upon this earth" is not an exaggeration if we except one competitor—Mr. Burbank himself. This characterization, he must hasten to avow, proceeds upon new standards. But are not these the true standards of human valuation? In times past the world has exalted its chiefest heroes the agents of destruction.

Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon—these names have held fixed place as the supreme luminaries in the firmament of humankind. But every man of them was essentially a destroyer. Their achievements, while they have illustrated the high-tide of human might, have not always been marked by human benefits, less still by beneficence of purpose. Is not the valuation which attaches to constructive achievement a truer one than that which puts laurels upon the brow of the destroyer and the tyrant?

Schemes of valuation of human merit grow naturally out of times and conditions. It was inevitable that mankind under primitive ideas should identify force as the supreme virtue. But surely the world has now reached a stage where force, especially force expressed in terms of destruction, should be comprehended as of less value in relation to human welfare than constructive power such as that illustrated in the lives and achievements of Thomas A. Edison and Luther Burbank.

### Preparedness—and Mr. Bryan.

Projects of the War and Navy Departments now tacitly endorsed by President Wilson leave no doubt as to administrative policy during the coming session of Congress and—in next year's campaign. The Democratic party, under the leadership of Mr. Wilson, will stand for preparedness—for PREPAREDNESS spelled out in capital letters. If current reports may be accepted at face value, something like half a billion dollars will be asked for on defensive account. The programme is a big one. But it has not been formulated carelessly. Public sentiment has been sounded out. The people are for putting the country in a state of defense. The Administration, which first hesitated, then wavered, and finally came round to the new idea, is now for it to the degree of exhilaration.

Besides meeting the immediate wish of the country for defensive efficiency, there are other potentialities of a political kind in the policy of preparedness. It may easily be so contrived as to swallow up certain problems which press embarrassingly upon the attention of the Administration. There is a classic, or at least a hoary, story of a quack doctor whose treatment for every ailment was first to throw his patients into fits, because forsooth he was "hell on fits." Now by appropriating this idea, by being hell on preparedness, Dr. Wilson may cover up certain grievous past mistakes. Take, for example, certain tariff reductions of two years ago which have so tended to embarrass industry. Upon the plea of raising money for preparedness, tariff schedules may be put back, if not exactly to where they were, at least to a point of working efficiency. Certain industries like sugar may be again put upon their feet under the specious theory that money—tariff money of course—is needed for preparedness. And in doing this the ground may be cut from under the Republican party, which has been relying upon the tariff as its chief resource in the coming campaign. Then, too, the policy of preparedness may be made to cover certain of Son-in-law McAdoo's financing schemes which without this justification would surely arouse the resentment of the country. Likewise the policy of preparedness may serve to soften the blow, essential under Democratic policy, involved in extending the scope of the income tax. Really it seems that preparedness in the hands of so skillful a manipulator as Dr. Wilson may be made to relieve the political situation of all the grievances which until just now have seemed so properly and nicely to the hand of the Republican party.

But there is one portentous menace in the situation. Where, oh where, will Brer Bryan be when Dr. Wilson shall put the policy of preparedness into full and active operation? Bryan is not only a pacifist, but he is a fighting pacifist; and despite the misfortunes

of his administrative career he is still the guide, counselor, and friend of some ten to twelve million voters in states essential to Democratic success. Will Mr. Bryan, for all his loudly declared friendship for Mr. Wilson, swallow preparedness as a Democratic policy and hold himself to acquiescence and silence? Probably not. Even we should say assuredly not. We should like to wager somebody the price of a cotton hat that when Dr. Wilson comes out strong for preparedness there will be heard along the winding reaches of the Platte, and elsewhere where the voice of Bryan is a portentous thing, a long and sustained howl of protest and resentment. Assuredly the cause which was dear enough to the heart of Brer Bryan to separate that gentleman from the dearly loved dignities, privileges, and emoluments of office will not be allowed to languish for lack of a champion.

The truth is that Mr. Bryan, for all his avowed friendship to Mr. Wilson, is at heart no friend, but an embittered and resentful enemy. He, least of all men, is likely to forget that he it was who brought about the nomination of Mr. Wilson and who chiefly promoted his election. Nor is he likely to forget that his hopes of dominating the Wilson administration—of being the power behind the throne—came sadly to disappointment. A situation thus ready made in which he may at once sustain his declared principles, and enforce his deep resentments, will come handy to Mr. Bryan. Is there anybody to doubt that he will make the most of it? The Argonaut at least does not doubt it. When preparedness shall occupy the Administration as its chief motive, there will arise in its might the figure of Bryan in a pose of sorrowful protest. And unless the spirit of prophecy is playing us a sorry trick it will be a protest of some effectiveness in those regions which may gain nothing directly through the manufacture of munitions and where the voice of Bryan is still a quantity of effective political force.

### The Armenian Massacres.

The stories of Armenian massacres are now too well authenticated for doubt or denial. The report issued a week or so ago by Lord Bryce might possibly be subject to discount on the ground of partisanship, but no such welcome allowance can be made for the narrative of independent observers, travelers, consuls, and missionaries. They are all in agreement, and in their details they are unprintable and almost unthinkable. The lurid story is not even relieved by honest fighting. Tens of thousands of men, women, and children have been butchered, and those who were merely butchered were the fortunate ones. Every horrid story that has ever been told of Oriental deviltries is here multiplied tenfold. The only redeeming feature is the fact that the magnitude of the massacre sometimes prevented the slower processes of mutilation, outrage, and torture. The imagination of a Dante would be helpless to describe an inferno the like of which he never even dreamed of. The fact that these people are Christians has nothing to do with the matter. Christianity, unfortunately, has ceased to be an assurance of virtue, nor is massacre an infidel prerogative. During the last few years, and especially during the recent Balkan war, we have seen an unholy competition in the business of merciless ruthlessness between forces masquerading behind the names of Cross and Crescent, and it would be hard to say which has done the most to establish the kingdom of hell upon earth. It is sufficient to know that many thousands of wholly innocent people, of unaggressive people, of people far removed from the immediate scene of war, have been murdered in cold blood and that the devil's work goes on unabated. There is only one other instance in history where a whole nation has been sentenced to death by its conquerors. Philip of Spain won for himself



this evil fame when he ordered the Duke of Alva to kill the whole population of Holland. We know now that Enver Pasha and Talaat Bey have similarly ordered the death of all Armenians on the ground of their supposed friendship toward Turkey's enemies. They propose to "settle" the Armenian question once and for all, just as Turkey tried to do in 1894, 1896, and 1909. In spite of a very general conviction to the contrary, the Turk is not naturally a murderer. His nature is to be kindly, benevolent, and hospitable. But his superstitions are easily fanned into a flame, and there is always a sufficiency of nomads, vagabonds, and villains for such bloody deeds as these. Enver Pasha is not a pure Turk. He is a sort of mongrel Pole, while Talaat Bey is a gipsy. A few years ago Enver Pasha was being hailed everywhere as a reformer, a Turkish progressive of the first water. It was he who dethroned Abdul Hamid and introduced "democracy" to Turkey. Actually he has shown himself to be a far worse man than the ex-Sultan.

The responsibility of Germany for these horrors is of course a matter of speculation. In matters of national guilt or innocence it is obviously proper to rely upon official words and deeds rather than upon the unofficial utterances of private persons, however eminent. Thus we may put upon one side the ugly opinion of Count Reventlow that the massacre of a nation is "not only the right, but the duty" of the Turkish government. It is more pleasant to learn that the German and Austrian ambassadors at Constantinople exacted from the Grand Vizier a certificate to the effect that their governments were not responsible for this devil's work. But even this leaves something to be desired. We have yet to hear of a German protest, and it is hard to avoid the conviction that a sincere and emphatic protest would be effective. The President is said to have invited the good offices of the German government in this matter, and we can but hope—perhaps against hope—that the bloody hand in Armenia may be stayed while there are still some Armenians left alive.

But if we would identify the real responsibilities we must turn to some of the back pages of history. Indeed it would be well for the sanity of our verdicts on the war and all pertaining to it if we were more often to remember that the sequence of cause and effect runs far back in time and that even the most critical events are but links in a continuous chain. More than half a century ago Russia tried to liberate Armenia from the Turkish yoke, and England and France made themselves allies of Turkey in order to prevent her from doing so. Russia tried again in 1878, and again she was prevented by the united strength of the Cross and the Crescent. Christian Europe, with the exception of Russia, has never shown an active interest in the Christians of the Far East. When Lord Beaconsfield found it to his supposed interest to buttress the empire of the unspeakable Turk he denounced the stories of Turkish atrocities as "coffee-house babble." Again and again when the Balkan nations tried to creep from the bloody pit of Turkish misrule it was Christian Europe that cynically kicked them back again into the red welter and tacitly incited Turkey to see to it that their cries were less audible. Never for one instant have right feeling, or mercy, or humanity been allowed to interfere with European policies toward the Balkans, and if we can believe that there is anywhere in nature a law of Nemesis we may certainly believe that its operations are now discernible all over Europe. If the European powers had ever for a moment allowed the principle of right dealing to animate their policies toward Turkey and the Balkans they would not now find that Turkey had become almost an equal menace to them whether as friend or foe.

#### The Pettirossi Incident.

Through the favor of one of the higher Exposition officials the *Argonaut* has been supplied with a transcript of the official record relative to the dismissal of Pettirossi, the aviator, subject of comment in our last issue. There is nothing in this record confirmatory of the statement made by the daily newspapers, and upon which the *Argonaut's* comment was based, to the effect that Pettirossi was urged to "show more stuff" in his flights. According to the record the termination of Pettirossi's engagement was upon motives of economy. The *Argonaut* is very glad to have this practical denial of responsibility on the part of the higher officials of the Exposition. It would be still further grati-

fied if it might have from Messrs Connick and Hardee, charged by the daily papers of ten days ago with having urged Pettirossi to more dangerous "stunts," assurances that they have been misrepresented. For the credit of the Exposition, and of San Francisco, and of the spirit of humanity, we should like to know without equivocation or quibble that nobody has attempted to drive Pettirossi or any other aviator into exhibitions of sensational hazard. There is a lie out somewhere. Is the guilt upon the head of the daily press—specifically of the *Chronicle*—or upon aviator Pettirossi or upon Messrs. Hardee and Connick?

#### The Issue in Tuesday's Election.

On Tuesday next there is to be held in California a general referendum upon Governor Johnson's non-partisan law, enacted by the recent legislature. The project looks to the elimination in so far as it may be accomplished by electoral machinery of partisan interest in state affairs. Official candidacies, in addition to being self-initiated as now, are to be independent of party recognition. The régime, in the phrase of its advocates, is to be one of men as distinct from one of party.

Nobody, we believe, claims for political parties anything in the nature of infallible wisdom or sublimated virtue. Parties have the qualities common to human and popular institutions. They are representative naturally of many things we should like to see eliminated from the civic life of the country. But along with striking defects party government has some positive advantages. Official representatives of parties are selected men. They reflect not merely the principles, but the temper and tendencies of parties. The citizen who votes for the candidate of a political party may have some assurance of what the candidate stands for. Again, the representative of a party in office is subject to a certain guardianship. He may not, without open disloyalty, depart from the broad lines of declared principle and policy. Leaders of the party of which he is representative are certain to hold over a man in office a guiding eye, very wholesome if the official may chance—as frequently happens—to be a man of unstable mind and of weak character.

A rank "independent" in public office is commonly a man without the props which sustain official character. His election commonly comes about either in tribute to amiable social qualities or in response to adroit appeal to some transient popular sentiment. Owing nothing to anybody in particular, he makes a merit of having no responsibility toward anybody. Almost inevitably he is minus the wisdom to be found in counsel with responsible associates, minus the sustaining power of obligation for good conduct to the party through whose favor his advancement has come.

The alternative of party politics is personal politics. If parties lack courage, what must be said of candidates? Recent experience in California sufficiently illustrates this phase of the case. Last year we had a senatorial election, with a considerable "field" of self-nominated candidates. Was anybody able to find out where any one of these candidates stood on the more vital public questions? The *Argonaut* tried, but failed. In their eagerness for the votes of all manner and conditions of men each of the candidates appeared as all things to all men. Mr. Shortridge—and very much may be said for Mr. Shortridge—was grandiloquently for "civilization," for the "interest of the people," for the "responsibilities of capital," for the "dignity of labor," for the "uplift of the distressed," and all the rest of it. But was anybody able to find out where he stood with respect to the serious and immediate issues and problems of government? Take the case of Mr. Phelan: He, like Mr. Shortridge, presented himself as a champion of all manner of virtues in the abstract. But any attempt to pin him down as to his convictions and predeterminations with respect to vital issues signally failed. Then there was Mr. Knowland, who undertook in a public statement running to the length of several printed pages to commend his candidacy. Here, we thought, is something definite. The editor of the *Argonaut* sat himself down in a hopeful state of mind with Mr. Knowland's statement in hand. The first reading made no impression at all excepting that of many phrases. The second, instead of clearing up the confusion, made it worse confounded. Upon the third reading the editor was able to discover that Mr. Knowland thought well of woman suffrage, though he

did not go to the length of answering the demand of the suffragists as to his views upon the proposal to make the issue national. Briefly, from a statement several pages in length, it was impossible to find a single definite declaration of political conviction or purpose.

Here we have fair illustration of the vices inherent in personal candidacies. Men seeking office upon the basis of mere personality, unpledged to any definite schemes of principle or policy, inevitably make their appeal so wide as to leave them representative of nothing at all in the way of principles or policies. Whoever votes for such a candidate must do so upon blind confidence.

Personal politics runs naturally into class politics. If there be no machinery under which citizens representing certain ideas or policies may work together, then there are likely to develop projects of political association upon religious, paternal, or other lines. Upon the failure of merely personal politics—and failure is certain—then we are likely to have candidacies representative of special groups. Just as now we have a labor faction, and a temperance faction, so we may have a Catholic faction, a Protestant faction—a hundred kinds of parties, not indeed bound together by definite schemes of political organization and declared principles, but in a general way representative of interests essentially factional.

Party government has, as we have already said, its defects. It is subject naturally to abuses. But viewed broadly, it comes nearer working out in equities and efficiencies of government than any other scheme that has yet been tried in this or in any other country. Political parties have existed in the United States since the formation of our government. They are under our system, under our traditions, and under our practice, a real necessity. To eliminate political parties is to do away with organization of citizens upon considerations of fundamental principles and of governmental practice. From every standpoint it would be a mistake. In a scheme of politics so defined there would be no place for first-rate men.

In the immediate case the project to eliminate parties from state affairs is just a shabby political device. Governor Johnson has built up at public cost an elaborate political machine. But in doing this he has cut himself out from connection with either of our traditional parties. Strong as he is in personal and factional following, he is now neither a Democrat nor a Republican. The Progressive party, through which he hoped to advance to further personal successes, has gone out of existence. He has lost whatever he may have had of representative character. Being thus a man without a party, Governor Johnson seeks to destroy the vitality and effectiveness of parties. His non-partisan law is a project devised for the sole purpose of sustaining his position as political dictator of the state. Of course the plan is supported by all the powers which lie in executive authority and by the many agents of that authority which Governor Johnson has brought into existence. Every place-holder under the state government is of course an active supporter of the project, because through it he hopes to perpetuate the machine upon the existence of which his own importance and his incidental profits are staked.

#### President Wilbur of Stanford.

In choosing a president to succeed Dr. Branner, who retires on January 1st upon his own initiative, the trustees of Stanford University have had many things to consider. The history and traditions of the school, the state of its finances, its existing organization—these and many other delicate matters have had naturally to be taken into account. A prime requirement has been a certain understanding combined with a certain sympathy—very difficult to obtain in what we may style an imported president.

In these considerations we have probably the decisive factor leading to the selection of Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, a Californian and a Stanford alumnus. Other and in a sense more notable names have been considered and rejected by the board. A man from the East already distinguished in college administration might possibly have brought to the work an element of prestige very helpful to Stanford in its wider relations. It would have been following a fashion which be it good or bad, has hitherto prevailed in the organization of Pacific Coast schools. But all things considered, it will, we think, be conceded that the trustee



have taken the wiser course in calling to the presidency a Californian and a man sympathetically familiar with Stanford.

It hardly needs to be said that there is no geography in scholarship. But, given scholarship as a first condition, there may be connected with it understandings and propensities of high practical worth. It should mean much to Stanford to have in its executive chair a man whose comprehensions and sympathies fit naturally into the immediate situation. It obviates the necessity for a period of tutelage more or less extended and may save the loss of momentum which not infrequently is suffered by schools in passing from one administrative régime to another.

It is gratifying to know that in the search for a successor to Dr. Branner, Dr. Wilbur was the first man considered. In truth for several years he has been commonly regarded as a coming man with respect to his special work. His preparation for it has been notably thorough. With high individual character he combines thorough scholarship. While in a domestic sense a Californian, his studies and experiences have been world-wide. His administrative capabilities have been demonstrated by success in the medical school affiliated with the university. His domestic setting is all that it should be. Very much of a man, very much of a scholar, and not less important, very much of a gentleman is Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur. He comes to the presidency comparatively early in life—he is forty years of age—and in the prime of physical, mental, and spiritual enthusiasm. There is large promise for Stanford in the presidency of Dr. Wilbur, a man whose home, whose interests, and whose ambitions are centered in California.

#### Editorial Notes.

The pending controversy between Secretary of State Jordan and Chairman Neylan of the State Board of Control is not edifying. It exhibits both parties to it as seeking by specious arrays of more or less juggled figures, not to instruct, but to confuse the public mind. In either case it is the adroit and shifty politician who speaks. Yet out of it all we do gain some information. It exhibits the state government as an enormously costly machine, grown more costly under the hand of Governor Johnson. It exhibits the fact that government without being more efficient is more expensive. It exhibits the further fact that this multiplication of official places, this augmentation of the confusions and burdens of government have been brought about in the attempt to create an invincible political organization, officered by officials and paid for by the state.

So now the Administration is hastening to recognize Carranza. It must do something with Mexico before Congress meets, and what else can it do? We must forget the Indianapolis speech, we must forget watchful waiting, Vera Cruz, and the whole collection of futilities, and do something. Intervention or recognition of some one who can be held responsible—these have been the two courses of action open since the overthrow of the Madero government. Henry Lane Wilson made this plain; every well-informed person has made it plain. Failure to take one course or the other, as Colonel Harvey showed last month, has prolonged the anarchy. Henry Lane Wilson was discredited and flouted for telling the truth; every one else who has told the truth has been charged with harboring discreditable motives. But now we must take their advice. Out of a bunch of ruffians we have to pick one, and the guess is that Carranza is as good as any, perhaps better.

Algeria is probably the only country which, in clearing its land of brushwood, at the same time finds a valuable commercial commodity in the roots of that same brushwood and simultaneously removes a menace to the forests, which otherwise could only be removed at great expense. The roots of the "bruyere," or white heather bush (*Erica arborea*), are utilized for pipes, and Algeria ships yearly about \$100,000 worth of this material, known as brierwood, to this country. The roots are cut into the rough forms of tobacco pipes, called "ebauchons" in French. To produce the required quantity an immense tonnage of roots is required, because very often, owing to cracks and other faults, only one rough pipe is found in a fair-sized root. The industry can, however, only be carried on where water is plentiful, as it is necessary to keep the roots thoroughly damp from the moment they are drawn from the soil until they are cut into the rough forms and boiled.

#### THE THEATRE OF WAR.

The issues of the Balkan struggle are far more intricate and cloudy than those in any other part of the field. Egypt, Asia Minor, the Suez Canal, even India, may be said to be involved. Japan becomes vitally interested in any transfer of the war to Asia. But the Balkans can not be considered for a moment as apart from the war in France and Russia. However much Italy and France may hold themselves aloof from the Balkan cockpit, they will do their utmost to prevent the transfer of troops, and they will instantly take advantage of any weakening of the lines opposed to them. Germany can perhaps afford to relax her efforts in Russia and to assume a defensive that may be maintained with a smaller force, since a Russian advance must necessarily be slow and for some time harmless, but Germany can not spare a single man from the west. Indeed the west is a more imminent concern for her than the Balkans. She knows well that she is on the brink of a forced retirement to other lines and that another Allied success such as the last must have grave results for her. Whatever forces she can spare from Russia will be sent first of all to the west. The defense in France must be her first consideration. The Balkans must take a secondary place.

British diplomacy has failed grievously in the Balkans. For months past it has assumed that Bulgaria was still upon the fence and that the deal was yet to be closed by the offer of bargains. We know now that the German-Bulgarian pact was of old standing and that it was to be made known only at the right moment. The attitude of Roumania and of Greece must have been another severe disappointment, although he would indeed be rash who would predict the ultimate action of these powers. They do not know it themselves. They are waiting to see which way the cat will jump, and both the Teutons and the Allies are keenly alive to the importance of winning early successes that shall appeal to the natural wish to be on the winning side. It may be said once more that the chances of Balkan revolution should on no account be overlooked. The popular sentiment of Greece and Roumania is overwhelmingly on the side of the Allies, and it may easily force a national action. The Bulgarians are said to be sullen and suspicious, and a striking Allied success would have a profound weight with them. Ferdinand inspires small confidence among the people, who find it hard to palliate the fact that they are fighting on the side of their hereditary enemies, the Turks. They know that Ferdinand was responsible for the greatest national humiliation that ever befell them, and they are by no means disposed to give him another blank check upon the bank of fate.

At the moment of writing the position of Serbia is precarious in the extreme. She can not have more than 300,000 men, and the aggregate of Germans, Bulgarians, and Turks opposed to her must be somewhere in the neighborhood of 700,000 men. She is exposed to German invasion from the north and the west and immediately to her eastern rear is Bulgaria. But while it is comparatively easy for the Germans to bring up as many men and munitions as they need and that they can spare, it is by no means so easy to carry out the actual work of invasion. We may remember that an Austrian army of large size was thrown headlong out of Serbia after it had taken Belgrade. We all know by this time what entrenched troops can do in the way of resistance, while the Italian front has shown us something of the meaning of mountain warfare. The Serbian strategy will be to fall back toward the hilly interior, where lines of defense have been prepared, but if Bulgarian troops should cross the frontier in considerable numbers the Serbians might easily find themselves in a bag. Looking at the ordinary newspaper map, it seems quite easy to invade Serbia from Bulgaria, but it is by no means so easy as it looks. The frontier is on mountainous ground, and Serbia has been fully alive to the uncertain temper of her Bulgarian neighbor. All the passes have been strongly fortified, while Pirot, which is on the Orient railroad, is very effectively defended. This railroad runs through Belgrade, Nish, and Pirot to Constantinople, and it is naturally the line upon which the Germans must depend. But the most important railroad from the Serbian point of view is the line running north from Salonika. It passes through Vranja, which is twenty miles west of the Bulgarian frontier. Serbia must receive all her supplies over this line, and over this same line must pass whatever Allied aid can be sent to her. This line and the Vardar Valley, through which it passes, may therefore be regarded as the life ganglion upon which Serbia absolutely depends.

With this in mind, and with the aid of a map, it becomes possible to understand what the British and French relieving forces are trying to do. But it must be remembered that our information comes almost entirely from Athens and is therefore unofficial, although probably correct. It was at first assumed that the relieving force from Salonika would strike straight up through the Vardar Valley into Serbian territory in order to add their strength to that of the Serbian army. It now seems probable that they are doing nothing of the sort and that they intend to invade Bulgaria instead. The advantages of such a course seem obvious. In the first place they will guard the railroad by interposing themselves between it and Bulgaria. In the second place they will compel the Bulgarians to move south in defense of their own territory and consequently away from the Serbian army. And thirdly the invasion of Bulgaria will intensify the discontent and apprehensions of the Bulgarian people. For these reasons we find an attack on Strumnitza and the capture of the city, and the landing of another force to the eastward at Enos, which is on the frontier between Bulgaria and Tur-

key. Bulgaria is thus invaded at her extreme southwestern and southeastern corners, with the evident intention of calling her to her own defense and away from the attack on Serbia. The landing at Enos constitutes a threat to the Bulgarian city of Dedegatch. We may note also that Bulgaria herself is isolated, that she can import nothing, and that she is said already to be short of munitions.

And while we are looking at the map it is just as well that a realization of distances should serve to temper our expectation of rushes and drives. From Belgrade to Constantinople is 500 miles, and from Belgrade to Nish, the present Serbian capital, is about 150 miles. From Belgrade to Strumnitza is about 300 miles, and from Strumnitza to Enos is about 250 miles. It is evident, therefore, that there can be no long lines strongly held, as in the west. The fighting is likely to be of the nature of the more old-fashioned battles, with the opposing forces in sight of each other and characterized by quick movements. And we are likely to be left in considerable uncertainty as to what is actually happening.

We need not go far afield in search of the reasons that lie behind the German attack upon Serbia. Nor must we be satisfied with the assumption that the relief of Constantinople is the main incentive to this sudden shift of the war wind. A German Empire stretching right away to Constantinople is of course enough to dazzle the eyes of German statesmen, but we may suppose that the immediate war advantage is much more clearly in sight. The relief of Constantinople would mean the release of a Turkish army for another attack upon Egypt. It would mean that Germany had found an exit from the ring of fire that now surrounds her. It would mean a German access to the millions of Asiatic Mohammedans, who need no more than drilling to turn them into the finest soldiers of the world. It would mean a profound loss of prestige to the Allies that would instantly end the indecision of Roumania and Greece and that would turn all the Balkan States into German tributaries. It would mean that Great Britain must now divert the whole of her attention to her eastern empire, to quelling insurrection in India, and to the suppression of the Persians, who would be quick to seek revenge for ancient grudges.

At the moment the Serbian plight is a very grave one, and it must continue to be a grave one for some time to come, no matter what happens. Reports say that the Salonika railroad has been cut by the Bulgarians at Vranja, and this would mean the isolation of Nish to the north. To speak as though the Germans had nothing to do but to march straight on to Constantinople is absurd. But we can not predict the speed of the German advance, although we do know that it will be fiercely contested. There are too many factors that are still in the dark to permit of prediction. We do not know how many British and French soldiers are available. But we do know that is a long way from the Danube to Constantinople and that the Germans in Russia took five months for a much shorter distance against Russian resistance. The French and the British are better soldiers than the Russians, and certainly they are much better armed. Then again we do not know what Italy is willing to do nor what Russia is able to do. Russia is said to have asked permission to cross Roumania and to have been refused, but there is nothing to prevent her from bringing her army by water from Odessa to the Bulgarian coast. The coast is of course protected by forts and mines, but these are not likely to be insurmountable. England will take no perfunctory view of her obligations in the Balkans. The situation will probably become her paramount concern. She will send every man and every gun that she can spare. Russia is certain to make a great effort in the same direction. Italy will use at least her fleet so far as it can be used. And both Italy and France will do their utmost to detain as many Teuton troops as possible and to take instant advantage of any weakening of the lines opposed to them.

And Russia can do something more than send troops against Bulgaria. It is evident that she, too, can avail herself of any thinning of the German forces arrayed against her. It would be a mistake to overlook the daily reports from Russia on the theory that Russia is now out of the running or that she has been brought to a standstill. Three weeks ago and more the Germans were some twelve miles from Dvinsk and evidently determined to take the city at all costs. Day by day we have read of small advances and expected successes, but as a matter of fact Dvinsk is not yet taken and there is every evidence that the defense is growing stronger and not weaker. When we turn to the southern field we find the same situation. A week ago a Petrograd report spoke of the Austrians being pursued across the Stripa. The Vienna bulletin says nothing about this reverse, but it does say that a Russian attack on Burkanow has been repulsed. Now Burkanow is on the Stripa River, and actually lies on both sides of the stream, so that we now know by the Austrian reports that the Russians have advanced from the Sereth River to the Stripa River. If they should cross the Stripa River they will be within reach of the Zlota Lipa, with a consequent threat to Lemberg. Therefore it is evident that the Russians are by no means paralyzed, nor laid up for the winter, nor any of the other things that it suddenly became the fashion to say about them. On the contrary they seem to be on a successful offensive at many points, to be well supplied with ammunition, and to be ready to take advantage of the smallest opportunities. Major Morait, the German military expert, says that Germany is now on the defensive in France and Russia. And these points to be very carefully considered when we re-



Teuton armies invading Serbia and when we try to forecast the outcome of a Balkan struggle. It is obviously true that the pressure is extreme in the west as well as in the east, and that it will become more extreme in both directions with a widening of the circle of hostilities.

Heavy fighting continues in the west, and it is certain to become heavier as a result of the Balkan campaign, just as the fighting in Russia will become heavier for the same reason. We may expect another great heave on the part of the Allies in France, and this will probably come just as soon as the preparations can be made. And such preparations necessarily take time. The guns, many thousands of them, have to be moved forward into new positions, and this must be done at nighttime, and the guns must be hidden before the aeroplanes discover them. Incredible quantities of ammunition must be brought in the same way under cover of night, and concealed and protected against bombs. The trenches that have been taken must be repaired and made proof against counter attacks, and this must be done during the progress of the counter attacks. A trench that has been taken after a bombardment looks very much like the pit of a crater. It is therefore extremely difficult to hold, and still more difficult to hold and to repair at the same time. We need not discuss whether the recent battle accomplished all that the Allies hoped to accomplish. In all probability it did not, but it certainly accomplished a great deal, as a glance at the map proves at once. And it will assuredly be repeated, and because of this the Germans will have to weigh most carefully the value of every man at the respective fronts. Even the most liberal allowance of their resources will still show the need for careful apportionment. They have lost ground in the west, and they are practically at a standstill in the east, and now they have still another front to furnish against an enemy whose strength is problematical, but certainly both great and certain to increase.

As evidence of an exaggeration of the German casualty lists a correspondent sends a copy of a list recently published in Saxony and that shows conclusively that many names appear on these lists two or three times over. Apart from the errors necessarily incidental to all such lists, hurriedly prepared and from insufficient data, it is evident that a man may recover from a wound, rejoin his regiment, and be wounded for a second or third time. He will then make his appearance on the lists for each wound. Many names appear on this particular list for the purpose of rectifying errors in previous lists. Men reported as missing may subsequently turn up again, while others reported as dead are only wounded. It is evident that a mere counting of the names on the casualty lists will produce an incorrect total through this duplication of names, and of this there are so many examples on the particular list sent by our correspondent as to suggest caution in accepting reports that are based on a mere process of enumeration. The necessity for a certain discount is clearly indicated.

The action of the naval authorities at Washington in apportioning the national expenditure between dreadnoughts and submarines may be taken as a fair indication of expert opinion on the actual efficacy of the submarine as shown by the progress of the war at sea. It seems that the majority of the government experts are of opinion that the submarine has by no means proved its value and that it would be a great mistake to assume that the day of the battleship has passed. While it is true that no statistics have been published as to the destruction of German submarines Washington naval authorities are inclined to believe that a very large proportion of these craft have been captured or sent to the bottom and that the submarine campaign has been a practical failure. The newly invented submarine telephone is said to have been extraordinarily effective in detecting the presence of the invisible enemies. A Washington dispatch to the New York American says that the government has information to the effect that huge nets have been stretched across the channels through which submarines may pass and that these nets are connected with floats. Armed patrol boats watch these floats, and as soon as one is seen to disappear the patrols are signaled and they congregate around the spot in the certainty that the entangled craft must presently come to the surface. The stations for the supply of oil and provisions have also been discovered and destroyed, so that the boats must return to their bases at more frequent intervals. Submarines lying on the bottom of the shallow ocean can also be detected from aeroplanes, which then notify the nearest destroyer or patrol boat, which waits on the spot for the submarine to rise. The same report speaks of a dinner recently given to certain high officials in London to celebrate the destruction of the fiftieth submarine, while it is believed that the number may even reach seventy. Under these circumstances the American authorities are by no means disposed to regard the battleship as obsolete or to recommend that appropriations be expended mainly upon craft whose efficacy has by no means been proved. SIDNEY CORRY.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 20, 1915.

Sulphur deposits are found on White Island, in the Bay of Plenty on the coast of the North Island of New Zealand, about thirty miles from the mainland. This island, which covers about 600 acres, attains a height of 900 feet on one side and opens to the sea on the other. Its topography indicates an old crater, and the boiling lake on the island, which is one of the awe-inspiring sights of New Zealand, is a further evidence of volcanism. After the New Zealand Sulphur company had spent \$100,000 in preparation for mining sulphur in this locality, a volcanic disturbance wrecked the camp and killed ten men.

## DUTCHY'S PARTNER.

"The Boys Have Been Puttin' Up Some Game on Me."

That was what they always called him—though, perhaps, no one knew why the old man's individuality was thus lost in that of his partner, or by what freak of fate his name had passed away without waiting for the formality of a headstone. True, he and Dutchy were inseparable friends; you seldom saw one without the other. They worked together on the "Gentle Annie" (as their claim was called), had their occasional debauches together, did nothing together—if sitting in the sun and gazing thoughtfully at one's surroundings can be called doing nothing—and finally, were together in incurring the disapproval of the inhabitants of Dry Gulch. Yet, save this contemplative quality, the two men seemed to have little in common.

Dutchy was rather portly. His grizzled mustache had a jaunty upward twist, and he carried his many years with a dignified air which contrasted strangely with his trembling hand and general broken-down appearance. He claimed connection with an old New York family, and also claimed to have brought the first whisky into Dry Gulch.

"Yes, sir," he would say, straightening up and twirling his mustache, "the first barrel that ever came into Dry Gulch was rolled down the hill there, an' I rolled it."

But Dutchy's efforts for the benefit of his fellows had not ended here. His florid complexion seemed to permeate his entire nature, affecting even his conversation, and giving all his plans and views a sanguine character. Many were the schemes that he had devised, only to see his projects fail for lack of proper encouragement. This visionary tendency of his had led his contemporaries to be somewhat suspicious of him; and, in general, his partner was the only one who suffered through these altruistic efforts.

The other man, on the contrary, had little faith in anything. Though he allowed himself to be led by Dutchy, his position was not that of a believer. His entire attitude seemed a continual though passive protest against the hollowness and insufficiency of all things.

"Nothing's what it's cracked up to be," was the phrase with which he was wont to sum up his views of life and its affairs.

He was a quiet, unobtrusive sort of man, with mild blue eyes and a beard deep with gray. His associates always held that he would have made a good poker-player.

"He's got that kind of a face, an' he's deep; he never gives himself away," said one of his friends, bemoaning the talents thus wasted; "but he's shifless, an' han't got no ambition."

Such were the two men to the vulgar gaze of their confrères; and the general impatience of names and titles that had changed J. Schuyler Van Rensselaer to "Dutchy" had entirely ignored the patronymic of his humbler companion. Yet no one knew much about them, or thought of them as ever having been different from what they then were.

It was left for their celebrated tunnel scheme to bring them prominently before the public. Though now forgotten, this project once promised to raise Dry Gulch to all its former glory. Like most old mining camps the place had fallen to decay. The floods of immigration came and went, leaving their traces behind, as the water is left in every little hollow after some sudden freshet; the pools stagnate in the sun; the green mold settles on everything. So with old mining towns; they seem to live only because of the hurrying tides of life that once swept through them. The inhabitants, too, are given over to a sort of intellectual dry-rot. They seem to realize that they are out of the world; and, beyond the mere necessities of existence, worldly things have little charm for them.

Dry Gulch was preëminently one of this class. Set in a hollow of the hills, its one irregular street followed the curve of the ravine; its scattered houses were strung along the muddy creek, just as the miners' tents and cradles were in that memorable winter of '49; for in the spring, when brick fronts took the place of canvas, there was no time to change, and the old order was preserved. As it now stands, nothing could be more desolate than the old town. And yet, as though in compensation, hands are still busy about it; the manzanita and chaparral, reasserting their old dominion, have stolen through walls and fences, and have covered the scarred gulches with sober green and gray.

It was in the winter of '70 that Dutchy first thought of tunneling the Poverty Point.

"I tell yer it's a big thing," said he one day, as he unrolled the plan of the proposed tunnel and spread it out on the table, placing an empty bottle on one corner and a yeast-powder can on the other.

The drawing represented the transverse section of a hill, with all its formations—geological, mineralogical, and what not—exposed to the gaze of the curious, as the various ingredients are displayed in a slice of fruit-cake. There were numerous quartz veins rich in washes of yellow ochre; proposed excavations, whose cavernous depths were gloomy with India ink; in a word, all the attractive features with which the mining "expert" invests the most unpromising locality.

"Maybe the ledges are a leetle too thick," Dutchy

suggested, after viewing the drawing critically. "Looks like too damn good a thing. Might be a good idea to knock out a few o' them leads down towards the mouth of the tunnel, eh?"

His partner nodded assent, but did not speak. He seldom spoke, and when he did he raised his voice slightly, as deaf persons are wont to do.

Dutchy crossed out a number of ledges in the first five hundred feet or so of the tunnel.

"There, that looks more like it; there's just enough left now to encourage capital to push on," he said, noting the result complacently. "An' when they begin they must push on; for there's no use o' havin' the tunnel unless it's put through the whole twenty-five hundred feet, an' taps the Gentle Annie an' the Crown o' Glory an' all them mines as has paid big."

Again his partner nodded, and Dutchy continued: "Now, all we want is capital an' somebody that'll not be afraid to spend a few thousand before realizing on the investment—somebody like Bliss down there at the Harmon. He treats a mine just as he would a man. He says, mine, you owe me so much, or I owe you so much, just as the case may be. In that way he gives the mine a chance; an' I tell yer, you've got to give a mine a chance. That's the reason I like English capitalists; they are not so dern skeery. Now, there han't sand enough in this community to take holt of an enterprise like this. No, sir, there's no capital goin' into this but English capital. An', then, when we get some o' them fellows to take holt of the thing, you bet she'll boom."

"I guess the Gentle Annie's good enough for me, without waitin' for any English capital," his partner said.

"What, yer han't goin' to drop the enterprise, are yer?" Dutchy exclaimed.

Then he proceeded to dwell upon the advantages of the scheme. He feigned more concern at his partner's lack of interest than he really felt. The old man often objected to things on principle—abstractly, you might say—yet still gave them his support; and Dutchy had little doubt of the ultimate result.

"I'm thinkin'," he said, "when we get the thing well started, of sendin' East for my niece. She's a nice sort of a girl, I guess; but han't no advantages to speak of."

The old man nodded, as usual; and Dutchy reverted to the former topic. While he talked the afternoon wore away.

Outside, the day was bright and warm—like a remembrance of summer—the quiet light fell on the gray chaparral and the silvery pines, and broke in ripples on the little stream down in the ravine.

It was late when the two men parted. Dutchy was astonished that his partner would have nothing to do with the tunnel project. Never before had the old man's convictions led him to individual action. He had not said anything that an ordinary observer would have considered hostile to the enterprise. In fact, he had scarce spoken at all. But there are silences and silences; and Dutchy, through long years of companionship, had learned to know his partner's ways. There is no opposition more disturbing than a silent one. It was natural that Dutchy should get angry, and use language that can not be repeated here.

Meanwhile his partner sat fingering his worn hat nervously, then got up and left the cabin without a word.

As the old man went down the trail the pines were reddening on the eastern slopes; the whistle of the Harmon mill, below in the cañon, sounded for six o'clock. He paused a moment, watching the white blots of steam whisk into the light and slowly fade away against the dark, wooded background; then turned up the ridge toward his own cabin.

Weeks went by, and still the quarrel had not mended. When the story was first noised abroad, it caused some comment at Poverty Point. Old Mrs. McGinnity, a retired washerwoman with a taste for social intrigue, and the only woman now living at the "Point," had said:

"You jus' mark my words: there's a woman in the case."

But in spite of this and other sapient conjectures the whole affair was forgotten by all, save the two men themselves. Yet neither made the slightest advance toward a reconciliation.

Somehow the enterprise did not succeed either; capitalists held off, blind to their own interests, as usual.

Dutchy brought numerous "experts" to the Point who talked learnedly of walls and formations, and carried away "specimens" that were assayed with most flattering results. The editor of the *Observer* also came, and crowded a number of "blocks" out of his next week's issue in order to speak of the new undertaking, "which reflects so much credit on the energy and enterprise of its projector, etc., and promises to bring about a speedy return of the palmy days of '49."

Weeks grew into months, and soon a year had passed by; yet no one had been found to furnish the necessary capital.

"By the way, Dutchy, have you decided yet whether you're goin' to have a four or an eight-foot tunnel. Seems to me I'd make her eight-foot while I was about it; you could have two tracks then—one ca goin' in while another car was comin' out. You'd save lots o' time that way, an' time's one o' the most vallyble things in an enterprise like that."



They were in the bar-room of the American Exchange. The irony of this remark was evident without the half-suppressed laughter of the bystanders to accentuate it.

Dutchy did not deign a reply.

"That's all right, old man," the speaker continued, pleased with the success of his joke, and wishing to be generous, "won't you take something—a little bitters, say?"

Dutchy would take something; and while he was contemplatively stirring his cocktail, his friend said, drawing nearer and lowering his voice: "I hear some o' the fellows are talkin' about slappin' a notice on the Gentle Annie some o' these nights. I didn't know as yer cared much about the claim; but I jes' thought I'd tell yer, seein' they thought o' jumpin' it."

"Goin' to jump the claim, are they!" Dutchy exclaimed, raising his voice. "By G—, they'll think they've jumped a lead mine, if they come foolin' round there," he added, bringing his fist down on the counter, and turning toward the bystanders, "an' I want yer to know it. Law or no law, the mine belongs to me an'—an' the ol' man."

His companion nodded approvingly.

"Here's luck to yer," he said, emptying his glass, and reaching for the accompanying draught of water.

"Mighty well-read man, that Dutchy," said Hank Gardner, as the former left the room.

"Yer dead right he is," ejaculated another, "I never see so many papers in my life as he's got at his cabin; there's papers piled up on the floor in the corners, an' heaped up on the table, an' stuffed under the bed—everywhere yer look there's paper till yer can't rest."

"An' he knows 'em, too," Gardner interrupted.

"You bet he knows 'em. You can't stick him there."

During the foregoing conversation the object of these laudatory remarks was making his way along the trail that led to the Point. He was not a little disturbed. That any one should think of taking the mine had never before occurred to him; he had worked there so long, it was so interwoven with the thread of his life—its success or failure so intimately connected with his own, that it had come to be a part of his existence, and any attempt to wrest it from him seemed like a personal thrust. Living in the midst of dreams and plans for the future, he had often treated the mine somewhat cavalierly. Neither he nor his partner ever worked much, save when necessity drove them to it; and then only till the finding of a "pocket" rendered a cessation of active operations practicable.

The mine had now lain idle for a year; and, according to the law, was open to any who chose to take possession. Law! Were there not rights beyond the laws? And had not he and the old man owned and worked the mine before these very laws were made? The more he thought of it the greater seemed the interests at stake, and the firmer he became in his resolve to defend them.

That evening, after slinging an old revolver on his belt, he set out to watch. Selecting a place that allowed an open view of the mine and the surrounding country for several hundred yards about, he lay down to await developments.

On the knoll, just before him, was the windlass, with its crazy awning of dead boughs etched against the sky in broken, irregular lines; above, the constellations were wheeling to their setting. The silence and the gloom made the place seem unreal and strange. The only familiar things were the frogs croaking in the ravine. Of a sudden they stopped as though something had disturbed them. Dutchy cocked his revolver, but no one came. After a little the frogs began again; first, one down in the ravine; then another answered from the mouth of the old tunnel; and by twos and threes the others took up the chorus.

So through the night. Another passed in the same way, and Dutchy began to wonder whether, after all, any one was coming.

"Maybe Hank was lyin', or maybe that bluff o' mine kinder skeered 'em off," he mused.

On the third night a man came out of the brush, and after looking about, advanced cautiously toward the mine. He carried a small box, which he proceeded to nail to one of the pines on the declivity near the shaft, using a bit of quartz as a hammer.

There was a flash of light from the chaparral back of the knoll. The man dropped his box and ran. A bullet sang over his head, and another, and another, then the earth opened about him, and he fell headlong. When he struggled to his feet there was a numbness in his shoulder, and his head was in a dizzying whirl. Still he floundered on through the greasewood and chaparral. The branches swept his face; at times it was almost impossible to make any headway against the dense undergrowth. It had been raining during the day, and now began again. When he reached the top of the ridge the wind was up afresh. The rain beat against his face. On his hands, too, he felt a drop now and then; but it was warm and clotted where it fell. Meanwhile the numbness in his shoulder turned to a stinging pain. Reaching the trail, he reeled along till he reached a cabin, then dropped before the door; and all night long the rain beat down upon him.

It was near midnight when Dutchy got back to his cabin. "I guess he won't be jumpin' any more mines for a week or two," he muttered, as he slipped three fresh cartridges into his revolver. "I wonder where I hit him? Didn't hurt him much, I guess, or he

wouldn't got off so fast. Well, I didn't want to kill him, anyhow," he soliloquized, as he threw himself on his bed.

For a long time he lay awake; but toward morning fell into a troubled sleep.

While he slept he saw a figure lying on the ground. It seemed as though it were his own body that lay before him. He took one of the hands in his; it was cold and heavy. He looked about for something with which to cover the corpse, but could find nothing in the close darkness of the place. Wherever he turned those staring eyes were upon him. Stung to desperation, he plunged into the gloom, and felt himself falling, falling.

He awoke with a start. It seemed as though years of happiness were crowded into that first moment of conscious existence. His sleep had refreshed him; it seemed as though a load had fallen from his shoulders. He felt like a new man. Leaving the cabin, intuitively he started toward the mine. The night's work was forgotten. He walked on like one in a dream.

The sight of a box, lying on the embankment near the windlass, made him start as though a hand had reached out and grasped his arm.

The box was shallow and without a cover. On the bottom was tacked a sheet of paper, which called on all whom it might concern to notice certain particulars set forth below. The paper was written in a cramped, unpracticed hand, with painful flourishes to the capitals, and many "aforesaid" and "whereas"; on the whole, the document was hardly to be commended from a legal point of view. Still it answered its purpose, as Dutchy soon found. He had not got far into the paper before he saw his own name; "J. S. Van Rensselaer & Co." it read. It was soon evident that the entire document was a reproduction, made from memory, perhaps, and under some disadvantages as regards knowledge of legal forms and orthography, and other minutiae, but still a reproduction of the "notice" that he and his partner had put up years ago.

"The boys have been puttin' up some game on me," he said, with a ghastly smile.

Then he went to the spot where the man had fallen. It had not rained much during the night, so he had little difficulty in finding the place; and hurried on, following the blood-splashes on the leaves. When he reached the path that led to his partner's cabin, to his surprise he saw that the wounded man had taken that course. A chilly feeling swept over him—he grasped the limb of a tree for support. Leaving the trail, he hurried through the brush toward the old man's cabin. When in sight of the place he saw that the door was closed, the curtains drawn. This relieved him for a moment.

"The ol' man must have stayed in town last night," he said, half aloud.

The next instant he had an unobstructed view of the place, and saw a dark, irregular shape—like the figure of his dream—lying before the door.

A horrible dread held him dumb. In a measure regaining his self-possession, he drew nearer, till he caught a glimpse of the face, then hurried away.

All that day he stood looking out of his cabin window. At every sound he would start and grasp his revolver nervously, but none came to molest him.

In the west the clouds were forming in fantastic shapes. Toward night they settled into a gray, formless mass, and it began to rain.

When the darkness came he left the window and paced the floor. In those hours he lived his life over again—all his past came surging back; he thought of things that the world knew nothing of, saw familiar faces.

As morning broke he again left the cabin and wandered about. It had cleared during the night, and the sun was shining brightly, though a few torn clouds still lingered in the west. Under the shadows of the trees, the dew clung to the grass, dimming its green, and spreading a delightful freshness about. The cool morning air, the honeyed odor of the manzanita, ministered to his senses, and he laughed softly to himself.

His walk brought him near his partner's cabin. At the sight of it he passed his hand over his forehead as though trying to remember something. Going toward the house he passed by the spring. He noticed the red-limbed willows laced with delicate green, the old oyster-can that served as a drinking-cup, and the path to the house barred by filmy cobwebs that swayed and glistened in the sun.

"The ol' man han't been down to the spring this morning," he muttered, as he brushed the gossamers from his face.

Coming round the corner of the house, he started back, then bent over the prostrate figure.

"What's the matter, ol' man? Have yer been here in the rain all night? Get up, won't yer?" he said, laying his hand on his partner's shoulder.

Then some other fancy struck him, and he laughed to himself.

They found him there, hours afterward, still bent over the old man.

"The boys have been puttin' up some game on me," he said, with a heart-rending smile, as they gathered around him. "Been puttin' up some game on me."

MELVILLE UPTON.

The virgin forests of the Philippine Islands cover an area about equal to that of the State of Kentucky.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Hilmi Pasha, recently reported as likely to be restored to his old post as premier of Turkey, was grand vizier for a number of years. He was then transferred to Vienna as ambassador.

Dr. Scott Nearing, who was dropped as assistant professor of economics at the University of Pennsylvania, which action stirred up a controversy over academic free speech, has taken the deanship of arts and sciences at the University of Toledo. He will teach economics and political and social science.

William de la Montagne Cary, the veteran American painter, recently assembled his early works in the American Museum of Natural History, New York, where they are attracting unusual attention. They deal with the West between the years 1874 and 1882. He is now seventy-five years of age, and is still active as an artist.

Dr. David Bancroft Johnson, the new president of the National Educational Association, is president of the Winthrop Normal and Industrial College of South Carolina. He is a native of Tennessee, and since 1895 has held his position with the Winthrop institution. In 1910 he was president of the Southern Educational Association. Dr. Bancroft is a member of the National Geographic Society and the National Civic Association.

Mme. Catherine Breshkovskaya, known as the "grandmother of the Russian revolution," who was recently banished to Yakoutsk, reckoned the least desirable exile settlement, will, it is stated, be transferred to Bulune, the last outpost of the icy north in Siberia. She was sent to Yakoutsk for trying to escape from a prison in Siberia where she had been sent for life. Bulune is a hamlet of fifteen Indian huts, a post of Cossacks, and a Russian church. Mme. Breshkovskaya is seventy-one years old.

Miss Edythe L. M. Tate, who recently made the highest grade in an examination with ten contestants participating, thereby winning the position of director of the tuberculosis bureau of the state board of health of California, was at one time special investigator of the Russell Sage Foundation and also special agent of the United States Immigration Commission. Later she was employed by the United Charities of Chicago to investigate sociological conditions in the stockyards. As a state organizer in Wisconsin for the Anti-Tuberculosis Association, she secured the passage of nine laws. Recently she has been the executive secretary of the California Association for the Prevention of Tuberculosis.

Rear-Admiral David Watson Tyler, who has designed a new type of battleship, heavily armed and faster than any now afloat, was the first American honored with the gold medal of the British Institution of Naval Architects for the best original paper on "Ship-Shape Stream Forms." He graduated from the United States Naval Academy at the head of the class of 1885, excelling the highest record ever made there up to that time. He was then sent to Greenwich, where he received the highest honors of the Royal College. In 1889 he constructed and had charge of the first experimental tank ever built in this country. He was retained by the British government as expert in the suit growing out of the *Hawke-Olympic* collision in 1911.

The recent appointment of Mr. Vincent L. Raven to the control of the Woolwich Arsenal took Londoners by surprise. His name was comparatively unknown to the London public. As chief mechanical engineer of the North-Eastern Railway he gained considerable reputation among railway experts. He also designed a large number of three-cylinder express engines, which are giving excellent results. He was appointed chief mechanical engineer to the English East Coast line five years ago, after passing through many important positions in the mechanical department, where he was apprenticed on leaving school. He is a country parson's son. Most of the principal engineering institutions have him on their members' rolls, and he is one of the shining lights of the North-East Coast Institute of Engineers and Shipbuilders.

Rear-Admiral John Henry Usher (retired), now at the age of ninety years, is still active physically, and mentally is as keen as ever. During the summer he stayed at Lenox, Massachusetts, where he received much attention, not only because of his high standing as a naval commander and a veteran, but because of his wit and ability to entertain at a dinner-table. Since his retirement he has traveled the world over, a keen observer and a gentle critic of other peoples. He walks several miles each day, does not wear glasses, and carries on a large personal correspondence. He was present at the siege and capture of Vera Cruz, and was promoted to be master in 1855, a lieutenant September, 1855, serving with Commodore Perry in the expedition in opening Japan to commerce. He saw much active service in the Civil War, was commander of the flagship in the North Atlantic fleet in 1864, and was present in actions with and the final capture of Fort Fisher in January, 1865. In May, 1885, he retired on his own application, after forty-four years of service.



## THE PRESIDENT AND MRS. GALT.

A Washington Correspondent Writes of Some of the Matrimonial Rumors of the White House.

WASHINGTON, October 15.—Perhaps it would hardly be too much to say that Washington society is rubbing its eyes with surprise over the fact that the first inkling of the President's relations with Mrs. Galt should come from San Francisco. Such is, of course, the fact, as a reference to the files of the *Argonaut* will prove. It is now several months ago since the *Argonaut* commented editorially on what may be described in diplomatic language as the *rapprochement* which has now descended into the world of fact as a formal and definite engagement. Whether the high government officials had any suspicions of their own remains to be seen, if it ever will be seen, but if so the said officials showed a surprising power of reticence. Perhaps Mr. Tumulty had issued a ukase demanding impenetrable silence. But it may at least be said that the newspaper men were in a state of absolute unawareness, and what the newspaper men of Washington do not know can hardly be described as knowledge.

But now that the whole world has been initiated it may be said that the Galt and the Bolling connections—and they are as the sands of the seashore for multitude—are showing some pardonable exultation as though they were in some way responsible for the happy *dénouement*. It is said that the Galts alone are some one hundred and fifty in number, all of them relatives of Mrs. Galt's first husband, and of course they are not slow to allow some reflected glory to show itself in their faces. Of the two brothers who founded the Galt family, one established a feed store and the other a jewelry store, and both of them had many sons. One of the sons of the feed store Galt opened a sort of haberdashery establishment, but this did not survive the death of his father and the distribution of his father's gratifyingly large fortune. The other brother became the father of Norman Galt, the first husband of the coming mistress of the White House. There are other sons, one of them being a public stenographer, and a good one, and the others engaged in various occupations. Like the Bollings, they are all eminently respectable, although they are not at all well to do. One of the Bollings, a brother of Mrs. Galt, is the manager of her jewelry store, and some of the would-be humorous are asking if the President when he bought the engagement ring in New York from a wholesale house asked for a trade discount on the strength of his coming affiliations. Another brother of the bride was recently appointed by the President to a \$4000 a year job at Panama, and although no one has ever suggested that the appointment was not an eminently suitable one, it would perhaps be as well not to carry the principle too far or some entirely deserving Democrats may find themselves left out in the cold while family connections of dubious political affiliations are sitting snugly by the fire.

Of course all kinds of gossip may be heard by a cautious attention to the conversation of the knowing ones who like to imagine themselves as within the charmed circle of the White House. "This," said one of these on the day the news was announced, "means the end of Belle Hagner, for Mrs. Galt will not stand for her. It is pretty hard to shake off a Hagner, but Mrs. Galt will do it." It may be said that Miss Isabelle Hagner has been social secretary of the White House for year after year since the Roosevelt administration and is still among the number of those who rarely die and who never resign.

"Hold on a moment," said another and a better-informed gossip. "Mrs. Galt will do nothing of the kind. Apparently you do not know that Randall Hagner, brother of Belle, not many months ago took Mrs. Galt's younger brother into his very prosperous real estate firm and is putting him on his feet." So we may assume that Miss Hagner will remain at the post of duty and emolument, at least so far as Mrs. Galt is concerned.

The minister who will perform the marriage ceremony has not been selected, but probably it will be the President's own Presbyterian pastor supported by some Episcopalian minister, but many searchings of the ecclesiastical heart have not yet determined who the lucky Episcopalian will be. Mrs. Galt and the Galt family have been members of St. Thomas's Church for many years, but recently Mrs. Galt changed to St. Margaret's. The rector of St. Thomas's Church, the Rev. C. Ernest Smith, is a very old friend, and for sentimental reasons Mrs. Galt may wish him to officiate. On the other hand the Rev. Herbert Scott Smith, rector of St. Margaret's, has an undoubted claim, as she is a member of his parish. But this is one of the occasions when sentiment usually carries the day.

It will be observed that Washington runs rather strongly to Smiths in its Episcopal churches. In addition to the two I have named there is the Rev. Roland Cotton Smith, rector of St. John's, the so-called "Church of the Presidents," that has been attended by all Episcopalian Presidents since the church was erected in 1816 down to the time of President Arthur, who was the last Episcopalian at the White House. To avoid confusion between the three rectors it is usual among true Washingtonians to identify them as

Maggie Smith, Tommy Smith, and Johnny Smith respectively. Johnny is plainly out of the running on this occasion, but Maggie and Tommy, in the reprehensible language of the race-track, are now neck and neck.

A great deal of interest centres in Dr. Cary Grayson, the President's medical adviser and military aide. Dr. Grayson is a bachelor, which in itself is enough to loosen the tongue of rumor, but as he was responsible for the first meeting between Mrs. Galt and the President every one wants to know whether the doctor deliberately engineered the match or whether he found in the President a successful rival. His attentions to the lady were certainly prior to those of Mr. Wilson, but as the secret, if there be a secret, is known only to himself and Mrs. Galt, it is likely to remain one of the undiscovered mysteries of the White House. It is of no use asking Dr. Grayson himself. It has been tried, but he only smiles and, like Brer Fox, goes on saying nothing.

J. R. A.

Rich, yet poor, Colombia becomes a paradox among nations. It is safe to say that the agricultural possibilities in Colombia are not exceeded by those of any South American country, and Colombia is much nearer to the great world markets than most of its competitors. Millions of acres of rich land lie idle and unproductive because of a lack of efficient transportation facilities. Foreign capital refuses to become seriously interested in these vast uncultivated tracts of land until there are assured economic means of transporting the products to the coast. The domestic demands do not justify such investments. Numerous enterprises have been retarded or stopped due to the lack of labor. For instance, experiments have proven that the Department of Bolivar can produce an exceptional grade of cotton quite similar to South Sea Island cotton. About five years ago a Liverpool group of cotton dealers obtained options on vast tracts of suitable cotton land in this department. Natural conditions seemed favorable to the project, but it was discovered that a lack of community labor (men, women, and children) rendered the enterprise impracticable, if not impossible. Money is scarce and earns twelve to twenty-four per cent annually. Short-time loans are made at two per cent with ample security. The average interest may be placed at eighteen per cent annually. While this indicates a lack of capital, local investors are loath to place their capital in agricultural or industrial enterprises that yield less than eighteen per cent annually.

Kapok, known in Ecuador as "lana de ceiba," or "vegetable wool," is a product of the largest tree that grows in the forests of the littoral, a species of the genus *Eriodendron* (allied to the cotton plant). The ceiba bears most of its branches near the top, and the appearance of its bright-yellow flowers marks the approaching end of the rainless season. After the flowers fade the pods that yield the kapok of commerce are formed; these are gathered and the fibre extracted by hand. One hundred pounds of crude material yield, after cleaning, forty-five pounds of first-grade kapok. Kapok is gaining in popularity in the United States, where, among the other uses to which it is put, it is employed in stuffing mattresses and sofa cushions, and, it is said, has found some favor among makers of upholstery fabrics.

Fire, the arch-enemy of the forest, is the very life of the lodge-pole pine, for cessation of fires would, in time, practically eliminate the species from the forest. Following a sweeping fire it is found that the lodge-pole pine is the first tree at work to make good its loss. On the blackened limbs of the fire-killed tree are scores of cones stuck closely to the branches. Within these cones lie fertile seeds waiting for nature to set them free. The fiery whirlwind sweeps by, and in a few hours the brown bits of tissue-like seeds silently climb out of their sheltering homes and make a flight to the earth. Being exceedingly light, thousands are sometimes blown for miles. An earth cleaned for their reception is found by the germs of new woods life.

Later and more careful estimates of the fearful hurricane which swept Louisiana and Mississippi during the last week in September place the property loss at \$12,000,000. First estimates were several times that amount. The last compiled report placed the number of known dead, reported dead, and persons missing at 549.

Venezuela received its name from the early explorers. Its coast was visited by Columbus in 1498, and the following year the name Venezuela ("Little Venice") was given to an Indian village built on piles seen by Ojeda and Amerigo Vespucci.

Twenty thousand acres in young lemon trees in California will soon come into bearing and double the domestic supply. The crop for the year ended August 31, 1915, was 6667 cars, or 132 per cent more than last year.

Quantities of California rainbow trout have been taken to New Zealand and planted in streams and lakes, where they have thrived to a surprising extent, furnishing splendid sport to fishermen.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## Home.

What is House and what is Home,  
Where with freedom thou hast room,  
And may'st to all tyrants say,  
This you can not take away?  
'Tis no thing with doors and walls,  
Which at every earthquake falls;  
No fair towers, whose princely fashion  
Is but Plunder's invitation;  
No stout marble structure, where  
Walls Eternity do dare;  
No brass gates, no bars of steel,  
Tho' Time's teeth they seem to feel:  
Brass is not so bold as Pride,  
If on Power's wings it ride;  
Marble's not so hard as Spite  
Arm'd with lawless Strength and Might.

Seek no more abroad, say I,  
House and Home, but turn thine eye  
Inward, and observe thy breast;  
There alone dwells solid Rest.  
That's a close immured tower  
Which can mock all hostile power.  
To thyself a tenant be,  
And inhabit safe and free.  
Home is everywhere to thee  
Who canst thine own dwelling be.  
—Joseph Beaumont.

## A Girl of Pompeii.

A public haunt they found her in:  
She lay asleep, a lovely child;  
The only thing left undefiled  
Where all things else bore taint of sin.

Her charming contours fixed in clay  
The universal law suspend,  
And turn Time's chariot back, and hrend,  
A thousand years with yesterday.

A sinless touch, austere yet warm,  
Around her girlish figure pressed,  
Caught the sweet imprint of her breast,  
And held her, surely clasped, from harm.

Truer than work of sculptor's art  
Comes this dear maid of long ago,  
Sheltered from mofid chance, to show  
A spirit's lovely counterpart,

And bid mistrustful men be sure  
That form shall fade of flesh escape,  
And, quit of earth's corruptions, shape  
Itself, imperishably pure.  
—Edward Sanford Martin.

## Late October.

How peacefully the sunlight fell  
Across the woodland's pleasant reaches,  
And like a shower of gilded rain  
The leaves dropped from the golden beeches!  
Far down the shadowy aisles I heard  
An undertone of plaintive sighing,  
As if the waning Summer wept  
For all her glories dead and dying.

The golden-rod, with drooping plume,  
Had lost its aureole of gladness;  
The starless mullein by the road  
Dropped down its seeds like tears of sadness;  
The far-off hill, veiled like a bride,  
Seemed wedded to the sky immortal;  
And through the sunset's golden gate  
There flashed the gleam of heaven's portal.

O peaceful hour, O faith renewed,  
That touched the fading earth with sweetness,  
And lifted up my heart in thanks  
For life's glad measure of completeness!  
Though dead leaves rustle at my feet,  
And all the fields are brown and sober,  
The heart may blossom with new hope  
Beneath the gray skies of October.  
—D. M. Jordan.

## God's First Temples.

The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned  
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,  
And spread the roof above them—ere he framed  
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back  
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,  
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down,  
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks  
And supplication. For his simple heart  
Might not resist the sacred influence  
Which, from the stilly twilight of the place,  
And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven  
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound  
Of the invisible hemoth that swayed at once  
All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed  
His spirit with the thought of boundless power  
And inaccessible majesty. Ah, why  
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect  
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore  
Only among the crowd, and under roofs  
That our frail hands have raised? Let me, at least,  
Here in the shadow of this aged wood,  
Offer one hymn—thrice happy if it find  
Acceptance in His ear.  
—William Cullen Bryant.

## Autumn Jewels.

It was on Saturday eve, in the gorgeous bright October,  
Then when brackens are changed, and heather blooms are  
faded,  
And amid russet of heather and fern green trees are bonnie;  
Alders are green and oaks; the rowan scarlet and yellow;  
One great glory of broad gold pieces appears the aspen,  
And the jewels of gold that were hung in the hair of the  
birch-tree,  
Pendulous, here and there, her coronet, necklace, and ear-  
rings.  
Cover her now o'er and o'er; she is weary and scatters them  
from her.  
—Arthur Hugh Clough.

In the Philippines a true wood oil is derived from  
a tree of the Leguminosae, or locust family, known as  
supa or manapo, which is largely used by shipbuilders.



A NEW BOOK ABOUT CARLYLE

Bliss Perry Throws New Light on the Life Story of the Sage of Chelsea.

A book to re-create an enthusiasm which in the individual reader Time may have chilled somewhat is "Carlyle: How to Know Him," by Bliss Perry. The volume is one of a series of literary guideposts to famous personalities in the world of letters. Of course we have all read Carlyle—or read something about him—but, whatever the extent of our acquaintance with him, we are rather apt to want to improve it further after glancing over the pages of the present appreciation, which is enriched with a generous measure of well-selected quotations. The author's "Preliminary" sketches his viewpoint:

Thomas Carlyle was a Scottish peasant who became one of the great names of English literature. The story of that transformation and achievement has been told and retold by many a brilliant writer during the generation which has elapsed since Carlyle's death.

No record of personal development and literary accomplishment is more fascinating. Yet it is not the aim of this book to present one more biography of Carlyle. It is rather to exhibit, as far as possible in Carlyle's own words, the working of his mind. His books are intensely, supremely personal. They review his own struggles, his slowly-won mastery over himself and his circumstances, his entire theory of human life and conduct. With a vividness almost if not quite unrivaled in the whole history of literature, they describe his ancestry and early environment, his unsystematic education, his painful quest of a career, and the spiritual conflicts by which he came to an ultimate command of himself. This main battle once won, he perfected, between the ages of thirty and thirty-five, his theory of biography and history. It remained essentially unchanged throughout the rest of his long life. His epoch-making histories—"The French Revolution," "Cromwell's Letters and Speeches," and "Frederick the Great"—are the endeavors of an extraordinary literary artist to adjust this theory to the facts of a vanished European society. His social and political writings—like "Chartism," "Past and Present," and "Latter-Day Pamphlets"—apply his theory, as a surgeon applies his knife and caustic, to the ills of the England of his day. Carlyle the critic of books, Carlyle the biographer and historian of great men and great events, Carlyle the prophet and mystic, are thus essentially and radically one. To disbelieve this message or "gospel" of Carlyle is quite within the rights of any contemporary reader, but there is no longer any excuse for misunderstanding it. The present book is merely a fresh attempt to let Carlyle explain himself and his views, as adequately as the inexorable count of pages will permit.

The day is almost upon us when, except for his own story as he reveals it in his books, we must get our knowledge of Carlyle at second-hand, but Bliss Perry sought out for himself his atmosphere and the flavor of his environment:

Tramping into Ecclefechan one bright August morning with the village postman, I remarked that most books about Carlyle gave the impression that he was born in a dreary and unattractive place.

"'Tis the sweetest spot in all Dumfriesshire," said the postman loyally; and indeed it was sweet enough—a fine rolling country, with rich woodlands and yellowing grain, and bright streams foaming down to the Solway. The straggling village, a border town sixteen miles beyond Carlisle, on the great North Road from London to Glasgow, has changed but little since Thomas Carlyle first opened his eyes in the upper chamber of the stone-arch house in 1795. The tiny stream still flows through the village street. A few rods from the house where Carlyle was born is the churchyard where he was buried, on that grim winter day of 1881. The caretaker of the "arch-house" will show you the relics, and confess that all that she and the other village children knew about Carlyle, in the height of his fame, was that an old man was wont to visit Ecclefechan every summer and that the children would say: "I see old Tom Caerl is back." The guardian of the churchyard, an old woman, shrugs her shoulders at your comment upon the neglect of the grave. "I expect they'll be saving the money," is her Scotch explanation; and the ghost of the dead man gives, very possibly, an ironic chuckle.

The whole countryside is full of ghosts, indeed, to the lover of Carlyle. Six miles to the south of Ecclefechan, on the Solway, lies Annan—whither the little fellow trudged off to school in 1806, his father by his side. To the northeast and north lie the farms of Scotshrig and Mainhill. Farther toward the northeast is Dumfries, and beyond Dumfries, on the moors, are Templaud and Craigenputtoch. The unlucky reader to whom, as yet, these names are only names, should steep himself without delay in Carlyle's "Reminiscences," and particularly in the first chapter, written in the week after his father's death in 1832.

Quotation is made from this "unforgettable portrait of James Carlyle"—Thomas Carlyle's portrait of the stonemason, his father—"who taught his gifted son the power of phrase and the gospel of work":

It was he exclusively that determined on educating me; that from his small hard-earned funds sent me to school and college and made me whatever I am or may become. . . . He was a man of perhaps the very largest natural endowment of any it has been my lot to converse with. None of us will forget that hold glowing style of his, flowing free from his untutored soul, full of metaphors (though he knew not what a metaphor was) with all manner of potent words which he appropriated and applied with a surprising accuracy you would not often guess whence—brief, energetic, and which I should say conveyed the most perfect picture, definite, clear, not in ambitious colors, but in full white sunlight, of all the dialects I have ever listened to. Nothing did I ever hear him undertake to render visibly which did not become almost ocularly so. Never shall we again hear such speech as that was. The whole district knew of it and laughed joyfully over it, not knowing how otherwise to express the feeling it gave them; emphatic I have heard him beyond all men. In anger he had no need of oaths, his words were like sharp arrows that smote into the very heart. The fault was that he exaggerated (which tendency I also inherited), yet only in description and for the sake chiefly of humorous effect. He was a man of rigid, even scrupulous veracity. I have often heard him turn back when he thought his strong words were misleading, and correct them into mesurative accuracy. . . . This great maxim of philosophy he had gathered by the teaching of nature alone—that man was created to work—not to speculate, or feel, or dream. Accordingly he set his whole heart thitherwards. He did

work wisely and unweariably (*Ohne Hast aber Ohne Rast*) and perhaps performed more with the tools he had than any man I now know. It should have made me sadder than it did to hear the young ones sometimes complaining of his slow punctuality and thoroughness. He would leave nothing till it was done. . . . On the whole ought I not to rejoice that God was pleased to give me such a father; that from the earliest years I had the example of a real Man of God's own making continually before me? Let me learn of him. Let me write my books as he built his houses, and walk as blamelessly through this shadow world; if God so will, to rejoin him at last. Amen.

Bliss Perry refers to the Carlyle "Love Letters" as being "among the most veracious and illuminating documents of the crucial period of Carlyle's life," and writing of Carlyle's married life in the London house where he lived from the sixth year after his marriage until his death, he says:

This brick house—now a Carlyle museum, rich in relics and memories—sheltered as strange and brilliant a man and woman as were to be found in London. Carlyle was now thirty-nine; noticeably tall, with touselled black hair, wonderful violet-blue eyes, and the fresh red cheeks of a peasant. His wife was six years younger: a fascinating, self-willed creature, endowed with brains, beauty, and a tongue. Like her husband, she suffered from chronic dyspepsia; like him, she was proud, sensitive, affectionate in a Spartan fashion, and a fiery Scot. They were both aliens in London, as the Scotch have ever been; and they conquered their London in due time, as the Scotch are wont to do. Finely loyal to each other in all essential ways, there was in each an overlying vein of hardness, more pronounced in the wife than in the husband. The tenderness which each felt often remained unuttered. "Only think of my husband having given me a little present!" Mrs. Carlyle wrote in 1842; "he who never attends to such nonsense as hirthdays. . . . I can not tell you how *nae* his little gift made me, as well as glad; it was the first thing of the kind he ever gave me in his life. In great matters he is always kind and considerate; but these little attentions, which we women attach so much importance to, he was never in the habit of rendering to any one; his up-bringing, and the severe turn of mind he has from nature, had alike indisposed him toward them." Their marriage was, to their disappointment, childless.

As the years of fierce intellectual labor went by, Carlyle grew increasingly preoccupied with his tasks; though he did not realize how completely they had absorbed him until the tragic clearness of self-examination, in the solitary years following his wife's death, revealed his error when it was too late. Mrs. Carlyle had her own circle of friends and admirers, and though she renounced—no doubt with wisdom—the literary ambitions which had dominated her girlhood, she led her own intellectual life, with sympathies and antipathies which her husband did not share.

To think, however, of their marriage as an unhappy one is to do it less than justice. Neither the husband nor the wife was of a "happy" temperament; both were nervous invalids, thin-skinned and unreasonable and equipped with biting tongues; but, all things considered, it would have been difficult to discover in all London a better mate for either of them. Tennyson's robust common-sense judgment has often been quoted: "Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle on the whole enjoyed life together, else they would not have chaffed one another so heartily."

Jane Welsh Carlyle aided her husband in the years he was arduously sowing the seed of his fame, but she did not live to enjoy the sweetness of the full harvest:

It was in the following spring of 1866 that Carlyle, now a tired old man of seventy-one, elected lord rector of his own University of Edinburgh by a large majority over his opponent, Disraeli, delivered his last public utterance, the noble and touching "Edinburgh Address." It was a day of boundless triumph, won among his own people; but before he could return to London he was stricken with the tidings of Mrs. Carlyle's sudden death. She had never been more proud of him nor more fond of him than at that high moment. "It seems so long," she wrote in her last letter, "since you went away."

"By the calamity of April last," Carlyle wrote to Emerson in the following January, "I lost my little all in this world; and have no soul left who can make any corner of this world into a home for me any more. Bright, heroic, tender, true, and noble was that lost treasure of my heart, who faithfully accompanied me in all the rocky ways and climbings; and I am forever poor without her. She was snatched from me in a moment—as by a death from the gods. Very beautiful her death was; radiantly beautiful (to those who understood it) had all her life been: *quid plura?* I should be among the dullest and stupidest, if I were not among the saddest of men. But not a word more on all this."

For fifteen years Carlyle lived on alone, broken and solitary. He had had and still had many friends and admirers, but his wife had been the only one able to companion him in any degree. His work ended, idleness and loneliness prepared the ground for the terrible remorse that grew up in his heart:

His work was essentially done, when the final loneliness began in 1866. It lasted until his death in 1881. In the first shock of his hereavement he spent his days in meditation upon the happiness that had been so close to him while he had been too often unaware of it. With meditation there was swiftly mingled a passionate regret for all his blindness to the little things that make up the sum of a woman's happiness, and he reproached himself bitterly, now that it was too late. He set himself to the mournful task of writing a memoir of his wife, and then of annotating her letters, in heartbroken phrases which reveal all his old literary power, but which were tempered by no restraint. This memoir, and the "Letters and Memorial of Jane Welsh Carlyle," prepared in tragic expiation of a guilt of blindness which few persons would have been cruel enough to impute to him, became after his death, and through the deliberate choice of his executor, Froude, a scourge to Carlyle's memory.

The reaction against Carlyle that set in after his death is to be laid mainly at the door of his friend, James Anthony Froude. Undoubtedly it was not to do an intended harm, but through his honesty and real artistry that Froude erred. It was because he was not satisfied to give his hero to the world in the usual sugared portrait style. His chivalry toward Mrs. Carlyle and his mistaken ignoring of a postscript which Carlyle left to protect the privacy of his more intimate notes had their part in creating the havoc:

Froude's omission of this postscript was a grave error of judgment, as it proved, although he unquestionably supposed

that Carlyle had changed his mind about the matter, and that Carlyle's verbal directions to him, authorizing him to use his discretion, when the manuscripts were given to his keeping in 1871, superseded the postscript of 1866. To have stated this with frankness would have been Froude's wiser course. But he could not have anticipated the violence of the criticism provoked by the publication of these intimate records of Carlyle's impressions of his contemporaries. It is likely that Carlyle himself never realized how blistering his own words were. In private talk his extreme expressions were often accompanied by a hearty humorous laugh at his own extravagances of speech, and the laugh corrected and humanized the total impression upon his hearers. But now, in 1881, the readers of the "Reminiscences" could not hear the dead man's delighted chuckles at his own hyperboles; they felt the harshness, the vindictiveness of Carlyle's attitude toward many honored names, and they blamed Froude for these improprieties. The painful impression as to Carlyle's true nature was increased by Froude's publication of "The Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle," prepared, as we have seen, in the husband's agony of spirit and contrition, and surely not intended by him to be given unrevised to the eye of the great public. These books were soon accompanied by Froude's massive "Life of Carlyle," in four volumes: a superb and enduring monument to his hero, and nevertheless a biography whose immediate and obvious influence was to emphasize certain flaws in Carlyle's character.

Today we must seek a new path of approach to the great Scotchman, says Bliss Perry:

None of the great Victorian writers like Thackeray, Dickens, Newman, Ruskin, can be read by an American in the second decade of the twentieth century as they were read by their contemporaries. No vividness of historical imagination can transport us completely backward into that hygone epoch. Its literary, ethical, and social atmosphere can not be reproduced. Much of the reaction against Early and Middle Victorians is stupid: it is what Dr. Johnson would call "pure ignorance." But some of it is the result of inevitable social change. Even during the forty years of Carlyle's living activity in the world of letters there were profound alterations in the structure of English thought and in the condition of English society. In 1832 he stood, or thought he stood, by the side of John Stuart Mill, the Radical; but they parted forever over the question of American slavery, and Carlyle stood frankly, in the eighteen-sixties, for the programme of the "beneficent whip." This cost him the allegiance of many American admirers, and his tardy admission, after the close of the Civil War, that he might have been mistaken as to its real issue, left his general attitude toward democracy and liberty unchanged. He distrusted both. Anticipating Ruskin in his advocacy of popular education and of many social and administrative reforms, Carlyle would nevertheless be disgruntled by the programme of contemporary British Liberalism as he was by the Liberalism of the eighteen-forties. He would dislike no less the forward movements of contemporary thought in the United States. What, then, are we to search for in the twenty-five volumes of this typical mid-Victorian, most of whose work was finished—and by many, even then, thought antiquated—more than half a century ago? What go we out again into this wilderness to see?

The bulk of this volume is occupied with quotation from Carlyle's works, which speaks for itself the answer to the question which Bliss Perry asks in our behalf. And he partly answers it for us in brief:

Well, we shall see first of all a literary artist, a master of word and phrase. An eccentric, a "harharian," a gesticulator, a lover of the extravagant and the grotesque, Carlyle was nevertheless one of the most cunning and effective workmen who have wrought in the medium of human speech. He knew precisely what he was doing, and he liked to expound the secrets of his profession. As realist, humorist, portrait painter, and story-teller, his place is with the very greatest of men of letters, and he won the place by understanding himself and his task, and by following what was, for him, precisely the right method. To watch this artist at his work is to learn something of the immutable laws of literature. . . . There would be little excuse for another book about Carlyle if it were not fairly certain, at the outset, that we are dealing with a writer who perceived in an extraordinary way, the worth of the individual man, and who had an overwhelming sense of the infinite background of human life; and who therefore, in spite of his pessimism, became a seer and a prophet of idealism.

There is not space here in which to do justice to the well-chosen selections with which Bliss Perry amplifies his argument. Perhaps the following, from Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero-Worship," being appropriate to our theme, is fitting to finish with:

But of a great man especially, of him I will venture to assert that it is incredible he should have been other than true. It seems to me that the primary foundation of him, and of all that can lie in him, this. No Mirabeau, Napoleon, Burns, Cromwell, no man adequate to do anything, but is first of all in right earnest about it; what I call a sincere man. I should say *sincerity*, a deep, great, genuine sincerity, is the first characteristic of all men in any way heroic. Not the sincerity that calls itself sincere; ah no, that is a very poor matter indeed—a shallow braggart conscious sincerity; oftentimes self-conceit mainly. The great man's sincerity is of the kind he can not speak of, is not conscious of; nay, I suppose, he is conscious rather of insincerity, for what man can walk accurately by the law of truth for one day? No, the great man does not boast himself sincere, far from that; perhaps he does not ask himself if he is so; I would say rather, his sincerity does not depend on himself; he can not help being sincere! The great fact of existence is great to him. Fly as he will, he can not get out of the awful presence of this reality. His mind is so made; he is great by that, first of all. Fearful and wonderful, real as life, real as death, is this universe to him. Though all men should forget its truth, and walk in a vain show, he can not. At all times the flane-image glares in upon him; undeniable, there, there!—I wish you to take this as my primary definition of a great man. A little man may have this, it is competent to all men that God has made, but a great man can not be without it.

Any reader who is trying to develop the courage to attempt the task of mastering Carlyle's monumental pile of volumes will find Bliss Perry's suggestions an aid to his resolution.

CARLYLE: HOW TO KNOW HIM. By Bliss Perry. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.50.

New Zealand possesses more thermal springs than any country in Europe, or than any country of its size in the world.



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## The Freeland.

When we open a book by Mr. Galsworthy we wonder at once what particular social problem is to be offered for our solution, and we are not at all sure that Mr. Galsworthy does not lose much of the artist in the sociologist. In this case we have the picture of an aristocratic English family rent in pieces by one of the situations that exist only in the Old World and that will never be settled save by the infusion of imagination and sentiment, the most remedial of all agencies. A laborer is about to be evicted by that worst of all village tyrants, the churchly and land-owning squire. The Freeland family of four brothers and their wives represent the political strata into which the world is now divided, and it is easy to see that the author's sympathies lie with the younger brother, Derek, who sees no hope for the world except in street barricades and the uprising of a proletariat passionate for social justice. Perhaps Felix has the right of it when he says that reform must come from the top and through an intellect that has been softened and sweetened from the heart. After all it seems to be stupidity and a sort of hovine conservatism that clog the British wheels. Good-will is neutralized by an inherited arrogance, and even benevolence looks through eyes that see only what they have been trained to see.

It need hardly be said that there is nothing perfunctory in Mr. Galsworthy's writing. If ever a man believed himself to have a message it is he, and we are not sure that his work would not be found high on the list of those that have molded the sociological thought of the day if only it were possible to make a comparative survey. We leave the Freeland family hopelessly divided alike in the diagnosis of the social malady and of its cure, and we may therefore suppose that it is not unrepresentative of society itself and its conflicting medley of opinions and of panaceas.

THE FREELANDS. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

## War and Christianity.

Vladimir Solovyov issued "War and Christianity" fifteen years ago, and it is fortunate that we now possess so competent a translation of a work that so well displays the Russian temperament toward religion and strife.

Argument by dialogue is usually unsatisfactory because the figures are wooden and unreal. But here the author shows a certain dramatic instinct in that his character are living and moving types. There is the Prince, follower of Tolstoy, who first claims Christianity as his ally and then demands the revision of Christianity that it may still further sustain a blind and rigid pacifism. The "general," the "politician," and the "lady" are no less well drawn, and we seem to identify them easily with their prejudices, their instincts, and their training. The fifth member of the group is evidently the author himself, who assails the doctrine that all war is immoral and who would even affix the label of Antichrist to the doctrine that "the moralist should fold his arms and preach virtue while the monster is tearing his victim." Christianity does indeed give peace, but it is an inner and mystical peace, and not the "peace that the world giveth." It is to be hoped that this striking work will be read by American pacifists who are saturated with the heresy that all's right with the world so long as men are not actually fighting.

WAR AND CHRISTIANITY. By Vladimir Solovyov. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50 net.

## Pegeen.

This is one of those simple little stories wherein the interest centres around the carefully drawn character of a girl. In this case we are easily persuaded to love her and then to go on loving her. Of course a young man looms up over the horizon in due time, and we are rather inclined to like him, too, until we suspect him of uplift projects, and then of course we want no more of him. Indeed we suspect that the author herself has dextrously concealed a moral in her story, but with care this may be mentally evaded.

PEGEEN. By Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd. New York: The Century Company.

## The Little Iliad.

The interest of Mr. Hewlett's new story depends rather upon its delicate and graceful telling than upon its narrative, which neither charms nor convinces. The heroine is the beautiful wife of a monstrous and nearly paralyzed satyr, and perhaps therefore it is only natural that she should be receptively aware of the admiration of other men. Eventually we find as her suitors a whole family of brothers, sons of a Scotch laird, and when finally she leaves her husband she takes up her abode in their midst, a sort of daughter of the clan, and so gives opportunity for their varied methods of courtship. We must confess to a but languid interest in their rivalries and an indifference to their

results. But Mr. Hewlett may at least be congratulated upon the unexpected solution that he offers, but it is not a solution that is particularly satisfying to sentiment nor one that leaves us with the conventional assurances of bliss.

THE LITTLE ILIAD. By Maurice Hewlett. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.35 net.

## Gossip of Books and Authors.

Paul Elder & Co. have in preparation "The Sculpture and Mural Decorations of the Exposition," with an introduction by A. Stirling Calder. When this is out, Elder's four books, including those by Professor Eugen Neuhaus, will make a comprehensive and virtually complete survey of the beauties of the Exposition.

Edward Everett Hale's masterpiece, "The Man Under a Country," has been translated into Italian and a copy of the story in booklet form handed to each soldier fighting in the Italian army. The story was translated by the Rev. Gaetano Conte, an Italian Methodist clergyman. More than a million copies were printed in the first edition, and when they were distributed among the troops another edition was prepared.

The Century Company announces the approaching publication of a book of essays entitled "High Lights of the French Revolution," by Hilaire Belloc, probably the leading living authority on this subject. His method has been to choose the outstanding moments of the great upheaval, such as the Revolt of the Commons, the Flight to Varennes, the Storming of the Tuileries, and the Execution of Louis XVI, presenting each of them in a swift and vividly written narrative.

Interesting features, not already announced, of Romain Rolland's "Some Musicians of Former Days," which Henry Holt & Co. issued October 16th, are the author's own introduction "Of the Place of Music in General History" and Rossi's "Despair of Orphans," which fills seven pages in musical notation. The body of the book ranges from "The Beginnings of Opera" through Mozart. It is already in its fourth French edition, and Miss Mary Blaiklock, who successfully translated the companion, "Musicians of Today," does the same service for this earlier work.

The Reilly & Britton Company has just received word from the Kansas state board of reading for schools to the effect that "The Camp Fire Girls at Pine-Tree Camp" has been chosen by them as one of the books to be recommended by them to teachers and their pupils.

"Poems," by Gilbert K. Chesterton, has just been published by the John Lane Company. Mr. Chesterton says much the same things in his verse as in his prose, and says them equally well. None of the war poems recently written will be more appealing to the reading public than his "Wife of Flanders" and "Blessed are the Peacemakers" in this present collection.

## New Books Received.

THE JUDGMENT OF JANE. By Robert Rudd Whiting. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; \$1 net. A novel.

FANCHON THE CRICKET. By George Sand. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1 net. Translated from the French by Jane Minot Sedgwick.

MODERN WOMEN. By Gustave Kohbe. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; \$1 net.

A series of sketches of women at the present time.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF NAPOLEON. By James Morgan. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.50 net.

His life and its famous scenes.

OUR BOYHOOD THRILLS AND OTHER CARTOONS. By Webster. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1 net.

A collection of American boyhood cartoons.

DANFORTH PLAYS THE GAME. By Ralph Henry Barbour. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.25 net.

Short stories for boys.

CHARACTER AND TEMPERAMENT. By Joseph Jastrow. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$2.50 net. The psychological sources of human quality.

JEAN OF THE LAZY A. By E. M. Bower. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.30 net. A novel.

ATTILA AND THE HUNS. By Edward Hutton. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2 net. The story of a conqueror.

JUST FOR TWO. Compiled by Amelie Langdon. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1 net. A collection of recipes designed for two persons.

THE ARCHITECTURE AND LANDSCAPE GARDENING OF THE EXPOSITION. By Louis Christian Mullgardt. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.; \$2 net. A pictorial survey of some of the architectural compositions of the Exposition.

THE QUIET HOUR. Selected and arranged by Fitzroy Carrington. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; 75 cents net. A collection of poems.

GERMANY'S VIOLATIONS OF THE LAWS OF WAR, 1914-1915. Compiled under the auspices of the

French Ministry of Foreign Affairs. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2 net.

A report based chiefly upon the original German documents, translated and with an introduction by J. O. P. Bland.

HOW TO WRITE FOR THE MOVIES. By Louella O. Parsons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1 net.

Suggestions for the amateur playwright.

BARNABAUX. By Pierre Mille. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25 net.

The authorized translation by Bérangère Drilien of Sur La Vaste Terre.

FREDERICK THE GREAT AND HIS SEVEN YEARS' WAR. By Ronald Acott Hall, C. C. S. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50 net.

An account of the campaigns from 1756 to 1762.

WRITING AND SELLING A PLAY. By Fanny Cannon. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.50 net. Practical suggestions for the beginner.

TOMMY TREGENTIS. By Mary E. Phillips. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2 net. A book for children.

GOVERNMENT FINANCE IN THE UNITED STATES. By Carl C. Plehn, Ph. D., LL. D. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; 50 cents net.

Advocating a business administration for the government.

REMODELED FARMHOUSES. By Mary H. Northend. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$5 net.

A description of twenty characteristic examples of remodeled farmhouses.

SPRAGGIE'S CANYON. By Horace Annesley Vachell. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net. A novel.

## Century Magazine Notes for November.

The concluding installments of "Pleasures and Palaces," the recollections of Princess Lazarovich-Hrehelianovich (Eleanor Calhoun), which will appear in the November Century, will deal, it is announced, with her appearance on the stage of the French National Theatre, where she was the first Anglo-Saxon player who had ever acted in the French tongue as a regular member of the company. Her success as Katherine in a French version of "The Taming of the Shrew," it is stated to her engagement by the French government to play leading parts at the Odéon with Coquelin Aine, and

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

**The Trail of the Hawk.**  
When Sinclair Lewis wrote "Our Mr. Wren" he was recognized at once as an artist and a creator. Now he gives us a longer story of unquestionable merit, but without the distinct characterization that marked his first work.  
His hero, Carl Ericson, is a Minnesota boy of Norwegian parentage. He is compelled to leave college because he champions a professor who has been rash enough to lecture favorably on Wells and Shaw. Doubtless the author knows his ground, but his picture of faculty ignorance and arrogance makes us gasp. Carl becomes a tramp and eventually he drifts into aviation, and we learn more of the life of the showman aviator than any novelist has yet told us. Then we find Carl back in New York, working for an automobile company and making love in an unconventional way to an unconventional young woman. We have a glimpse of his matrimonial experiences, and we leave the young couple on their way to South America in the expectation, which we share, that there is nothing like breaking new ground to rub

down the angles that are sure to disclose themselves during the first years of marriage.  
The only fault in the story is the author's disposition to discuss all the topics of the day, and regardless of relevance. Sometimes it is a little irritating and even suggestive of artificiality, but none the less the story is worth telling and well told.  
**THE TRAIL OF THE HAWK.** By Sinclair Lewis. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.35 net.  
**Briefer Reviews.**  
Mrs. Linda Hull Larned has added to her many dietary benefactions by a little book entitled "One Hundred Picnic Suggestions" and containing helpful recipes for picnic uses. It is published by Charles Scribner's Sons.  
"Polly Comes to Woodbine," by George Ethelbert Walsh (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1 net), is a brightly written story for little girls and with a not too obvious moral.  
Among recent books for little children is an ingeniously illustrated volume of rhymes entitled "The Scissors Book," by William Ludlum (G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1 net). The

illustrations are reproductions of figures cut out of paper with a scissors and are certainly unconventional enough to arrest the childish imagination. The accompanying verses are often clever.  
The American Book Company has published "Stephen of Philadelphia," by James Otis, the latest addition to a series of stories intended to show children the home life of the colonists of whom they read in their books.  
"Trench-Mates in France," by J. S. Zerbe (Harper & Brothers; \$1 net), is sub-titled "Adventures of Two Boys in the Great War." It is a rather exceptional story, full of incident and escapade, and containing also much technical information of forts, projectiles, and aircraft, and illustrated by maps and diagrams.  
Harold F. B. Wheeler, author of "The Boys' Life of Lord Roberts" (Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.50), has done so good a piece of work that it need not have been specially dedicated to boys. It is a thoroughly competent military biography of England's greatest soldier, with all salient points set forth graphically and illustrated with skill

and intelligence. Doubtless there will be more pretentious biographies of Lord Roberts, but we doubt if any of them will be more readable.  
Since this is the day of all things Belgian there may be a welcome for "The Belgian Cook-Book," edited by Mrs. Brian Luck and published by E. P. Dutton & Co. (\$1 net). The Belgian housewives are said to have been renowned for competence and frugality, and certainly some of these recipes have an enticing appearance.  
"Economic Cycles: Their Law and Cause," by Professor Henry Ludwell Moore of Columbia University, is an attempt to identify some of the periodicities that govern economic phenomena. Trade depends upon the crops, and the crops depend upon the rains. Therefore if we can predict the rains we have a useful basis for economic calculations. Basing his researches mainly on the Mississippi Valley, the author seems to have established at least the fact that there is a periodicity in the rainfall, and this should certainly be an encouragement to further observations. The volume is published by the Macmillan Company.

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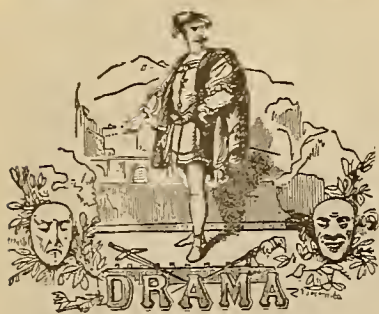
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### KREISLER'S SUNDAY CONCERT.

When San Franciscans want anything, hard times or no hard times, they get it. San Franciscans want to hear Kreisler play, and again, and yet again, they go. Exposition visitors swell the audiences, and once again, on last Sunday, Kreisler drew a capacity house to fill the big auditorium of the Cort Theatre. No other performer appears in these concerts save the pianist accompanist, Mr. André Benoist, whom with unerring instinct Mr. Kreisler has selected for his deep musical sympathy, as well as for his technical excellence.

As usual he began with a piece calculated to please those who desire the enjoyment of startlingly brilliant execution. Tartini's "Devil's Trill" proved a happy selection for this end, and, still following the plan mapped out for his other concerts, the violinist chose his second number, the Viextemps "Concerto No. 2, F minor," as a suitable selection for showing his command of technic, his variety of tone, and his marvelous mastery of his instrument.

A Mendelssohn "Song Without Words" reached the hearts of the audience, who so loved the familiar charm of it that they were granted a repetition. Cartier's "La Chasse" exhibited that more vivacious charm with which this wizard of the violin can blend delicacy and gaiety; there was something almost transcending reality in the charm of those ethereally woven strains, a sort of fairy-like allegro. "Two Old Vienna Waltzes" revealed further riches in the temperament of the artist; the "Liedeslied" expressed the delicious tenderness of a first love, the "Liedesfreud" all its sweet, young joy.

Kreisler's audiences have learned to love the Beethoven "Rondino" with a sort of new, possessive affection, and recognizing this, he gave it to them as an encore. There were other encores and other selections, among them Paganini's "Two Caprices," arranged by Kreisler for the violin. In one of these we heard again those violin tones of a wonderfully attenuated thinness and fineness; something almost unearthly in their thin, piercing sweetness, as if the mystical soul of the eccentric composer had come, for a brief space, to breathe itself into the magic hollow of Kreisler's instrument.

A marvelous player this, one who seems to have been dowered by the gods with all the gifts requisite for his art, the mind to conceive, the heart to feel, the temperament to interpret. And to these was added, not only the mingled strength and delicacy of touch necessary, but the ardent industry and passionate enthusiasm that impel the player to keep them maintained at their highest and finest pitch.

### EXPOSITION ORCHESTRA CONCERT.

This time they had no unusual features with which to draw crowds, but the real music-lovers attended in sufficient force to recompense the musicians for the fine quality of their work, made possible by eight months' ensemble work under first-class leadership. These faithful ones realize that their pleasure must soon pass, with the rapidly fading life of the Exposition, of which we are reminded daily as they tally off the days.

On this occasion they gave Mozart's Symphony No. 2, in G minor, an interesting instance of one of the comparatively few symphonies in which the allegro mood prevails.

Richard Strauss's "Serenade" for wood wind and horns was another interesting selection, which recalled the work of the Barriere Ensemble that we heard last spring. True, we missed the violins at first, but, as the piece proceeded, greater and greater beauties of tone and interpretation seemed to develop.

Armande de Polignac's richly picturesque "One Thousand Nights" completed the orchestral numbers, the vocal contributions of Miss Alice Gentle completing a programme extremely acceptable to those present.

Miss Gentle, with whose work in opera we became familiar during the erstwhile season of the Bevan company, proved to be an exceptionally attractive figure on the concert stage. The singer stuck to operatic selection, even in her encore, which would seem to argue lack of vocal versatility, but she sang them so well, in a voice so velvety rich in the lower range, so pure, yet warmly

colored, and so free and powerful in the upper, that each of her three selections gave extreme enjoyment to her hearers.

That was an excellent plan printing the words of her arias, and redounded to the advantage of the singer, for in following them one could not help but enjoy and appreciate in quadruple measure the just expression and sympathy with which she rendered the emotions expressed in the songs.

"O Don Fatale," from "Don Carlos," and "Pleurez, pleurez, mes yeux," from "Le Cid," exhibited respectively the beauty of the singer's lower and upper ranges, so that in the first we thought her voice a beautiful mezzo, and in the second a delightful soprano. The "Habanera," granted as an encore, was sung with that provocative coquetry with an undertone suggestive of the peril lurking in the favors of a dangerous siren, which made her hearers desire to see Miss Gentle in the rôle of Carmen; and, indeed, the part she played in the programme caused a number of expressions of a desire to hear this popular singer in another season of opera.

### GERMAN WAR PICTURES.

Beginning, appropriately enough, with a picture of a vast multitude standing in front of the Reichstag, with a leader seen in an open space beating time while the people sing the hymns of their fatherland, these pictures reveal to us, in a series of remarkably fine views, the grim and desolating epic of war. The majority of them are taken by that well-known camera artist, Edwin F. Weigle, who obtained permission of the German government to accompany the Austro-German troops on condition that he would devote a portion of the proceeds resulting from public exhibitions of the pictures to the fund for blinded and crippled soldiers.

As a result of this privilege the spectator is shown not only the now comparatively familiar views of German regiments marching to entrain for the front, German gunners charging mighty 30-centimetre guns, and German novices being trained in the tactics of their sanguinary profession, but we also see some of those same soldiers falling wounded or dead on the battlefield, and some of the shells of those same mighty guns exploding in the distance and throwing up clouds of earth and rocks as they tear great crater-shaped holes in the earth. These last effects are made possible by a novelty in distance photography, the telephoto lens, which permits the artist to follow the flight of the shell and take an impression of it in the most spectacular moment of its career.

It was said, at the beginning of the war, that a series of war views were taken on the German front with the approval of the military authorities, but that the views were so daunting to the untried military spirit that they were suppressed; probably not destroyed. I suppose that the negatives repose at this moment among the archives of the German war office, and that, if some one could get hold of them and exhibit them after this war, they would be a mighty strong deterrent of another. These new views, however, are, many of them, of much later date. There are scenes around Przemyśl, where we see the famous 24-centimetre guns being trained on the Russian fortifications.

There are many views of soldiers in trenches, some of them studying trench warfare, some actually practicing it. But the real trenches; of them and their authenticity there is no doubt. When we see them we recognize them as actual hiding places, earth-roofed hiding places, whose entering paths are beaten down by the tread of innumerable feet. They make one think of the cliff age, as we look at the approach to those dismal caverns, in which high spirits and the invincible optimism of youth flourish even under the frown of grim-visaged war.

But, beside these pictures of men in the trenches, there are others of soldiers crossing open, unsheltered fields, running or all falling flat simultaneously by turns, in order to thwart the deadly intentions of the enemy. These falling-flat tactics are also practiced when enemy aviators are overhead, the men partially obliterating all sight of themselves by the blending of the hues of the uniforms which cover their prostrate bodies with those of the dust-colored earth. In still other pictures they cross the fields on hands and knees, or crouching and running simultaneously like the primitive Indians whose methods they borrow.

However, these strictly military views are not entirely unfamiliar. What are of particularly strong and painful interest are a number of views showing the wounded being ministered to in hospitals. There are pictures of blinded soldiers being led by their devoted nurses, as they take exercise; there are pitiful views of men who have lost a leg, or an arm, or both. We see them being fitted with substitutes for legs, and taking their first lessons in locomotion under these melancholy conditions. There are views of clever contrivances being exercised with by the soldiers as a means of recovering the lost elasticity of their stiffened members. Their

nurses are seen giving them hand or vibrator massage, also, to assist toward this end. It is all inexpressibly pitiful, and not a little puzzling. Would the Kaiser, or any other European ruler, dare to show these pictures in Europe today? It would be safe to wager a plump sum that they would not. Revolutions often lie in the tumultuous lap of war. Why, then, are we in America permitted to see them? Perhaps only to inspire our charitable compassion toward the poor, patient, resigned sufferers. Perhaps for some politic reason, since we so recently brushed the armored coat-tails of war. One grows terribly suspicious these times.

In any event nothing better than pictures of this kind could be devised to successfully extinguish the war spirit, unless it were to be the exhibition of those considered too terrible to be shown. For my part, I hope that if there is any population in Europe left after the war is over that the peace promulgators, the Socialists, and all those who have been vainly expending the eloquence of tongue and pen will get together, cork off their verbal eloquence, and silently exhibit throughout all Europe, as far as can be done in moving pictures, the havoc, physical, mental, moral, industrial, architectural, agricultural, wrought by ruthless, inexorable war.

These hospital pictures, exhibiting the blinded and crippled soldiers dependent on the gentle ministrations of their nurses, which follow after the views of fine, hrawny, powerful young soldiers, marching with the elastic stride of youth, afford pitiful evidence of what fate may befall the best and bravest. It is amazing, too, to observe the cheerfulness in the faces of many of the sufferers, who are surrounded by care and comfort, and released for a time from the hell that prevails at the front. They don't know, poor lads, that the hardest time awaits them in the future. In the long years when prostrated Europe struggles wearily to put its shoulder to the juggernaut of debt, that it may try to lighten the burden on overloaded backs, these blighted boys, grown to be sad men, will no longer be surrounded by solicitous nurses and doctors and be cheerful units in the community life of great hospitals. They will be regarded as burdens and obstructions in the midst of poverty and toil. Their wounds and sufferings, their crippled state, will be as an old story. There will be no hero-worship then, save in the upper classes, where they eat too much instead of too little and have plenty of time and vitality to indulge in the luxury of cultivating their sentiments.

However, let's get on to more cheerful topics, machine guns, for instance, which fire six hundred shots a minute. What an inspiring thought! Or a picture of a pontoon bridge built by the Germans in one hour and fifteen minutes, and occupied by a marching army, alongside of a magnificent permanent affair, a feat in the science of engineering which the Russians had destroyed to prevent the enemy following them. It seemed scarcely worth while.

We saw seven-inch long-range guns which send shells eight miles; shrapnel shells, each containing two hundred and eighty bullets, exploding in mid-air, to send down a rain of death. We saw the shells of 30-centimetre guns which weigh a thousand pounds. We

saw long pack-trains with military supplies scaling the heights of the Austrian Tyrol, and from these same heights saw the Austrian aviator, Captain Steiner, start, in his armored aeroplane, on the trip from which he never returned.

And while watching these pictures of a tragic reversion to the dark ages, and listening to the pop-gun noises made by the orchestra in a trivial and vain attempt to make some approximation to the awful reality, we were told such cheerful things as that two million men would be armless, or legless, or both armless and legless; or that after the Russian occupation of Galicia was over peasants returned to their ex-homes and found nothing.

In fact even men will feel a swelling in the throat and a moisture in the eyes after looking at these pictures which constitute so powerful a propaganda against war. They amount to another propaganda, too, and that against European diplomacy, for which one feels a bottomless contempt in seeing the cataclysmic results which have flowed from its exercise. May we continue to avoid acquiring the ability for it on this side, and may our flag, displayed in the final picture, continue to wave over a land at peace with a sorely stricken world.

### THE PANTAGES THEATRE.

The sensation of the week at this house is the act called "Concentration," headed by George Lovette, who cultivates many mysterious Svengali demonstrations while engaged in exhibiting the mind-reading powers of his two women assistants on the stage. Mme. Zenda, the Psychic Wonder, sits, he-rhine-stoned and be-diamonded, a black handbag over her eyes, while George Lovette, the Mental Marvel, passes through the aisles inspecting jewelry, souvenirs, and so forth, concerning which the lady, like Mme. Ellis of Zone fame, pours forth an unhesitating flood of information. The presumption is that she reads what she finds in his mind; and certainly there seems scarcely any other theory to account for the swiftness and correctness of her divinations. The other subject presides at the piano and plays each selection mentally suggested to her by Mr. Lovette, who thus conveys to her the written wish of one of the spectators.

They had something of the kind at the Orpheum a few weeks or months ago, only the enterprising Mr. Lovette doubles up on his predecessors in this mysterious art and skillfully drives his two fair subjects ahead.

This is a world of trickery in which, alas, one has only too good reason to be very suspicious. Yet there seems to be no other accounting for the exploits of the Mme. Zendas and Ellises save on the theory of mind-reading. If that is the correct solution it would seem that there must have been, of late, a new impetus given to telepathy; perhaps since the vogue of the educated horse. Mr. Lovette, however, is so plainly laying himself out to over-awe the audience that they become slightly suspicious. He yelps "Concentrate!" at intervals when there is no fault to be found with his subject, affects a commanding, mysteriously dominating air, and, in fact, seems to wish to be regarded

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as a hypnotist, an idea borne out by the demeanor of the two ladies when their bandages are removed, each of them assuming a dazed, hypnotized stare.

It was, therefore, with every sign of relish that the audience backed up Fred Lewis, one of the "regular cut-up" type of comedians, who burlesqued the mystery-man, suggesting in his travesty, however, undeserved intimations that Mr. Lovette conveyed help to his assistants.

The other headliner, "Fong Choy," is an offering containing a number of good features. A handsome setting, effective costumes, tuneful music of an Oriental flavor, and attractive girls, all exhibited in a one-act music-comedietta, surely must appeal to the t. b. m., whose tastes are thus carefully considered. The general quality of the piece is rather above the average of these music-comediettas which have begun to be a frequent feature in Pantages programmes, and Agnes von Bracht and her company appear to advantage in the little piece.

Club jugglers, dancers, a comedy, and a whistling act round out a lively programme. JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

#### FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

##### Third Week of "So Long Letty."

"So Long Letty," the cheery Morosco "comedy with music" at the Cort Theatre, begins the third week of its very successful engagement with the performance of Sunday night, October 24th. This frothy entertainment has attracted a capacity house at every performance, an extraordinary record for a home-made product.

"So Long Letty" is just the type of entertainment that registers with San Francisco audiences when it is done well, and "So Long Letty" is produced admirably.

The cast of "So Long Letty" is unusually well known and capable. Charlotte Greenwood, of course, takes first honors. To her falls the burden of the fun-making, and she is not slow in grasping it. Women who are really funny are extremely rare, and Miss Greenwood is one of the rare ones.

Sydney Grant and Walter Catlett do clever work as the husbands who seek other wives. Catlett has developed wonderfully since he was last seen here. May Boley is as funny as ever; Rock and White contribute much Class A eccentric dancing; Bronson and Baldwin sing and coquette as happily as before; Nella Wilson is stunning in a smaller rôle, and the others are all in the picture.

The chorus of California beauties has made a small-sized hit of its own, the bathing-girl number having particularly caught on with the occupants of the front rows.

##### Columbia Continues German War Films.

The motion pictures of the German battlefields now being shown at the Columbia Theatre have already been shown to no less than 35,000 people at the Geary Street playhouse, and interest in the films seems to be on the increase rather than on the wane as the engagement continues. The pictures are being shown daily from 11 a. m. to 11 p. m., and the second and final week will commence with this Sunday. The motion pictures were taken by Edwin F. Weigle, staff photographer of the Chicago Tribune, and he has been enabled to secure some startling features, as he was working under special permission from the Emperor of Germany. The public appears to show special interest in the work of the enormous 30-centimetre guns, the results of their work being caught by means of Mr. Weigle's telescopic lenses. Scenes and actions on the Austro-Italian front and affairs in Galicia make the films quite timely. They will be seen for the last times on Saturday, October 30th. Seats in any part of the house are 25 cents.

##### The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum announces another new show for next week which will include six entirely new acts of merit and popularity.

Muriel Worth and Lew Brice, who come direct from the Palace Theatre, New York, where they proved one of the sensations of the present vaudeville season, will present a dancing act, which, it is said, in its line has never been equaled, and is noted for its novelty and originality.

The Primrose Four, the most popular and successful singing quartet in vaudeville, have stocked themselves with a budget of songs full of that melody and charm that is always welcome. They also introduce a lot of really clever comedy into their performance.

Ethel Kirk and Billy Fogarty offer, under the title of "Bright Bits of Variety," a mélange of patter and songs. Fogarty's comic methods are original and diverting, and there are few women on the stage as beautiful and as exquisitely gowned as Ethel Kirk, who before entering vaudeville was a successful musical-comedy prima donna.

Bertee Beaumonte and Jack Arnold, late of "Miss Nobody from Starland," will present a miniature musical comedy, called "The Doctorine," which possesses an entertaining story

and is an excellent vehicle for a number of songs and dances.

Mignonette Kokin is always a successful and popular feature of any bill she appears in, for the charm and vivacity of her personality are well established and her impersonations are always clever and original.

Monsieur Galetti, who as a trainer of Simians is without an equal, will present his troupe of monkeys in an act called "A Day at the Races," in which they portray the amusements of the track.

Harry Beresford and his company in Tom Barry's comedy, "Twenty Odd Years," and Nellie V. Nichols, the favorite singing comedienne, will enter on the last week of their engagements.

##### Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre.

What is billed as an "All Star Girl" show is headlined at the Pantages, opening at Sunday's matinee. The programme will open with the four Rennes, a quartet of pretty girls who have a lively revue entitled "Thro' Five Continents in Twenty Minutes." The girls have five distinct changes of costumes and special drops. Malvine Renne is the singing star of the company, while Rosette Renne is the bright light of the dancing number.

Sol Berne, Hebrew monologist, and a great comedy favorite with Pantages audiences, is back again with his pert patter and snappy parodies.

"Musical Leaves from Melody Lane" will be the offering of the Mattrom sextet, comprising four girls and two men. They play excellent harmony selections on stringed instruments.

The Four Gillespie Girls wear stunning gowns and produce a routine of pleasing vocal selections.

Comedy pantomime will be presented by the famous Bimbo family.

The big feature of the bill will be a spectacular equestrian novelty presented by Dockrill and Holland. The couple have a miniature circus ring and do several difficult tricks, using four beautiful white horses.

The usual high-class motion pictures will wind up the programme.

##### "On Trial" Coming to the Columbia.

A play without a laugh or a love scene? A hero without a big speech? It can't be done, cried the critics. And then Elmer L. Reizenstein did it. The biggest theatre in New York and Chicago was not large enough to hold the audiences that crowded to see "On Trial" all the past season. "On Trial" will interest immediately by its clever technique; it starts at the end of its story and somersaults backward, but it is filled with so much tenderness and excitement that its success is in no way surprising. "On Trial," with the original Chicago cast and massive scenic equipment, is now on its way to the Columbia Theatre, opening a limited engagement Monday night, November 1st.

Julia Culp, who returns to this country this month, has been a volunteer nurse at the German front ever since the close of her last concert season. She has done a great deal for the French and Russian prisoners, and on several occasions they have given cheers for her. They call her their "sweet-voiced nurse," and when the occasion warrants she often sings little French and Russian songs to them.

Ruggiero Leoncavallo recently conducted the first performance of a "Hymn to France" he has composed and dedicated to President Poincaré. The performance took place at the Paris Opéra Comique.

W. F. Connor, who will direct the coming American tour of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, is in receipt of a letter from the famous actress in which she says she longs to set foot on this country's soil again—not one foot, but two—and that the new one is still a little troublesome. She writes that the rehearsals she is giving the artificial member are progressing admirably and that her health and spirits are excellent.

E. H. Sothern is quietly at work upon his reminiscences, which promise to be one of the most notable contributions to stage literature since Joseph Jefferson's "Autobiography." It is expected to be a most exhaustive work, and Mr. Sothern is in quest of many rare old programmes and theatrical portraits, which are to constitute part of the illustrations.

Once a year a strange custom is observed in Cairo. A piece of carpet on which, according to tradition, Mahomet once sat, and which is the most famous sacred relic of Islam, is carried through the streets, and the Khedive and his troops all receive it in review order and salute it as they pass. The relic is guarded most carefully at ordinary times, and the officer in charge of it each morning must salute it with his sword raised, whilst the bugler blows three blasts before it.

#### THE MUSIC SEASON.

##### Sunday Concert at Festival Hall.

But a few more of the delightful symphony concerts of the Exposition Orchestra will be given at Festival Hall, less than a half dozen in all, and for those remaining particularly attractive programmes have been prepared. This coming Sunday, at half-past two, the soloist will be Señorita Paquita Madriguera, the wonderful young Spanish pianist whose remarkable playing won the audience of August 1st. This little Castilian wonder, but fifteen years of age, plays like a mature woman, and when Paderewski heard her on his recent visit to San Francisco he was more than warm in his expression of praise. She possesses marvelous technic and seemingly pours her very poetic nature into her work at the keyboard. Paderewski predicts that she will some day rank among the foremost artists of the world. Her selection for the afternoon will be Saint-Saëns's Piano-forte Concerto No. 2, in G minor. Max Bendix and his eighty artists will play two big numbers—Cesar Franck's Symphony in D minor and Benjamin Godard's "Scenes Poétiques." There is a large inquiry for seats at the Exposition ticket office, 343 Powell Street.

##### The Victor Herbert Concerts.

On Monday morning the sale of seats will open for the final big music festival of the Exposition, the series of orchestral concerts under the direction of America's composer-conductor, Victor Herbert. It has been many years since programmes of this character have been given in San Francisco—offerings of beautiful music that will be enjoyed and appreciated by every man, woman, and child, yet always absolutely good music.

Six evening concerts will be given and a Sunday matinee is announced for November 7th. Manager Will L. Greenbaum has taken into consideration the admission fee at the gate, and has in consequence announced a most modest scale of prices, especially for an organization of sixty-five artists under such a leader.

Here are specially attractive features on the programmes, each of which will consist of ten splendid numbers:

Monday night, November 1st—Two gems from "The Jewels of the Madonna"; Chabrier's overture, "Gwendoline"; works by Sibelius, Van der Stucken, and Johann Strauss, and the following works by Victor Herbert: Three excerpts from "Natoma"; overture to his latest success, "The Princess Pat"; "Irish Rhapsody," and his orchestrations of Fritz Kreisler's "Liebesfreud" and Cadman's "From the Land of the Sky Blue Water."

Tuesday night (San Francisco day) will offer works by Bach, Dvorak, Ochs, Hadley, and Moszkowski, and the two suites, "The Romance of Pierrot and Pierette," by Burgemein, and "The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast," by Tschaiakowsky. Of course there will be some jolly Victor Herbert numbers, too.

Wednesday night will bring a suite, "Korngane," by Widor; the "Suite Algerienne," by Saint-Saëns; "Scenes Neapolitaines," by Massenet; works by Smetana, Dvorak, Delibes, etc., and three Victor Herbert works.

Thursday night will be devoted entirely to works of Wagner and Liszt. There will be exquisite numbers from "Tristan und Isolde," "Meistersinger," "Tannhäuser," and the "Siegfried Idyll." Lovers of Liszt will be delighted with the "Mazeppa," "Les Préludes," "Galop Chromatique," "Polonaise No. 2," and Victor Herbert's own arrangement of "The Love Dream."

Friday night will be a Victor Herbert programme, the first part being devoted to his more serious works, such as "Festival Grand March," "Love Scene" for string orchestra, two numbers from his "Suite Romantique," and the "Triumph" from his suite, "Columbus," with obligato on the grand organ. The second part will include numbers from "Mlle. Modiste," "Naughty Marietta," "The Fortune Teller," "Babes in Toyland," "The Lady of the Slipper," and "The Only Girl."

Saturday night's offering will include works by Maillart, Nevin, MacDowell, Tschaiakowsky, Mendelssohn, and Herbert, and by special request he will include Wagner's "Ride of the Valkyrie."

A special programme is being prepared for the Victor Herbert farewell on Sunday afternoon.

Tickets will be on sale Monday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, corner Sutter and Kearny Streets; the Exposition ticket office, 343 Powell Street (St. Francis Hotel building), and at Festival Hall box-office.

Address mail orders, requests, etc., to Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. Complete programmes are obtainable at all the offices.

##### Mrs. Price to Give Concert.

Maria Partridge Price, lyric soprano, who is well known in musical circles here, will give a concert in the Colonial hall room of the Hotel St. Francis, Monday evening, November 8th. She promises a very interesting

programme, including two numbers of Bach, never given here before, in one of which there are obligatos for two flutes, while the other calls for three flutes. Mrs. Price will be assisted by three flutists—Emil Puyans, Louis Newbauer, and Elias Hecht—and Uda Waldrop will be at the piano.

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"Musical Leaves from Melody Land"

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## VANITY FAIR.

Almost with a gasp of surprise we read that a "shipload" of American fashion experts and buyers has arrived at New York from Paris, and that we shall be notified at once as to the costumes, the fads, and the fancies that may be adopted by the American woman who wishes to be sartorially correct. And in the innocence of our hearts we had fully supposed that the American woman had resolved to eschew the vanities of the French capital and to wear the polynuriel gown, or even to don a sort of uniform as a protest in favor of a peaceful simplicity. The newspapers talked about the polynuriel gown for more than four consecutive days until some one else made a loud noise and diverted their attention, but we certainly supposed that the good work of reform was well on its way to accomplishment. And now comes this cargo from Paris to remind us that woman is still as uncertain, coy, and hard to please as ever.

To Mr. Charles C. Kurzman, the Fifth Avenue milliner, must go the palm for originality. Being a man, he is naturally in a position to say what women must and shall do and wear, and he says that the woman of fashion must carry a live, hand-painted pigeon on her wrist. And he has actually brought eleven of the pigeons with him. They are painted in imperishable colors by a family of Swiss artists and are "trained in all the niceties of social etiquette." We do not know exactly what this means, but we hope it is true, since the pigeon is a formidable bird. It seems that New York ladies have been carrying trained canaries for some time past, and presumably these also must have been civilized and drilled in the "niceties of social etiquette." We should suppose that a good deal of drilling would be necessary and that inadvertences, aberrations, and deviations would always be among the possibilities, but we will hope for the best. None the less, as has been said, a pigeon is a formidable bird and hostile to the usages of a really high society. Mr. Kurzman says that the new pigeon industry is under the control of the Church of St. Francis at Lausanne.

Military styles are to rule, say all the experts. Women being well known as haters of war and all its works, and palpitating for the opportunity to establish peace on earth and good-will toward men, will show their abhorrences by dressing themselves like soldiers. So there is a Joffre opera wrap and a Joffre cape. Women whose sympathies are more particularly with Russia may dress like Cossacks, the single-piece costume being of velveteen lined with astrakhan. High boots, high-crowned hats, high skirts are to be the order of the day. The short skirt has even become part of the evening gown, and this of course demands high military boots, which may be worn to the opera and to evening functions.

Perhaps the question is a little threadbare, but we may still wonder as to the actual identity of the women who are burning to save the world from the horrors of war and who believe that in some inexplicable way they can do it by voting. If the New York milliners and costume-makers actually find it profitable to send representatives to Paris, and at such a time as this, in order to buy military costumes for women, there must certainly be a large number of women who want those costumes and who are anxious to buy them. And the women who buy military costumes can hardly be considered as pacifists. Personally we have only met one woman whose pacifism was of more than the ordinary and conventional kind. Our attention was drawn to her by the venomous heligence with which she was arguing with a street-car conductor as to the validity of a transfer which she seemed to have treasured for many days against the eventualities of travel. And on her left breast, where she supposed her heart to be, she carried a shining medal about the size of a saucer and inscribed with the word "Peace." Doubtless the good lady believed firmly that she was helping to stop the war, and doubtless she was doing just about as much to that end as any of the other good ladies about whom we read in the newspapers, but whom we never meet, and who will not raise their boys to be soldiers for certain gynecological reasons which it would be indiscreet to discuss.

The New York Sun attempts to answer a question in etiquette that has been propounded by the corresponding secretary of the Erie Basin Coterie of Brooklyn. The question is as follows: "What is the correct caper for a gent when, hurrying along the sidewalk in a rainstorm with an umbrella in his right hand and a wet paper bag of eggs in the other, he meets a lady friend to which he wants to act as a perfect gentleman?" The Sun, we regret to say, treats this matter with a frivolous and ineffective jocosity. It reminds us that this same problem was propounded twenty-five years ago to the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Good Government Club of

a Pennsylvania village of which the name has momentarily escaped the Sun's memory. Upon that occasion the opinions were divided. Some prominent members held that the eggs should be sacrificed, and that after warning the lady not to step into the wreckage the gent should use his thus liberated hand for the usual salute. But others, equally prominent, held that the umbrella should be abandoned to the winds of heaven and the eggs preserved.

The Sun further reminds us that the same problem was recently presented to the Gentlemen's Sons of Wallabout and that as a concession to the high cost of living it was decided that a perfect gent might raise either the bag of eggs or the umbrella in a gallant and deferential manner and smile pleasantly. It was held that this would be sufficient and that a perfect lady would recognize the dilemma and accept the solution.

But there is another alternative that seems to have escaped the Sun's usually penetrating ray. Why should not the gent lower and partially invert his open umbrella, place the eggs within its recesses, and then perform the hat evolution in the usual way? A certain amount of dexterity would be needed, but there is no reason why the evolution should not be performed with grace and aplomb.

But actually there are much more embarrassing situations than this. For example, what are you to do if you meet a lady in a cafeteria and while you are actually carrying your laden tray? You can not raise the tray in deferential salute, as you can the umbrella or the eggs. Of course you can smile pleasantly if you feel that way about it, which you won't. But the lady will smile, and it serves you right for going into a cafeteria.

In the cathedral at Aachen, or Aix-la-Chapelle, may be seen a marble throne on which a ruler sat for nearly 400 years. He was the Emperor Charlemagne, or Charles the Great. At his death in 814 his body, clothed in imperial robes, was placed on the throne in sitting position. On his head was placed a crown, in his right hand a sceptre, and in his lap an open copy of the Gospels. In 1001 Emperor Otto III had the vault opened, and it is said the body was found in an excellent state of preservation. In 1215 Emperor Frederick II had it removed from the vault and placed in a gold and silver coffin, in which it is still kept, in the treasury of the cathedral. From 1215 to 1558 this marble throne was used in the coronation ceremonies of the German emperors.

Therese Malten, the famous Wagnerian prima donna, was sixty years old June 21st. She is now living in a suburb of Dresden, the city in which she won most of her triumphs. Wagner assigned to her the rôle of Kundry at the first performance of "Parsifal" in Bayreuth.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A little girl on the train to Pittsburgh was chewing gum. Not only that, but she insisted on pulling it out in long strings and letting it fall back into her mouth again. "Mabel!" said her mother in a horrified whisper. "Mabel, don't do that. Chew your gum like a little lady."

The mistress, not wishing to offend her cook, who had been with her but two weeks, announced in a low, well-modulated voice: "I am sorry, Ellen, but the master found fault with your cooking today." "Lor', I don't take no notice of 'im, mum; it's his blessed nature to find fault. Aint he always finding fault with you?"

An old Irish countrywoman, going to Dublin by train, stepped into a first-class carriage with her basket and made herself com-

DELINQUENT SALE NOTICE.

THE LUTHER BURBANK COMPANY  
Location of Principal Place of Business,  
San Francisco, California.  
Notice—There is delinquent upon the following described stock on account of assessment levied on the 15th day of September, 1915, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective stockholders, as follows:

| Name.                      | No. of Certificate. | Shares. | Amount. |
|----------------------------|---------------------|---------|---------|
| G. L. Ayers.....           | 513                 | 87      | \$87.00 |
| Geo. O. Barnes.....        | 121                 | 25      | 25.00   |
| Geo. O. Barnes.....        | 122                 | 15      | 15.00   |
| Miss C. L. Bell.....       | 520                 | 200     | 200.00  |
| W. S. Bliss.....           | 466                 | 222     | 222.00  |
| Howard Brush.....          | 453                 | 8       | 8.00    |
| F. M. Cerini.....          | 128                 | 20      | 20.00   |
| F. M. Cerini.....          | 160                 | 4       | 4.00    |
| F. M. Cerini.....          | 317                 | 2       | 2.00    |
| F. M. Cerini.....          | 357                 | 25      | 25.00   |
| Jesse N. Cole.....         | 491                 | 50      | 50.00   |
| Jesse N. Cole.....         | 492                 | 50      | 50.00   |
| Jesse N. Cole.....         | 493                 | 50      | 50.00   |
| Jesse N. Cole.....         | 494                 | 50      | 50.00   |
| Jesse N. Cole.....         | 495                 | 50      | 50.00   |
| Jesse N. Cole.....         | 496                 | 50      | 50.00   |
| Jesse N. Cole.....         | 497                 | 30      | 30.00   |
| Jesse N. Cole.....         | 511                 | 17      | 17.00   |
| Jesse N. Cole.....         | 512                 | 13      | 13.00   |
| J. Y. Eccleston.....       | 134                 | 20      | 20.00   |
| J. Y. Eccleston.....       | 338                 | 24      | 24.00   |
| J. Y. Eccleston.....       | 377                 | 364     | 364.00  |
| J. Y. Eccleston.....       | 464                 | 100     | 100.00  |
| Wickham Havens.....        | 448                 | 18      | 18.00   |
| Miss L. C. Hayeroff.....   | 463                 | 418     | 418.00  |
| I. W. Hellman, Jr.....     | 420                 | 100     | 100.00  |
| I. W. Hellman, Jr.....     | 421                 | 100     | 100.00  |
| I. W. Hellman, Jr.....     | 422                 | 100     | 100.00  |
| I. W. Hellman, Jr.....     | 423                 | 100     | 100.00  |
| I. W. Hellman, Jr.....     | 424                 | 72      | 72.00   |
| R. J. Hough.....           | 98                  | 10      | 10.00   |
| R. J. Hough.....           | 145                 | 50      | 50.00   |
| R. J. Hough.....           | 187                 | 50      | 50.00   |
| R. J. Hough.....           | 189                 | 100     | 100.00  |
| R. J. Hough.....           | 192                 | 1       | 1.00    |
| R. J. Hough.....           | 254                 | 100     | 100.00  |
| R. J. Hough.....           | 255                 | 100     | 100.00  |
| R. J. Hough.....           | 484                 | 240     | 240.00  |
| R. J. Hough.....           | 489                 | 100     | 100.00  |
| W. J. Hough.....           | 518                 | 100     | 100.00  |
| W. J. Hough.....           | 519                 | 480     | 480.00  |
| Jesse I. Jewell.....       | 110                 | 40      | 40.00   |
| Jesse I. Jewell.....       | 212                 | 8       | 8.00    |
| Jesse I. Jewell.....       | 275                 | 40      | 40.00   |
| Jesse I. Jewell.....       | 303                 | 6       | 6.00    |
| Jesse I. Jewell.....       | 371                 | 94      | 94.00   |
| Chas. E. Knox.....         | 182                 | 100     | 100.00  |
| Chas. E. Knox.....         | 305                 | 7       | 7.00    |
| Chas. E. Knox.....         | 396                 | 107     | 107.00  |
| Emily L. Lackey.....       | 163                 | 20      | 20.00   |
| Emily L. Lackey.....       | 164                 | 4       | 4.00    |
| Emily L. Lackey.....       | 310                 | 2       | 2.00    |
| Emily L. Lackey.....       | 386                 | 26      | 26.00   |
| Ida M. Lackey.....         | 262                 | 8       | 8.00    |
| Ida M. Lackey.....         | 311                 | 1       | 1.00    |
| Ida M. Lackey.....         | 403                 | 9       | 9.00    |
| Mason-McDuffie Co.....     | 501                 | 10      | 10.00   |
| Mason-McDuffie Co.....     | 502                 | 20      | 20.00   |
| Mrs. Leota M. Nagle.....   | 451                 | 4       | 4.00    |
| Mrs. Anita Nathansen.....  | 487                 | 5       | 5.00    |
| J. C. Nathansen.....       | 445                 | 20      | 20.00   |
| J. C. Nathansen.....       | 488                 | 3       | 3.00    |
| Mrs. L. N. Ostwald.....    | 242                 | 60      | 60.00   |
| Mrs. L. N. Ostwald.....    | 336                 | 4       | 4.00    |
| Mrs. L. N. Ostwald.....    | 400                 | 64      | 64.00   |
| Mrs. C. P. Overton.....    | 283                 | 5       | 5.00    |
| Mrs. C. P. Overton.....    | 345                 | 1       | 1.00    |
| Mrs. C. P. Overton.....    | 348                 | 6       | 6.00    |
| G. D. Perry.....           | 517                 | 16      | 16.00   |
| I. Peterson.....           | 503                 | 6       | 6.00    |
| I. Peterson.....           | 505                 | 8       | 8.00    |
| J. H. Petersen.....        | 168                 | 80      | 80.00   |
| J. H. Petersen.....        | 347                 | 6       | 6.00    |
| J. H. Petersen.....        | 389                 | 86      | 86.00   |
| T. J. Proctor.....         | 193                 | 5       | 5.00    |
| T. J. Proctor.....         | 395                 | 7       | 7.00    |
| Arthur E. Reynolds.....    | 427                 | 10      | 10.00   |
| Elizabeth F. Reynolds..... | 233                 | 20      | 20.00   |
| Elizabeth F. Reynolds..... | 319                 | 1       | 1.00    |
| Elizabeth F. Reynolds..... | 399                 | 21      | 21.00   |
| Elizabeth F. Reynolds..... | 477                 | 10      | 10.00   |
| J. F. Reynolds.....        | 185                 | 100     | 100.00  |
| J. F. Reynolds.....        | 429                 | 100     | 100.00  |
| V. Reynolds.....           | 231                 | 33      | 33.00   |
| V. Reynolds.....           | 285                 | 10      | 10.00   |
| V. Reynolds.....           | 334                 | 3       | 3.00    |
| V. Reynolds.....           | 398                 | 46      | 46.00   |
| J. Hood Smith.....         | 94                  | 40      | 40.00   |
| J. Hood Smith.....         | 126                 | 8       | 8.00    |
| J. Hood Smith.....         | 327                 | 3       | 3.00    |
| J. Hood Smith.....         | 364                 | 51      | 51.00   |
| W. Garner Smith.....       | 141                 | 100     | 100.00  |
| W. Garner Smith.....       | 196                 | 600     | 600.00  |
| W. Garner Smith.....       | 199                 | 200     | 200.00  |
| W. Garner Smith.....       | 524                 | 500     | 500.00  |
| W. Garner Smith.....       | 525                 | 512     | 512.00  |

And in accordance with law and an order of the Board of Directors, made on the 15th day of September, 1915, so many shares of each parcel of aforesaid stock as may be necessary will be sold at public auction at the office of the Company in the northeast corner room on the second floor of the Burbank Building, which is located at the southwest corner of Market and Beale Streets, San Francisco, California, on the 8th day of November, 1915, at ten o'clock a. m., to pay said delinquent assessments thereon, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

I. M. BRAYER,  
Assistant Secretary and Acting Secretary of The  
Luther Burbank Company.  
Office of the Company, Burbank Building, Market  
and Beale Streets, San Francisco, California.

fortable. Just before the train started the guard passed along, and, noticing the woman and the basket, said gruffly: "Are you first class, my good woman?" "Sure I am, and thank you," she replied with a smile. "And how do you feel yourself?"

Uncle Shadrach had held down the job of pumping the organ at the First Presbyterian Church for a score of years. A new organist had come, and a member of the church asked Uncle Shadrach what he thought of the new-comer. "Well, sah," answered Uncle Shadrach, "Ah doan' wan' to brag, but Ah kin pump mo' pieces 'n he kin play, sah."

Among the passengers on a train on a one-track road in the Middle West was a talkative jewelry drummer. Presently the train stopped to take on water, and the conductor neglected to send back a flagman. An express came along and, before it could be stopped, bumped the rear end of the first train. The drummer was lifted from his seat and pitched head first into the seat ahead. His silk hat was jammed clear down over his ears. He picked himself up and settled back in his seat. No bones had been broken. He drew a long breath, straightened up, and said: "Well, they didn't get by us, anyway."

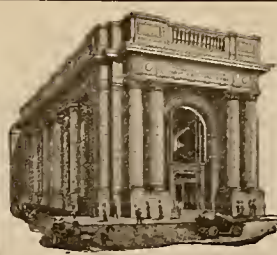
In a city boarding-house some time ago the guests were working away at the evening meal when Mr. Jones broke through the din of clattering knives and forks. "I was reading of a new cure this morning," he remarked, glancing around the table. "It seems that you take off your shoes and stockings and walk barefooted—" "What do you think of that cure, Mr. Jones?" eagerly interrupted the landlady, who had also read the story. "Do you really think that walking barefooted through grass will make one strong and healthy?" "Well," smiled Mr. Jones, strenuously trying to cut a piece of meat, "it seems to have made this beef pretty tough."

The well-beloved bishop of a certain Southern state is so absent-minded that his family is always apprehensive for his welfare when he is away from home. Not long ago, while making a journey by rail, the bishop was unable to find his ticket when the conductor asked for it. "Never mind, bishop," said the conductor, who knew him well, "I'll get it on my second round." However, when the conductor passed through the car again the ticket was still missing. "Oh, well, bishop, it will be all right if you never find it," the conductor assured him. "No, it won't, my friend," contradicted the bishop. "I've got to find that ticket. I want to know where I'm going."

Colonel Breckinridge and an old friend were fishing for bass. Part of their commissariat for the day was composed of a jug of rare old rye whisky, which the colonel declared should never be spoiled with a "chaser" of water. He had just helped himself to a drink, when the friend, in the excitement attending the hooking of a huge fish, upset their craft. When the colonel came up he found his friend clinging to the keel of the boat. It was a warm day, and the friend had a large-sized hump of humor, so remembering what had happened just before the catastrophe he asked with a grin, "Swallow any water, colonel?" "No, suh. Not a damned drop, suh!"

It is probable that no class of men is criticised more unjustly than doctors. Many of the stories at their expense, however, are both amusing and good-natured. A recent addition to this list is the tale told about the Chinaman who was asked if there were good doctors in China. "Good doctors!" he exclaimed. "China have best doctors in world. Hang Chang one good doctor; he great. He save my life." "You don't say so! How was that?" "Me velly bad," he said. "Me callee Dr. Han Kon. Give some medicine. Get velly, velly sick. Me callee Dr. San Sing. Give more medicine. Me grow worse—going to die. Bimebly callee Dr. Hang Chang. He no got time; no come. He save my life."

He was a shining light of the Intelligence Corps, and before he arrived at Swakopmund his abilities as a linguist were spoken of with bated breath. To him there came his captain. "Glad you've come, Jones," said he; "we need a man who speaks German. Take a file and go down and tell that officer we made prisoner yesterday that I'll parole him, but if he attempts to escape he'll be shot." Off marched Jones, full of the importance of his task. "Sprechen sie Deutsch?" he asked the chap, to the great admiration of the onlookers. "Ja, ja," said the big German, eagerly, glad to find some one who understood him at last. "Oh, yer do, do yer?" said Jones. "Well, the captain says as 'ow 'e'll give yer parole, but if you blooming well tries to skip it, there's a hullet fer yer. See?"



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JUNE 30th, 1915:

Assets.....\$90,821,343.04  
Deposits..... 57,362,899.35  
Capital actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000.00  
Reserve and Contingent Funds..... 1,938,443.69  
Employees' Pension Fund..... 199,164.32  
Number of Depositors..... 68,965  
For the 6 months ending June 30th, 1915, a dividend to depositors of 4 per cent per annum was declared. Open Saturday Evenings 6 to 8.

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|   |        |
|---|--------|
| American Bay and Argonaut.....                              | \$4.40 |
| American Magazine and Argonaut.....                         | 4.85   |
| Atlantic Monthly and Argonaut.....                          | 7.25   |
| Century and Argonaut.....                                   | 6.95   |
| Collier's Weekly and Argonaut.....                          | 5.05   |
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| Scribner's Magazine and Argonaut.....                       | 6.00   |
| Smart Set and Argonaut.....                                 | 5.75   |
| St. Nicholas and Argonaut.....                              | 6.00   |
| Sunset and Argonaut.....                                    | 5.25   |
| Theatre Magazine and Argonaut.....                          | 6.30   |
| Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic) and Argonaut..... | 4.30   |
| Weekly New York Tribune Farmer and Argonaut.....            | 4.25   |
| Woman's Home Companion and Argonaut.....                    | 4.25   |
| Youth's Companion and Argonaut.....                         | 4.25   |



## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Stovel have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Marian Stovel, to Mr. Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, Jr., of New York. Miss Stovel is a granddaughter of Mrs. Janc Martel and a niece of Mrs. Joseph Masten. She is a cousin of Miss Eugenie Masten. No date has yet been set for the wedding.

The wedding of Miss Corona Williams and Mr. Berrien Anderson took place Thursday evening at the home in Berkeley of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Williams. Mr. Anderson is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Anderson of this city. Mrs. Walter Ratcliffe, Jr., was her sister's matron of honor and Miss Florence Williams was the maid of honor. The bridesmaids were the Misses Mary Gayley, Harriet Pomeroy, Dorothy Woodworth, and Margaret Nichols. Mr. Eyre Pinckard was Mr. Anderson's best man, and the ushers were the Messrs. Dean Witter, Evan Evans, Richard Girvin, and Walter Ratcliffe, Jr. Upon their return from their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Anderson will reside in this city.

The wedding of Miss Carmelita Sullivan and Mr. Louis R. Brewer took place Tuesday morning at the home in Marysville of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Sullivan. Miss Helen Sullivan was her sister's only attendant. Mr. Albert Whittle of this city was the best man. Upon their return from their wedding trip the young couple will reside in Marysville.

Mrs. Phoebe Hearst was the complimented guest Thursday at a luncheon given by Mrs. William Bailey Lamar at the Fairmont Hotel.

Miss Helen Crocker made her formal debut Friday evening at ball given by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, at their home in Burlingame. Preceding the affair Mr. and Mrs. Crocker entertained a number of friends at dinner at the Burlingame Club. Among others who gave dinners were Mr. and Mrs. George A. Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, and Mr. and Mrs. George T. Cameron.

The Misses Elinor Tay and Linda Bryan will be the complimented guests Wednesday afternoon, October 27th, at a tea to be given by Miss Dorothy Danforth and Mrs. Harold Mann at the latter's residence on Lake Street.

Miss Alma Tobin was hostess Tuesday afternoon at a tea at her home on Devisadero Street in honor of Miss Eugenie Masten, whose engagement to Mr. Rupert Mason has recently been announced.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris Meyerfeld entertained a number of friends at dinner Wednesday evening at their home on California Street.

Mrs. Taiter-Smith was the complimented guest Friday at a luncheon given by Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt at her home on Broadway.

Miss Grace Vesper was hostess Saturday afternoon at a tea at her home in Oakland in honor of Mrs. Walter Ransome.

Mrs. Martin Crimmins entertained a number of friends recently at a luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis.

Miss Ruth Boettcher of Denver was the complimented guest Wednesday at a luncheon given by Miss Clarissa Hale at her home on California Street.

Mrs. Robert Oxnard was hostess Friday at a luncheon at her home on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Tubbs entertained a number of friends Tuesday evening at a dinner at their home on Broadway.

Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr., was hostess Friday at a luncheon at her home on Pacific Avenue in honor of Miss Louise Scott of New York, who is visiting Mrs. Spencer Eddy at her home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Harry Bostwick gave an Oriental dinner Tuesday evening at her home on Broadway. The affair was in honor of Dr. H. M. Allen, the former minister from the United States to Korea.

Miss Elinor McNear was hostess Monday evening at a dinner at the home on Pacific Avenue of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George McNear.

Mr. and Mrs. John Burnham and Mrs. Albert Wells of Chicago were the complimented guests Sunday at a luncheon given by Mr. Frederick Tillman, Jr., at the Burlingame Club.

Miss Emily Carolan was hostess Thursday at a luncheon at her home on Jackson Street in honor of her niece, Miss Emily Timlow.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott entertained a number of friends Sunday at a luncheon at the Burlingame Club.

Mrs. James Rolph, Jr., will be the guest of honor Wednesday, October 27th, at a luncheon to be given by Mrs. I. Lowenberg at the California building.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer were host and hostess Monday evening at a theatre and supper party.

Mrs. Charles Hopkins of Santa Barbara was

the complimented guest Monday at a luncheon given by Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden at the Francisco Club.

Mr. Homer Curran was host at a theatre and supper party Monday evening, when a dozen friends enjoyed his hospitality.

Miss Theresa Harrison was the guest of honor Monday at a luncheon given by Miss Elizabeth Fee at her home on Buchanan Street.

Mrs. Harold Casey entertained a number of friends Thursday afternoon at an informal bridge-tee at her home on Devisadero Street.

Mrs. Thomas Walsh was the guest of honor Sunday at a luncheon given by Mr. and Mrs. Norman Mack at the Burlingame Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Deering were host and hostess Thursday evening at a dinner at their home on Gough Street.

Major-General Arthur Murray, U. S. A., and Mrs. Murray entertained a number of friends Thursday evening at a dinner at their home at Fort Scott.

Mrs. Fitzhugh Lee was hostess at a luncheon at the Francisco Club Wednesday, when a dozen friends enjoyed her hospitality.

Captain Charles R. Howland, U. S. A., gave a breakfast Wednesday morning at his home at Alcatraz. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Eleanor Martin and Congressman Julius Kahn and Mrs. Kahn.

Dr. Ernest Eyttinge, U. S. N., and Mrs. Eyttinge, who have recently returned from their wedding trip, were the guests of honor Wednesday evening at a dinner given by Mrs. M. Turner and Mrs. Haskell preceding the hop at Mare Island.

Mrs. Louis S. Chappellear was hostess Tuesday afternoon at a bridge-tee at her home at Fort Miley.

Mrs. William Bailey Lamar was the guest of honor Tuesday at a luncheon given by Mrs. Stephen Foote at her home at Fort Miley.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Count Eugénie d'Harcourt is a visitor from Paris who has come as a representative of France to the Exposition and will make a study of the musical conservatories of the different large cities. Count d'Harcourt is a composer of note. One of his compositions was played in this city by the Symphony Orchestra.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Hoxie of Newport, Rhode Island, and their daughter, Miss Isabelle Hoxie, are recent visitors at the Exposition and are guests at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. William C. Ralston will soon leave for New York, where they will reside indefinitely.

Mr. Prince Hopkins of Santa Barbara will sail Wednesday for the Orient and will go to India to study educational institutions.

Dr. A. Hamilton Rice and Mrs. Rice, who were married last week in Philadelphia, will spend part of their honeymoon in California. Mrs. Rice, who was formerly Mrs. George D. Widener, is an aunt of Mrs. Christina de Guigné and Mr. Felton Elkins.

Dr. Thomas Stoddard has returned from Europe, where he has been visiting the military hospitals, and is again in Santa Barbara with his wife, who was formerly Mrs. Walton Hedges, a sister of Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden of Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferd C. Peterson have returned to Belvedere after a trip to the San Diego Exposition. They stopped en route at Los Angeles and Santa Barbara. The winter months they expect to spend in San Francisco at the Somerset apartments.

Miss Hannah Du Bois is expected home soon from the East, where she has been visiting relatives. She and her sister, Miss Emily Du Bois, will spend the winter in town.

Mr. and Mrs. John Burnham and Mrs. Albert Wells of Chicago are among the recent Eastern visitors to the Exposition.

Dr. W. E. Hamilton returned Tuesday to Santa Barbara after a few days' visit in town.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Sefton are here from San Diego and are at the Hotel St. Francis. Mrs. Sefton, who was formerly Miss Helen Thomas, resided in this city before her marriage. She is a niece of Mrs. Wakefield Baker.

Mrs. Taiter-Smith of New York spent the weekend at the Burlingame Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Warren departed Thursday for San Diego after a two weeks' visit with Mr. and Mrs. Louis Findlay Montague. Mr. Montague has gone East for a brief visit, expecting to return for Thanksgiving.

Mr. and Mrs. Chapin Tubbs have been in town during the past week and will remain a few days longer with Mr. and Mrs. William B. Tubbs.

Mrs. William G. Hitchcock has returned from New York, where she went to place her nephew, Master Frank Drum, in a preparatory school.

Mrs. Gaillard Stoney left Friday for the East

to chaperon three young girls who will personally present the petition asking President Wilson to be an Exposition guest.

Mrs. Sherwood Hopkins and her daughters, the Misses Gertrude and Lillian Hopkins, have returned to their home on Jackson Street after a month's visit in Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. Barnaby Conrad have closed their home in Ross and are settled in an apartment on Devisadero Street.

Miss Arabella Schwerin has gone to New York to join her mother, Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, who left here a few weeks ago with her son, Master Dick Schwerin.

Mrs. Francis Wilson of Santa Barbara has recently been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Harry N. Stetson at their home in Burlingame.

Mr. Charles Rollo Peters is established in a studio in Washington Square, New York City. After leaving here a few weeks ago he visited Commodore Benedict in Greenwich, Connecticut.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Edward Holmes have closed their home in Belvedere and are settled for the winter in an apartment at Stanford Court.

Mr. and Mrs. George Wilboit and their son, Mr. John Wilboit, are in town from Stockton and are guests at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel C. Jackling, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Eastland, and Mr. and Mrs. Harry H. Scott have returned from Alaska, where they went on Mr. Jackling's yacht, the *Cyprus*.

Mr. and Mrs. Claus August Spreckels are contemplating coming from New York to spend the Christmas holidays with their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Eddy, at their home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Longstreet, Mrs. Drake, and her daughter, Miss Daphne Drake, have returned to Los Angeles after a few days' visit in town.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Moore have closed their country home in Santa Cruz and are occupying their town residence on Washington Street.

Mrs. John Hays Hammond arrived Monday from the East and joined Mr. Hammond, who has been in town for the past two weeks. Mrs. Hammond has been recuperating from a recent illness at her home in Gloucester, Massachusetts.

Mrs. Herbert C. Hoover is en route to England, where she is interested in the relief work. She had planned to remain here a week longer, but was called unexpectedly by important affairs which required her presence in London.

Mr. and Mrs. Garritt Wilder will extend their visit in this city until November 3d, when they will sail on the *Matsonia* for Honolulu. They are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Baldwin arrived last week from Colorado Springs and are at the Fairmont Hotel for an indefinite visit.

Mrs. Lane-Leonard and her little daughter, who have been visiting relatives in St. Louis, Missouri, are at present in New York with Mr. and Mrs. William B. Leonard.

Mr. Rudolph Spreckels has gone East for a brief visit. Mrs. Spreckels and her children will spend the weekend in Monterey.

Major Frederick W. Sladen, U. S. A., Mrs. Sladen, and their two children have gone East to spend two months hoping the trip may benefit the health of Major Sladen, who returned from China on account of illness. He expects to join his regiment in the Orient the first of the year.

Lieutenant James B. Howell, U. S. A., has been spending the past week in Los Angeles. During his absence Mrs. Howell visited her mother, Mrs. Philip Wales, in Menlo Park.

Mrs. Charles Sherman Hoyt has gone to West Point to join her husband, Lieutenant Hoyt, U. S. A., who is on duty at the military academy. Mrs. Hoyt was formerly Miss Alice Poorman of Alameda.

Colonel B. F. Cheatnam, U. S. A., and Mrs. Cheatnam have arrived from Honolulu and will be stationed in this city.

Rear-Admiral William F. Fullam, U. S. N., Mrs. Fullam, and their daughter, Miss Rhoda Fullam, have arrived from the East and are established at the Fairmont Hotel. Rear-Admiral Fullam has come to take charge of the Pacific reserve fleet, relieving Rear-Admiral Charles Fremont Pond, U. S. N.

The home in Oakland of Mr. and Mrs. Howard B. Rector has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. Rector was formerly Miss Gladys Brigham.

August Thomas, art director for the Frohman interests, says: "Not since the night the first theatre in America threw open its doors have American playwrights had such a clear field as now. Playwriting has been extinguished in seven foreign nations and America must now supply its own demands. For many years to come there is an end to the practice of managers seeking plays abroad." Mr. Thomas adds: "The material for these plays now lies in the minds and maybe on the tables of many ambitious young men in the local rooms of the newspapers, and if a method, however imperfect, can be devised for calling this material into shape the theatre and the nation will be the gainers."

In Lancashire alone cotton waste has an annual value of \$75,000,000. It consists of fag-ends and sweepings and pickings and combings. Thousands of women are employed to divide this stuff into good, middling, and bad, and it is sold at various prices for different purposes—paper-making, matting, surgical wadding, and most of all, the making of shoddy.

Young matron who must go East shortly wishes to accompany gentleman, either as companion or chaperon, in exchange for traveling expenses. References exchanged. Address Box 12, Argonaut Pub. Co.

## Charity Ball of Fire Department.

The annual charity ball of the San Francisco Fire Department will be held next Saturday evening, October 30th, at the Civic Centre Auditorium. The proceeds are turned over to the Widows' and Orphans' and Mutual Aid Associations, organized for the purpose of looking after the sick and injured firemen and for needy families of deceased members of the department. This is the only time that the fire fighters call upon the people of San Francisco to aid them in keeping the treasury of the society in shape to meet the demands made upon it. And, as usual, the citizens of this city are responding with their customary generosity. A fine musical programme will precede the grand march.

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is upon us, and each day can be  
made happier by the gift of a cartoon  
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## PIG &amp; WHISTLE

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## THE CITY IN GENERAL.

Mrs. Alice Coleman, wife of Robert Lewis Coleman, a capitalist, died October 13th in her Hillsborough home after a long illness. She had been prominent in San Francisco society for years. She was Alice Simpkins of Brooklyn, New York. Her husband and two children, Robert L. Coleman, Jr., and Miss Carra Coleman, survive her.

The former Pacific Mail steamer *China*, recently purchased by the newly formed China Mail Company, will begin its first voyage to the Orient in the new service October 28th or 30th. The new Chinese company has just been incorporated, with a capital stock of \$2,100,000. The company has a directorate of fifteen local Chinese business men. Other liners will be put on by the Chinese in the near future, including several interned German steamers at Hoboken, New Jersey.

The 602 transbay residents who have filed claims against the bankrupt Realty Union have elected R. M. Sims, officer of the Mercantile Trust Company of San Francisco, as trustee. These claims represent \$460,000. The Realty Union, a \$1,000,000 concern, was recently declared bankrupt by Federal Judge Dooling.

A new vaudeville theatre is to be erected soon at the northeast corner of Ellis and Mason Streets at a cost of \$300,000. The project will be financed by the Ellis Street Investment Company. The house will seat about 3000 persons. The property was purchased from W. B. Bourn about a month ago.

John W. Perry, the oldest employee in the San Francisco postoffice in point of

service, resigned last Saturday after completing fifty years in the service of the Federal government. He was appointed on October 16, 1865.

The funeral of the late Stewart Cotton, who died Friday morning of last week after a lingering illness, was held on Saturday afternoon from the family residence, 2698 Vallejo Street. He was stricken with the illness from which he died while engaged in engineering work for the Florida and East Coast Railroad Company in Key West harbor and Cuba several years ago, the malady which overtook him closing a brilliant professional career. His most notable work was performed for the United States government in the dredging and rebuilding of Guatanamo harbor in the Philippine Islands.

Representing ninety per cent of the stock of the Pacific Hardware and Steel Company, fifty stockholders of that concern have accepted a reorganization scheme submitted by Colonel Robert M. Thompson. The company, it is said, was recently threatened with bankruptcy. Colonel Thompson is to buy \$725,000 of reorganized stock, which will place the company on a sound financial basis.

## NOTES OF THE EXPOSITION.

The pioneers were out in force last Saturday. The gathering filled the ballroom of the California building, where a ball in the evening concluded the day's celebration. President Charles C. Moore, son of a pioneer, presented a testimonial. The Exposition plaque was accepted by Judge John E. Richards of San Jose, associate justice of the Supreme Court of California. Andrew P. Hill introduced Alexander P. Murgotten,

president of the Santa Clara County Pioneers, as chairman of the day.

Nine cases of the rarest potteries owned by the Persian government, supposed to have been aboard the steamship *Arabic* when it was sunk, arrived in San Francisco last Saturday to be placed upon exhibition immediately. There were twenty-nine boxes in all. Five more cases with rare tapestries arrived on Sunday. The potteries were excavated from the ancient ruins of Sultanbad, Hamadan, and Rhagex.

After waiting patiently since February 20th for exhibits that did not arrive, Consul Alejandro Briceno of the Republic of Panama has closed the handsome Panama building, which cost \$25,000.

A survey of the field covered in the film offerings of the eighteen state and foreign buildings and palaces touches practically every field of human endeavor. In all 753,000 feet of films tell the story of the world's activities and beauties to the visitor.

## San Francisco Quintet Club Concert.

Next Thursday night, October 28th, at 8:45, in the colonial ballroom of the St. Francis Hotel, the San Francisco Quintet Club will inaugurate its second season of public concerts with Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, the eminent composer, as "guest pianist." The programme will consist of a "Sonata" for flute, violin, and piano by Bach, a "Quartet" for two violins, viola, and 'cello by Mozart, and a "Quintet" for piano and strings by Mrs. Beach, with the composer at the piano. The members of the club are Louis W. Ford, violin; Emil Rosset, violin; Clarence B. Evans, viola; Victor de Gomez, 'cello; Gyula



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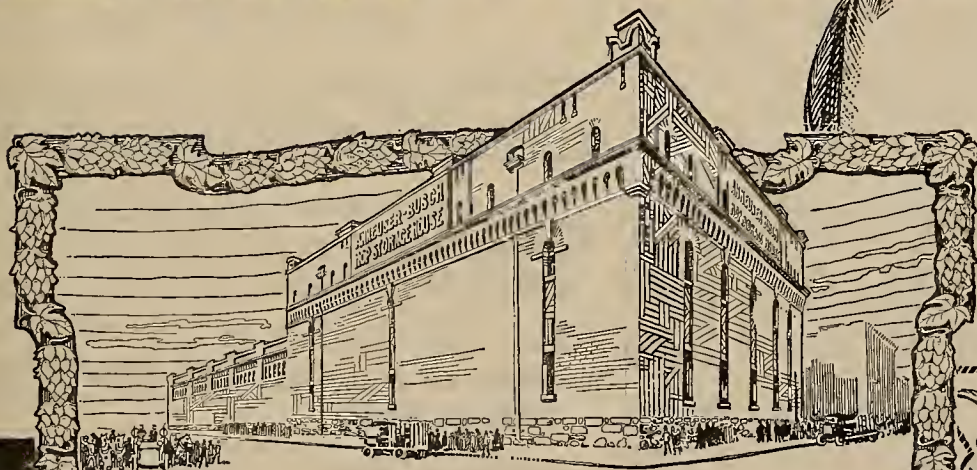
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During the summer of 1914 our president, while on his annual hop buying trip abroad, selected and purchased 775,000 pounds (1550 bales) of the choicest Saazar Hops—and was fortunate in having them shipped to this country before the embargo was rigidly enforced in March, this year. Add this to the 500,000 pounds on hand and you'll see how secure is our position.

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### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Casey (annoyed at surveillance)—Say! is watchin' me al yez have to do? Foreman (curtly)—It is. Casey (throwing down pick) Begorra, then, it's idle ye'll be tomorrow—Boston Transcript.

Artist—You see, we moderns strive for the purgation of the superfluous, which throws the accent on the inner urge. Do you follow me? Friend—No. I'm ahead of you. I came out of the asylum last week.—Life.

"Do you believe that there is really something which can invariably tell when a man is lying?" "I know it." "Ah, perhaps you have seen one of the instruments?" "Seen one? I married one."—Buffalo Courier.

Joker—Well, poor Ezra Smith, who has been looking for a good opening these long years, has found one at last. Croker—So he found an opening, did he? Joker—Yes. The flowers were beautiful.—Chicago News.

Officer—Why, what's the matter with this? That's excellent soup. Private—Yes, sir—that's what we sez, sir. Officer—Very well, then. What's the complaint? Private—It aint the soup, sir; it's the cook. 'E calls it stew.—Punch.

"Which one of the Ten Commandments did Adam break when he ate the apple?" asked the Sunday-school teacher. "He didn't break any," replied one little fellow. "Why not?" queried the teacher. "'Cause there wasn't any then."—Chicago News.

"I am not wealthy," he said, "but if the devotion of a true and tender heart goes for anything with you, Miss Clara—" "It goes well enough with me, Mr. Spoonhill," interrupted the fair girl, with a pensive look on her face, "but how will it go with the grocer?"—Puck.

"De chile done gone an' swallowed 'r hottle 'r ink," the colored mother explained to the youthful doctor. "So?" said the newly graduated physician. "Ink—just plain ordinary ink?" "Yassuh." "Humph! That is easy. Oxalic acid will remove ink immediately. I'll write you a prescription for it."—Puck.

"Mr. Redink," said the boss severely, "you got off yesterday afternoon under the plea of being sick. I saw you afterward going to the races, and you didn't appear to be at all sick." Mr. Redink was fully equal to the occasion. "You ought to have seen me after the second race, sir," he said.—New York Sun.

Family Physician—I am afraid, Mrs. Gaybird, your husband can not last much longer. The trouble with your husband, madam, is that he has overdrawn his account at the bank of vitality. Mrs. Gaybird—I felt sure he was deceiving me about something. Doctor, I give you my word, I never knew he had any account there.—Topeka Journal.

Tailor—The postal service is in a wretched condition. Friend—Never noticed it. Tailor Well, I have. During last month I posted one hundred and eighty statements of accounts, with requests for immediate payment, and, so far as I can learn, not more than two of my customers received their letters.—Dallas News.

"May I ask the cause of all this excitement?" said the stranger in the little village. "Certainly," replied the countryman. "We're celebrating the birthday of the oldest inhabitant. She's 101 today." "Indeed! And may I ask who is that little man with the dreadfully sad face, walking by the old lady's side?" "Oh, that's the old lady's son-in-law. He's been keeping up the payments on her life insurance policy for the last thirty years."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"I respectfully ask your honor," said counsel in defending a prisoner charged with horse-stealing, "to impress upon the jury that it is a fundamental principle of law that it is better for ninety-nine guilty men to escape than for one innocent man to be found guilty." "Yes, that is true," said the judge, reflectively, "and I shall so instruct the jury; but I shall add that in the opinion of the court it is probable that the ninety-nine guilty men have already escaped."—Chicago Herald.

"Well, Master Jackson," said a minister, walking homeward after service with an industrious laborer, who was a constant attendant, "Sunday must be a blessed day of rest for you, who work so hard all the week. And you make a good use of the day, for you are always to be seen at church." "Aye, sir," replied Jackson, "it is, indeed, a blessed day; I works hard enough all the week, and then I comes to church o' Sundays, and sets me down and lay my legs up and thinks o' nothing."—Puck.

"Do you have to have many servants at your summer home, Hawkins?" asked Wigglethorpe. "Well, last year we had eighteen," said Hawkins. "Eighteen!" echoed Wigglethorpe. "Great Scott, man! how can you manage that number on your income?" "Oh, seventeen of 'em are cooks that stayed on

an average of five days apiece," said Hawkins. "The rest were our hired man."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"James, my lad," said the grocer to his new assistant, "who bought that moldy cheese today?" "Mrs. Brown, sir," was the youth's reply. "And the stale loaf we could not sell last night?" "Mrs. Brown, sir." "Where's that lump of rancid butter that the baker refused?" "Mrs. Brown bought it cheap, sir," was the answer. "And the six eggs we could not sell a week since?" "Mrs. Brown." "Are you ill, sir?" asked James, as the grocer

turned green and groaned. "No, no; only I'm going to tea at Brown's tonight," replied the unhappy man as he wiped the perspiration from his face and sank into a chair.—New York Times.

"Why do ye look so sorrowful, Dennis?" asked one man of another. "I just hear-r-d wan man call another a liar, and the man that was called a liar said the other man would have to apologize, or there would be a fight." "And why should that make you look so sad?" "The other man apologized."—Chicago Herald.



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# The Argonaut.

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## THIRTY-NINTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### Tuesday's Election.

On Tuesday of this week eleven amendments to the State Constitution, recommended by a subservient legislature and embodying the political ideas and personal purposes of Governor Johnson, were submitted to a referendum election—at a cost it may be remarked incidentally of approximately three hundred thousand dollars to the taxpayers of the state. Less than half of the registered voters of the state were at pains to go to the polls, and of these something like two-thirds voted no on each of the proposals.

This election plainly marks the turning of a tide which has been running a course of furious radicalism during the past five years. It asserts in definite terms weariness and disgust on the part of the people with a system of political domination and a scheme of bogus reform which have held the boards here since Governor Johnson scratched into office four years ago. It has been discovered that, promising bread, Johnsonian reform has given a stone. Mr. Johnson's projects which were to redeem the state from boss rule have ended in a grosser form of domination than was ever before known. His schemes to "lighten the burdens of state" have worked out in multiplication

of offices, increase of expenses, in heavier taxation. His reforms, presented in the names of virtue and purity, have ended in the rottenest developments of administrative corruption. All this has at last been borne in upon the public consciousness, and in the results of Tuesday's election we find definitely registered the judgment of the people of California.

It is interesting to note that the result of Tuesday's election closely parallels the record in Oregon, where a few months back every proposal in a long list of amendments submitted to popular vote was voted down. In Oregon, as in California, there has for several years been a rage for innovation and for novelty. Reform ideas have filled the air. Charlatans and crack-brains have been to the fore. But the people have discovered the fraud and the futility of the whole business and have emphatically rebuked it. Here, as in Oregon, the people are tired of bunco politics, worn with the very name of reform, disgusted with multiplicity of elections, injured by the increased costs of government, shamed by scandals in administration. For relief they turn naturally to principles and methods long fixed in our system and justified by experience.

The main count in the scheme put up to the voters of California on Tuesday was nullification of the party principle in state affairs. It was a personal scheme on the part of Governor Johnson, devised and urged in the interest of his personal politics. By his activities he has worked himself out of regular party connections. He has stood a figure presumably very potent in command of a great personal following, but without the support of a party. Desiring to sustain his control of state affairs and ambitious for individual promotion, he sought to break down all party organizations. The outcome marks at once the failure of his politics and the decline of his individual prestige. Still in office, he is none the less broken and discredited in his political character. His candidacy for the Senate, if he shall still hold to it, will not be formidable; his power in state politics is a burst bladder. So ends the brief strut of a man who has lacked alike the moral powers of conviction and consistency, poise of character, and the sustaining inspirations of moral purpose.

This election can not fail to have a steady and otherwise wholesome effect upon the material fortunes of California. It is the first act in the movement to take California out of the list of crank states. It implies a return to political sanity. It gives assurance of allegiance to old standards of stability. We have lost heavily in recent years through want of confidence on the part of our own people and of the outside world. The results of this election will go far to restore the old-time feeling that California is a country of normal ideas, normal standards, of normal dependability.

### The Case of Miss Cavell.

The sympathies of the world are challenged by an incident of recent occurrence in Belgium within the region under German military jurisdiction. It relates to but one victim—a Miss Edith Cavell, an English nurse—yet there is in the case something which recalls the horrors of Belgium and the assassination of the *Lusitania*.

Miss Cavell, the daughter of an English clergyman, a woman of breeding and of character, had for a long time been engaged in some phase of humanitarian work in Belgium. For some reason not explained, she had been allowed to remain in Belgium under the German rule established last year. She took advantage of the opportunity this status gave her to assist certain fellow-countrymen and certain natives of the country to escape from Belgium to the outer world. Her offense consisted specifically of harboring enemies of the German régime and of assisting them by

gifts of money and otherwise to get beyond the German lines and join the Allies.

Detected and brought to book for this unquestioned offense, Miss Cavell was tried before a military tribunal, convicted upon her own admissions, sentenced to death, and summarily shot. A story of questionable validity represents her as swooning before her executioners and while thus unconscious being "pistoled" by the commandant of the firing squad.

The attention of the American ambassador, Mr. Brand Whitlock, was drawn to the case as one naturally inspiring humanitarian sympathies. He has submitted to the American government and the public a mass of correspondence in which he is represented as appealing in vain on behalf of the condemned woman. It appears that he did get from somebody a promise that her case should be referred to the emperor, but before appeal could be made Miss Cavell was led to her execution.

The story is truly a painful one. The picture of a woman deliberately shot to death for acts of womanly kindness and of patriotic motive is one to chill the blood. It has horrified the whole world. It is accepted widely as illustrative of a brutality and a remorselessness inconsistent with the spirit of civilization. It shocks unspeakably the sensibilities of races accustomed to regarding even very serious delinquencies on the part of women with a generous leniency.

Yet there is another view of this tragic incident. Here was a subject of an enemy country permitted as a matter of privilege to live within the lines of military authority upon the theory that she was engaged in humanitarian service. By her own confession she had violated one of the first rules of military law. Within lines where she was harbored as a privileged guest she had given aid and comfort to the enemy. By all the rules governing in such matters she was guilty of a capital offense and legitimately subject to execution. In the case of a man there would have been no criticism of what followed. It is because Miss Cavell was a woman—this alone—that her case stands before the world as a thing of horror.

This incident raises afresh a question now very much before the world. Has there come a time when it is desired or desirable that women shall cease to be recognized as subjects of special privilege? Do men wish that women shall be treated as men are treated? Do women—even those most advanced in "feminism"—really wish to nullify the privileges and sympathies which for centuries have been yielded to their sex? Here is the vital point in this case. We repeat that if Miss Cavell had been, not a woman, but a man, no word would have been said because of the fact or the circumstances of her execution. The case under final analysis comes to this point, namely, is a woman who violates a recognized law to be treated as a man would be treated, or are women to enjoy exemption from penalties which would be summarily meted out to men? In the execution of Miss Cavell we have the judgment of the German military authorities. In the horror which this incident has spread through the world we see reflected the sentiment of certain other peoples, among them the people of America. This in spite of the record as darkly illustrated in the case of Mrs. Surratt.

### The "Preparedness" Programme.

The National Defense programme to be put before Congress with the recommendation of President Wilson has, after some backing and filling, been licked into definite shape. It is of the progressive order in that it covers a period of years and will call for successive appropriations. There are elements of strength and of weakness in this method. A scheme spread over a term of years has the advantages inherent in the installment principle; it is weak in the sense that there is no obligation upon future



gresses to carry it out. By declining or neglecting to provide the money necessary for any one year Congress may knock the whole business into smithereens. It may be said that this is not likely; yet is there any certainty, when the present excitement produced by the European war has died down, that Congress will carry through the project according to the specifications?

Curiously enough, Secretary Daniels, friend of Bryan and agile politician that he is, and though only last year a little-navy man, has moved further toward the ideals of preparedness than Secretary Garrison. Daniels's five-year building programme is pronounced by experts as being sound, well-proportioned and balanced, and in line with the best naval thought. One criticism is that he proposes too few ships for building the first year; but in rebuttal of this suggestion it is argued that the requirement is fully up to the capacity of ship yards, which are now very much occupied with contracts on private and mercantile account.

Mr. Daniels has pinched somewhat the point of personnel. He proposes an increase of only 8000 in the navy proper and 1000 in the marine corps. This is in contempt—perhaps we may better say neglect—of Assistant Secretary Franklin D. Roosevelt's recent argument that there is immediate need of an increase of from 18,000 to 25,000, the former being in his (Roosevelt's) judgment the absolute minimum. Mr. Daniels's proposal for aviation foots up only \$2,000,000, which is declared to be far below the requirement. It is the opinion of experts that if any adequate scheme of aerial scouts for the various units of the fleet is to be carried out \$5,000,000 is the minimum practicable provision. The proposal to build four battle cruisers—two the first year—is universally approved. We have no battle cruisers now, and naval thought at home and abroad commends that type highly.

Secretary Garrison's plan for land defenses accepts some of the recommendations of the General Staff, but rejects many. For example, the Staff wanted the regular army increased to a minimum of 235,000 men serving under a six-year enlistment, two years with the colors and four years in the reserve. The present enlistment is seven years, three with colors and four, at the option of the man, with the reserve. The Staff proposed an auxiliary force with enlistments for six years, only one of the six to be spent with the colors. Mr. Garrison proposes an increase of the regular army only to 140,000, of which 20,000 are to be auxiliary and non-combatant troops. Then in place of the auxiliary army suggested by the Staff he proposes the creation of an entirely new Federal volunteer army, for which he has chosen the attractive title of Continentals. These are to be enlisted for six years and to serve two months a year for each of the first three years with the colors; the last three years to be on furlough. He proposes to enlist in what will be called the Continental army 133,000 men a year—if he can get them. The plan is a curious combination of the British Territorial and the Plattsburg camp ideas.

Mr. Garrison's promises for the existing National Guard or organized militia, are vague. All that he gives out is that increased support is to be provided by the national government with a view to building it up to a strength of 150,000. Its present strength is 125,000.

Increases for the regular army, as planned by Mr. Garrison, are not to come all at once. They are to be spread over several years, the maximum being a total increase of ten regiments of infantry, four regiments of field artillery, fifty-two companies of coast artillery, and fifteen companies of engineers. But—and here is something that has not been emphasized in what Mr. Garrison has made public, but which has impressed itself upon the military folk—he proposes immense increases in materiel, active and reserve. It is the opinion of many military men that there is a disproportion between the increases in personnel and in materiel. It is suggested that Mr. Garrison is dwelling too much on materiel. It is even hinted by certain critics that Mr. Garrison has permitted the exigencies of the Wilson campaign for reelection to control him in the matter of recommendations that will call for enormous expenditures of money for military merchandise only to be stored in warehouses.

Another group of military critics are assailing Mr. Garrison for adopting the British as against the Swiss idea in his scheme for a Federal volunteer army—the

Continental. Mr. Garrison's answer is that the British system is much more easily adapted to American conditions and needs. To put in the Swiss system here would call at the start for enlisting and training upwards of 12,000,000 men, and the cost would at once be tremendous and unnecessary.

A legislative programme even with the stamp of the Administration upon it is one thing and getting it through Congress is quite another. It is in the stars that a scheme of national defense will be adopted by the coming Congress. But it is not likely that the programme as above outlined will go through in the precise form in which it has been laid down. The naval part of the project stands the better chance. It is the sounder of the two; furthermore it stands related to things which the average congressman frankly knows little or nothing about. But there will be marked differences of opinion when consideration reaches that part of the project for which Secretary Garrison is responsible. The militarists will demand that Mr. Garrison produce the report of the General Staff showing that our needs, particularly our need for an increased regular army, are much greater than he has represented. Mr. Garrison has already indicated that he will not produce that report. And if he does not he will have on this score to face a world of hostile criticism. Another difficulty will arise in connection with the vague attitude of the Secretary towards the National Guard. The "tin-soldier" element are already making it evident that they are not satisfied with fair words. They want rather more Federalization of the National Guard and they see little merit in the Continental army idea. They want that material for themselves. Congressman Hay, chairman of the House Committee on Military Affairs, who has not been a strong friend of the National Guard, is now, chiefly in order to annoy Garrison and his friends, inclining toward support of its demands.

By avoiding great increases in the regular establishment, Mr. Garrison has in a measure silenced those who would attack his programme on the ground that it is calculated to give jobs and promotion to militarists. On the other hand, these same militarists will not be above filling the pacifists with the idea that Garrison's proposal to make vast increases in materiel plays into the hands of the munitions makers.

From all this we hope some idea may be gathered of the line on which the campaign for preparedness will be fought out in Congress this winter. It is bound to be something of a fight. And in the end we are pretty certain to have results in line with the universal wish for a very notable augmentation of the means of national defense.

#### A New-Style Tariff Fight.

We are likely to have this coming winter a tariff issue in Congress along lines without parallel in our political or legislative history. It will be a fight within the Democratic party based on an attempt, under the initiative of President Wilson, to bring the party round to a position contrariwise to its traditional principles. While the main fight will be within the Democratic party, there will surely be something doing on the side-lines. The Republicans are hardly likely to sit supinely by and see the ground cut from under their party, and they may be expected to throw bricks into the Administration machine whenever opportunity offers.

President Wilson discovered more than a year ago that the Democratic tariff tradition was a fatal fact in the party policy. It broke the first Cleveland administration and seemed in the way of repeating this achievement in relation to the Wilson administration. Then came the war—a godsend truly in that by providing an outside stimulus to industry, it served to counteract measurably at least the disastrous effects of the reduced tariff. Until the war enforced a revival of American industry it looked as if the country was doomed to a period of industrial paralysis. By its continuance and through its sustained demand for American goods the war has really saved the country from the slump which would surely have come in consequence of stagnated industries. It has not indeed wholly made up for losses on tariff account, as witness the special war tax and as witness further the declining treasury balances. But it has to a degree helped the situation, and it has enabled Democratic apologists and champions to accredit to other causes whatever is amiss in the business life of the country.

Now comes the necessity for preparedness, giving

the Democratic administration specious ground for putting the tariff back on something like a Republican basis upon the theory that increased income is required to meet "the necessities of government." Thus the party may be able under the plea of patriotic purpose to overcome the effects of a political and economic error. It may by adroit manipulation succeed in putting over an essentially Republican tariff scheme in the guise of a Democratic measure. That President Wilson sees this opportunity and that he is preparing to make the most of it is made evident by unmistakable indications. Sugar is to be restored to the dutiable list along with other articles stricken from it two years ago; and in many instances the reductions of two years ago are to be made up by new advances. All this nominally to provide money to support a scheme of national defense, but in fact to give the Democratic party a chance to recover ground lost through the operations of the Democratically-reformed tariff.

With respect to this project the Republican minority in Congress is in a position of obvious disadvantage. If it shall give its help to the projected scheme of upward revision it will contribute water to the Democratic wheel; if it shall decline to aid upward revision it will stultify itself by opposition to its declared principles. The situation is one in which the Republican minority seems bound to play into the hand of President Wilson in the attempt he is about to make to bring the Democratic party round to an administrative policy directly opposite to its historical position with respect to tariff matters.

The logical position of the Republican party in Congress in the immediate future with respect to the tariff is advocacy of Mr. Taft's proposal to take tariff-making out of politics and to put it into the hands of a scientific commission. It will be remembered that under the Taft régime such a commission was organized and that its work was well under way when the revolution in the government involved in the election of Mr. Wilson came along to knock the project into a cocked hat. But the commission idea having been established by Republican authority and being supported by every consideration of propriety, affords a clear line for future Republican purpose. The last national convention established party policy on this line and upon this line it will have to remain even though there may be in it, in the present posture of affairs, small force of political inspiration. Here is the pledge of the Chicago convention upon this subject:

We condemn the Democratic party for its failure either to provide funds for the continuance of this board or to make some other provision for securing the information requisite for intelligent tariff legislation. We protest against the Democratic method of legislating on these vitally important subjects without careful investigation.

If a campaign for a tariff commission, looking to scientific adjustment of this great question, lacks something of concrete inspiration, at least it lacks nothing on the score of plain common sense and of essential wisdom. For until this method shall be enforced the tariff will remain a vexed and vexing question, a veritable football of partisan jugglery, a standing reproach to our statecraft and a continuing menace to the prosperity of the country.

#### An Ancient Grudge.

A correspondent with a discreet desire for anonymity writes to the editor of the *Argonaut* in order to express his disapproval of an article entitled "Another Slanderer Pilloried" which appeared on August 21st. It may be remembered that the article in question was an effort to deal faithfully with one of those perambulating and professional purists who first demand the hospitality of the city and then abuse that hospitality by slander in its most evil forms. The offender in this particular instance had seen fit to describe San Francisco to an audience of San Franciscans as the "Mecca of the Underworld" and to assert that there was some sort of traffic between the city as a whole and the agencies of immorality. The *Argonaut* thereupon remarked that the speaker was consciously and deliberately a slanderer, and it further suggested that the horse-trough might be the most effective form of reuke.

And now comes a correspondent whose home is in an Eastern village and who wishes to advance his own experiences in rebuttal of the *Argonaut's* assertions and in defense of the aforementioned purity person. It seems that he visited San Francisco in 1901



nd became one of a party that seems thoroughly to have explored the purlieus of the city under the hapenorage of a "licensed guild." It is evident enough that the "guild" had accurately measured the appetites of his patrons and was fully prepared to furnish the garbage of which they were in search. That, of course, was the chief business of his interesting fraternity fourteen years ago. Sights of degradation, nicely calculated to provide indignant virtue with the most painfully delightful thrills, were kept in storage, to speak, and produced like vaudeville turns at the dressing of the lutton. Possibly the same sort of thing may still be found on a lesser scale and for the benefit of pious visitors who are keenly anxious to see noisome things and at the same time to ointment their consciences by indignant protest. The *Argonaut* will not follow its correspondent in his peregrinations through Chinatown and the old Barbary Coast, nor will it reproduce his fascinated descriptions of his adventures. But he seems to have had his money's worth. He persisted to the bitter end. He wandered from den to bagnio, from dive to brothel, and saw it all. And now we may suppose that he has been relating his experiences in bated whispers for fourteen years and holding up pious hands in horror at the wickedness of San Francisco. Having paid a guide to show him some of the vices from which no great city is exempt, he now uses his treasured experiences after fourteen years for the defamation of a city which has done more to cleanse itself, and done it successfully, than any other such city in civilization. And it may be said further and for the edification of our correspondent that many of the most evil sights in San Francisco were actually created and sustained by the guides for the delectation of just such persons as himself and that they would have disappeared much sooner but for the insatiate curiosity of those anxious to combine their pruriency and their piety. And if he is in doubt upon that point he may consult the petition of the Chinese Six Companies for the closing of such places, and their assertion that they were no more than a stage play for the amusement of visitors. Our correspondent may therefore find some food for salutary reflection in the thought that he made his little contribution to the ancient and vanished vices of San Francisco. The city was just a shade worse for his visit. But he should hide the fact; not proclaim it.

But there are other complaints in this somewhat lengthy and querulous letter. San Franciscans, it seems, are a "screaming" people. He returned to the city shortly after the fire and a hackman charged him \$5 for a midnight drive from the Ferry to Third Street; whereas he could drive anywhere in Boston for the sum of \$2. His frugal soul seems to have suffered under the imposition, which hurt his pocket even more than Chinatown had hurt his morals. But to discuss a hack fare eight years old would be even more unprofitable than to pay it. Let it pass.

And so here we have one of the typical grudges against San Francisco, nursed and hugged for fourteen years, and dragged forth to sustain a modern slander. How many more are there, and what is the volume of their insidious influences in creating and nourishing an unreflecting and unintelligent prejudice?

Editorial Notes.

There is a threat of stormy weather in the coming session of Congress. Besides the complicated Tariff issue, discussed in another column, and the other issue of Preparedness with its chances of running into difficulties, there is a whole grist of problems of greater or less difficulty. Government Ownership of a Merchant Marine is certain to be the subject of hot fighting. Then there is the issue of Rural Credits, made especially difficult by the situation in which the Southern cotton interest finds itself. Philippine Independence is on the books for an overhauling. These, with repeal of the Seamen's bill, Child Labor, the State of the Treasury, Cloture of the Senate, Prohibition and Woman Suffrage Amendments, Prohibition in the District of Columbia, the Colombian, Nicaraguan, and Haitian treaties make up a roster of legislative bugaboos not edifying to contemplate.

Camels were common in North America during the Miocene epoch, and several forms have been found. One was about the size of a sheep and is supposed to be the ancestor of modern camels and llamas. Others were large and had long necks like the giraffe. All these ancient camels had hoofs like cattle.

THE THEATRE OF WAR.

The news service from the Balkans is so bad that it is difficult to determine what has happened. It is certain that Serbia is attacked upon three sides and that her situation for the moment is nearly as serious for her as it can be. A German force is moving down from the north across the Danube. Another German force is coming from the west across the Drina. And from the east the Bulgarians are attacking across a wide line of frontier. Serbia's line of hope is to the south, where the railroad connects Nish with Salonika, and a few days ago we were assured very positively that this line had been cut at Vranja. The report was denied from Serbian sources and also from Athens. It may be that a Bulgarian cavalry force managed to get astride of the railroad and was subsequently driven off. But if the railroad was actually cut at Vranja it is evident that the Serbian forces north of that point would be practically surrounded. The object of the Bulgarians is of course to move westward and so to get into touch with the Germans who are moving southward and eastward, and although only a few miles now separate their respective forces we all know that a few miles may prove to be a very long road indeed in the face of entrenched troops. But it is one thing to conquer Serbia, which may be very difficult, and quite another thing to effect a union between Germans and Bulgarians in northeastern Serbia. The Bulgarian and the Austrian frontiers are here less than fifty miles apart, and it is hard to believe that there can be any failure to connect, and with nothing but a weak Serbian force in the way. This will open up communication with Constantinople, which is the immediate Teuton objective, and we are likely to hear at any moment that this has been done. But whether the communication can be kept open is another matter, and one that must depend on Bulgaria's power to defend herself.

But it does not seem likely that there will be any "drive" or "rush" through Serbia with the exception of the northeast corner, and every day's delay means a greater gathering of the Allied hosts around Salonika. For the Germans are not advancing very fast. They crossed the Danube on October 5th, but a careful following of their progress does not indicate an advance of more than about fifteen miles. The Bulgarians are on Serbian territory at several points, but their point of greatest advance is somewhat in doubt, although their most important point of advance is of course in the northeast of Serbia, which is the point of nearest approach to their allies. And by this time they must be uneasy of an attack on their left flank and their rear. That they have made a rapid advance is shown by the fact that they have taken Uskub, although they are not likely to remain in undisputed possession of the place, seeing that they have been badly beaten by a French force at Istib, a few miles to the southeast, and a report from Berlin admits their heavy losses. The Bulgarians are not likely to be a match for the French if the conditions are in any way equal. The French are seasoned veterans, admirably equipped, and especially with artillery, while we may believe that the Bulgarians are not very enthusiastic.

Last week it was suggested in this column that the Allies would not necessarily rush to Serbia's assistance by the railroad north from Salonika, even supposing that an open railroad permitted them to do so. It might prove far better tactics to invade Bulgaria from Salonika in the hope of compelling the Bulgarian forces to fall back to the defense of their own territory. That an Allied force has actually gone north to join the Serbians is evident from the French victory at Istib, but we know now that the French have also attacked Strumnitza, and we are told that the Bulgarians have been so badly beaten that their left flank is in danger of envelopment. At the same time we hear of a British force at Enos, which is at the extreme southeast corner of Bulgaria, although actually on Turkish soil. And British ships have bombarded Dedegatch.

Therefore it looks as if there were no likelihood of anything like a triumphal march across Serbia. That the Serbians will be driven steadily back for some days to come is likely enough. Indeed there is hardly any misfortune that may not happen to their northern troops before the Allies can make their strength felt. But it is now evident that neither England nor France will make the Balkan war a matter of secondary importance. France, of course, is ever mindful that her enemy is on her own soil, but she seems to recognize that the defense of Serbia may actually be the best defense of France, and that she already has strong forces in the Balkans led by one of her best generals is evident. We do not know how strong they are, nor do we know the strength of the British. But the theory that the Allies have been taken by surprise by the sudden assault upon Serbia is pure assumption. The probability of such an attack was discussed months ago, and as a matter of fact the Allies have been rushing stores to Salonika for the last eight months. There is no means of ascertaining how many men they have there, but there is hardly any limit to the number of men that they can send there. And the German army is strictly limited. It is now said that the Austro-German army in Serbia is not more than 150,000 men, and we may believe that most of these were probably drawn from Russia, since the Russian arms have been in the ascendant ever since the Serbian campaign began. Germany can certainly draw no more from Russia without placing herself in a dangerous position. It is equally certain that she can not draw any men from the west, and she must therefore rely upon troops from home. It is Bulgaria that must do the lion's share, and therefore it is the fate of the Bulgarian forces that will be most significant. The Teuton forces, with

the Turks and Bulgarians, can not be more than 600,000, but as to their sufficiency nothing can be said, since we do not know the Allied strength. But this may be much greater than we suppose. Nor must we forget the large Russian army in the Crimea and the complete exposure of the Bulgarian east coast. During the next few days we may expect to hear of German and Bulgarian successes in the northeast of Serbia and Allied successes in the south. Communication with Constantinople will probably be opened, but after that the tide is likely to turn as Bulgaria becomes exposed to heavier and heavier blows from the south and north.

And then there are the other factors that are still wholly undetermined, and any one of them might have a volcanic effect upon the situation. There is the possibility of revolution in Bulgaria, and this would be greatly increased by Bulgarian reverses. We do not know what munitions she has, but she will have to make the best of them, since she can get no more until she can strike hands with Germany, whose own supply is not unlimited. She is a Slav power and she is fighting against the leader of Pan-Slavism. Already we hear of mutinies in the army and of plots at home. Then there is the uncertain attitude of Greece. Perhaps the fact is not yet fully realized, but it is a fact that the Allies can bring an almost irresistible pressure to bear upon Greece. Greece can not feed herself. She imports the larger part of her foodstuffs, and if her coast were to be blockaded she would be starving in much less than a month. This accounts for the stringency of the demands that are being made upon her. The Allied ships in great force are practically on the spot. The King of Greece is strongly pro-German, but the majority of his people are equally strongly the other way, and the threat of a blockade would probably prove conclusive. Roumania is nearly unanimously pro-Ally, but she is naturally afraid to incur the enmity of the Teutonic powers, who may at any time be in a position to punish her. And on the other hand she is equally afraid of Russia, who is her next-door neighbor.

The situation is therefore clouded and its every feature may be changed at almost any moment. There are no foregone conclusions, and there are no easy victories nor irresistible advances for any one. At the same time, and whatever the issue, there can be nothing but admiration for the titanic energies of the German armies. Actually on the defensive in Russia and in the west, after over a year of devastating warfare, she can yet begin a new campaign in a new field, and with the same entire confidence that she has displayed from the start. What she will do in the event of a Balkan failure, what she can do, remains to be seen, and we may be sure that it is the largest of all questions in the minds of her statesmen. And her failure is distinctly among the possibilities. She is in grievous need of reinforcements in the west as well as in Russia, and if the Bulgarians should fail to hold their own against the Allies she will be able to do very little more than she has already done to help them. And Bulgaria is likely to prove a breakable reed.

And we may usefully remember that if the Allies should succeed in beating Bulgaria it will mean something vastly more than the salvation of Serbia or a check to Germany. If Bulgaria is the high road to Constantinople for the Germans it may also be the high road to Constantinople for the Allies. With Bulgaria neutral there could be no way to attack Constantinople except through the Dardanelles. But with Bulgaria an enemy she can be invaded by any one strong enough to do so. The Allies, if fortune goes with them, can push north toward the railroad and the Russians can send an army to the Bulgarian coast or even to the Turkish coast further south. It would therefore be a mistake to attach any extraordinary importance to the events of the next few days, even though we should hear that the Germans were in touch with Constantinople. It becomes increasingly evident that the centre of the whole storm is now in the Balkans and that the hurricane is likely to blow itself out there and nowhere else. Whatever fighting there may be elsewhere will be intended directly or indirectly to affect the Balkans. And when we look at the history of the Balkans in the light of a constructive imagination we can understand why this should be so. Belgium and the Balkans mark the sweep of the pendulum of European fate.

And once more we may remind ourselves of the necessity of looking at the war as a whole rather than at a few battles in a few definite areas. Supposing Germany should succeed in crushing Serbia and in the relief of Constantinople, as she is quite likely to do. She will still find herself opposed in the Balkans by France, England, and Russia, who will fight from the north and the south in constantly increasing strength. It is true that her prestige will be greatly advanced, and prestige is no small asset. But actually her military difficulties will not be diminished. On the contrary they will increase, and she will need larger and larger forces to meet them. To supply these she must draw from France and Russia, and it is not conceivable that she can do this without danger. Major Morah says that Germany is now on the defensive in east and west, and indeed it becomes evident that so far as the west is concerned her position is rapidly becoming a very critical one. Her lines of communication are in grave danger at more than one point, and another French success one-half so large as that won in the Champagne fighting would mean a retirement, and it might mean a rout. We need no military knowledge to perceive what is happening along the whole western front at this moment, and in spite of the seeming lull. Vast stores of ammunition are being brought up to selected points, and when those stores are big enough there will be another tremendous assault. Of course it may fail, but on the



hand it may succeed, as did the last one. And if it does succeed there is no Balkan success that could compensate for it. In Russia there have been some small German successes toward Riga, but Dvinsk is still untaken and there has been no real advance there for over three weeks. And on the whole line to the south the scales have been almost evenly balanced, but with a slight advantage for Russia. When we look at the southern frontier we see a marked Italian success along nearly the whole line. Both the French and the Italian armies are showing a certain reserve power of the most formidable kind, while the Russian armies must be growing stronger with the coming of winter and the daily receipt from Japan of over twenty trainloads of munitions. Even though Germany should meet with an immediate success in the Balkans we may still ask ourselves in what way and to what extent it will help her cause as a whole?

It will give her prestige, as has been said, and this in itself is much. It will hold back Roumania, which is still more. It will give her a consolidated dominion from the North Sea to the frontiers of Egypt. It will enable her to draw on the human resources of Asiatic Turkey. It will be a rude shock to the British Empire in Asia. It will be a powerful card to play in the peace game. And perhaps it is no mere coincidence that there should be a revival of peace talk as a German success in the Balkans comes within sight. What we have to do is to measure these advantages—and they are undeniably substantial—with the disadvantage of what is beginning to look like a military inferiority of strength in France and Russia. If France, England, and Russia believe that they can win battles in their immediate fields they will not be dismayed by reverses in the Balkans. On the contrary they will be stiffened in their Balkan resistance. They will believe that if Germany has had to relinquish her offensive in the east and the west she can not be actually advantaged by opening up a third theatre of war.

Two separate bulletins, one from Germany and the other from Switzerland, profess to give the substance of the general order issued by General Joffre before the battle of Champagne. The order in question, said to have been found on the body of a dead officer, would indicate that the French expected to accomplish much more than they actually achieved. But the authenticity of these reports is much in doubt. In the first place the German and the Swiss renderings are much at variance, and in the second place it is a stringent rule that general orders shall be promptly destroyed as soon as they have been read to the troops.

A Berlin bulletin describing the sinking of a German cruiser in the Baltic by a British submarine and with heavy loss of life is another evidence that at least some of these craft have gained access to the Baltic and are by no means inactive. Recently we read of the destruction of six Swedish supply steamers by the same agency. On the other hand the German submarine war seems to have diminished in intensity, and this may be due either to the success of the British in meeting the danger or to the transfer elsewhere of the German craft. The transport of troops to the Balkans, for example—a much more serious operation than sending men to France—must provide many tempting opportunities for the submarines, and it is possible that many of them are lurking in Greek waters or in the Adriatic and in the vicinity of Pola. Undoubtedly a great many German submarines have been lost, but it is hardly likely that the supply has been in any way exhausted.

The London *Chronicle*, with an eye directed naturally toward British victories, points out that October is, above all other months, the month of battle. There is not a day, says the *Chronicle*, that does not commemorate some victory, or two or three. It is the month of Hastings, Sebastopol, Trafalgar, Edgehill, Agincourt, and Balaklava. On October 7, 1571, the Italian and Spanish fleets obliterated the Turkish fleet at Lepanto; October 10, 1806, France defeated Prussia at Saalfeld; October 12, 1860, Peking was taken by English and French troops; on October 14, 1806, Napoleon defeated the Prussians, and, later, entered Berlin; October 15, 1877, the Turks were overwhelmed by the Russians at Aladja Daga; on October 20, 1805, the Austrian army surrendered to Ney, and on October 22, 1876, Turkish forces were captured by a Montenegrin force at Medun.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 27, 1915. SIDNEY CORRY.

A spectacle-maker, Jan Leippersheim by name, living in Holland, invented a crude magnifying glass in 1608. Anton von Leuwenhoek, born in Delft in 1632, improved this clumsy toy and evolved a compound microscope which has become the most valuable sanitary tool yet devised by man. That first microscope was as far removed from the high-powered instrument of today as is the modern American from the original cave-man. Yet by this faulty means Leuwenhoek, naturalist, physician, and botanist, discovered certain minute bodies which he called "little animals." He made drawings of these and today they are known for those useful friends and malignant enemies of man—bacteria.

The sea teems with plants and animals, and it has been estimated that the amount of life in the sea exceeds that of the land, square mile for square mile. Animal life is found nearly everywhere, even at the greatest depth; but it flourishes best at or near the shore. On the other hand, plant life seems to be absent over the bottoms of the ocean basins, but plentiful at the surface, where the sunlight plays an important part in its growth.

## THE BALLAD OF JANE STILICH.

Sweet Is Vengeance to the Heart of a Montenegrin.

*Sweet is vengeance to the heart of a Montenegrin, and where the outlying countries stretch oway to the gleaming blue sea, there also are hearts to whom vengeance is sweet!*

Dragho! Dragho Stilich! where is he now? He who was blest with wife, and child, and wealth; whose flocks of sheep with twisted horns roamed the vales of Montenegro. And where, too, is Arnold Mienesky, for whom, in vast plantations, the plum trees were bearing fruit to enrich his coffers, and whose white mulberries were thick in foliage? Listen! It is a casino at Xalassi-Mali, and Dragho and Arnold are quarreling hotly. Word leads to word, and rage mounts high in both their breasts. Ah, hold your breath! What deed is this? Arnold draws his dagger, and Dragho, smitten, falls to the earth murmuring "Vengeance."

*Sweet is vengeance to the heart of a Montenegrin!* And now who is this who comes, weeping, to claim the dead? Jane—Jane Stilich, the widow. And the neighbors lift the body in their arms, and carry him where the fire is smouldering upon his own hearth, and lay him on the mat, where the dying flames send a strange glow upon the pallid cheek and light up his wide-open eyes. What is the meaning of that significant gaze from those staring eyes? The priest who comes with holy water to bless the dead is strangely troubled. Only Jane understands, and when they have placed beside him his weapons and his pipe, she goes forth to seek the Sardar. The hour-glass marks four o'clock.

*Sweet is vengeance to the heart of a Montenegrin!* Behold, it is the widow who enters the house of the Sardar. She speaks: "Hear me, oh friend! My son is young. An ear of corn is the heaviest sword his little hand can hold, and I have no brothers. You are rich in brothers, and four sons who bear your name are of an age to carry arms. You were Dragho's friend, punish his murderer." And Jane falls upon her knees at the Sardar's feet. He fixes his gaze upon her and replies:

"But, look you, Dragho Stilich has been no more my friend since last year's Christmas feast was held, when, rich in flocks, he refused to give me four sheepskins to clothe my four brave sons. But you—you are fair and comely—my sons and I will search the country for the murderer, and then you shall give yourself as wife to the Sardar." Jane's eyes blaze with fury, and she departs. All night long Jane is weeping over the body of her lost husband, and Dragho gazes steadfastly before him with ever open eyes.

*Sweet is vengeance to the heart of a Montenegrin!* The skies are bright with the light of another day. Far and near hurries the tortured widow. Among the friends of Dragho she looks in vain for one who will arm himself and seek the fugitive. With one accord they answer, "Ah, but Arnold, too, has always been our good friend." And then, with despair in her soul, Jane turns her steps toward the house of the Sardar. "It is well—I accept the compact."

The eyes of the old Sardar flash beneath their hoary brows; he rubs his wrinkled palms together in satisfaction. And Jane, once more she weeps over her dead; then, bending low, she whispers in his ear, and lo! the open eyes close in quiet rest and Jane weeps on, and the hour-glass marks four o'clock.

*Sweet is vengeance to the heart of a Montenegrin!* "Awake—hasten, my sons—let us prepare powder and ball and rations for the days we shall wander far from our home. Where are the hunting-knives? Tighten your belts that the gurrine may closely protect your chests; bring forth the deerskin robes, that the dews and showers of night may not destroy our arms and our stores. Arnold Mienesky has flown to the mountain heights and we go to take his life, for is it not he who has killed Dragho, our dearest friend?"

*Sweet is vengeance to the heart of a Montenegrin!* Skillful is he and wary—the old Sardar, and soon the fugitive shall feel the danger that is near him. The Sardar discovers his tracks, and on the first day they meet one of the four brave sons falls dead—and when the second day breaks, behold another son is slain. The Sardar hesitates and questions his course. Arnold, the murderer, bethinks him if it would not be well to surrender. The priest seeks the widow and urges reconciliation. With fury and passionate words she refuses, and as she speaks, the sand falls and the glass marks four o'clock.

*Sweet is vengeance to the heart of a Montenegrin!* "She refuses in wrath" is whispered through the streets of Xalassi-Mali—but the people, still hoping, send to the Lord Bishop a hundred sequins—the price of a head. With the Lord Bishop rests the charge of calling a tribunal of reconciliation. In the great church all is prepared for the mass of peace. Ring out, O bells, for the blessed mass of reconciliation, and ring for the twelve young mothers who come, carrying their babes in their arms, to knock at the widow's door. "Jane, Jane, open the door to us—we bring gold and 'broidered kerchiefs.'" But no response comes from that close-fastened door.

*Sweet is vengeance to the heart of a Montenegrin!*

"Jane, our good neighbor Jane, in the name of our children we ask forgiveness. Arnold repents. It was but a dispute. Malice there was none. It was the dagger which slew Dragho. The dagger alone guilty—only listen, the priest will come to shatter and to pronounce it accursed. Open the door, Jane, open to us." But Jane Stilich is silent and relentless. She has sworn an oath to her dead, and woe befall him who breaks his oath.

*Sweet is vengeance to the heart of a Montenegrin!* Dragho's murderer wanders once more through the forest's depths. This time, supported by his twelve brothers and by the two sons whom death has not stolen away, the aged Sardar again essays the capture. Fear seizes upon Arnold; to fly or to search a place of hiding; in both lurks danger. Enveloped by the dark shades of night, wild beasts beset his way, and his breast is filled with terror—his days are days of hurrying, fearful flight from his memories. The aged Sardar sounds a note of triumph! Arnold abandons his defense. He surrenders—he is the Sardar's captive. And the vision arises before the Sardar of Jane—the fair widow waiting for him in her lonely home. And now behold the victorious procession that enters Xalassi-Mali. Men, women, and the children in the streets, follow in the train of the Sardar and his twelve brave sons, the prisoner Arnold Mienesky in the midst.

*Sweet is vengeance to the heart of a Montenegrin!* From afar the drone of the pipes and the noise of many feet reaches Jane, and sends a thrill to her heart as she reads in the din the announcement that the Sardar has returned. No time for thought. She opens her coffers and takes out the rich marriage robe which has lain untouched since the joyful day that saw her Dragho's bride. Its folds shake out the scents of lavender and asperule. How beautiful she is in that bright garb! Her fingers sparkle with gems, and jewels shine in her ears; on her head-dress rings together a double row of Turkish sequins. In one hand she holds her distaff, in the other her household key. "He has avenged Dragho to possess Dragho's wife and Dragho's flocks. It is well. I am his."

*Sweet is vengeance to the heart of a Montenegrin!* "Make way, make way for the procession!" The heralds proclaim the Sardar's approach. His brothers and his sons still follow him. Jane, happy Jane, climbs to the topmost story of her house to bid them welcome. The old Sardar thinks upon her charms; his wrinkled visage is full of ardor. He hastens to open the door which alone separates him from the woman he longs to possess. As he knocks, a voice from above falls in clearest tone upon his ears: "Behold your bride!" He turns quickly, eagerly, with anxious longing, and Jane flings herself from the lofty roof as the echoes repeat to the affrighted Sardar, "Behold your bride!" Where is now the spirit of Jane, Jane Stilich as she lies dead, dead before the Sardar and his followers?

And the glass marks four o'clock, and the Sardar has not Jane Stilich, nor has he Dragho's flocks—sheep with twisted horns which roam the vales of Montenegro.

*Sweet is vengeance to the heart of a Montenegrin, and where the outlying countries stretch away to the gleaming blue sea, there also are hearts to whom vengeance is sweet!*

—Translated for the Argonaut.

Dishonest traveling merchants in China find a particularly lucrative field in which to ply their labor with the result that almost unbelievable consequences come to light now and then. Some traders, taking advantage of the simplicity of the Mongolians, make an attractive display of goods such as the natives crave to possess, and tempt them to purchase what catches their fancy. Woe to one who is beguiled to walk in the snare, for the glib tongue of the traveling merchant will soon induce him to take possession of the particular article to which his attention is directed, any price demanded. If he has something to offer in exchange, fleecing stops there, but in case he has nothing to give in return a great calamity will befall him. The vendor will assure him that he is quite welcome to carry away the article on credit. He will come back again to the town after a certain lapse of time. If the native hands over one or several head of cattle as the case may be, and an extra sheep or horse, equivalent in value to thirty or forty per cent of the price of the goods advanced, as interest, everything will be satisfactory. However, the merchant on returning seldom collects the price, but is satisfied with carrying away the promised interest, leaving the purchaser in debt so that he can forever milk him. Thus, it is not rare to see some Mongolians working for the payment of usurious interest on a debt contracted by their fathers or even grandfathers as the result of having fallen a victim to one of these trick Chinese peddlers.

Reverend John Flinn, aged ninety-eight, of Portland, Oregon, is said to be the oldest preacher in the country, if not in the world. He is still active, rises at an early hour, and frequently walks five or ten miles in a morning. Dr. Flinn was born in Cork, Ireland, and came to America when a young man. He became a Methodist preacher in 1848 and two years later went to Oregon as a missionary.



## THE JESTER OF PISA.

## The Ill-Starred Slave Who Dared to Love a Princess.

The room of the Lady Lucrece was full of cool shadows, though it was midsummer, and the purple-ordered linens at the windows swayed in the hot wind. There were purple-bordered linens, too, on the couch where the Lady Lucrece lay—one can not do much at noontide in Pisa when it is midsummer. The eavens seemed to hang down near to the languorous earth; a palpitant white heat shimmered on the streets; the lazaroni slept; at the bath-houses the attendants went about in shifts of linen; the shops and the stores were silent; it was too hot even to hate. If one had vengeance to take he waited till nightfall, when it would be cooler. And the Lady Lucrece, fragrant from her bath, lay on her couch amid the fresh linens, and sprinkled powder on her breasts to keep the moisture from gathering there.

As the long day wasted itself in languid hours the lady smiled, although it was not her wont.

"How many hours till moonlight?" she asked of her maid.

"Six and more, gracious mistress," replied the maid, frownsly; and she wiped her forehead upon her sleeve.

"Ah," sighed the Lady Lucrece, "bring in Massimiliani." A moment later a queer, halting step was heard on the tiled floor in the hall outside. The curtains at the door were the green which the sea wears in the morning. They parted, and Massimiliani stood between them. Had nature had her way he would have been tall, but some mysterious force had bent him almost double, and his humped shoulders and heavy head hung always toward the earth. He was not merely grotesque, he was hideous. There are men that nature has jested with; Massimiliani she had cursed. He made a salutation with his hands—he could bend no lower.

"I am forever bowing," he said to his mistress. "My grace was so great the first time I had occasion to make a salute to a lady that I was never allowed to rise."

"Who was the lady?" queried his mistress, shutting her eyes as he stood before her.

"The only woman with whom I shall ever lie—another Earth." He looked straight down at the Lady Lucrece. She did not cover her bosom—why should he for Massimiliani?—no one counted him a man. He was as free to come and go as the spaniel that lay upon the rugs.

"I do not want gibes this afternoon," said his mistress.

Massimiliani spread out his huge dark hands and smiled.

"Then my gracious lady did not send for me?"

"Send for you? Yes, I sent for you."

"It can not be. You have forgotten. For what am I but a gibe? It can not be a question of wisdom, for it would not lie between a woman and a fool. Perhaps it was a matter of grace, and you want me to lance, or a matter of beauty, and you wish me to smile, or a question of sweet sounds, and you wish me to sing."

The Lady Lucrece sat up and put the damp hair back from her brow.

"I had sooner hear a chorus of ravens," she said, but she laughed as she said it. No one minded Massimiliani, and she pulled at the end of his long, hanging leevie to make him squat upon the floor by her feet, which he did with a mocking gesture.

"Princes have been here before me," said he.

The lady looked haughty, but she was not ill-pleased.

"It does relate to singing," said she.

Massimiliani leaped to his feet and seized some roses that lay at the foot of the couch.

"The flowers!" he cried, and flung them from the casement.

His mistress stared at him in amazement.

"From the Lord Ascanio," she replied mechanically.

"There was a tarantula among them. Are you so good, madam, that your lovers must send you to heaven?"

"Fool!" cried the lady, angrily, "there was no tarantula among the roses."

Massimiliani sat down again upon the floor.

"Go on with your tale," said he, "I am no greater fool than I was before."

The Lady Lucrece sat pondering, with her elbows on her knees, and her flushed cheek in her hands.

"Fool," said the Lady Lucrece, and her breath came faster, "you have not heard, have you—"

"God gave me straight ears, the saints be thanked," he jester sardonically interrupted.

"—Night after night, since the summer came, a voice below my window? It always comes when the shadow of the balcony hides his figure."

"That he may not see your face, if you lean out, and so lose his inspiration?" interjected the dwarf. The lady struck him on the ear with her jeweled hand. The blow was light, but the dwarf shivered.

"The voice," said he, "what was it like?" The lady fell back again into her old attitude. The flowing sleeves dropped from her arms. The loose strings of pearls with which they were wreathed tumbled down to her elbows. Massimiliani spread himself flat upon the floor, and bracing his heavy head against his hands, watched her as a tiger does his prey.

"Ah, fool! I think you know I never loved. Men are so little, I could rule them all; I do not want a man that I can rule. But his voice—it sings of war, of great deeds, terrible and grand. And yet, Massimiliani, it sings of love—of love which counts power, and money, and name as nothing. It does not sue for love; it demands it as a right. The verses which he sings are no other man's; they are his own, and he weaves them as he sings. He does not mind that I am great, he loves me for my soul, he loves me for my pride, for my will, for my scorn of petty things. He knows me as I am. He is the first living creature who has ever done so. It mounts—this voice—up to my lattice like a vine. It runs through gay melodies like rippling water. It grows as sad as the voice of the night-bird. I weep when it sings of death; I throw up my arms and walk the room, strong as a giant, when it sings of war, and when it sings of love, fool, I bury my face in my arms and blush. All day I lie and dream of it, and in my sleeping dreams at night I hear naught but it. I dream how we shall meet and where. I am sure he must be beautiful."

A sound from the man at her feet caused her to stop. The fool had rolled on his back in a convulsion of laughter, and the tears trickled down his shrunken cheeks.

"Fool!" cried the lady, springing from the couch in anger.

"Mother of God!" exclaimed the dwarf. "Will the eternal snows melt and the desert blossom? Will the tower fall? Shall I be straight? Will God take pity? Will my lady love?" He threw his jangling punchinello at her feet, and tore his cap from his head. "Wear them," he cried, "my bauble and my cap! I never cracked so excellent a jest."

"Slave!" The lady grew pale with rage. "Tomorrow you shall see, for I shall find which of my courtiers it is that sings thus, and I will marry him and none but him."

"None but him, gracious lady? And all these perfumed knights that have been praying to you while moons grew great and faded into sheaths again and waned to darkness, and these that hold a courtly contest for your hand?"

"I will marry him alone who knows my soul, and shows it me in song. I sent for you that you might search him out. I thought you might do me some service."

"Aye, for the scorn of fifteen years, which you have given me?"

"Have you not given me back scorn for scorn?"

"At least today I have made you forget we are not equals. You are defending yourself against me, mistress, against your slave!"

"Leave me! Tomorrow, mind, at night when my friends are with me, I shall find who sang those songs, and I will be his wife, and none but wife. You think I can not love? I have known but fools, though they were not all as ugly as devils. Out of my sight! I do not need your aid." The fool, with his bestial head hanging and his hot eyes rolling, threw up his hands with a frantic gesture and rushed from the room.

The day passed. Evening came, and, later, the moonlight. Under the balcony the shadows were dark. The Lady Lucrece walked in the chamber where the candles stood dark in their silver sconces, and only the moon lit the white marble which her garments swept. She waited long; the voice did not come. The moon reached the west, and still the lady paced the floor. At length the longed-for melody, pure, vaulting, triumphant, burst into a song of victory and love; but ere it had sung a score of words it was choked into silence. A sound arose to the lady's ears of passionate weeping; there was a discordant jangle of the lute as though a disregardful hand had brushed it heavily, and the night wore on in silence. The next day no one saw the jester Massimiliani nor the Lady Lucrece till it was night—a festal night—and the stately apartments were ablaze with light. Never had Pisa known such a festival. Liberty reigned in hall and hovel, and the Lady Lucrece was the central figure of the festival. She sat at the end of a hall on a dais. Robes of azure silk fell all about her; jewels looped up her hair, glittered on her arms, clasped her white neck, and shone in the fastening of her slippers. About her were flowers, perfume, light, music, men who were courtly, women who were beautiful. There were marbles, carvings, tapestries, statues, and fountains. But the deep fire in the eyes of the Lady Lucrece did not catch its inspiration from any of these things. It was midnight when she ordered the music to stop. She had been dancing and all the sensuous rhythm of the motion seemed impersonated in her. She went back to the dais and stood there, young and fair, in the shadow of the ancient carvings. A look of maidenliness, unwonted in her, spread itself over her face. She came of tyrants, and the blood of the tyrant was in her; but now she looked as gentle as any maid that ever begged her lover for another kiss.

"I have sworn on oath," said she, "and tonight I must keep it. The people of Pisa have long wished me to take a lord, but I have found none whom I desired. But for many nights some one has sung beneath my window. I do not know the man, but my soul is wedded to the voice, and I will marry him alone who can prove to me tonight that it is his." Her hauteur had returned. She was again the daughter of

a line of dukes; she was commanding and not seeing. No one replied or moved. The lady spoke again:

"Surely he need not fear; he may trust me." She waited still; a woman's tremors came back to her. "He must have loved me," she cried, "it was the voice of love. Let me but look on him who sang those songs to me." She held out her arms. The jewels on her bosom rose and fell. She seemed half sinking beneath the tremulous agitation. Suddenly from behind the back of that great chair upon the dais there sprang Massimiliani, the hideous jester.

"It was I!" he cried; "it was I!"

A murmur, half wrathful and half jeering, a hubbly of laughter, surged up from the company.

"Fool!" cried the lady, "this is no time for jests."

"It was I!" he cried; "it was I!"

"Let us hear your voice, knave!" cried a saucy little fellow of sixteen. He flung a coin toward the fool. Massimiliani seized the coin and flung it in the young noble's face. The bent back that had never straightened seemed almost to straighten now, and a voice full of passionate sadness, yet melodious and thrilling, came out of a form which seemed made to be the covering for only unclean things. It was an existent paradox; an astounding incongruity; the antithesis of facts. And as he sang, a hope leaped into his eyes and a triumph into his voice. Desire belongs not alone to Adonis; even a Caliban may love. The lady's head was bowed upon her breast. The song he had chosen was the unfinished one she had listened to the night before. The humpback bent forward in hideous inhumanity, but the lady's face was shaded with her silken scarf. He grew mad with a tumult of wild surmises as to what her mood might be. At length she raised her face and he saw. It was the tyrannical disdain of her race—the unspeakable contempt of a ruler for a presumptuous and menial knave—the mad mortification of an outraged woman and the chaste pique of a maiden. He saw and comprehended at a glance. He knew it was all over. The song died upon his lips. The swords of the nobles, which amazement had kept in their sheaths, were out. Massimiliani leaped toward his mistress, caught her in his arms, kissed her where the jewels were lost in her bosom, and as the fierce Italians surged up to him he buried his stiletto in his breast.

So died the last jester of Pisa.

ELIA W. PEATTIE.

Palestine has often been infested with a pest of locusts, and the older residents still recall vividly the general disaster of 1865, when scarce a green leaf was left, but in the memory of the present generation no such wholesale devastation has been wrought as certain parts of the country experienced recently. As far as the eye could reach the fields were covered by the locusts, and even the street in front of the American consulate at Jerusalem had the appearance in the movement of the green and black mass of a flowing river. Matters reached such a climax that a governmental commission was appointed, which issued an order requiring every male residing in the cities from the ages of fifteen to sixty years to collect twenty kilos (forty-four pounds) of locusts or to pay an exemption fee of one Turkish pound (\$4.40). When the larvae made their first appearance near Jerusalem they were about an inch long, and the plain of Raphaim became the scene of peculiar activity. The method of procedure was to form lines of men, women, and children along the roads separating the private gardens from the open fields beyond, flagging the locusts. Tinned boxes were sunk in the earth in the direction in which the locusts were advancing. The flaggers would drive them together in a dense column toward the trap where guards at each end would keep them from escaping. Few crops or orchards escaped devastation. This was especially true on the Plain of Sharon, where the Jewish and German colonies, with their beautiful orange gardens, vineyards, and orchards, suffered most severely. The only exception were the orange gardens in Jaffa proper, which, doubtless, owed their immunity to the sea breezes. In the lowlands there was a complete destruction of the summer crops such as garden vegetables, melons, apricots, and grapes, for all of which the plain between Jerusalem and Jaffa is renowned and upon whose supply the Jerusalem markets depend. In the mountain district, notably about Jerusalem and Hebron, the heaviest loss from the onslaught of the locusts was in connection with the olive groves and vineyards.

In Hawaii the kuku tree (*Alseodaphne triloba* or *A. moluccana*) is commonly known as the candlenut tree, and it well deserves the appellation, for no other tree, probably, furnishes so natural a candle. The nuts are about two inches in diameter, and the Hawaiians string them together on sticks and use them for lighting their houses. However, the tree is known from the West Indies to Australia. In Hawaii the kuku tree is common to all the islands, being the dominant native tree of the lower mountain zone. The tree has wide-spreading branches, attains a height of forty to sixty feet, and is characterized by large, irregularly lobed leaves of a pale-green color. The oil expressed from the kernel of the nut is known in different countries as kuku oil, country walnut oil, kekuni oil, artists' oil, Bankul oil, Ehoc oil, candlenut oil, Spanish walnut oil, Belgian oil, etc.



## RED TAPE IN FRANCE.

"St. Martin" Writes of Some of the Things to Be Adjusted After the War.

What a prodigious house-cleaning there will be here in France when the war is over. What reputations will be torn into shreds and incapacities exposed. There is no time for such things with the enemy almost at the gates of Paris and when every ounce of available strength must be concentrated on the one point of military efficiency. The rods of chastisement must wait, but they will be none the less effective for their careful preservation in pickle.

Doubtless it is the same in all the countries involved with the exception of Germany, where red tape is unknown and where technical inefficiencies do not exist. Even here in Paris there are strange stories of stupidity and worse than stupidity in the British medical service. Jealousies are said to be rampant, and it is considered better that a wounded man should go untended than that he should receive even the simplest of surgical services from hands unsanctified by a diploma. An American nurse with a long hospital experience behind her, and therefore untroubled with nerves, said recently that the plight of the wounded was sometimes unbelievable and that its worst features were due to red tape, stupidity, and jealousy. She was almost afraid to go to sleep lest she should dream of what she had seen and of what she had smelt during the day. But unfortunately when the time for the washing of dirty linen arrives it will be too late to benefit the wounded.

Some day there will be a philosopher who will write a psychology of red tape. It is a disease that runs virulently through officialism. Its chief symptom is a conviction that every human activity must be carried out in accordance with a settled routine and that the routine is the one thing in sight that is absolutely divine. Thus it may be a quite proper regulation that an officer who leaves the service shall be financially responsible for debts incurred to the supply department as well as for any advances in pay not covered by his actual service. But what shall we say of an official who notifies a woman that her husband has been killed in action and then goes on to remark that he owed nine francs for a revolver holster and that the bearer will wait for the money. This thing actually happened. Probably this sort of thing has happened a hundred times. It is red tape, but whether it is red tape that causes imbecility or imbecility that causes red tape has not been determined. But probably red tape causes more pain than bullets.

We see it everywhere. Wounded soldiers who are discharged from hospitals at a distance from Paris are given their railroad tickets, but it often happens that they have no money to buy food and that there are no arrangements for feeding them on their way. The regulations framed in time of peace specify that the discharged soldier shall be returned to Paris. Possibly it was taken for granted that his ordinary human needs would be satisfied, or it was assumed that the journey to Paris would be a matter of a few hours at most. But the trains are apt to be slow in times of war and the munition trains must have precedence of all others. And so it happens that an unlucky soldier, weak from his hospital experience, may spend two or three days without food because the official regulations have nothing to say about feeding him.

Curiously enough, it is nearly always the hospital arrangements that are the first to break down in time of war. Of course a soldier ceases to be of value at the instant he receives his wound. With a speed exactly equal to that of the bullet that strikes him he passes from the column of assets to that of liabilities. In point of fact he becomes a nuisance. The order of the precedence on the military road is, first munitions, secondly reinforcements, thirdly food, and last of all, the wounded. It is not cruelty nor indifference. It is stern necessity. The fighting line must be sustained, no matter who suffers. It is apt to be hell for the wounded man until he reaches the hospital, and in the early days of the war there was a good deal of hell there, too. There were innumerable volunteer nurses when the wounded began to arrive. To volunteer for Red Cross work became the fashion. Wealthy ladies of many nationalities offered their services and vied with one another in their devotion. But they did not propose that their services to the wounded should be a substitute for their ordinary and pleasurable occupations. They were to be an addition. They were to be sandwiched in between the dinners, balls, and promenades. One lady had a couple of hours to spare in the morning and another could give an hour in the afternoon if nothing else prevented. There were very few among these volunteers who had the faintest idea of actually sacrificing themselves. It was the fad of the moment, the latest on the list of novel amusements. Of course they all dropped off and their places were taken by trained workers or by those who made up for their lack of training by their real devotion. But unfortunately it was not of these latter that we heard much. It was the people who made themselves conspicuous in their automobiles of whom we heard and whose ambitions were divided between the hunger for prominence and an even greater hunger for the region of Honor.

And so there will be plenty of scandals to investi-

gate when the war is over. There will be committees of investigation galore and a hundred other ingenious efforts to lock the stable door after the horse has been stolen. The red tapist will disappear momentarily under a cloud of ignominy, the unspeakable censor will receive some of the castigation that is due to him, and the volunteer and self-advertising Red Cross workers are likely to see themselves for the first time as others see them. It is a rather appalling prospect, but probably nearly all the countries now at war will have to face it.

ST. MARTIN.

PARIS, October 17, 1915.

Untold ages before the birth of the Rocky Mountains a large inland sea spread over the western and central parts of North America. In geologic language the invasion of this sea occurred in Mississippian time—a period just preceding the one in which the bituminous and anthracite coal beds that extend over portions of central and eastern North America were formed. This sea covered much of the present site of the Rocky Mountain area, the central plains, and at times a part of the Great Plains in the United States. At different times it opened into the Arctic Ocean on the north, the Pacific on the south, and probably the Gulf of Mexico on the southeast. This incursion of salt water was not the first or the last to invade the American continent. At each incursion muddy, sandy, or limy deposits mixed with sea shells and other animal remains were laid down along the beach and upon the sea floor. Strange as it may seem, most of these rocks formed ages ago now stand above sea level and constitute plains, plateaus, and even mountains. Animal life was very abundant in this Mississippian sea. Nearly if not all the classes of animals now living were present. Sharks and fishes, though different in appearance from the present forms, sported along the shore or swam the deep. Sea lilies or crinoids, animals built on the same general plan as the starfish but having a calcareous cup with an attached stem, decorated the sea floor. Sea shells belonging to the same class as the oysters and snails were there. The lamp shells, or more technically speaking the brachiopods, resembling butterflies, mingled with a corkscrew-like sea net. Other forms, minute and large, figured in this life and have been wonderfully well preserved to the present time. Finally this sea bottom began to rise, and at length it emerged; the waters withdrew to the deep basins, and land life was substituted for marine.

A panoramic periscope enabling the commander of a submarine to obtain a constant and clear view of the horizon in all directions has finally been produced by the French, who are putting it to practical use. At the top of the new instrument is an annular lens, the exterior of which has a spherical curvature while the interior is ellipsoidal. Images of everything discernible about the whole horizon are first refracted and then reflected down the tube. They are collected in a horizontal plane by a condenser set midway in the tube and thrown upon a five-sided prism at the bottom which reflects the rays twice and projects them through binoculars. The view given the observer is circular; much the same in appearance as if he were looking at one side of a globe. This describes one-half of the instrument, which in reality is a double periscope. Immediately below the lens at the top of the tube is a second eye, and this may be turned in any direction and focused on a specific object, just as an ordinary periscope may. The rays entering it pass down the tube in the same manner as the others, but without interfering with them. The image appears in the centre of the panoramic picture and is greatly magnified in comparison with individual objects shown in the latter.

The manufacture of ukuleles in Hawaii is increasing so rapidly that steps are being taken in the islands to protect them by a special trade-mark in order that those who buy will know whether they have in their possession a real Hawaiian instrument or one made somewhere on the United States mainland. Early in the eighties Portuguese immigrants from the Madeira Islands arrived in Honolulu, many of them bringing what appeared to be a very small guitar. It was played by holding it close to the body, the fingers of the left hand grasping the neck and the fingers of the right sweeping the entire set of strings. The rapidity of the motion with the right hand caused the Hawaiians to call the instrument "ukulele," or "dancing flea."

Never before in the history of Holland has coal mining been carried on with such furious industry as at present. Though the coal mines of Holland have not been developed to any great extent, yet it is known that extensive beds underlie Limberg, the most southerly province. Strange as it may seem, the coal mines of Holland are probably the most ancient, their records showing workings near Kerkrade as early as 1113. The pits now owned and worked by the state were for many centuries exploited by monks from the abbey of Kloosterade, who continued their mining operations until as late as 1795. The pits, now named the Wilhelmina, the Emma, and the Hendrik, gave employment to 167 officials and 4332 pitmen.

Japanese colonists to the number of 15,402 are now settled in Brazil.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## Love.

Love is too great a happiness  
For wretched mortals to possess;  
For could it hold inviolate  
Against those cruelties of fate  
Which all felicities below  
By rigid laws are subject to,  
It would become a bliss too high  
For perishing mortality;  
Translate to earth the joys above;  
For nothing goes to Heaven but Love.  
All love at first, like generous wine,  
Ferments and frets until 'tis fine;  
For when 'tis settled on the lee  
And from the impurer matter free,  
Becomes the richer still the older,  
And proves the pleasanter the colder.  
As at the approach of winter, all  
The leaves of great trees use to fall,  
And leave them naked, to engage  
With storms and tempests when they rage,  
While humbler plants are found to wear  
Their fresh green liveries all the year;  
So when their glorious season's gone  
With great men, and hard times come on,  
The great calamities oppress  
The greatest still, and spare the less.

—Samuel Butler.

## Two Hundred Years.

Two hundred years!—two hundred years!  
How much of human power and pride,  
What glorious hopes, what gloomy fears,  
Have sunk beneath their noiseless tide!

The red man, at his horrid rite,  
Seen by the stars at night's cold noon,  
His bark canoe its track of light  
Left on the wave beneath the moon,—

His dance, his yell, his council fire,  
The altar where his victim lay,  
His death-song, and his funeral pyre,  
That still, strong tide hath borne away.

And that pale pilgrim band is gone,  
That on this shore with trembling trod,  
Ready to faint, yet bearing on  
The ark of freedom and of God.

And war—that since o'er ocean came,  
And thundered loud from yonder hill,  
And wrapp'd its foot in sheets of flame  
To blast that ark—its storm is still.

Chief, sachem, sage, bards, heroes, seers,  
That live in story and in song,  
Time, for the last two hundred years,  
Has raised, and shown, and swept along

'Tis like a dream when one awakes—  
This vision of the scenes of old;  
'Tis like the moon, when morning breaks,  
'Tis like a tale round watch-fires told.

God of our fathers,—in whose sight  
The thousand years that swept away  
Man, and the traces of his might,  
Are but the break and close of day,—

Grant us that love of truth sublime,  
That love of goodness and of thee,  
Which makes thy children, in all time,  
To share thine own eternity. —John Pierpont.

## Solitude.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,  
There is society where none intrudes  
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.  
I love not man the less, but nature more,  
From these our interviews in which I steal  
From all I may be, or have been before,  
To mingle with the universe, and feel  
What I can ne'er express, yet can not all conceal.

—Lord Byron.

## The Chambered Nautilus.

This is the ship of pearl which poets feign,  
Sails the unshadowed main,—  
The venturous bark that flings  
On the sweet summer wind its purple wings  
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings.  
And coral reefs lie bare,  
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.  
Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;  
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!  
And every chambered cell  
Where its dim-dreaming life was wont to dwell,  
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,  
Before thee lies revealed—  
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed.  
Year after year beheld the silent toil  
That spread his lustrous coil;  
Still as the spiral grew,  
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,  
Stole with soft step his shining archway through,  
Built up its idle door,  
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.  
Thanks for the heavenly message brought thee,  
Child of the wandering sea,  
Cast from her lap forlorn!  
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born  
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn!  
While on mine ear it rings,  
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:  
Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll!  
Leave thy low-vaulted past!  
Let each new temple nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

The present war is the first European conflict of its first magnitude that Spain has managed to escape for 2000 years past.



## MEMORIES OF A PUBLISHER.

George Haven Putnam Gives Us a Volume of Biographical and Historical Interest.

One whose business in life has to do with the rendering of other men's stories should have one of his own to tell worth the hearing. George Haven Putnam has given us a memoir of his father, George P. Putnam; he has given us his early recollections in his "Memories of My Youth," and now, fresh from the presses of the house which is still ruled by the descendants of his father, comes his "Memories of a Publisher," which completes his account up to the present year. This volume of memories of later life has been written, as was the volume preceding it, for his children and for all others whom it might concern as a biographical and historical document, and he states of his purpose:

The sons ought to have the service of the experience of their fathers, whether this experience stands for failure or for success. Each man is in a position to pass on something to his fellows and to those that are to follow him. The genius can hand down the teachings of his inspiration, which have value for thousands, but even the ordinary man who tells simply how he has lived his life has something to give that can be made to help the lives of others.

It is with such a belief and with such a hope that I have put together this volume. . . .

From a life of many interests and a broad field of contact with his fellows, the author has selected his topics from among the happenings and characters that have the strongest general interest, and each one has been dealt with under a separate head, giving the volume an encyclopædic appearance which is not inharmonious with the great mass of material with which it deals.

William Cullen Bryant is mentioned as being among the friends of the senior Putnam, and in dealing with "New York and the Late 'Sixties" the son speaks further of the poet:

In the late '60s New York had not yet outgrown certain of its old-fashioned or so-called provincial habits. One of the customs that had been retained was that of making New Year's calls, a practice which had been inherited in New York from the Dutch founders of the city. Long before the beginning of the twentieth century the growth of the metropolis had made impossible this pleasant and convenient habit of coming into touch (at least once a year) with a circle of family friends, but in 1866 the ladies still stayed at home on New Year's Day, and old men and youngsters did what they could in the hours between eleven in the morning and midnight to check off with calls of from five to fifteen minutes their own visiting list with that of their wives, their sisters, or their mothers. In my own diary for the first of January, 1866, I find the entry, "made thirty-five calls." I remember on that day coming back in the middle of the afternoon for a word with my mother and finding in her parlor old Mr. Bryant. It was sleeting violently outside, and the luxurious young men of the day were going about in couples. It was the practice in order to save expense for two or three men to join in the expense of a carriage for the day. Mr. Bryant, however, had trudged through the sleet, and in response to some word from my mother of appreciation of his effort in coming out in such weather, replied cheerily: "Why, I rather like a fresh temperature, Mrs. Putnam. It is only the young men who are chilly and lazy."

Fifteen or eighteen years later New Year's calls had become a tradition of the past. In connection with the difficulty of getting over the territory, the visits had degenerated into a mere greeting and farewell, and finally, before the practice was abandoned altogether, one's social obligation was considered as having been fulfilled when a card had been placed in a basket left outside the door for the purposes.

And today we send the cards by mail!

It was in 1866 that George Haven Putnam was sent by his father over to London "to make acquaintance with his old-time correspondents in the book trade, and to come into relations with the younger men who had grown up since his departure from England." He was to prepare the ground for the resuming of friendly business relations which the war had disturbed. Of the heads of one of the most famous English houses he writes:

The dean of the English book trade in 1866 was unquestionably John Murray, John the third, son of Byron's Murray. He was a tall, courtly gentleman, such as one describes as belonging to the "old school." He expressed an interest, although it seemed to me rather a far-off and formal interest, in the possibilities of reviving the American book trade. Mr. Murray, like Richard Bentley, belonged to the Tory group of British opinion, and was one of those who had been surprised (if not disappointed) that the North had been able to bring the war to a satisfactory conclusion. In the matter of frank criticism of Northern procedure, he was, however, more considerate of the feelings of his American guest than had been his neighbor Bentley.

I was pleasantly received in the picturesque office in Albemarle Street by my father's old-time friend and correspondent. After the establishment in 1849 of his business in New York, my father had been interested in dividing with the Murray house a number of important publications, such as the works of Sir Henry Layard, the works of George Borrow, etc. Sixty-eight years later, my firm is still continuing, in cooperation with the later generation of Murray, the publication of the works of George Borrow.

The general manager of the Murray house was at that time Mr. Cooke. Cooke had grown up with the house, and was, I was told, a very valuable man for the responsibilities entrusted to him. He was a Tory and not one of the courtly dind; his opinions and his prejudices struck me as belonging to an earlier century. He evidently found it difficult to live himself of the feeling that Americans were Colonials, and that they ought not to speak until they were spoken to. There seemed to me to be a certain inconsequence in the manner in which in one breath he attributed certain outrages against negroes in Arkansas and Texas to the barbarism of my American community, and in the next expressed his honest regret that "the gentlemen of the South" had in their gallant struggle for liberty been overcome by "the mechanics of the North."

At this time of writing the direction of the business of the house is in the hands of John the fourth, who is, how-

ever, fortunate in having available for cooperation in the management of affairs, John the Fifth.

Since Mr. Putnam's book went to press, however, John Murray the fourth has died, with his splendid monumental dictionary not quite completed.

Mr. Putnam mentions two pioneers of the radical modernist movement in the Roman Catholic Church as among the transatlantic authors who came into his office. One was Father Hyacinth, who was "fighting for the right of a man to think and to work out convictions irrespective of the trammels of the authority of Rome." Of the second he writes:

Forty years later I came into personal relations with another faithful son of the church, an earnest Christian who had by honest thinking brought himself within the pale of heresy, Father Tyrrell. It was impossible for Father Tyrrell, even after his excommunication, to believe that he had been put out of the church. He took the ground that the Holy Father had been badly advised and was not in a position to realize the honesty of purpose of the so-called modernists. I found Tyrrell in a little attic not far from the noise of Clapham Junction Station. In being put out of the church he had, of course, lost all opportunity of employment even as a teacher. He would have found serious difficulty in securing even his daily bread if it had not been for the friendly liberality of his publishers, the Longmans. I could not but be impressed at the pathos of the man's position. Earnestly desiring to work for Christianity, believing that the Lord had selected the Church Universal for the maintenance and propagation of the Christian faith, he found himself under the condemnation not only of his own Jesuit order, but of all the authority of the church. He translated, at my instance, a little volume written by some modernist priests of Italy. These men were continuing their functions and their names could, therefore, not be brought into print. Tyrrell wrote the introduction and took the responsibility for the validity of the utterances and for the fact that these came from ecclesiastics who were still carrying on their work in Italy. The volume was to me a most pathetic expression of faith in the Lord and of doubt of the wisdom of him who believed himself to be the Lord's vice-regent on earth. Is the church to class these earnest priests with the foolish or the dishonest? Is it the Lord's intention that the thinking powers that he has given to men are not to be used honestly, that is to say in accord with their own individual convictions? Shall all the expansion of knowledge and of intellectual life be pushed out of the church and kept out of the church, as was the new wisdom in regard to the organization of the solar system and the universe kept out of the church in the time of Copernicus? At this time of writing the modernists have again been made dumb, suppressed, or, as far as identified, driven out of the church. No one can prophesy what is to be the continued influence of the great Church Universal whose magnificent organization and miraculous vitality ought, of course, to be made of the largest service through the generations to come to all classes of men.

In his several pages devoted to the subject of Carl Schurz there is one memorable quotation. Says Mr. Putnam:

I once heard him say in a large gathering in New York: "I am inclined to take the ground that my American citizenship is of a higher order than that of men who were born Americans. You are citizens by the accident of your childhood; I am an American citizen by the free choice of my mature years."

Mr. Putnam had slight acquaintance with Jefferson Davis, of whom he remarks: "Davis is best known to the later generation by his own memoirs, and it is largely his own fault if the judgment passed upon him in history is not more favorable." He gives us some of the publishing details of these same memoirs:

One of the disappointments that came to the old Confederate was in the lack of success for his memoirs. He assumed that these were waited for and would be eagerly read not only by his Southern countrymen, but throughout the North and throughout Europe. The book was published by the Appletons and secured a sale of a few thousand copies. The people in the South were too poor to buy books and did not find themselves interested in volumes devoted, as said, so largely to personal controversy on small issues that were then dead and that ought to have stayed buried. The book was treated with very little respect by reviewers either North or South. Davis, for the time at least, accepted his disappointment in quiet; but when, a year or two later, the memoirs of General Grant secured a sale of a quarter of a million copies, the grievance of Davis took the form of indignation with his publishers. He was convinced that he had been betrayed by these Northerners who had accepted the responsibility of presenting his book to the world. In place of making, through some representative in New York, a direct inquiry of his publishers as to what had been done and as to what still might be done to secure sales for his book, he permitted himself to bring into print in newspapers in the South paragraphs which came to be copied in newspapers in the North, making all kinds of charges against his wicked Northern publishers. The Appletons naturally told Davis that these invidious and more or less libelous paragraphs must cease, and they finally brought pressure to bear upon the old man through some of his friends who had business common sense. The publishers pointed out that if he had doubts as to the faithfulness of their business management or the accuracy of their accounts, he had better appoint a representative with power to look into the whole matter. Davis called the journalist Don Piatt to represent him in an investigation of the accounts and records of the publishers. The Appletons asked me to confer with Piatt as their representative. After the papers had been placed in our hands and the books had been opened for our inspection, we exchanged one or two letters and had one interview. At the interview Piatt said very frankly: "Major, my client has no case. Mr. Davis is getting old and has evidently confused his mind with false impressions. I will see that the necessary *amende* is made to the publishers and Mr. Davis will have to be induced to keep quiet in the future." Piatt was very gentlemanly about the whole business and the matter was, of course, easily made straight with the Appletons. It is probable, indeed, that at the time Davis's mind had already been somewhat weakened. His natural vanity, when his judgment had become impaired, had brought him into this difficulty, as it had brought him into previous difficulties.

Of Andrew Carnegie we find a story that seems timely:

On one of the Atlantic trips on which we were fellow-passengers we had on board an energetic woman who was going as delegate to an international convention of the Red Cross societies. She had listened with interest to one of

the sermons on peace with which Carnegie was favoring his fellow-passengers (and he was very much in the habit of "occupying" the deck with a sermon on one subject or another) and she concluded, naturally enough, that she had an opportunity of securing some help for the funds of her society. She approached Carnegie with some feeling of confidence and put before him with fluency if not with eloquence the purposes and needs of the Red Cross work. He broke in upon her statements rather roughly with the word: "I do not believe in your Red Cross societies. I do not think that they are of any service to the cause of peace. When the wicked or the foolish fellows who have been killing each other are half dead, they ought to be left to become dead or stay dead. Your societies undertake to save these people, to restore them to strength so that they can again take weapons in their hands and continue their ravages on the surface of the earth. Let the soldiers kill each other off. I am not going to give a penny to save their lives."

The poor Red Cross lady stood abashed, but I am not sure how far Andrew's talk expressed conviction or was made simply to defend himself against attacks on his purse during what he called his off or closed season.

Mr. Putnam has a good deal to say about Joseph H. Choate, winding up with the following interesting anecdote:

Mr. Choate succeeded John Bigelow as president of the Century Club, and in this year, 1915, he is presiding over the meetings of the club with his accustomed grace, humor, and control of the situation that are in no way impaired under the pressure of the eighty-five years that he has left behind him.

One of the Twelfth Night celebrations of the club was held just after Mr. Choate had been appointed ambassador to the Court of St. James, but before he had taken his departure. His dignity as an ambassador did not stand in the way of his acceptance of what he called the equally honorable post of Lord of the Kingdom of Misrule who had charge of the operations of our Twelfth Night celebration. I remember at midnight seeing the newly appointed ambassador to London and the governor-elect of the State of New York (Theodore Roosevelt) waltzing slowly around the room together, the governor singing "Annie Rooney" and the ambassador whistling, with gentle harmony and with proper deference to the monarch to whom he was accredited, "God Save the Queen."

Choate's dancing partner was Mr. Putnam's acquaintance from the latter's boyhood. After the young Roosevelt had finished his Harvard course and tried his hand at ranching, "he returned to New York for the purpose of entering business":

He came into the office with the word that he had some literary ambitions, and that he would like to try the experiment of being a publisher. I replied that literary ambitions and publishing undertakings did not necessarily belong together and not infrequently, in fact, proved to be incompatible with each other. I found myself, however, at once interested in the exuberant vitality and wide suggestiveness of the young man, who even at that date and with a comparatively limited experience of the world, was full of opinions strongly held and emphatically uttered. I was glad on more grounds than one to secure his association with our concern. We were at the time paying off a special partner who wanted to take up ranching in California and it was a convenience to accept in his place a successor with a little larger investment. The connection was made in the form of a limited or special partnership, but Theodore had a desk placed in the office, and as his home was in the immediate neighborhood of the business (we were at that time established in Twenty-Third Street) he found it convenient to be on hand for a large portion of the office hours. He promptly developed a full measure of original theories for the running of a publishing business, theories which were always interesting, but which in most cases did not appear to be practicable or promising of good results under the existing conditions. However emphatic Theodore might be in presenting a plan or a piece of counsel, he accepted always good-naturedly enough an adverse judgment, and a day or two later would have in readiness a fresh bunch of schemes and suggestions. I became very fond of the man, although there were times when the prolific suggestions, the exuberance of utterance, and the cockiness of opinion came to be fatiguing.

Mr. Putnam gives us a several-page sketch of Theodore Roosevelt's career. There is one anecdote worth repeating of the time when young Roosevelt was serving on the Civil Service Commission:

Roosevelt was the youngest of the commissioners, but his energy and activity soon gave him for all practical purposes the responsibilities of chairman. I remember one example among many of his methods of work as a commissioner. At one of the sessions of the executive committee of our Civil Service Reform Association, Theodore came in late in the evening fresh from Washington. He shut the door and looking about the room, said to the chairman (Curtis), "I suppose, Mr. Chairman, we adhere to the routine of having no reporters present." "There are no reporters," said Curtis, "and I think our editorial friends (Godkin and Horace White) can be trusted as to discretion." "Then," said Theodore, with solemn emphasis, "damn John Wananaker!" He went on to explain that he had come from Washington mainly in order to have the satisfaction of uttering that "damn" in a sympathetic circle. He explained further that Wananaker, at that time Postmaster-General was doing all that he could (and his facilities were many) for the undermining and nullifying of the Civil Service law. . . .

Our selections have been taken from the first half of Mr. Putnam's generously paged and printed volume. There is so much of interest and it is all in such condensed form that to give a summary of the volume as a whole would not be possible in the space of this page. The power of observation, the humor, and the keen, ripened wisdom displayed throughout the volume, as well as the many important movements and personalities dealt with, combine to make the work of that value which the author intended.

MEMORIES OF A PUBLISHER. By George Haven Putnam. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.

Matches which have once been partly used are carefully gathered in Japan and redipped in phosphorus. This industry has grown to such magnitude that a large proportion of matches now sold have been lighted, at least. Recovering them from streets and eating houses is an industry of the poor, and an example in economy in small things.



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## Nobody.

Louis Joseph Vance tells us one of those stories that we know are not true and can not be true, but that none the less gratify a certain sense of adventure that is among the spices of life. His heroine, Sally Manvers, has just lost her situation in a department store, where her wages are certainly not of the "living" variety. Brooding over her unromantic fate, she goes to the roof of the rooming-house to avoid the interior heat, falls asleep, is drenched by a sudden shower, and then finds that the scuttle has been barred from the inside. She passes to an adjoining roof in search of shelter, finds an open door, and descends to the interior of a handsomely furnished but apparently deserted house. Yielding to sudden temptation and to a starved taste for luxury, she takes a bath, dresses herself from an open wardrobe, and then finds that she is not alone, as she had supposed, and that she is in time to avert a threatened tragedy. Thereafter events move with a certain breathless rapidity to which Mr. Vance has accustomed her until at last Sally Manvers emerges from the status of a "nobody" to that of a person of some importance. We all know the kind of story, and it is sufficient to say that in this instance it is told very well indeed.

Nobody. By Louis Joseph Vance. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.

## Belgium's Agony.

Emile Verhaeren is known as the greatest of Belgian poets, and as one of the few great poets of the world. But this is not a volume of poetry, although it contains a few poems by Verhaeren hitherto unpublished. It is a description of Belgium under German occupation, a narrative of devastated towns, of murdered men, of violated women, of tortured babies. It is just such a book as would be written by any patriotic writer throughout the world under similar circumstances, a book of hot and blistering tears, of invocations to justice, of passionate appeals. Those who demand proofs such as a judge would demand in a court of justice will not find them here. In the very nature of things they are unobtainable. And so the book must stand as the assertion and the declamation of a distinguished man who is writing of his own country and of the scenes in which he participated. We may believe it or disbelieve it and so, perchance, draw our own portraits in the act.

BELGIUM'S AGONY. By Emile Verhaeren. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.

## The World Crisis.

Dr. Felix Adler never gives us either platitudes or sentiment. He has an enviable ability to strip a subject of its pretenses and to show us facts as they are rather than as emotionalism would have them be. He leaves behind him a trail of punctured theories and deflated arguments.

Militarism, he tells us, is not an affair either of aristocracies or democracies. It is a part of human nature. It is a habit of thought that is rooted, not in systems of government, but in national ideas, and we may find it quite as much in the chamber of commerce as in the war office. It is not to be abolished by international agreements nor by treaties, but by a change in our fundamental habits of looking at things. We must have fresh standards of right and wrong and our old ideas of what is permissible must give way to new ones. We must no longer assume that we have a moral right to force progress upon a backward nation or to compel it to develop its resources. There must be self-limitations in regard to wealth and the law must no longer be the sole regulator of conduct. All reform must be based on an individual effort to attain to the right way of looking upon fellow-men. Labor must not be looked upon only as a commodity, and we must overcome the economic heresy of supposing that a man is entitled to more money because he has more ability. That he has been endowed with more ability is its own reward.

Dr. Adler's contentions will certainly not be received as axioms, but none the less they will be received with respect. Nowhere does he ask for legislation or for a coercion into right conduct. Reform must begin with the individual and he must amend himself by unceasing effort. Not until there is a movement toward self-reform—and already he discerns it in many places—can we expect to escape from militarism that shows itself quite as much in commercialism as among armies and navies.

THE WORLD CRISIS AND ITS MEANING. By Felix Adler. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50 net.

## Writers of the Day.

If this series maintains the high level of its opening volumes the publishers may be congratulated on a useful contribution to literary criticism. Three volumes have now been published, and others are on the way. W. L. George writes on "Anatole France," J. D. Beresford on "H. G. Wells," and F. J.

Harvey Darton on "Arnold Bennett." Among the volumes promised are "Joseph Conrad," by Hugh Walpole; "Rudyard Kipling," by John Palmer; and "John Galsworthy," by Sheila Kaye-Smith. The volumes are about 120 pages in length and boldly printed, but such condensation has been no bar either to an adequate presentation or to frankness of critical judgment. Perhaps the publishers will presently give us a complementary series in which the rôles will be reversed. For example, having read J. D. Beresford's opinion of H. G. Wells, it would now be interesting to read H. G. Wells's opinion of J. D. Beresford.

WRITERS OF THE DAY. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; 50 cents net each.

## The Inner Law.

Mr. Will N. Harben can write so good a story that there seems no reason why he should now preach to us from the pulpit of fiction or implore us to amend our lives in the direction of the single standard of morals. The novel is not the right medium for painting the horrors of disease nor for exploiting the latest loud noise of "science" about heredity. If we need the nasty smell of iodine we can find it in the usual places, while it is safe to predict that Mr. Harben's "science" will not outlive his book. Most of his characters are intensely disagreeable and vicious people, and when we reach the last page we feel that we are surfeited with disease and death. The clamor of a few noisy reformers may lead some of us to suppose that vice and heredity are the problems of the day, but we doubt if sensible people are misled by such chatter.

THE INNER LAW. By Will N. Harben. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.35 net.

## Evolution.

When materialism popularized the theory that the rule of the jungle, the dominance of teeth and claws, was actually the law, not only for jungle folk, but also for humanity, it went far to destroy morality and probably it made war inevitable. If there is nothing save a few milestones of physical evolution between men and brutes there is no reason why we should expect men to act other than as brutes, and Von Bernhardt is justified when he says that "wherever we look in nature we find that war is a fundamental law of development." It is to show the ethical difference between man and animal that Dr. Mitchell has written this book. Man, he says, has developed a consciousness that is not merely an extension of the brute consciousness, but something wholly different from it and demanding a correspondingly different code of action. He must effect a harmony "with a real and external not-self" that is wholly foreign to the animal consciousness. Dr. Mitchell writes as a scientist of eminence. There are no facts to confute his arguments, nor does he himself use arguments for the abolition of facts, and so his book comes as a welcome reminder that even the most familiar of scientific formulae is not necessarily beyond the reach of challenge.

EVOLUTION AND THE WAR. By P. Chalmers Mitchell. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1 net.

## Picardy.

It is likely that for some time to come our knowledge of Picardy and of France in general will be obtained from the printed page rather than from direct study. For this reason there should be an audience for this attractive and competent little book by three travelers who shared between them the work of architect, writer, and photographer. They tell us everything that is worth knowing about one of the most delightful of French provinces. They remind us of the historical events that it has witnessed and they see to it that nothing worthy of attention shall escape our view. There is nothing of its kind that is better written or decorated with better illustrations.

PEEPS INTO PICARDY. By W. D. Craufurd and E. and E. A. Manton. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1 net.

## Briefer Reviews.

"Tim," by Ethelbert Talbot, Bishop of Bethlehem (Harper & Brothers; 50 cents net), is a bright and readable "autobiography of a dog," but of course written as usual on the theory that a dog is a sort of primitive-minded human being.

It seems as though any one could learn how to knit under the tutelage of a little book by Maud Churchill Nicoll entitled "How to Knit Socks: A Manual for Both Amateur and Expert Knitters" (Brentano's; \$1 net). The letterpress is of an admirable simplicity, although we do not know how to purl, a piece of knowledge recklessly assumed to be in our possession, while the illustrations seem to be an effective reinforcement of the text.

An ingenious book for little children is "Who's Who in the Land of Nod," by Sarah Sanderson Vanderbilt, and with all sorts of clever illustrations, including a map of the Land of Nod, by Ruby Winckler. The lan-

guage is excellent and the type is large. It is published by the Houghton Mifflin Company. Price, \$1 net.

Among recent stories for children is "A Real Cinderella," by Nina Rhoades (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1 net). It describes what befell a little girl with a passion for music and how at last her heart's desire was given to her by the fates.

"The Quiet Hour" is a selection of poems by great poets on topics of a reposeful nature, such as Infancy, Childhood, Night, Sleep, Calms, and Dirges. The selection and the arrangement are by Fitzroy Carrington, and there are many portrait illustrations. The publishers are the Houghton Mifflin Company. Price, 75 cents net.

## Gossip of Books and Authors.

A noteworthy volume on the history, resources, and trade opportunities of South America has been written by Roger W. Babson. It was published October 9th by Little, Brown & Co., under the title, "The Future of South America." Mr. Babson, head of the Babson Statistical Bureau, has a national reputation as an investigator of industrial and commercial conditions. He has had the assistance of leading officials, in many cases the Presidents, of the leading South American countries in the writing of his present work.

Dorothy Canfield's new novel, "The Bent Twig," was published on October 16th by Henry Holt & Co. In it she treats of life here and abroad.

Miss Agnes C. Laut, whose new book, "The Canadian Commonwealth," has just been issued, is a native of Ontario, but in early age moved to Winnipeg, where she attended college and later engaged in newspaper work on the *Manitoba Free Press*. Among her best-known books are "Lords of the North," "Heralds of Empire," "The Story of the Trapper," "Pathfinders of the West," "Vikings of the Pacific," and "The Hudson's Bay Company." Her latest work is published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Professor George Edward Woodberry has about completed his critical introduction for the Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke, and the John Lane Company now expects to have the volume ready for publication by the end of this month. In addition to Professor Woodberry's introduction the volume will contain a biographical note by Margaret Lavington of England, which was prepared under the personal direction of Mr. Edward Marsh, Brooke's literary executor.

"Australian Byways" is a new book of travel by Norman Duncan, just published by Harper & Brothers. The author gives a chatty, leisurely account of his trip along the outskirts of Australian civilization. The big cities were merely passed through, and the journeying was principally by stage-coach, on camel-back, or small coastal steamers from Western Australia to New Guinea. There are visits to the gold-fields, through the cattle country; and the long, hot days of travel are enlivened by stories of old bushranging days, of the blacks' extraordinary power of tracking criminals, of pearl fisheries, cannibals, and sorcery.

An American by birth and an American at heart, Mrs. Alice M. Williamson, the author, with C. N. Williamson, of so many popular novels and whose forthcoming story, "Secret History as Revealed by Lady Peggy O'Malley," it is understood deals in a charming yet startling manner with several international crises of recent date, is peculiarly equipped to

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view war-distressed London with the understanding and the perspective to give an unusual picture. It will be published by Doubleday, Page & Co.

In his "Drama of 365 Days," just published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Hall Caine, the veteran novelist, takes his readers behind the scenes into the Europe he knew in intimate wise during years when contemporary history was in the making. Men are met whose influence has been paramount in the making of that history, off dress parade, and in significant revelations of character.

The Thomas Y. Crowell Company announces for immediate publication a new book by Orison S. Marden, entitled "Woman and Home." The author has no fads or vague theories to explicate. His presentation of his subject is strong, broad, and lucid, and will carry conviction. Its appeal is not to either sex alone, to the married or unmarried, the suffragist or the anti-suffragist, but to all humanity.

"Nobody," a new novel by Joseph Vance, combines New York, the Maine coast, the smart set, and a masquerading girl in a story of humor, thrills, love, and enough realism to take it out of the unconvincing class of ordinary stories of excitement. It is published by the George H. Doran Company.

"The Architecture and Landscape Gardening of the Exposition," with an introduction by Louis Mullgardt, architect of the Court of Abundance, comes from the Paul Elder press. This volume, in a series of ninety-six illustrations consisting of mounted duo-tone prints, is to present, in library form, a pictorial survey of the most beautiful and interesting features of the architecture and landscape gardening of the Exposition. It is comprehensive and complete, because it not only shows all the important buildings, but their more noteworthy features in detail. A descriptive passage accompanies each view, aiming, not at criticism, but at a brief and accurate statement of facts which makes the study more intelligent and illuminating.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Money Master.

Sir Gilbert Parker brings the same characters again and again upon the same stage, but he manages always to make them interesting and to give them something of the freshness of the Canadian forests in which they live.

Jean Jacques Barville is a French-Canadian, a man of wealth, and, as he likes to consider himself, a philosopher. Actually he is a rather sophisticated child, and with the innocent self-conceit of a child. Returning from a visit to France, he meets a beautiful Spanish girl of doubtful origin and marries her, only to find that her passionate southern temperament demands more ardor than he knows how to give her. Eventually she leaves him, and subsequently their daughter, upon whom he lavishes all his foolish devotion, does the same. In his declining years Jean Jacques not only finds himself alone, but his fortune slowly disappears and at last he drifts away from the village and by one of those curious coincidences over which the novelist has such a command he finds his dying wife and his dead daughter.

The author seems to rely overmuch on coincidence, a most useful expedient, but of course it does not matter. There are lots of interesting characters in the story and we have grown to love them.

THE MONEY MASTER. By Gilbert Parker. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.35 net.

War Poems.

The task of translating the poetry of one country into the poetry of another is one that may worthily engage the attention of educated minds that do not themselves aspire to original poetic creation. Lord Curzon describes it as an "amiable hobby," and it is certainly one that might be more sedulously cultivated.

Lord Curzon's immediate object is to introduce to us the work of the Belgian poet, Cammaerts, but his other translations from the French, Latin, and Greek cover a very wide area. Perhaps the most notable is his versified rendering of the "Vision of Er," from Plato's "Republic." As an example of a merit that is nearly uniform we may quote the following from a poem by Verhaeren on Anton Mor:

From their frames of black and gold  
Gaze the figures mute and cold  
Whom Antonio More of old

Limned—the silence of their stare  
Dropt torment me everywhere;  
Masks of clay their faces are.

Hard the features, and there lies  
Evil in those austere eyes,  
With their unprobed mysteries.

WAR POEMS. By Lord Curzon. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50 net.

Some Women and Timothy.

Timothy is an English lord who tries to rescue his brother from the toils of a designing woman and falls in love with her himself. Timothy does well in this respect, but he is much too kind-hearted and unsuspecting for this wicked world. He has a reprehensible habit of doing whatever women want him to do, and would therefore find himself in serious trouble but for the guardianship of a Providence that makes good-natured bachelors its special care. But we do not understand why the author should introduce an unnecessary tragedy into a story that promises to be light and humorous. And we may say that if we personally had been in love with the heroine we would have carried the works by assault at about the one hundredth page.

SOME WOMEN AND TIMOTHY. By H. B. Somerville. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

New Books Received.

FLOWER OF THE GORSE. By Louis Tracy. New York: Edward J. Clode; \$1.25 net.  
A novel.

HEART'S KINDRED. By Zona Gale. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.35 net.  
A novel.

THE COMING BACK OF LAURENCE AVERIL. By Maurice Drake. New York: Edward J. Clode; \$1.25 net.  
A novel.

SEX PROBLEMS IN WORRY AND WORK. By William Lee Howard, M. D. New York: Edward J. Clode; \$1 net.

MY CHILDHOOD. By Maxim Gorky. New York: The Century Company; \$2 net.  
The life story of a Russian novelist.

CLEARING THE SEAS. By Donal Hamilton Haines. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.25 net.

The story of a supposed naval war between the United States and a foreign power.

EARLY AMERICAN CRAFTSMEN. By Walter A. Dyer. New York: The Century Company; \$2.40 net.  
A book for collectors of Americana.

THE SPIRIT OF ENGLAND. By the Right Hon. George W. E. Russell. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.75 net.

Papers first published in the London Daily

News during 1914 and 1915, revised and enlarged.

THE PUPPET PRINCESS. By Augusta Stevenson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.  
A Christmas play for children.

PARIS REBORN. By Herbert Adams Gibbons. New York: The Century Company; \$2 net.  
A study in civic psychology.

HIGH LIGHTS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By Hilaire Belloc. New York: The Century Company; \$3 net.  
Essays on the French Revolution, with illustrations from paintings and prints.

YOUNG HILDA AT THE WARS. By Arthur H. Gleason. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company; \$1 net.  
True stories of the war.

THE GREATEST OF LITERARY PROBLEMS. By James Phinney Baxter. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$5 net.  
The authorship of the Shakespeare works.

ADVENTURES IN AFRICA. By J. B. Thornhill. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.50 net.  
Under the British, Belgian, and Portuguese flags.

THE ANVIL OF CHANCE. By Gerald Chittenden. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.; \$1.35 net.  
A novel.

REALLY TRULY FAIRY STORIES. By Helen S. Woodruff. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1 net.  
For children.

THE OLLIVANT ORPHANS. By Inez Haynes Gillmore. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.35 net.  
A book for girls.

INSIDE THE LINES. By Earl Derr Biggers and Robert Welles Ritchie. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

SEARCHLIGHTS. By Horace Annesley Vachell. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1 net.  
A play in three acts.

STRAY GOLD. By "R. G. T." St. Paul: St. Paul Book and Stationery Company.  
A book of verse.

ALADORE. By Henry Newbolt. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50 net.  
A novel.

DREAMS AND DUST. By Don Marquis. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.20 net.  
A book of verse.

THE STORY OF WELLESLEY. By Florence Converse. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$2 net.  
A chronicle of the college and of student life.

NOBODY. By Louis Joseph Vance. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.  
A novel.

A MAID OF '76. By Emilie Benson Knipe and Alden Arthur Knipe. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.  
A book for boys and girls.

THE PASSIONATE CRIME. By E. Temple Thurston. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.30 net.  
A romance of old Ireland.

THE INSULTED AND INJURED. By Fyodor Dostoevsky. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.  
A novel from the Russian by Constance Garnett.

DAVEY CROCKETT. By William C. Sprague. New York: The Macmillan Company; 50 cents net.  
Published in True Stories of Great Americans Series.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS. By Mildred Stapley. New York: The Macmillan Company; 50 cents net.  
Published in True Stories of Great Americans Series.

DEAL WOODS. By Latta Griswold. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.  
A book for boys and girls.

MODERN PAINTING. By Willard Huntington Wright. New York: John Lane Company; \$2.50 net.  
A concise history of painting during the last hundred years.

CRAINQUEVILLE AND OTHER PROFITABLE TALES. By Anatole France. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.75 net.  
Translated from the French by Winifred Stephens.

THE WATER-BABIES. By Charles Kingsley. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2 net.  
A new edition with illustrations by W. Heath Robinson.

THE PORCUPINE. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.  
A drama in three acts.

THE KINGDOM OF THE WINDING ROAD. By Cornelia Meigs. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.  
A book for children.

THE FAITHFUL. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.  
A tragedy in three acts.

NATIONAL FLOODMARKS. Edited by Mark Sullivan. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.50 net.  
Week by week observations on American life, being editorials from Collier's.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN HAY. By William Roscoe Thayer. Two vols. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$5 net.  
A personal biography rather than a political history.

SHOE AND STOCKING STORIES. By Elinor Mordant. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25 net.  
Short stories for very small children.

WOMAN AND THE HOME. By Orison Swett Mar-

den. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.25 net.

Published in the Marden Efficiency Books Series.

KICK-IN. By D. Torbett. New York: Edward J. Clode.

A novelization of Willard Mack's play.

IN CAMP ON BASS ISLAND. By Paul G. Tomlinson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.25 net.  
A book for boys.

JAN. By A. J. Dawson. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.25 net.

The story of a dog.

SOURCE PROBLEMS IN ENGLISH HISTORY. By Albert Beebe White and Wallace Notestein. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.30.  
Published in Harper's Parallel Source Problems Series.

THE BACHELORS. By William Dana Orcutt. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.35 net.  
A novel.

WAR AND THE BREED. By David Starr Jordan. Boston: The Beacon Press; \$1.35 net.  
The relation of war to the downfall of nations.

THE HIGH PRIESTESS. By Robert Grant. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.35 net.  
A novel.

THE LIFE OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. By Graham Balfour. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2 net.  
Abridged edition, revised and illustrated.

THE ROAD TO GLORY. By E. Alexander Powell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50 net.  
Unfamiliar episodes in the history of the United States.

THE CROWN OF LIFE. By Gordon Arthur Smith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.35 net.  
A novel.

IVORY APES AND PEACOCKS. By James Huneker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50 net.  
Essays.

INDIAN WHY STORIES. By Frank B. Linderman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2 net.  
Stories out of the Indian world of myths.

THE GLORIOUS RASCAL. By Justin Huntly McCarthy. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.35 net.  
A novel.

THE ROSE OF YOUTH. By Elinor Mordant. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.35 net.  
A novel.

HIS GERMAN WIFE. By Douglas Sladen. New York: Brentano's; \$1.35 net.  
The romance of a British officer.

MIDSUMMER MAGIC. By Walter Bamfylde. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.35 net.  
A novel.

THE DRAMA OF THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIVE DAYS. By Hall Caine. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1 net.  
Scenes in the great war.

HEARTS CONTENT. By Ralph Henry Barbour. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.50 net.  
A novel.

PLEASURES AND PALACES. By Princess Lazarevitch-Hrehelianovich (Eleanor Calhoun). New York: The Century Company; \$3 net.  
Memoirs, illustrated with photographs and drawings by John Wolcott Adams.

NOTES ON RELIGION. By John Jay Chapman. New York: Laurence J. Gomme; 75 cents net.  
A contribution to social and religious thought.

THE SOCIAL PRINCIPLE. By Horace Holley. New York: Laurence J. Gomme; 75 cents net.  
Papers on individualism and social conditions.

A ROGUE BY COMPULSION. By Victor Bridges. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.35 net.  
A detective story.

BEYOND THE FRONTIER. By Randall Parrish. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.35 net.  
A romance of early days in the Middle West.

THE GREEN HALF-MOON. By James Francis Dwyer. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.25 net.  
A novel.

SANDSY'S PAL. By Gardner Hunting. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.25 net.  
A story for boys.

WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN. By Gouverneur Morris. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.35 net.  
A novel.

THE STORY OF OUR BIBLE. By Harold B. Hunting. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50 net.  
How it grew to be what it is.

CARNEGIE ENDOWMENT FOR INTERNATIONAL PEACE. Published at 2 Jackson Place, Washington, D. C.  
Year Book for 1915.

THE WHITE FEATHER. By Lechmere Worrall and J. E. Harold Terry. New York: Edward J. Clode; \$1.25 net.  
A novel.

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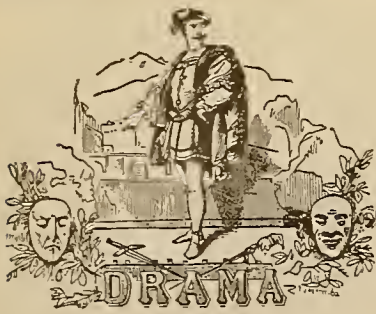
Notice—There is delinquent upon the following described stock on account of assessment levied on the 15th day of September, 1915, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective stockholders, as follows:

| Name.                      | No. of Certificate. | No. of Shares. | Amount. |
|----------------------------|---------------------|----------------|---------|
| G. L. Ayers.....           | 513                 | 87             | \$87.00 |
| Geo. O. Barnes.....        | 121                 | 25             | 25.00   |
| Geo. O. Barnes.....        | 122                 | 15             | 15.00   |
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| F. M. Cerini.....          | 128                 | 20             | 20.00   |
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| Jesse N. Cole.....         | 491                 | 50             | 50.00   |
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| Jesse N. Cole.....         | 494                 | 50             | 50.00   |
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| Jesse N. Cole.....         | 496                 | 50             | 50.00   |
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| J. Y. Eccleston.....       | 134                 | 20             | 20.00   |
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| J. Y. Eccleston.....       | 377                 | 364            | 364.00  |
| J. Y. Eccleston.....       | 464                 | 100            | 100.00  |
| Miss L. C. Hayeroff.....   | 463                 | 418            | 418.00  |
| I. W. Hellman, Jr.....     | 420                 | 100            | 100.00  |
| I. W. Hellman, Jr.....     | 421                 | 100            | 100.00  |
| I. W. Hellman, Jr.....     | 422                 | 100            | 100.00  |
| I. W. Hellman, Jr.....     | 423                 | 100            | 100.00  |
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| R. J. Hough.....           | 145                 | 50             | 50.00   |
| R. J. Hough.....           | 187                 | 50             | 50.00   |
| R. J. Hough.....           | 189                 | 100            | 100.00  |
| R. J. Hough.....           | 192                 | 1              | 1.00    |
| R. J. Hough.....           | 254                 | 100            | 100.00  |
| R. J. Hough.....           | 255                 | 100            | 100.00  |
| R. J. Hough.....           | 240                 | 240            | 240.00  |
| R. J. Hough.....           | 489                 | 100            | 100.00  |
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| W. J. Hough.....           | 519                 | 480            | 480.00  |
| Jesse I. Jewell.....       | 110                 | 40             | 40.00   |
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| V. Reynolds.....           | 231                 | 33             | 33.00   |
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| J. Hood Smith.....         | 94                  | 40             | 40.00   |
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| W. Garner Smith.....       | 525                 | 512            | 512.00  |

And in accordance with law and an order of the Board of Directors, made on the 15th day of September, 1915, so many shares of each parcel of stock as may be necessary will be sold at public auction at the office of the Company in the northeast corner room on the second floor of the Burbank Building, which is located at the southwest corner of Market and Beale Streets, San Francisco, California, on the 8th day of November, 1915, at ten o'clock a. m., to pay said delinquent assessments thereon, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

I. M. BRAYER,  
Assistant Secretary and Acting Secretary of The  
Luther Burbank Company,  
Office of the Company, Burbank Building, Mar-  
ket and Beale Streets, San Francisco, California.





## THE ORPHEUM.

There are two solo-dancing and singing-girl acts this week and three couples who have a song-and-dance act, and it is rather a difficult feat to untangle one's recollections of these nine people and do justice to their intentions and their deeds. So much of a kind causes a sense of monotony, although I am bound to add that the Orpheum audience gave its usual lively verdict of satisfaction. But I feel, nevertheless, that there is, at the Orpheum, a falling off both of quality and variety during this Exposition year. The crowd is in town, ready to be amused, and everything that comes along seems to amuse it. Therefore, one can scarcely in justice condemn, since business is business.

There was, to be sure, something else on the programme beside song-and-dance acts. There were Galetti's dog-headed hahoos going through their stunts with Galetti standing close at hand serving as ringmaster, clothed in authority, a beautiful though felicitous smile, and an omnipresent whip.

There was a playlet, too, based on fresh, if artless, sentiment pleasantly leavened with humor. If the situations were trite, the handling wasn't. Harry Beresford's "Nunky" is a taking old fellow; Isabella Mendoza's "Mary" and Frederick Howard's "Billy" full of youth's self-absorption, and, if Billy's character was too full of self-absorption to make of him a very acceptable mate to tender little Mary, who firmly believed him to be a wonder and a "geen-yess," nevertheless Billy stood as typical of the proud, spread-eagle vaunt of youth as to its invincibility. A vaunt, by the way, that so far the Great War has discredited. This "old man's war," as some one has called it, is certainly a vast and calamitous sacrifice of youth at the hands of old-men diplomatists who, even now, facing with dismay the cataclysmic losses inflicted on their own presumably-loved nations, have neither the initiative, the common sense, nor the moral courage to bring about arbitration before Europe is a smoking ruin. One could but think of this vast procession of youth marching, like dumb, driven cattle, to its doom as we listened to the youthful Billy's taunts to "Nunky" as to his old age and helplessness. Although we don't like Billy at all and are quite gone on "Nunky," the author allows the truth of Billy's contentions to be proved. In the face of young love "Nunky" is helpless, and for its sweet sake the scars of a "twenty odd years" feud are healed. Harry Beresford is the *raison d'être* of the little play, and his "Nunky" has a pleasant flavor of sweetness, simple-heartedness, and American humor, with a good healthy dash, too, of American spunk.

The "Primrose Four," while not a dancing act, is a singing one, and the four solid citizens composing the quartet seemed to be in such gay and giddy spirits as to be every moment on the verge of bursting forth into a Terpsichorean display. In the matter of vocal powers they had plenty; rather too much, in fact. As to quality—h'm; well, anyway, the audience gave them an unqualified endorsement.

Mignonette Kokin claims to be a "somewhat different" girl. She gives imitations, of doubtful fidelity, of Pavlova and Bernhardt, but her whole act is based on her ability as a dancer. Her plump proportions weigh so much more than Pavlova's that one suspects the lady must be considerably blown when her act is over; but nevertheless she evinced considerable lightness and nimbleness as a dancer.

Nellie V. Nichols, although not particularly reassuring in her opening phase, in which she seemed to be only an ordinary cabaret singer of questionable taste, rose to better things in her other numbers. Her change to an impersonation of an Italian immigrant girl was unexpected. The simple Italian really revealed a soul in her handsome eyes, something rarely sensed in a dancing and singing act. The lady relapsed into stereotype with the donning of her pink glitter gown, and sang a routine song. But she made a great hit. She is no wonder, but she has a number of valuable possessions: a deep contralto voice, a hearty manner, a bright smile, a comely face, plump and pleasing contours, extremely distinct enunciation—lip-readers would adore her—and some talent for impersonation.

Bertee (sic) Beaumont and Jack Arnold,

in "The Doctorine," supplied the exchange of rather labored repartee dear to the heart of the vaudevillian, and wound up by some lively dancing, in which Bertee did some easy high-kicking and Jack evinced the possession of some personality as a dancer.

Then there were Ethel Kirk and Billy Fogarty—yes, positively another couple. Ethel proudly displayed a well-shaped back, uncovered down to the waist-line. At each allusion to this handsome article Ethel automatically faced the back drop. It was one of her principal reasons for being there. She also sang. So did Billy; a very mal-odorous song which left unpleasant impressions. Billy is a vulgarian who ought to be suppressed. The repartee bearing on the age and physical proportions of his partner was rather brutal, and in the worst of taste. In fact the objectionable Billy struck me as being one of those people who, having no fastidiousness themselves, believe it is only a pose and an affectation in others.

And still there was another couple, Muriel Worth and Lew Brice. But they were really what Mignonette K. only claimed to be. For a change, Muriel was slim, but curvilinearly so (I wager she'll be hanting ten years from date). Muriel is delightfully young, deliciously pretty, and a charming dancer. She has a talent for assuming extremely mignonne expressions of countenance, and is a very expressive and expert little toe dancer. Her "Passing of the Swan" dance, in which, with her white feather bodice pierced by a cruel arrow and spotted with blood, she simulated the sufferings of a gentle creature wounded to its death, was almost too suggestive of the pain of the wound, but very gracefully and expressively done. Lew Brice, her partner, was of a quality to watch. Light, springy, and graceful, he, too, put character and expression in his dance, but was obliged, nevertheless, to suffer from the inevitable domination of the woman when she is as dainty and pretty as the charming little Muriel Worth. The little dancer added variety to her performance by having her changes of costume made under the eye of the audience. There was, however, no bid for the interest of the prurient, the changes being made by deftly slipping off a part of a dainty costume and replacing a bit of tulle and flowers by another minute garment a few degrees more ravishingly becoming to the petite dancer. In "Petite Conversation," a charming bit of harlequinade between the graceful pair, the little creature looked like a dainty personification of spring in its most ravishing guise, and, indeed, every one of their five numbers made an especial appeal to one's delight in beauty, youth, and grace. Artistically, the act was the gem, and the only one, of the performance.

## AT THE EXPOSITION.

In the meantime, since, with Exposition crowds in town, each theatrical attraction is liable to run longer than ordinarily, the theatre habitués are solacing themselves by more frequent excursions to the Fair. There are gay days innumerable and a few, a very few, off days; parades galore, some of them of doubtful splendor, but all gay, multi-colored, and animated.

We who haunt the Fair are perpetually running across something delightful and unexpected. The other day, during the Portola fête, I saw a spectacle of beauty and festivity in the harbor that I am quite sure will leave on the memory of those present, San Franciscans or strangers, a lasting impression. It was when the marine parade was passing along the waterside front of the Exposition. The day was glorious, the sky a heavenly blue, which was reflected on the ordinarily gray-green surface of the bay, and over this sparkling blue surface was aligned with mathematical precision the marine parade: great ocean passenger steamers, freight and oil barges, oil tank steamers, ferryboats, stern-wheelers, jolly little launches, fireboats, cutters, scow-schooners, a Chinese shrimp boat, a quarantine tender, a police patrol boat, etc. If you wanted to pause and study the parade, programme in hand, it was a liberal education in informing one's self as to the variety of vessels used in water transportation. At the end of the long file came the most insignificant among the craft, but offering the gayest effect. Scores of crab and fishing boats, all tricked out with the red, white, and blue that accorded so well with the bending blue sky and the sparkling water, went gayly by, all making a wide, graceful turn around the war vessel that stood like a giant symbol of authority reviewing the fleet. Down the line of the Marina, massed against the wall or crowded on the rocks clear down to the water's very edge, were thousands of spectators. Behind them rose the long line of splendidly portaled palace walls, a setting of incomparable beauty to the multitude that massed itself picturesquely and gave the last suggestion of pleasure and festivity. For its picturesqueness and beauty, the scene recalled Turner's "Venice," etched though it was with all the clearness of a magical California day in the fall, a day that the stranger could not

tell from one in spring. There was none of Turner's sunset gold, no hazy splendor of atmosphere to soften the outlines of the palace and shore with the poetry and mystery that lures in Turner's famous canvas, but there was all the joy of the intimacy of the land-and-water festival, the two elements brought so closely in accord that the vessels of the broadly ramifying bay seemed almost to graze the projections of the land as they glided by.

There are hits of intimate life as well that one stumbles across in the Fair. Husband, Wife, and Mother-in-law (his) were near me, taking a brief rest. They smacked of the Middle West. Husband had stumbled across an old crony, and he brought him up to present to his womenfolk. Wife received him in a temperate zone climate, and with that slightly grudging, perfunctory cordiality, that thinly-veiled suspicion, with which conjugal partners oft regard their husbands' former pals. Mother was too utterly crushed by fatigue to count. She was, for the time being, extinct. The two men, feeling the chilly atmosphere, wandered uncertainly a little to one side and talked together. Then Old Crony—an untried spirit—proposed that they should let the women rest, or recreate themselves elsewhere, and themselves have a stroll around the grounds. Husband, poor dear fellow, plainly gathered his courage to the sticking point. He approached Wife tentatively, hinted at the project, but dared not speak it out like a man. Wife gazed dreamily over the lagoon, but never a word said she. Husband's faltering sentences died, and so did the poor little, harmless, inoffensive project. Old Crony, utterly frozen out, departed, and that friendly exchange of long-parted, congenial spirits was never realized. Yet I doubt not that Wife, if she had wedded a domestic tyrant, would have worn her yoke as meekly as most. But rare indeed is the wife who does not tyrannize over the amiable and conceding husband.

More than once have I seen husbands at the Fair, hampered by their wife's lesser powers of endurance or bored by following in the wake of their feminine preferences, try to break away if only for an hour or so. In vain. These feeble women, so easily dominated by a strong will, are often ruthlessly selfish when they get the upper hand.

SCENE—A Faggl train just staring from the Fillmore Street entrance. Seated in chance and temporary juxtaposition, and perfect strangers to each other, are a mature couple, the man evidently the junior of the two, although he probably doesn't realize it. The lady seems to be of the professional type, the man, plainly a Scandinavian, might be of the better class of mechanics. He is a simple, literal soul incapable of noting fine distinctions. He eyes his oblivious companion, plucks up courage, and speaks:

He—A man gets awful lonesome going round this here Fair.

Lady (amiably, if abstractedly, for the Exposition is the land of universal brotherhood)—Yes, it is a crowded place to be alone in.

Man (much encouraged)—You here with your folks?

Lady (rousing a little and retreating imperceptibly from her former attitude of detached friendliness)—No.

Man (unexpectedly)—I aint married.

Lady (politely)—No?

Man (tentatively)—You a married woman?

Lady (courteously, but remotely)—No.

Man (eagerly)—I'm a farmer from Canada and I've got two thousand dollars in the bank.

Lady (always beautifully polite)—Indeed, Man—it's getting along to lunchtime, and we might eat together and talk it over.

Lady (as they approach the path to the Fine Arts Palace—she has a catalogue under arm—restores a little of the lost fellowship to her voice, encouraged thereto by the prospect of escape)—I'm sorry, but I have an appointment with some friends.

The car conductor, in answer to her signal, has stopped the miniature train.

Lady (descending nimbly, rather hastily, but with a kind smile)—Good-morning.

Man (starting in dismay as he sees his possible bride escape)—You aint getting off, are you?

Lady (even more kindly and politely)—Yes, I have to get off here. Good-morning.

Man (gloomily, and probably saying to himself, "I'll have to hunt up another one")—Good-morning.

And the incident is over.

Rather pathetic, I think. The poor fellow, uprooted temporarily from his lonely abiding place by a jaunt to the Fair, looks upon the multitude gathered in the one place, sees family groups going around together, feels his loneliness more acutely in contrast, and resolves to wed. The crude and casual way he sets about it, his ignorance of the gulfs that yawn between diverse types, need not detract from the enterprise and the honesty of his intention. The amusing heroine, in relating the adventure, said that she felt a great desire to know of some respectable social institution that she could recommend him to go to, where he could come in social contact with the right kind of women and select therefrom a suitable wife. But during the few moments that it took for the incident to develop she scarcely felt able to think quickly enough to take a hand in the shaping of a man's destiny. In any event, one can but hope that Providence will lead his steps aright, and that he is by way of gaining that pleasing estate of matrimony which, as he went his unaccompanied way in the Fair, he looked upon and found to be fair in his sight.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Mme. Johanna Gadski has arranged with the powers that be at the Metropolitan Opera House to visit San Francisco during the final week of the Exposition. She will sing at the Cort Theatre on Thursday afternoon, December 2d, and Sunday afternoon, December 6th. On Monday night, November 29th, she will sing in Oakland at the new Auditorium Opera House, under the auspices of the music section of the Oakland Teachers' Association, and on Tuesday night, November 30th, will be the star at the first concert of the Berkeley Musical Association's season.

"Daddy Long-Legs," with his cheery smile, will be in San Francisco again before the close of the year. Little Miss Kelley, who essayed the rôle of the girl from the founding home in last season's production, will again play that part.

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First Appliances, San Francisco Exposition, 1915



## FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

## "On Trial" Opens Monday at the Columbia.

One of the plays most discussed in some years is "On Trial," which Cohan and Harris's own original Chicago cast of players are to present here at the Columbia Theatre for a limited engagement beginning Monday night, November 1st.

"On Trial" is a melodrama, but it is said to be so well acted that one forgets the obviousness of the plot. One of its remarkable effects is the lightning-like rapidity in which its numerous scenes are manipulated as the episodes develop.

The story of the play has to do with Robert Strickland, who is on trial for the murder of his friend, Gerald Trask, and is also accused of the theft of ten thousand dollars stolen from the safe of Trask the night of the murder. Trask, the pretended friend and benefactor of Strickland, is a moral leper of the worst description, and during Strickland's absence from home had deceived May Strickland, wife of the accused, into coming alone to his country home, telling her that if she did not comply with his outrageous requests the ruin of her husband, whom she loved devotedly, would be the outcome.

Strickland arrives the day after May's visit to Trask's home. The wife, unable to deceive her husband, finally confesses what she has done. Crazed with grief, Strickland goes to the home of Trask and shoots him on sight. The unwritten law, of course, is an important factor in the decision of the jury and a wonderful series of switchback scenes take the spectator to a period thirteen years before, where May, then a young girl of seventeen, had been grossly deceived by Trask, at the time a married man and a despicable scoundrel, although one feels the dénouement of the plot long before it is disclosed.

The revolving scenic effects are among the big features of the play. With the lowering of the lights scarcely five seconds elapse between complete changes of scene, even of interiors, entailing the moving of heavy pieces of furniture and complete change of costume. The cast includes, among others, Lee Baker, Pauline Lord, Clyde North, Douglas

J. Wood, Mildred Beverly, Charles Reigel, and Maxine Hodges.

Matinees will be given on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

## Last Week of "So Long Letty."

"So Long Letty," the merry Oliver Morosco "comedy with music," begins the fourth and positively final week of its engagement at the Cort Theatre with the performance of Sunday night, October 31st.

Oliver Morosco and Elmer Harris, the librettists, and Earl Carroll, the composer, have contrived an exceedingly lively and engaging piece of theatrical entertainment. It has been successful first of all because of its novelty and secondly because of the admirable cast and production given it.

## The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum bill for next week will be of exceptional interest and merit, novelty, and variety.

Carolina White, late prima donna of the Philadelphia and Chicago Grand Opera Company, will be the headline attraction. Her voice, splendid stage presence, and handsome appearance have combined to make her one of the most successful artistes that have appeared in grand opera in this country. Miss White was the first to sing in America the prima donna rôle of "The Jewels of the Madonna" and "The Secret of Suzanne." The triumph she achieved in these operas is now part of musical history. She has appeared in Europe with the leading operatic companies and is generally accepted as one of the finest sopranos. Her programme will include arias from her favorite operas and she brings with her as accompanist Enrico Baraja.

Willie Weston, who ranks among the foremost singers of character songs, is also an excellent actor, whose versatility is remarkable. His songs this season are the best he has ever had.

Margot Francois and her partner will present a comic tumbling act on stilts, and a bumpy-hump act which is genuinely funny and contains many feats of skill.

Attired in white with a stage draped in the same color, the Flemings offer a series of classic poses which resemble creations in alabaster. They also indulge in a routine of gymnastics which includes many difficult feats.

Brooks and Bowen, who style themselves two dark spots of joy, have met with great success in vaudeville as singers of their own compositions. They also excel as humorous story tellers.

Don Fung Gue and Harry Haw Cheung will present a novel offering of songs and dances.

The Primrose Four, Ethel Kirk and Billy Fogarty, and Muriel Worth and Lew Brice will say farewell with this programme.

## Duffy Lewis. Pantages Headliner.

Duffy Lewis, hero of the late world series baseball games, has been specially engaged for a three weeks' tour of the Pantages circuit, opening on Sunday afternoon at the local vaudeville theatre as the star of an eight-act programme. The heavy-hatted star of the Boston Red Sox will tell fans how he and his two fellow-players from California hated home fame for their native state. Lewis will wear his Red Sox uniform and also carry the big "stick" which has won for him fame and a fat envelope while resting up for next season.

Aside from the baseball star the usual Pantages show will be presented, with Charlie Case, the inimitable comedian, telling funny yarns about his father, as one of the main features.

The Lamhardi Quintet, with Olinto Lamhardi and other prominent singers from the late Lamhardi Opera Company, will render "gems from grand opera."

Mlle. La Toya, pretty French actress, and her tiny trained terriers and bulldogs, are pleasing features of the programme.

The Santucci Trio, styled "musical wizards"; Howard and White in a ludicrous skit entitled "Billy's Awakening"; the famous comedy acrobatic family, the Bottomleys; Bessie Harvey and her equestrian beauties, and a couple of comedy movies will finish the rest of the programme.

## "A Pair of Sixes" Coming Soon.

"A Pair of Sixes," the brilliant farce from the pen of Edward Peple, who wrote "The Prince Chap" and many other successes, is due at the Cort Theatre on Sunday, November 7th, immediately following "So Long Letty." This merry parcel of fun was a knockout last season at the Cort, scoring through its ingenious plot, clever lines, and unique characterizations.

The story tells of the trials and tribulations of two pill-makers, who can not agree as to how their business shall be run. They quarrel so often that they finally summon their attorney to find a way out of their unpleasant association. A game of poker is finally played, the winner securing control of the business for a year and the loser becoming his servant for that period. Oscar Fig-

man is the featured one of the cast, which contains Kate Guyon, George Leffingwell, Rita Carlyle, Jack Raffael, Ethel Wilson, Richard Earle, Brice Kennedy, and others.

## THE MUSIC SEASON.

## The Victor Herbert Concerts.

No more popular and welcome musical offering could have been devised for the final festival of melody at Festival Hall than the series of seven concerts to be opened next Monday night, November 1st, at 8:45, by Victor Herbert. With sixty-five picked players under his baton this master will present a course of musical feasts that will give the utmost pleasure to music lovers of all classes.

For the opening programme Mr. Herbert will present from his own works three numbers from the grand opera "Natoma," his "Irish Rhapsodie," a delightful solo for violoncello played by Horace Britt, and the overture to his latest success, "The Princess Pat."

Tuesday night's concert will commence at 9 o'clock in order to give every one an opportunity of seeing the special San Francisco Day fireworks. Wednesday night Bohemian and French works will predominate, the composers represented being Tomas, Widor, Debussy, Dvorak, Massenet, and Smetana, and of course there will be some delightful Victor Herbert numbers. Thursday night's programme will be half Wagner and half Liszt. On Friday night the programme will be devoted to compositions by Mr. Herbert, serious, romantic, and light. A feature will be the "Triumph" from his suite, "Columbus," with organ obligato played by Uda Waldrop. Saturday night's programme will be a miscellaneous one, and a specially attractive farewell offering is announced for Sunday afternoon—the only Victor Herbert matinee.

Tickets are now on sale at popular prices and can be obtained at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and the Exposition office, 343 Powell Street. The Victor Herbert concerts are under the personal direction of Will L. Greenbaum.

## Last Concert by Exposition Orchestra.

The last symphony concert of the Exposition Orchestra to be given in Festival Hall before the Victor Herbert season will take place this Sunday afternoon at half-past two. Max Bendix has prepared a particularly interesting programme for the eighty artists of the organization, the first feature of which will be Mendelssohn's Symphony No. 3, in A minor, op. 56, popularly known as the "Scotch" Symphony. The concluding number will be the Scherzo Capriccioso in D flat major, op. 66, by Anton Dvorak, and another feature of the afternoon will be the "Requiem" for three violoncellos by David Popper, the players being the Messrs. Horace Britt, Victor de Gomez, and Silvio Lavatelli.

The vocalist of the occasion will be Harold Parish Williams, a young baritone who is well known in San Francisco and who has a splendid voice, excellently schooled. He will sing an old English love song, by Frances Allisten; "The Wind Speaks," by Grant Schaeffer; "The Sea is the Mother of Songs and Sorrows," words by Edwin Markham and music by Edith Haines-Kuester, and the aria from Gounod's "Faust," "Dio Possente." There is a large demand for seats at the Exposition ticket office, 343 Powell Street.

## Tina Lerner to Play at Festival Hall.

Manager Will L. Greenbaum announces that he has arranged for three appearances in this city of Tina Lerner, the brilliant young Russian piano virtuoso. Miss Lerner is still a very young woman and is gifted with exceptional genius and a most winsome personality.

By arrangement with Mr. George W. Stewart, general musical director of the Exposition, Miss Lerner's first concert will be given in Festival Hall on Sunday afternoon, November 21st, and will be exclusively an orchestral event. With the assistance of the magnificent Exposition Orchestra of eighty, under the baton of Max Bendix, she will render two of the greatest concertos. The orchestra will contribute a couple of numbers. On Friday afternoon, November 26th, and again on Sunday afternoon, November 28th, Miss Lerner will appear in recitals at the Scottish Rite Auditorium.

## The Innisfail String Quartet Concert.

The Innisfail String Quartet, maintained by Mrs. John B. Casserly, consisting of Nikolai Sokoloff, first violin; May Mukle, violoncello; Nathan Firestone, viola, and Rudolph Ringwall, second violin, will give its first series of concerts at Sorois Club Hall, 536 Sutter Street, between Powell and Mason, on Tuesday evenings, November 9th, November 23d, and December 7th.

To love and understand string quartet playing is the surest evidence of good taste in music, and the Innisfail String Quartet plays with a unanimity and with a finish and subtlety of expression only attained by artists inspired by a heavenly devotion to their art.

Tickets are on sale at the box-offices of

Sherman, Clay & Co. and Kohler & Chase, and as the seating capacity of the Sorois Club Hall is but three hundred, those who are tardy in purchasing tickets will be denied the pleasure of hearing the concerts.

The programmes for the three concerts follow:

| NOVEMBER 9TH.                        |              |
|--------------------------------------|--------------|
| Quartet (K 428) E flat.....          | Mozart       |
| Quartet, op. 51, No. 1, C minor..... | Brahms       |
| NOVEMBER 23d.                        |              |
| Quartet, E flat major, op. 74.....   | Beethoven    |
| Quartet, No. 2, D major.....         | Borodin      |
| Quartet, op. 10.....                 | Debussy      |
| DECEMBER 7TH.                        |              |
| Quartet in D major.....              | Cesar Franck |
| Italian Serenade.....                | Hugo Wolf    |
| Quartet, F major (K 590).....        | Mozart       |

## Concert by Marie Partridge Price.

Musical and society circles are taking much interest in the concert announced by Marie Partridge Price for Monday evening, November 8th, in the Colonial hall room of the Hotel St. Francis. Mrs. Price, who was soloist with Camille Saint-Saëns when he presented "The Promised Land" at Festival Hall, and also with Margaret Anglin when she produced "Medea" at the Greek Theatre, is a soprano who has achieved success both at home and abroad and she has prepared a programme of English, French, German, Italian, and Norwegian numbers that is very attractive. She will be assisted by Emilio Puyans, Louis Neubauer, and Elias M. Hecht, flutists, and Uda Waldrop will be the accompanist of the evening.

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NATHAN FIRESTONE, Viola  
MAY MUKLE, Violoncello  
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## VANITY FAIR.

Some time ago this column ventured to utter some words of wisdom on the subject of woman's sphere. It seemed imperatively necessary to correct some of the prevailing misconceptions on that interesting topic. We have collective delusions about it, and they ought to be removed. We pointed out at that time that a person's sphere is obviously the domain in which the greatest successes have been won and where the highest efficiency has been displayed. Then why not apply this rule to women? Why assign to them certain duties for which they are obviously unfitted and then persist in describing those duties as their sphere? And why debar them from those other activities where their triumphs have always been spectacular and indisputable?

We all know what is usually meant by woman's sphere. It implies all the things that women can not do. We may as well face the fact, for certainly it is a fact. Women's sphere is supposed to include the management of the home, and if there is an ill-managed institution on the face of the earth it is the home. Woman's sphere is supposed to be the training of children, and we have only to look at the average child to see how abject has been her failure. In every single department of this much-vaunted sphere—the home, children, cooking, dressmaking, nursing—women do badly what men do well. By what strange perversity, then, have we grouped all the feminine failures and fatuously labeled them as the feminine sphere? It is true that women seem to have a sort of monopoly in the immediate production of children, but they are now threatening to withdraw even from this department. Moreover, we are not able to judge of their actual efficiency, seeing that there has been no competition. They have the field to themselves, so to speak. They are *hors de concurrence*. We have no standard of comparison. But it is our private conviction that men would show their superiority here also if nature had not established a monopoly in restraint of trade.

When previously writing upon this topic we pointed out that the true sphere of women is government and war. Of course we were laughed at. Prophets always are. In the popular mind there is no such offense as to say something that has not been stereotyped by immemorial custom. To be unusual is to be foolish and probably wicked. But now comes a writer in an influential Eastern newspaper and he says precisely the same thing. Doubtless he has been reading the *Argonaut*. He delicately skirts around the question of feminine incapacity in her "sphere," because it is not safe to say such things in the East. But what he does say about feminine superiority in government and war is just what the *Argonaut* has said more than once, and, like the queen in "Alice in Wonderland," when the *Argonaut* says a thing more than once it is invariably true, and especially when it appears in this column. And so the aforesaid writer points out that all the queens of England have been competent, and some of them have been great. The preface to the Bible speaks of Queen Elizabeth as "that bright occidental star, Queen Elizabeth of most happy memory," and we may remember that Elizabeth was as great a soldier as she was a governor. She is said to have planned the destruction of the Armada, and she was practically in command of her own armies. Austria has produced one great woman, Marie Therese, and she defeated all the kings of Europe. In Russia we have Catherine, Spain supplies us with Isabella. Babylon gives us Semiramis. From ancient Britain comes Boadicea, from France Joan of Arc, and from China Tsian, without question the greatest woman who ever lived, even greater than Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, if such a thing is possible. Of course there are many others, but we need not traverse the whole ground. The main fact is evident enough. Nearly all the magnificently great women of the world have been rulers and soldiers; and especially soldiers. If women can be said to have a sphere at all it is the military sphere. Here is the one department in which they have never failed, and if we were the European powers, which we are not, nor likely to be, we would displace all the male commanders and give their jobs to women. It would, of course, add a new horror to war, since women are so pitiless, but we should hear no more about deadlocks and all the other futilities that have so far marked the struggle. Women would then have found their sphere.

One of the weaknesses of American political life has been the absence of women's influence in high places. America has produced more great men to the square mile than perhaps any other country. But she has produced no great women. Yes, we have heard about Jane Addams, but please do not interrupt. Washington is a city of men, so is public life in general. Even the wife of the President is—the wife of the President. No more. She has no authority even over the White House dinner-table. She may not name the guests, and as for using

her influence in a political way it would be regarded as a grave breach of decorum. The ideal presidential wife is the wife who is never heard of in national affairs. Cabinet ministers are said to have wives, but they might as well have none so far as politics are concerned. The women of official Washington live in a little world of their own, a silly, futile little world. It is a purely social world, and its activities consist in the main of the exchange at front doors of a prodigious number of cards which bring joy to the heart of the printer and no one else.

It is related of Gladstone that he once declined an invitation to a party on learning that Mme. de Novikoff was among the guests. Gladstone said that she always compelled him into political indiscretions. Mme. de Novikoff had no official position, but she was known to be a diplomatic agent of Russia. She was witty, intellectual, brilliant. She compelled confidences. She knew everybody and everything. If Russia had some subterranean designs on some part of the world known to most of us as a mere name upon the map Mme. de Novikoff was on deck. She knew every diplomatic string, and she pulled them with a gracious smile, a repartee, an anecdote. Of course, poor thing, she had no vote and was therefore sadly handicapped. But Gladstone was afraid of her. Even his wily mind knew its master.

Every political hostess in England knows her duty. She has studied her rôle. She knows the precise political values of the combinations at her dinner parties. She is advancing the policies of her husband and she knows just as much about the political arena as he does. The British statesman who is a bachelor is handicapped. It will tell against him.

There is not a country in Europe where women are not playing their subtle part in national and diplomatic politics, and playing it extraordinarily well. It is only in America that women are relegated to a silly social sphere and where their capacities for diplomacy are wasted. It seems a pity.

Russia's record crank war inventor is Boris Voevitch of Kazan in East Russia. In July Voevitch invited to his house all the local military authorities to examine his new electrical means of exterminating Germans, Austrians, and Turks. Voevitch's plan was to tunnel under the enemy's lines, and so connect his telegraph and telephone wires that high currents would be sent through them, producing "lightning flashes which would obliterate whole brigades and melt batteries of the biggest guns." However, his small-scale model would not work.

"Daubbs says he is wedded to his art." "Well, there is at least one point in his favor." "What is that?" "No one can accuse him of having married for money."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A young college student, full of new wisdom, was discussing a topic with a maid recently arrived in his home. "I held your attitude once," said the student after a short pause. "My attitude!" exclaimed the maid, and, drawing herself up to her full height, indignantly added, "You did not!"

An old Scotch farmer, who had been henpecked all his life, was about to die. His wife felt it her duty to offer him such consolation as she might, and said: "Sandy, you are about to go, but I will follow you." "I suppose so, Jean," said the old man, weakly. "But so far as I am concerned you needna be in any extraordinary hurry about it."

The workman was digging. The wayfarer of the inquisitive turn of mind stopped for a moment to look on. "My man," said the wayfarer at length, "what are you digging for?" The workman looked up. "Money," he replied. "Money!" ejaculated the amazed wayfarer. "And when do you expect to strike it?" "Saturday," replied the workman, and resumed operations.

The newsboy had stood on the corner holding an undiminished bundle of papers for half an hour. An unvarying and meaningless sound issued from his lips, but neither he nor any one else thought he was saying anything. Suddenly the clang and bang of a fire engine divided the traffic. "All about the fire! All about the fire!" he shrieked. And every fifth person hought a paper.

Sheridan was once staying at the house of an elderly maiden lady in the country, who wanted more of his company than he was willing to give. Proposing one day to take a stroll with him, he excused himself to her on account of the badness of the weather. Shortly afterward she caught him sneaking out alone. "So, Mr. Sheridan," said she, "it has cleared up?" "Just a little, ma'am—enough for one, but not enough for two!"

He had been calling on her twice a week for six months, but had not proposed. He was a wise young man, and didn't think it necessary. "Ethel," he said as they were taking a stroll one evening, "I—er—am going to ask you an important question." "Oh, George," she exclaimed, "this is so sudden. Why, I—" "What I want to ask is this," he interrupted: "What date have you and your mother decided upon for our wedding?"

In his book Dr. John Kerr relates many amusing stories of his adventures as an inspector of schools in Scotland during the past thirty-six years. On one occasion he was examining a class in mathematics, and put the following question to a boy: "If a salmon weighed ten pounds and it was to be sold at twopence a pound, what would it be worth?" The lad, who was the son of a fishmonger, hastily replied: "It wadna be worth a curse."

Mrs. McGreevy was a dinner guest one evening where a noted explorer was the attraction. Being of a somewhat languid turn of mind, she paid more attention to her dinner than to the conversation. After dinner was over, she turned to one of the guests and asked: "What was that tiresome old explorer talking about?" "Progressive Patagonia," was the reply. "Really?" asked Mrs. McGreevy with sudden interest. "And how do you play it?"

He was an abled-bodied Englishman, out of work, and made a genial request for a little assistance. It was perhaps natural for the donor of two-pence to inquire whether the recipient had contemplated enlisting in the army. "I'd go like a shot, sir," came the answer, "but I've such a 'ot temper, and when I read what them Germans 'ave done I can't 'old myself in. No, sir, if I was at the front I couldn't 'elp committing outrages on 'em. I'm hest at 'ome."

A Swedish farmer, who lived on his wheat farm in Minnesota, was taken ill, and his wife telephoned the doctor. "If you have a thermometer," answered the physician, "take his temperature. I'll be out and see him presently." An hour or so later, when the doctor drove up, the woman met him at the door. "How is he?" asked the doctor. "Vell," said she, "Ae ban put the barometer on him lake you tal' me, and it say 'Vary dry,' so Ae give him pitcher of vater to drink, and now he ban gone back to vork."

The alfalfa delegate was paying his first visit to a city of any size. Standing on the sidewalk he chanced to see a sprinkling cart coming down the street, and no sooner had he set his eyes on the thing than he began to laugh like a boy at a minstrel show. "By gosh," he remarked hilariously, punching a

cop in the ribs, "don't that just beat all?" "Don't what heat all?" responded the wondering cop. "What's the joke?" "Just look at that feller on that wagon," pointing to the sprinkler. "That derned fool won't have a drop of water left by the time he gets home."

De Pachmann and Goldmark once met in front of the latter's Vienna home. Goldmark was a most estimable old chap, but his one great fault was his overwhelming conceit. As De Pachmann and Goldmark walked away from the composer's house the pianist pointed backward and said: "That modest little edifice will be signally distinguished some day after you are dead." "Indeed!" said Goldmark. "Yes," continued De Pachmann, "they will decorate it with a tablet." "And what do you suppose they will say on the tablet?" asked the composer, eagerly. "To Let!" replied De Pachmann.

In his "Life of Thomas B. Reed," Mr. Samuel W. McCall tells this story about the former Speaker, who was an unusually large man: When his daughter Katherine, or "Kitty," as he called her, was a little girl, she had a cat to which she was much devoted. One day the kitten was sleeping in Reed's chair when he was about to sit down. His daughter, in horror, gave the chair a sudden pull to save the cat from annihilation, and as a result Mr. Reed sat down heavily on the floor. It was a rather serious happening for a man of his size, and even a lesser man might easily have lost his temper. But the only notice he gave of the matter was to say gravely, after he had got on his feet, "Kitty, remember that it is easier to get another cat than another father."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Times Change.

When Jones was just a struggling youth,  
Their standing to assure  
The neighbors all looked down on him  
Because he was so poor.

The old patched coat, the tattered sbirt  
Brought forth the jibe and jeer;  
And village wits upon him played  
With merry taunt and sneer.

Times changed, the wealth of Jones increased  
Until he rolled in gold;  
With autos, yachts, and private cars  
Surpassing dreams untold.

Then to the village he returned,  
Alas, he found a bitch,  
The style was to look down on him  
Because he was so rich.—*New York Sun.*

The Wounded Soldier.

The limping soldier stopped to rest,  
A lady hurried to his side;  
"I see you're wounded, and can guess  
The sufferings you've endured," she cried.

"The bursting shells that filled the air,  
The deadly bayonet and gun;  
How grand to feel you've done your share  
In holding back the cruel Hun!

"No doubt you saved a comrade's life,  
And, waiting face to face with death,  
Stood calm 'mid the appalling strife!"—  
She paused a moment to take breath.

The modest soldier shook his head,  
And, much embarrassed at this fuss,  
"I've not been to the front," he said;  
"I slipped in getting off a bus!"  
—*London Evening Standard.*

Dirge of Used-to-Be.

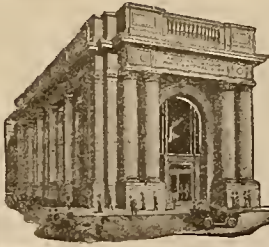
In the dark and gloomy graveyard of the Things-  
That-Used-to-Be,  
A group of ghosts were gathered 'neath a weeping  
willow tree.  
In mournful tones, with dismal moans, while tears  
streamed from his eyes,  
A melancholy shade explained the cause of his  
demise.

He said, "I was an Oil Lamp and I still recall the  
day  
When folks thought I was bright enough to light  
the darkest way;  
But when, at last, I'd finally cast a glamour round  
myself,  
They all installed Electric Light and put me on  
the shelf."

"I was a little Mule Car," another spirit cried,  
"And, for a time, upon my back the world was  
glad to ride.  
For many a day things went my way, but soon  
I, too, departed;  
The Trolleys pushed me off the track to perish,  
broken-hearted."

An ancient ghost wept softly as he told his tale  
of woe.  
He said, "I was a Mail Coach a century ago;  
"But conservation taught the nation how to save  
its breath  
And now the phones and telegraphs have just  
talked me to death."

And so, beneath the willow trees, these mournful  
ghosts reside,  
All dreaming of the good, old-fashioned days be-  
fore they died.  
With plaintive wails they tell their tales of death  
and dissolution,  
For every one of them was killed by plain ELEC-  
TROCUITION.  
—*Charles W. Morris, in Edison Monthly.*



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JUNE 30th, 1915:

Assets.....\$90,321,343.04  
Deposits..... 57,362,890.35  
Capital actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000.00  
Reserve and Contingent Funds..... 1,958,443.69  
Employees' Pension Fund..... 199,164.42  
Number of Depositors..... 66,968  
For the 6 months ending June 30th, 1915, a  
dividend to depositors of 4 per cent per annum  
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| Atlantic Monthly and Argonaut.....                               | 7.25   |
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| Collier's Weekly and Argonaut.....                               | 5.05   |
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| Life and Argonaut.....   | 8.00   |
| Lippincott's Magazine and Argonaut.....                          | 5.25   |
| Littell's Living Age and Argonaut.....                           | 9.10   |
| Mexican Herald and Argonaut.....                                 | 9.20   |
| Munsey's Magazine and Argonaut.....                              | 4.95   |
| Nation and Argonaut.....   | 6.75   |
| Nineteenth Century and Argonaut.....                             | 7.40   |
| North American Review and Argonaut.....                          | 7.05   |
| Outlook and Argonaut.....  | 6.25   |
| Outing and Argonaut.....   | 6.00   |
| Overland Monthly and Argonaut.....                               | 4.65   |
| Political Science Quarterly and Argo-<br>naunt.....              | 6.00   |
| Puck and Argonaut.....   | 8.00   |
| Review of Reviews and Argonaut.....                              | 5.25   |
| Scribner's Magazine and Argonaut.....                            | 6.00   |
| Smart Set and Argonaut.....                                      | 5.75   |
| St. Nicholas and Argonaut.....                                   | 6.00   |
| Sunset and Argonaut.....   | 5.25   |
| Theatre Magazine and Argonaut.....                               | 6.30   |
| Thrice-a-Week New York World (Dem-<br>ocratic) and Argonaut..... | 4.30   |
| Weekly New York Tribune Farmer and<br>Argonaut.....              | 4.25   |
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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Brune of Ross have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Adele Brune, to Mr. Allan Van Fleet. Mr. Van Fleet is the son of Judge William Carey Van Fleet and Mrs. Van Fleet. He is a brother of Miss Julia Van Fleet and the Messrs. Clark and William Carey Van Fleet, Jr. No date has yet been set for the wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. James Ahearn Folger have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Genevieve Cunningham, to Mr. Platt Kent. Miss Cunningham is the sister of Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe, Jr., and the Messrs. John Cunningham and James Ahearn, Jr., and Peter Folger. Mr. Kent is the son of Mrs. Andrew Wesley Kent. No date has yet been set for the wedding.

The wedding of Miss Evelyn Cunningham and Mr. Joseph Donohoe, Jr., took place Saturday morning at the Church of Our Lady of the Wayside at Woodside. Following the ceremony a reception was held at the country home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Ahearn Folger. Miss Genevieve Cunningham was her sister's maid of honor and the bridesmaids were the Misses Katherine and Christine Donohoe, Evelyn Barron, and Elizabeth Cunningham. Mr. Austin Tubbs was the best man and the ushers were the Messrs. Platt Kent, Wakefield Baker, John Parrott, Jr., and Douglas MacMonagle. Upon their return from their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Donohoe will reside in this city.

The wedding of Miss Phoebe Bunker and Mr. Hans Barkan took place Wednesday at the home in Oakland of the bride's cousins, Mr. and Mrs. J. Warren McKibben. Miss Fannie Barkan was the maid of honor and Dr. Walter Boardman was the best man. Upon their return from their wedding trip the young couple will reside in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Holbrook were host and hostess Friday evening at a dance at the home on Pacific Avenue of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels. The affair was in honor of Miss Marian Baker.

Mrs. Herbert Schultz entertained a coterie of friends Friday at a luncheon at the home on Tenth Avenue of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Horace Clifton. The affair was in honor of Miss Helen Wright.

Sir Dan Asch Van Wyck of The Netherlands was the complimented guest Friday evening at a stag dinner given by Mr. H. A. Van Coenen Torchiana at his home on Steiner Street.

Mrs. George H. Mendell was hostess Friday at a luncheon at her home on Pacific Avenue in honor of Miss Louise Scott of New York, who is visiting Mrs. Spencer Eddy.

Miss Hildreth Meiere entertained a number of friends Thursday afternoon at a tea at her studio on Post Street.

Mrs. Russell Wilson gave a luncheon Friday at her home in Burlingame in honor of Mrs. John P. Jones of Santa Monica.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott entertained a number of friends Friday evening preceding the dance given by Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy at their home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. William Drum of Chicago were the guests of honor Sunday at a luncheon given by Mr. and Mrs. William Greer Hitchcock at the Burlingame Club.

Miss Marian Zeile was hostess at a dinner and theatre party recently, when a dozen friends enjoyed her hospitality.

Miss Elizabeth Ashe gave a tea Friday afternoon at her home on Russian Hill in honor of Miss Marguerite Amoss of Napa, whose engagement to Miss Ashe's nephew, Mr. Norman McLaren, has recently been announced.

Mrs. William Bailey Lamar was hostess Thursday at a luncheon at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of Mrs. William McAdoo, who with her husband was the complimented guest Thursday evening at a dinner-dance given by the New York commission at the New York State building. Mr. and Mrs. McAdoo were the guests of honor Friday at a luncheon given by Senator James D. Phelan at his country home in Saratoga.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Eddy entertained a number of friends Thursday evening at a dinner at their home in Burlingame in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Parmelee Herrick of Cleveland.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Gade gave a dinner-dance at the Fairmont Hotel Tuesday evening, when over a hundred friends enjoyed their hospitality.

Mrs. Horace Pillsbury was hostess at a luncheon at her home on Pacific Avenue Wednesday, when a dozen friends enjoyed her hospitality.

Dr. Max Rothschild and Mrs. Rothschild entertained a number of friends recently at a dinner at their home in Burlingame in honor of their house guest, Mr. James A. Walsh, of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Seward Webb of New York were

the guests of honor Monday evening at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Folger at their home on Buchanan Street.

Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett gave a dinner at her home in Burlingame Tuesday evening, when a dozen friends enjoyed her hospitality.

Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker entertained a number of friends Sunday at a luncheon at her home in San Mateo.

Mrs. Philip Van Horn Lansdale was hostess Wednesday afternoon at a tea at her home on Broadway.

Mrs. James Rolph, Jr., was the complimented guest Wednesday at a luncheon given by Mrs. I. Lowentberg in the board room of the California building at the Exposition.

The "Young Turk" members of the Bohemian Club will be guests this evening at a stag dinner in honor of Mr. Spencer Grant, whose wedding to Miss Elena Brewer will take place Tuesday evening, November 30th.

Mrs. William Denman was hostess Friday afternoon at a tea at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Edward J. McCutcheon has issued invitations to a tea Wednesday afternoon, November 3d, at her home on Pacific Avenue. The affair will be in honor of Mrs. Robert W. Wood and Miss Margaret Wood of Baltimore.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope entertained a number of friends Sunday at a luncheon at their home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Eyre have issued invitations to a ball Wednesday evening, November 10th, at the Fairmont Hotel. The affair will be in honor of their daughter, Miss Elena Eyre, who will make her formal debut on this occasion.

Mr. Remi P. Schwerin was host at a dinner at the Pacific Union Club Friday evening, when a large number of friends enjoyed his hospitality.

Rear-Admiral William F. Fullam, U. S. N., Mrs. Fullam, and Miss Rhoda Fullam were the complimented guests Saturday at a luncheon given by Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan at their country home, Beaulieu, near Cupertino.

Lieutenant Leo Sahn, U. S. N., and Mrs. Sahn will entertain a number of friends this evening at a Halloween party at their home at Mare Island.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker and their daughter, Miss Ethel Crocker, have gone to New York for a brief visit. Prince André Poniatowski, who has recently been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Crocker, is en route to his home in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Jackling left last Saturday for New York. They were accompanied by Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, who has joined Mr. Spreckels, with whom she will return in two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker departed Thursday for a few weeks' visit in New York.

Mrs. Warren Dearborn Clark and Mrs. Frank B. Anderson have also gone to New York, expecting to return before Thanksgiving.

Mrs. Adolph P. Scheld and Mrs. Frederick Hope Beaver returned Tuesday from New York, where they went to place their daughters, Miss Margaret Scheld and Miss Miriam Beaver, in Miss Wickham's finishing school.

Mr. Joseph D. Redding has returned from New York and is occupying his apartment at the Gables.

Mr. and Mrs. William Alexander departed Tuesday for their home in Washington, D. C., after an extended visit in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Edward White are planning to spend the winter in Grand Rapids, Michigan, with Mr. White's father, whose health is not so good as usual.

Mr. and Mrs. John Fulton have returned to their ranch in Calaveras County after a visit with Mrs. Fulton's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Cesar Bertheau.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Eyre have closed their country home in Atherton and are established for the winter in their residence on Buchanan Street.

Miss Amy Bassett has returned from the Orient, where she has been spending the past six months with Major Thomas Q. Ashburn, U. S. A., and Mrs. Ashburn.

Mrs. Eleanor Dore and her daughter, Mrs. B. J. Hoffacker, have gone East to spend several weeks with relatives. They expect to return in time for Christmas.

Mrs. Harriet Blaine Beale is among the recent Eastern visitors at the Exposition. She has been spending several days at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Edward Bright Bruce sailed last Saturday for her home in Manila after an extended visit in Santa Barbara with her mother, Mrs. Sherman Stow.

Mr. Dunbar Wright, who came from New York to visit the Exposition, has returned to his home in the East.

Mrs. Clarence Carrigan, who was formerly Miss

Anna Sperry, has arrived from the East, where she has been visiting relatives since her return from Europe in August, and is at present in Sausalito with her mother, Mrs. James Sperry.

Miss Marguerite Amoss, fiancée of Mr. Loyall McLaren, has come from Napa to visit Mr. and Mrs. Norman McLaren.

Mr. and Mrs. Seward Webb of New York have recently been guests at the Clift Hotel. They came from the East to visit the Exposition.

Mrs. William G. Henshaw and her daughters, Mrs. Harry Chickering and Mrs. Charles Keeney, have returned from Santa Barbara, where they have been spending the summer. Their home, Mira Vista, has been rented to Mr. and Mrs. William S. Moore of New York, who will spend the winter in the southern city.

Mr. and Mrs. William Drum of Chicago have been spending the past two weeks with Mr. and Mrs. William Greer Hitchcock.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Wood and their daughter, Miss Margaret Wood, of Baltimore, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Pelham Ames at their home on Pacific Avenue. They came from the East to be present at the recent celebration of the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Ames.

Dr. Alexander Hamilton Rice and Mrs. Rice arrived Sunday from Philadelphia and have been spending their time at the Exposition. Mrs. Rice, who was formerly Mrs. George Widener, is an aunt of Mrs. Christian de Guigné and Mr. Felton Elkins.

Mr. and Mrs. Grayson Hinckley have come from their ranch at Beowawe, Nevada, to visit Mrs. Hinckley's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Egbert B. Stone.

Mr. and Mrs. Garritt Wilder will sail Wednesday on the *Matsonia* for their home in Honolulu. They have been spending the past three months in this city. On the same steamer will be Mr. and Mrs. Charles Maud, who expect to be away several months.

Mrs. Louis Parrott is home again after an absence of two years, during which time she has been in Europe and the East. At present she is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Daisy Parrott Whitney, at her home on Pierce Street.

Mrs. James le Baron Johnson, who was formerly Miss May Hoffman, has come from the East to visit her family.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Law will soon be established in a new home which they have recently purchased in Presidio Terrace.

Mrs. Russell J. Wilson will close her country home in Burlingame Monday and will spend the winter in her town house on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Antoine Borel, her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Bovet, and their children have arrived in New York from Switzerland, where they have been spending the past year. Mr. and Mrs. John Lewis went East to meet their family and will accompany them to this city.

Miss Laura Currey has returned to her home in Dixon after a visit with friends in this city and Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Coleman, Jr., of Santa Barbara have been spending the past week at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. William Clift and Miss Jean Clift have returned from a visit in Santa Barbara.

Miss Louise Scott, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Eddy during the past two weeks, will depart next week for Santa Barbara, where she will visit Mr. and Mrs. William S. Moore.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Chapin are at present in New York, but will be home before Thanksgiving. They have rented the Fredericks house in Presidio Terrace, where they will reside upon their return from the East.

The home in Honolulu of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Dillingham has been brightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. Dillingham, who was formerly Miss Margaret Hyde-Smith, is the daughter of Mrs. Eleanor Hyde-Smith of this city.

The home of Lieutenant Fitzhugh Lee Minnegrode, U. S. A., and Mrs. Minnegrode has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. Minnegrode was formerly Miss Ethel O'Brien of Alameda.

## Blind Students at Greek Theatre.

Tomorrow—Sunday—the blind students of the California School for the Deaf and Dumb in Berkeley who are studying music will give the half-hour of music at the Greek Theatre. The programme includes piano and violin selections in solo and work by a string quartet. The public will be welcome. The hour is 3 o'clock.

If for no other reason, the little Saxon village of Strobeck, near Halberstadt, is unique because chess is taught in its schools. Probably no other place in the world can lay claim to such a distinction. The children carry their game boards through the streets just as many youngsters in American villages pack their slates between home and school. Chess in Strobeck is just as much a study as is reading or arithmetic. Young and old, men, women, and children alike, study over their chessboards day in and day out. Games may be seen in progress in the homes, in the gardens, and in public gathering places at almost any time. The reason for this practice is somewhat clouded. But, according to an old legend, which doubtless holds some elements of fact, the custom originated in the eleventh century, when Bishop Buko of Halberstadt took refuge in the town after being exiled by Henry IV. As the story goes, he lived in an old tower, which still stands today, and spent his time teaching the villagers the game of chess.

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

The state harbor commissioners have approved the tentative plans of Jerome Newman, engineer of the state board, for a steel and concrete viaduct to cross from the Ferry building over the Embarcadero. The work will be completed by February. According to Leo V. Merle, secretary of the harbor commissioners, the bridge will cost the state approximately \$25,000. The viaduct, which is intended for foot traffic only, will enter the second story of the Ferry building just north of the main entrance.

The board of supervisors on Monday, by a vote of 11 to 4, decided to support the resolution of the finance committee offering for sale in the next five years the entire \$43,500,000 worth of Hetch Hetchy water supply bonds.

The investment in the new theatre to be erected at once on the former W. B. Bourn site at Ellis and Mason Streets will total \$1,000,000. The proposition has been financed by a corporation just formed. The theatre will have a seating capacity of 3000 and be the largest in this city.

Frederick H. Colburn has been selected manager of the San Francisco Clearing House, having been elected to succeed Charles Sleeper, deceased. Thomas P. Burns has been named assistant manager. Colburn is secretary of the California Bankers' Association and has been assistant manager of the Clearing House for the past five years, and Burns is the cashier and acting treasurer of the United States subtreasury, which position he has resigned, taking effect November 1st.

Edward White of Watsonville has been sworn in as commissioner of immigration for the port of San Francisco. A. Caminetti, commissioner-general of immigration, at the same time abolished the law section of the local immigration bureau.

On Friday of last week Superior Judge Crothers denied the petition of Eugene E. Schmitz for a recount of the votes cast for him as a candidate for mayor at the recent primary election. Judge Crothers held that the affidavit filed by Schmitz as ground for the recount was insufficient, and that he could not grant the petition of the defeated candidate on the evidentiary showing made.

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Washington Street, has been dedicated. The school, which cost \$100,000, is one of the best in design, construction, and equipment in the West. It has twelve large classrooms, an assembly hall, roof garden, and open-air classrooms on the roof. More than 400 pupils are enrolled.

The auditorium of the College of the Holy Name was crowded at the reception tendered in honor of California's first poet-laureate, Miss Ina Coolbrith, by the sisters and pupils. An unusual programme of music and poetry was given, and the surprise of the afternoon was the song, "The Poet." To the words, of which Miss Coolbrith is the author, one of the sisters of the Holy Name wrote music. The college is the first institution to honor Miss Coolbrith after the Authors' Congress pronounced her poet-laureate.

The motion of the Union Securities Company for a new trial of their suit against Mrs. Besse Grim Cook to recover \$1500 on three promissory notes was denied by Judge Flood on Wednesday. Attorney F. M. McAuliffe, for the company, announced the matter will be appealed. Mrs. Cook refuses to pay the notes, claiming her name was forged by her late husband, Judge Carroll Cook.

Negotiations for the purchase of the Spring, Hawkins, and Meyerstein interests in the Merchants' National Bank, Market and New Montgomery Streets, were completed on Wednesday. The deal involved the transfer of 4000 shares of stock in the institution, and has been under way for several weeks. The bank is capitalized at \$1,500,000 and has a large surplus.

The red light abatement act confers the right upon a private citizen to bring an action to close a disorderly house, according to a decision by Judge Sturtevant on Wednesday. The judge stated he would probably issue a temporary injunction at No. 9 Bartlett Alley, pending a decision by the Supreme Court of several abatement cases under appeal.

Flying a homeward-bound pennant almost as long as the vessel, the *Mongolia* reached San Francisco on Wednesday for the last time under the flag of the Pacific Mail Company. The steamer's arrival also marked the complete retirement of the famous pioneer company from the transpacific trade, as the *Mongolia* is the last vessel of the big fleet left flying the company's flag. As soon as its cargo can be discharged the *Mongolia* will be turned over to the Atlantic Transport Line and will probably sail for Europe November 8th.

NOTES OF THE EXPOSITION.

After a swoop of 500 feet Aviator Charles F. Niles crashed to the ground in his machine last Monday, sustaining a broken nose, a slight concussion of the brain and minor injuries. The accident occurred on the Marina aviation field. He stated afterward that he was blinded by the sun.

American Builders' Week, the only celebration of its kind ever held in America, was brought to a close last Saturday night with a banquet at the Palace Hotel, where builders from all over the country had gathered.

Dr. Paul Ritter, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of Switzerland to the United States, arrived last Saturday to represent the land of William Tell at the Exposition on Switzerland Day. Dr. Ritter is accompanied by his wife. On Sunday night Dr. Ritter was greeted in Eagles' Hall by one of the most enthusiastic gatherings ever assembled by the Swiss Colony. He delivered a stirring address. On behalf of the Swiss Colony, Emil Pohli, vice-consul of Switzerland, presented him with an album of Exposition views.

Silvio Pettirossi's Exposition contract ended last Saturday after a sensational flight. The aviator was in the air twice.

The Exposition attendance has passed the 15,000,000 mark. It took only sixteen days to accumulate the last million admissions. The previous million took seventeen days.

Washington State Live Stock Day at the Exposition was celebrated on Tuesday. The programme started at 2 o'clock with a parade of Washington's entire list of prize-winners. These cattle won fifty per cent of all the money and prizes offered by the Exposition at the Live Stock Show, and their owners will take home with them something like \$10,000.

Portola Day was celebrated last Saturday with a procession, barbecue, and speech-making. The day, at first threatening a downpour, cleared shortly after the noon hour and thenceforth was ideal. Following the water carnival and the arrival of Don Gaspar

de Portola, discoverer of San Francisco Bay, a barbecue was served to 1000 invited guests at the grounds formerly occupied by the 101 Ranch on the Zone.

The republic of the United States greeted its sister republic of Switzerland at the Exposition on Wednesday afternoon, when Switzerland Day was observed with tree-planting exercises and a programme of speechmaking in honor of the land of Lucerne and Geneva. The guest of honor for the day was Dr. Paul Ritter, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of Switzerland at Washington, D. C., who, accompanied by his wife, made a 3000-mile trip across the continent in order to be present at the exercises.

Symphony Orchestra Plans Great Season.

Interesting plans are announced by the music committee of the Musical Association of San Francisco for the coming series of Friday afternoon subscription concerts of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra at the Cort Theatre.

This season's series of Friday afternoon subscription concerts, which will not commence until after the close of the Exposition, will be conducted by Alfred Hertz, formerly with the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, and whose devoted enthusiasm and skill as a conductor have greatly contributed to the success of that institution.

The orchestra for the coming season will be larger than ever before; eighty musicians, individually and collectively of the first quality, have been engaged and rehearsals will be held daily during the concert season and for two weeks preliminary to the opening of the concert season.


The soloists of the season will include the most prominent of the artists visiting San Francisco during the concert season.

The programme for the first afternoon concert, December 17th, follows:

Ouverture, Leonore, No. 3.....Beethoven  
Symphony No. 2, op. 73, D major.....Brahms  
Eine Faust Ouverture.....Wagner  
Le Carnaval Romain.....Berlioz

Unearthing the Fossil.

When the bed of a fossil is found the serious work begins. In many beds the bones are without any infiltrated filling, so that, though perfect in form, they are soft and fragile. To remedy this defect a coat of shellac is applied and allowed to soak in, then a second and third, and often more, are put on, until the sandstone, or matrix, and bone cease to take up shellac. As soon as the bone has hardened strips of cloth are dipped in flour paste and adjusted to make a firm bandage. When dried in this stage the whole is firm enough to work around, and the adjacent rock is gently removed, leaving the specimen on somewhat of a pedestal. The preparation and the work of quarrying take three or more days of careful, patient work. Then finally the slab containing the bones and hardened with shellac is wrapped in straw and shipped to the institution which is to receive them. To take the bones from the slab and prepare them for mounting require all the patience and skill of a master mechanic. Very carefully, often with the finest of dental tools, it is necessary to dig away the sandstone covering the bones. The work becomes more delicate as the fragile bones appear. As soon as exposed to the air the pulverized mass is given a coat of shellac, and this process is continued until it becomes firm and durable. After the pre-



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parator has the material in working shape he must add the missing parts, restoring them with plaster. This requires a careful study of other prehistoric bones. The skeleton is then mounted, a work which is comparatively easy as regards the fixing process.

Oil Tests Favor Western Crudes.

An article in the *National Petroleum News* dealing with oil tests made by car manufacturers says regarding tests by the Packard Company: "A year ago this company made an exhaustive test of motor oils. This test consisted in taking six new motors and using in each a carefully measured quantity of one of the six standard motor oils then on the market. The oils were carefully analyzed before they were placed in the motors. The motors were then started running under pressure equal to an average load and allowed to run for a period of twelve hours. Every hour the oil was tested for temperature, viscosity, flash, and fire test and sealing quality. At the end of the twelve hours the oil was again analyzed and the motors were torn down and examined for carbon deposit. Assistant Engineer Hunt says he is inclined to favor oil made of Western asphalt base crude, rather than oil of Eastern paraffine base crude."

In Russia, at Vladimir, there is an image of the Virgin with clothes of pure gold and which must be saluted by every soldier whenever it is seen. The honor paid to this icon is said to be due to the fact that it was present with the troops when they gained a wondrous victory over a large Tartar army. The Russian authorities evidently sympathize with this act of ceremony, for they actually raised this icon to the rank of a major-general in the army, so that it is saluted by all Russian soldiers as an officer today.



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### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Officer—Why did you order your prisoner to sit down here? Soldier—Cos o' the thistles, sir.—Exchange.

She—I suppose you know all the best people in town? He—Yes, but I don't have to associate with them.—Judge.

"And you refuse me a loan!" "Oh, no, I don't refuse you alone; I refuse all pan-handlers."—Houston Post.

The Man—Lemme go! I'm all right; I can swim. The Girl—I don't care. I'm going to save you. I want a medal.—Chicago Herald.

Teacher—What lessons do we learn from the attack on the Dardanelles? Prize Scholar—That a strait heats three kings, Dad says.—Judge.

"I suppose you were touched when your wife gave you that \$50 easy chair for your den." "I was touched before she gave it."—Boston Transcript.

"Are you absolutely certain it is the right policy?" "I am. Colonel Roosevelt, the New York Sun, and the Hearst papers are all against it."—Life.

Traveler—Isn't this train pretty late? Station Master—Yes, she is a bit behind, mister, but we're expectin' her every hour, now.—Harper's Magazine.

The Merry One—Cheer up, old man! Why don't you drown your sorrow? The Sad One—She's stronger than I am, and, besides, it would be murder.—Life.

"Miss Flighty made all her money in letters." "She doesn't look literary." "She isn't. She won a breach of promise suit with 'em."—Baltimore American.

"Is he a good golfer?" "What do you mean? Does he play proficiently, or does he refrain from swearing when he makes a bad shot?"—Detroit Free Press.

Junior—So you didn't propose to her, after all? Wee—No. And I'm not going to. When I got to her house I found her chasing a mouse with a broom.—Puck.

"I trust we shall make you feel quite at home," remarked the hotel manager. "Don't you try it," expostulated the married man. "I'm away for a good time."—Judge.

Irate Father—It's astonishing, Richard, how much money you need. Son—I don't need it, father; it's the hotel-keepers, the tailors, and the taxicab men.—Boston Transcript.

Terrified Jew (overtaken by a thunderstorm after a supper of liver and bacon)—God of Israel! All this fuss about a little bit of pork!—From "Bendish," by Maurice Hewlett.

"This is fine growing weather!" triumphantly stated honest Farmer Jolly. "What is that to me?" snarled J. Fuller Gloom, the vile and venomous pessimist. "I've got my growth."—Judge.

Hub—One night while you were away I heard a burglar. You should have seen me going downstairs three steps at a time. Wife (who knows him)—Where was he, on the roof?—Boston Transcript.

"You say that you believe in government control of all natural resources?" "Yes. But I carry it farther than that. I include all national disturbances." "Where would you begin?" "With the Colonel."—Life.

"Here's a young man that predicts that movie shows will eventually bring five dollars a seat." "Well, things have a way of evening up. I suppose then we can see grand opera for a nickel."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"Who is that fellow eulogizing 'this grand and glorious republic'?" "I don't know who he is, but when you hear a man talking like that the chances are 10 to 1 that he thinks 'this grand and glorious republic' ought to support him."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Bridget—The new neighbors want to cut their grass, mum, and they sent over to ask the loan of your lawn-mower. Mistress—Lend them our lawn-mower to cut grass on the Sabbath! Certainly not! Tell them, Bridget, that we haven't one.—Boston Transcript.

Jones (peering out of the window at drizzle falling on the links)—What made old Brassy growl so when Hopper dragged him home? Didn't know he minded a Scotch mist so much. Smith (sitting by the grill-room fire)—Huh! 'Twasn't the Scotch mist; it was the missed Scotch.—Judge.

Nervous Old Lady (on small English railway)—Oh, dear! how we're rocking! I'm sure an accident will happen to this train! Elderly Aboriginal—It's along o' their hein' short-handed wi' skilled men, mum, so my son 'e ordered to drive her just to oblige, and (confidentially) I don't think 'e knows much about it.—Passing Show.

"Ye have turned very industrious lately, Tim," said one Tipperary man to another.

"That I have, 'eaded," replied the other. "I was up befoore the magistrate last week for battherin' Cassidy, and the judge tould me if I came hack on the same charge he would fine me tin dollars." "Did he?" said the first speaker. "And ye're working hard so as to kape yer hands off Cassidy?" "Don't ye believe it," said the industrious man. "I'm working ha-r-r-d to save up the tin dollars."—Buffalo Courier.

"Honesty is the best policy," said the ready-made philosopher. "Of course it is," replied Mr. Dustin Stax. "But the public

doesn't always realize it. Most people would rather he cheated a little in an affable way than do business with a person whose conscience keeps him in a state of irritation."—Washington Star.

"I see that you are warning against speculating." "I am," replied Mr. Dustin Stax. "But don't you profit by the speculation of others?" "Of course. My warnings won't stop 'em. They'll merely think I'm envious of their superior smartness and want to keep them from making money."—Washington Star.

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# The Argonaut.

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## THIRTY-NINTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### The Municipal Election.

The municipal election to be held on Tuesday is mainly for the purpose of choosing an assessor and nine supervisors. The present assessor, John Ginty, is a candidate, and he received so many votes at the primary that a few more would have elected him. Under these circumstances his opponent, William H. McCarthy, retired from the contest, but under the law his name will still appear on the ballot, although he does not wish that any one shall vote for him. We may therefore assume that Mr. Ginty will be elected, seeing that there is practically no opposition.

But the election will be a genuine one in the case of the supervisors, and San Francisco need hardly remind itself of its past experiences to be assured that a wise choice of supervisors is a matter of grave importance. The primary election proved clearly enough that there are still plenty of voters in our midst who will cast their ballots—unwisely, to put it mildly; disrespectably, to put it more vigorously. And there are other electors who will place the claims of a personal friendship above the wide interests of the city at large. Under these circumstances there should be a concentration of intelligent votes in favor of the nine men recommended by the Municipal Conference, all of them men of character and capacity and with those ideals

of good government that are the greatest of all present needs. These nine men are:

A. T. Vogelsang  
Edward J. Brandon  
J. Emmett Hayden  
M. S. Kohlberg  
James S. Webster  
Fred L. Hansen  
Oscar Hocks  
Charles A. Murdock  
Henry Payot

All of these men should be elected and there is plenty of good electoral strength to see that they are elected.

### The Rights of Neutrals.

Senator Cummins can hardly be said to have added to the national wisdom by his recent speech on the rights of neutrals and the part to be played by America in their assertion. One might infer from his words that this particular problem had now been presented for the first time to the consideration of the world and that it could be solved by the enunciation of some new "doctrine" or by the even simpler method of a congressional resolution. "When this war closes," he says, "we will have the best chance we have ever had to civilize the law of the ocean. These and like problems inhere in every reasonable plan of preparedness and they must engage the intelligent, patriotic thought of the men to whom for the time being the government is committed." Senator Cummins stands by no means alone in every capacity to say much about nothing and to look in every direction except in the direction of the facts.

For actually there is nothing that needs to be done except to enforce what has already been done. Of what value is it to meet the infraction of law by the imposition of new law, or to compensate for the violation of an agreement by the framing of some fresh agreement? There is very little that is ambiguous about international law so far as present emergencies are concerned. The trouble is that neither Germany nor England will pay any attention to it. No one maintains that Germany was within the law when she sank merchant ships without warning, but she did it all the same. Nor can it be argued with success that England is within the law when she interferes with neutral shipping sailing from one neutral port to another. We do not combat an epidemic of burglaries by passing laws against burglaries. We have them already. What we must do is to enforce them.

Mr. Van Buren, when Secretary of State in 1830, expressed the situation quite clearly, and with minor modifications it still holds the field. Writing to Mr. Randolph on June 18th of that year, he said:

Previous to the war which grew out of the American Revolution the respective rights of neutrals and belligerents had been settled and clearly defined by the conventional law of Europe, to which all the maritime powers had given their sanction in treaties concluded among themselves. The few practical infractions, in time of war, of the principle thus recognized by them have been disavowed, upon the return of peace, by new stipulations again acknowledging the existence of the rights of neutrals as set down in the maritime code.

In addition to the recognition of these rights by the European powers one of the first acts of the United States, as a nation, was their unequivocal sanction of the principles upon which they are founded, as declared in their treaty of commerce of 1778 with the King of France. These principles were that free ships gave freedom to the merchandise, except contraband goods, which were clearly defined, and that neutrals might freely sail to and between enemies' ports, except such as were blockaded in the manner therein set forth.

International law as to the sinking of merchant ships is equally explicit. What, then, is there for us to do in the way of changing the law, at least so far as its main principles are concerned? Perhaps it is natural that Mr. Cummins should look forward to protracted periods of solemn debate in the Senate. It is his *métier*. But really there seems nothing to debate about except the best way to enforce the rights that have already been asserted, recorded, and admitted.

And it need hardly be said that Senator Cummins

has nothing to say about this, at least nothing except platitudes. So far as military preparations are concerned he asks for "deliberation and reflection," as though anything of importance would be done without these agencies. He hopes that we shall "profit by experience," and here also he may set his mind at ease. We shall. He disapproves of conscription, as we all do, and when it comes to army increase he thinks we should be "very conservative." It is hard to see that Senator Cummins has helped us very much, although he doubtless avoided giving any grave offense to the militarists on the one hand or to the women's clubs on the other. And probably this is just what he wished to do.

There is one disagreeable and hitherto unsuspected fact that the present war has disclosed, and it may be commended to politicians and philanthropists whose one conception of benevolent activity is to make speeches, pass laws, and sign treaties. It is evident that neither laws nor treaties are worth the paper they are written on when they are confronted with human passions or with an overwhelming realization of self-interest. We have laws against the sinking of unwarmed merchant ships and against interference with neutral shipping, and we have seen those laws disregarded as utterly as though they never existed. We have seen the violation of all the rules of war and by nearly all the belligerents. We have seen the bombardment of unfortified cities, the use of gases, and the poisoning of wells. And so far as treaties are concerned, they are simply *à rire* as soon as it becomes advantageous to ignore them. It is an ugly business, because it seems to knock the props from beneath our international civilization. Actually it is more serious than war itself, because if solemn agreements mean nothing, then what hope have we either of abolishing war or mitigating its horrors? And yet there are apparently responsible statesmen, like Senator Cummins, who are so mesmerized by ideas, so obsessed by theories, as to tell us in effect that nothing stands between us and the establishment of universal peace save the lack of a few signatures on peace treaties and international agreements. Or is it simply the *cacoëthes loquendi* that ails them?

It is evident that civilization has reached a point where it respects nothing except force. Laws derive their validity from the policeman at the street-corner, and in the same way treaties must be sustained by armies and navies. What we need at the present time is some one strong enough to say this without fear or favor and to do the things that are necessary in the face of sentiments, emotions, and hysterias.

### Arizona's Alien Law.

The decision of the United States Supreme Court that the anti-alien law of Arizona is unconstitutional will surprise no one. The law is not only unconstitutional, but it is so patently and flagrantly unconstitutional that the Arizona legislature must have known it to be so when they passed it. Moreover, it is stupid.

The law in question forbids any employer of more than five persons to have in his service less than eighty per cent of citizens or voters of the United States. Broadly speaking, this means that a large number of aliens living in Arizona shall be forbidden to earn a livelihood. If other states should follow such an example it would imply a sentence of expulsion from the United States of innumerable honest persons, most of whom would ultimately become citizens. Nor could they escape that fate by taking out their naturalization papers, seeing that a residence of several years in the country is required before that can be done. The law is self-condemned by its folly and cruelty. It becomes unconstitutional because it violates the treaties that have been made with



countries and that guarantee "equal laws for aliens and citizens."

It is to be hoped that there will be no more legislative monstrosities of this kind. We have full right to plague ourselves to our hearts' content by the immunity that we give to our political Salvation Army, but a positive infringement of foreign treaties is not only dangerous, but it is dishonorable, which is far worse. This has been made sufficiently clear by some of our own Japanese legislation, and nothing more should be needed to satisfy us that whatever trenches upon our relations with other countries should be left to the handling of the Federal authorities. Arizona may now indulge in a little salutary reflection on the fact that she belongs to the United States and, in a larger sense, to the civilization of the world, and that she should do nothing to embarrass the United States or to affront the universal proprieties that as a nation we ought to extend rather than to diminish.

#### Suffrage in the East.

The defeat of the woman suffrage proposition in Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey seems to indicate something more than the wholesome conservatism that we associate with the East. The actual vote is not available at the moment of writing, but there is evidently justification for describing the rout of the "pros" as overwhelming. The adverse vote in New York is said to be about 200,000, in Pennsylvania about 150,000, and in Massachusetts 132,000. These are large figures, and since the explanations are likely to be numerous there is no reason why one should not be added to their number.

It is evident that the Eastern states do not approve of the suffrage for women, but we must look further afield to understand why they should be so extraordinarily emphatic about it. The reason is probably to be sought in the excesses of which so many of the leaders have been guilty, and of the still greater excesses that have attended the wider campaign of what is known as the Feminist Movement in general. It may be argued that the majority of the agitating women want the vote, and nothing but the vote, and that they ought not to be identified with a propaganda that seems to lay the axe at the root of the ordinary and universally accepted principles of morality. There is something to be said for such a contention, and still more might be said if there had been any real protest from moderate women who ask for no more than an equality in the electoral rights of citizenship. But there has been no such protest. Magazines, newspapers, and the public platform have been deluged with appeals and assertions of so unblushing a kind as to disgrace a saloon bar, and it is small wonder that the public should fail to draw the line between a demand for the vote and a demand for sex license. Comparatively few women have been guilty of these grosser excesses either in word or thought. But a very large number have been guilty of silence.

The women of the East will doubtless continue their campaign. If they wish to reverse the present fortunes of war they will do well to dissociate themselves from the rabid exponents of Feminism, and they will do well also to impress upon their own immediate leaders the virtues of suavity, moderation, and inoffensiveness. For no cause was ever more unfortunate in its generalship.

#### The Case for Bulgaria.

Russia's surprise that she should find Bulgaria among her enemies is probably of the diplomatic kind. No one knows better than she that the second Balkan war left Bulgaria with a burning grievance, the sort of grievance that is certain to seek redress at the first available opportunity.

It will be remembered that the first Balkan war was directed against Turkey. It was waged by the Balkan States in unison, and they would have remained in unison if they had been able to repress their individual greeds. Bulgaria had by far the best army and it willingly undertook the lion's share of the work. It was the Bulgarian army that encountered the Turkish forces in Thrace and that laid siege to Adrianople and the Turkish lines at Tchataldja. Serbia and Greece did what they could, but it was little in comparison with the task of Bulgaria, who was compelled to summon every available man of her own and then appeal to the Serbs for help against the Turkish fortresses. But Serbia and Greece showed themselves singularly ungrateful to Bulgaria for the immense ef-

forts that she had made. Taking advantage of the absence of the Bulgarian army in Thrace, where it was waging the common war against Turkey, they promptly occupied large parts of Macedonia to which Bulgaria herself had laid claim, a claim that had actually been admitted by Serbia. It would be hard to find anything more flagrant even in the annals of Oriental statecraft. Bulgaria had been robbed by her own allies at the very moment when she was assuming the whole burden of the war, and when she was unable to defend herself because of her energies in defending them.

Of course she protested. As soon as peace negotiations with Turkey had begun Bulgaria demanded from Serbia and Greece the restitution of those parts of Macedonia that had been assigned to her under her treaty with Serbia, and she was refused. Then came the second Balkan war, in which Bulgaria was worsted while the European powers looked on in entire unconcern, utterly deaf and blind to everything except a cynical opportunism. The savageries of the second Balkan war were unsurpassed by anything in history, and it is small wonder that they should leave behind them those smoldering animosities that were certain to burst into flame.

Bulgaria herself was by no means blameless. Her successes against Turkey had so inflated her self-conceit that she adopted a tone of extraordinary arrogance, not only toward her neighbors, but toward England, France, Austria, and Russia. She believed that because she had beaten Turkey she could heat the world, and in this case, and as usual, pride came before a fall. Her emissaries to the conference in London were so insolent and so arrogant as to estrange whatever sympathies they might otherwise have evoked, and it is a matter of common diplomatic knowledge that the subsequent indifference of Europe to the plight of Bulgaria was largely attributable to this cause. It is a dreary story of the uglinesses of human nature, a serial story, and one still far from its concluding page.

#### Mr. Furuseth to the Rescue.

The chaos created by the Seamen's act grows worse at each succeeding stage. It seems now that the few American ships not actually torpedoed by the main provisions of the law are unable to secure their proper complement of men who can pass the requisite physical test. Only forty-five men out of a total of more than two thousand seamen had qualified on Monday night, and as a result a number of ships, both coastwise and foreign service, must remain in dock and at a ruinous expense unless something can be done either illegally or at best extra-legally. And to grasp the full idiocy of the whole bad business we may remember that the ships of other nations may steam gayly in and out of port unhampered by a law that seems to have been specially designed for the destruction of the American merchant marine. Mr. La Follette is not, of course, in the service of the Japanese government. He is too patriotic for that. Moreover, the Japanese government would have no use for his particular kind of mind. But if Japanese statesmen had been allowed to frame an American shipping law they would have framed just such a law as this.

The remedies are only a shade better than the disease. Indeed they may be said to arouse reflections of the most disquieting kind, reflections that ought to culminate in an audible indignation. Seamen, we are told, are imploring Mr. Furuseth to use his influence at Washington to secure the suspension of the measure, at least so far as the physical tests are concerned.

And what, we may ask, is the influence of Mr. Furuseth that he is able not only to pass laws, but also to repeal them? Have we actually reached the point where we must petition Mr. Furuseth to intercede with the Department of Commerce to abrogate a law passed by Congress and signed by the President of the United States? Whether the Department of Commerce itself has actually the power to waive a statute law into limbo must be left for determination by legal minds, but that the machinery of such a process must remain inert until invoked by Mr. Furuseth is certainly a startling situation, and one that seems to need elucidation. Is the country actually governed by Mr. Furuseth that we must thus beg for his intercession? Have we been entertaining legislative angels unawares?

This whole business of abrogating statute laws by

departmental ukase is a vicious one, and one that tends towards the contempt and abasement of law. Every one of the evils that have followed this law was predicted before the law was passed. Congress was importuned not to destroy the merchant marine by an act that must obviously be fatal to it, that was denounced by every expert in the country. Some of the great steamship lines at once hauled down the American flag and hoisted foreign flags. Others will be forced to do the same. And now it seems that the mesh of the net is so small that nothing can escape. Coastwise ships must be tied up at their berths because the health of American sailors is not good enough to handle them, although the health of foreign sailors seems adequate for their task. And so in desperation we must appeal to Mr. Furuseth to stay his destroying hand and to "use his influence" with the government of Washington. Let us hope that Mr. Furuseth will not insist upon the total extermination of the American marine. Let us hope that he will graciously mediate on our behalf. But what a spectacle!

#### Washington Notes.

It seems that the Washington correspondent of the *Argonaut* was in error when he said, in the issue of October 23d, that Miss Isabelle Hagner would retain her position as social secretary at the White House under its new mistress. It is now known that Miss Isabelle Hagner will relinquish her post, but not under the exigencies either of politics or of the new White House domesticity. Miss Hagner, possibly beguiled by a high example, is about to marry Mr. Norman L. James of Baltimore, according to announcements that have just been made. Mrs. Galt's social secretary at the present time is Miss Edith Benham, daughter of the late Rear-Admiral Benham, and once private secretary to Mrs. Bryce, wife of the former British ambassador. It is possible that Miss Benham will accompany Mrs. Galt to the White House, but in this case she will have to be paid from the President's private pocket, a fact that will not favor a continuance of her present duties.

To understand the situation it is necessary to remember that Miss Isabelle Hagner's official status is that of a clerk in the War Department and she has always been carried on the payroll of the War Department. She was detailed for special duty at the White House and she was regarded as the social secretary. This practice has begun under the Roosevelt administration and it has been continued ever since. Presidents are always given a liberal appropriation for clerical assistance at the White House, but it is never liberal enough, and therefore they usually ask that department clerks be detailed for special duty, and these clerks continue to draw their salaries from the departments from which they are requisitioned. This practice has now become well established, and it may be remembered that Mr. Roosevelt's private barber was a War Department messenger who was always paid by the War Department.

Much political gossip has been started in Washington by what seems like a new attack on the conduct of Henry Lane Wilson, who acted as American ambassador to Mexico during the Huerta-Diaz revolt of 1913. Wilson, it will be remembered, fell into disgrace because his advice proved unpalatable to the President, and it was only natural that he should descend into still deeper disfavor as the progress of events was found to justify his predictions of coming trouble. Now we have a story in the *New York World*, and repeated in a dispatch from Mexico City to the *Washington Post*, to the effect that Henry Lane Wilson was practically an accessory to the plot that culminated in the assassination of Madero, and that he was well aware of Madero's approaching arrest. The story is, of course, of the most shadowy description. We are told that "all the Mexicans concerned" believed that Wilson was privy to the plot to depose Madero in favor of Huerta, and this seems almost tantamount to saying that he was privy also to the subsequent assassination, since every one knows what usually happens to political prisoners in Mexico. The only semblance of real evidence is furnished by Alfredo Robles Dominguez, director of public works, who says that Wilson told him that Madero was to be arrested at once, and that the only way to end the situation was to bring Huerta and Diaz into agreement. The story



seems to be an unconscionably thin one, so thin indeed as to expose its motive, which is to blacken the reputation of a man whose unwelcome predictions have been so faithfully verified.

The air of tragedy that pervades the Mexican imbroglio seems to follow every one who has become involved. It is remembered in Washington that the late Sir Lionel Carden, British ambassador at Mexico City, was recalled to London because his activities had proved to be unwelcome to the Washington authorities. Sir Lionel Carden favored the retention of Huerta as provisional president, and this, of course, was a deadly offense to President Wilson, to whom the unfortunate Huerta has become a *bête noir*. So Sir Lionel Carden had to go, and without other recompense for faithful service than the knowledge that he had saved hundreds of American and British lives. So far as Huerta himself is concerned, no one seems to know just where he is, but there is a growing conviction that Mexico's progress down hill was markedly accelerated from the moment when Huerta was deposed upon the amazing charge that he was a "murderer."

#### Editorial Notes.

In spite of some doleful outpourings in Eastern newspapers there seems to be no slightest cause for apprehension about the Panama Canal. Landslides have occurred in consequence of the enormous pressure from the banks, and the canal beds have buckled. Until the immediate difficulty has been overcome the passage must remain closed, and it is quite upon the cards that the trouble will recur until its causes have been removed, and this, it need hardly be said, is a matter of time. But the present problems must be regarded as part and parcel of the work of construction. The canal, exteriorly finished, was not actually finished, and could not be finished until time had been allowed to apply its own leisurely tests. The buckling of the canal bed was possibly facilitated by the use of explosives that loosened and disintegrated the soil below the level of excavation, but this will eventually be corrected by the very pressure that seems now to be so damaging. And it may be said incidentally that the trouble would be much worse if early counsels in favor of a sea-level canal had been allowed to prevail. That they were not allowed to prevail we may thank Mr. Roosevelt, and as we have so little to thank him for, it becomes an additional pleasure to make the acknowledgment.

With a commendable desire to extend our scientific knowledge, we should like to know why it is considered necessary in San Francisco to fumigate after cases of certain contagious diseases while in New York it is not considered necessary. The New York health department discontinued the practice a year or so ago on the ground that it was useless and a nuisance, and now the discontinuance has been extended to Greater New York. An eminent medical authority says that fumigations have precisely the same value as incantations, to which they are closely akin. And now comes Dr. John B. Huber, who tells us that disease germs can not retain their vitality for any length of time after leaving the human body and that a little soap and water and elbow grease are all the purification necessary. Therefore, and with all possible deference, we may ask why the practice of fumigation is continued anywhere, and whether our various boards of health are acting in the light of knowledge or of guesswork.

Aluminum is the most abundant of all the metals. In the form of its oxide, alumina, it constitutes about fifteen per cent of the earth's crust, according to the United States Geological Survey. Yet until recent years it was a curiosity; there were only a few hundred or few thousand pounds in existence, and its value was \$14 or \$15 a pound. Within a generation it has become very useful, now selling at about twenty cents a pound. The entry of aluminum into the field of useful metals came with the discovery that it could be extracted from the mineral bauxite, a claylike substance. This mineral itself is by no means plentiful, but known deposits are sufficient to make aluminum an important competitor of certain metals, such as copper and tin, in a good many lines of work. An alloy known as duralumin, containing about ninety-five per cent of aluminum, is claimed to have qualities as good as those of Bessemer steel, although it is only one-third as heavy. The great future of aluminum lies in the perfection of a process whereby it can be commercially extracted from the vast deposits of alumina.

#### THE THEATRE OF WAR.

There has been no particular change in the Balkan situation during the week unless the reports of a Russian transport fleet off the coast of Bulgaria should be confirmed. For some reason the censorship seems to be particularly severe so far as this area is concerned. The official reports are of the most meagre variety and the unofficial reports from Athens are not of the most reliable kind. There were rumors that Roumania had given permission for the passage of a Russian army, but these were evidently premature, to say the least of it. But it is quite certain that Russia will land an army in Bulgaria somewhere if there is any way to do it, and seeing that she is in command of the Black Sea, it would seem that nothing but a lack of transports could stand in the way. Russia would not only be anxious to strike a blow at Germany, but we may be sure that she is feeling a peculiar animosity toward Bulgaria, whom she must regard as an enemy to the Slav cause. We do not know the extent to which the Bulgarian coast is fortified, but we may be sure that Russia knows to the last man and to the last gun, and if a Russian army is actually off the shore there is a considerable likelihood that it will be landed.

It is now evident enough, as was said last week, that there will be no "drive" through Serbia except through the extreme northeast corner, and this is already an accomplished fact. The German and the Bulgarian armies were only thirty-five miles apart on the narrow strip immediately to the west of the Roumanian border. We may therefore say that the Germans are theoretically but not actually in touch with Constantinople, that is to say there is nothing but friendly territory between them. But a railroad is needed for actual communication and the railroad lies further south, running from Belgrade through Nisch and Pirot to Sofia, and eastward to the Turkish capital. Pirot has already been taken by the Bulgarians. But there are other Teuton forces advancing into Serbia in addition to the force that has joined hands with the Bulgarians in the northeast. There is a German force coming south from Belgrade and now about half way between Belgrade and Nisch, a total distance of about one hundred miles. An Austrian force is coming from the west and is now in the vicinity of Valievo, in the northwest of Serbia, while the Albanians have also made an incursion into Serbia from the west. We may still be of opinion that the Teuton armies are not nearly so large as was at first supposed. The Bulgarians seem to be doing most of the fighting.

There are two railroad lines that become of critical importance to the Balkan war. The first is the transcontinental line running from Belgrade to Constantinople and passing through Nisch, Pirot, and Sofia. This is the road that must carry German troops and munitions to Constantinople, if they ever get there. The other railroad line runs north and south from Salonika through Veles, Uskub, and Nisch to Belgrade. Nisch is therefore the intersecting point of the two roads. Both Veles and Uskub were taken by the Bulgarians, but the French drove them out of Veles, although Uskub is still in Bulgarian hands. It will be seen that the cutting of this line at Veles has the effect of isolating the Serbian troops to the north, but it by no means follows that the isolated Serbians will therefore be destroyed. The territory to the north of Nisch is mountainous and well suited to defense. At the same time we do not know what munitions they have, and if their munitions depot at Kragushevatz has been taken it may have a vital effect upon their defense.

We may now make a fairly bold guess at the strategy of the Allies. It was expected that they would move straight north toward Nisch in order to combine with the Serbians in the north, but this would obviously have been a fatal move. They would have found themselves in the same bag in which the Serbians now find themselves. It is evidently their intention not so much to defend the Serbians as to attack the Bulgarians. It is true that the French moved a little way into Serbia, badly beating the Bulgarians at Veles, but their main effort seems to have been against Strumnitza in Bulgaria. Now we have only to bear in mind the main object of the Germans, which is to pass their troops and munitions over the Nisch-Sofia-Constantinople line and we shall see at once the favorable position of the Allies occupying the Greek-Bulgarian frontier line and with access to the Bulgarian sea coast around Dedeagatch. They will constitute a formidable threat to the railroad line, and if they should succeed in approaching it the Bulgarians will have all that they can do to defend it. Therefore it seems likely that the Allies will make no very serious effort to advance north into Serbia, but that they are more likely to attack the whole of the Bulgarian southern frontier from Strumnitza to Enos, with a view to draw the Bulgarians away from Serbia and to the defense of their own country. At the same time it may be pointed out that there is a natural barrier to an advance into Bulgaria from the south, and one that is not shown upon the ordinary map. The Rhodope Mountains run east and west, and immediately to the south of the international railroad. There are few, if any, practicable passes in these mountains and they would have to be turned at either their western or eastern extremities, that is to say close either to the Serbian or Turkish frontiers. An army moving north into Bulgaria would have no railroad and therefore its communications would be very difficult. At the same time it would be possible for a force to move north through Bulgaria directly toward Sofia and so skirt the Rhodope Mountains to the west, and it might also be possible for a Russian army landing on

the Bulgarian Black Sea coast to cut the international railroad at Adrianople.

Unfortunately we do not know the strength that the Allies can bring to bear upon Bulgaria. Two weeks ago the number of Allied troops at Salonika was 58,000, and of these only 19,000 were British. Presumably they represented the men that could be spared from the Dardanelles and possibly some drafts on their way from Australia or New Zealand. Lord Lansdowne said at the time that no more could be collected at that moment, but a few days later, speaking in the House of Lords, he said that Great Britain and France were sending a strong force and that they were awaiting the report of General Munro, who takes the place of Sir Ian Hamilton, to decide at what point they should be landed. We shall probably find that they will be sent either to Salonika or to Enos. If they land at Enos it will be with a view to coöperation with a Russian army on the Black Sea, and in this case the aim will presumably be to cut the international railroad somewhere in the neighborhood of Adrianople.

That the Germans are likely to get control of the railroad from Belgrade to Constantinople is evident. If they take Nisch it will be practically an accomplished fact. But it will be a very thin ribbon, dangerously thin. To say that such a success would constitute no threat upon Egypt would be to exaggerate, but the threat is more a moral than a physical one. From Constantinople to Port Said through Asia Minor is at least a thousand miles, and while the relief of Constantinople might encourage the Asia Minor Turks to make another raid upon Egypt, the idea of a German army doing such a thing within any measurable time is a mere dream. Germany has no men for such a purpose. She has not enough men for Russia and the west. With the exception of the Riga district Germany is on the defensive—according to Major Morath—along the whole Russian line, as well as in France. To undertake so immense a task as the invasion of Egypt seems out of the question. The line of communications would be of unmanageable length and it would require nearly as many men as the advance army itself, while the natural difficulties are nearly insurmountable.

Once more we may remind ourselves of the necessity to look at main issues rather than at the reports of mere successes. Let us suppose that Germany secures control of the whole railroad line from Belgrade to Constantinople. What then? What can Germany do for Turkey and what can Turkey do for Germany? The only help that Turkey can expect is a supply of munitions and perhaps a very few men. There can be no vast reinforcements pouring into Constantinople. Germany can not spare them and Bulgaria has abundant occupation for her own forces. If Bulgaria had any men or munitions to spare they would have been sent already, for of course there has been no interference at any time with communications between Bulgaria and Turkey. And it is hardly likely that Germany can afford to be very liberal with munitions, since there must be some limit even to her vast productivity. We do not know what munitions Bulgaria may have, but it is certain that she can not replenish them. Bulgaria has been exhausted by the Balkan wars, and it is quite on the cards that she herself may have to borrow from Germany. She is entirely surrounded by enemies and probable enemies, and if Russia should actually land an army she will find herself in a very dangerous position. Therefore it would seem that the help that Germany can give to Turkey is mainly of the moral kind, which is by no means to be underestimated, but which at the same time must not be overestimated. Indeed it would seem that Turkey may be of greater service to Germany than vice versa. She can possibly obtain food supplies of which she is most grievously in need, as witness the recent orders for a stricter economy. And she may even obtain men from Asia Minor and perhaps a small supply of copper. But it is certain that neither Germany nor Turkey can expect much from the other. Perhaps we should be striking the nail on the head if we suppose that Germany's hope is to secure some spectacular success that may prove a valuable asset in peace negotiations.

It seems hard to entertain the theory that the neutrality of Greece has been forcibly violated. Speaking in the House of Peers, Lord Lansdowne said: "Venizelos was then in power, and at his instance we undertook to provide a force for the purpose of enabling Greece to fulfill her treaty obligations to Serbia." This may be assumed to be true, since there has been no denial. Moreover, we have the action of the Greek minister of communications, who placed the railroads at the service of the Allies. But we can only wonder that the Allies were so short-sighted that they failed to make hay while the sun shone. If they were unaware of the coming attack upon Serbia they failed to share in the certainty of the rest of the world, but when the attack comes they have little more than a corporal's guard to resist it. It is probably true that they had amassed large quantities of stores at Salonika, but their failure to have a sufficient force within reach is one of the mysteries that we shall probably be debating for the next half-century. The actual danger to the Allies is not in the crushing of Serbia nor the opening of the long gallery to Constantinople. The real danger comes from blunderings, from the futile moving about of insufficient forces, suggestive of divided counsels wherein two or three opposing opinions are all gratified in consequently ineffective ways. Mr. Asquith, in his speech reported on Wednesday, takes full responsibility for the Dardanelles attack. As prime minister he is, of course, responsible for everything in a technical sense, but it is hard to believe that a civilian has actually the determination in such a



The other notable points in Asquith's speech were the statement that one million British troops were now at the front, and that since April not a foot of ground, net, had been lost. No claim was made of ground gained, but there was no suggestion of a contemplated or of a possible peace.

In spite of some heavy fighting in the Champagne district, about which the rival bulletins are flatly contradictory, there has been no resumption of a general offensive. There can be no cessation of the fighting in France so long as events are critical in the east. Thanks to a perfected military railroad system the Germans may be said to enjoy the power to be in two places at the same time, if one may be allowed so to express it. That is to say, a few days' lull in the western fighting would permit of a quick transfer to the east, and therefore no such lull is permitted. If we knew the exact position of the munitions supply it would be easy to predict when the next great offensive would come. Probably Joffre used all that it was safe to use during the last battle, and we may believe that when the next one comes the supply of high explosives will be sufficient to permit of a continuous attack until a definite issue one way or the other has been forced.

We are beginning to hear a little more of the British submarine work in the Baltic, which is about the only place where the Allies' craft can work. German steamers sailing from Lulca in Sweden have been ordered not to put to sea, and as these steamers were conveying much-needed ore the privation is a serious one. British and Russian submarines are co-operating in the blockade, and that the condition is rather serious is admitted by Count Reventlow, the German naval expert, who says in the *Tageszeitung*: "The blockade of the Baltic by British submarines undoubtedly is a tough problem. They are able to get through the great belt, notwithstanding the Danish mines. When the Baltic is frozen it will be possible to discover the British submarine bases."

Surgeons in English hospitals say that some of the victims of the Zeppelin raids have been wounded by air concussion only without being hit by a missile. Arms and legs have been torn off by the same cause, while a large number of the injured have been struck by pieces of glass. Projectiles that fall from the height of a mile or two gain an enormous momentum and produce disturbances in the air almost as destructive as the explosion itself. Another cause of wounds is the shrapnel from the British guns, which of course falls hack upon the streets.

The story of a Japanese army has been revived, although not upon any reliable authority. It is said that Japan was invited to send troops to Europe, but there was a difficulty in arranging the terms. Another story says that the difficulty was in the lack of transports. It would of course be practicable to bring Japanese forces through Siberia and so to the Black Sea, or to the Persian Gulf or Suez Canal. It may be remembered that Japan is bound by treaty to defend the Asiatic possessions of Great Britain, but only the Asiatic possessions. The interference of an Asiatic power in a European war would certainly be something in the nature of a portent, but it is one that we are hardly likely to see.

There is a recrudescence of peace talk, and of course there are the usual official denials which mean nothing. Such tentative movements are always put forward in such a way that they can be denied, that is to say they are made through private channels which can be disowned if it should seem advisable. It was said that Prince von Bülow would approach the King of Spain and the President of the United States, and it may be significant that a few days later the European newspapers printed an apparently independent bulletin to the effect that Prince von Bülow was about to visit Madrid on personal business. When the story of the war comes to be written we shall probably find that several of these trial balloons have been flown at various times. But of one thing we may be sure: Neither the King of Spain nor the President of the United States will transmit any overtures that they believe to be certain of rejection. SIDNEY CORYN.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 3, 1915.

Unusual mirage effects, appearing ever magical to the layman, due solely to refraction and reflection from layers of air of different density, are to be seen in the Red River Valley of Minnesota almost any sunny day in spring, summer, or autumn. This queer phenomenon makes the high land at the sides of the valley and the tops of the distant trees and houses appear to be raised a little above the horizon, with a narrow strip of sky between. The more complex and astonishing effect of mirage may be seen from the highland on either side of the lake-bed floor. There, in looking across the valley from one and one-half to two hours after sunrise on a hot morning following a cool night, the groves and houses, villages, and grain elevators loom up to two or three times their true height and places ordinarily hidden by the curvature of the earth are brought into view. Oftentimes, too, these objects are seen double, being repeated in an inverted image close above their real positions and separated from it by a foglike belt. In its most perfect development the mirage shows the upper and topsy-turvy portion of the view quite as distinctly as the lower and true portion.

Russia, one of the great sugar-producing countries of Europe and one in which the industry is expanding rapidly, pays a bounty to its sugar growers.

## THE BLACK TRUNK.

A Tragic Incident in the Life of an American Student in Paris.

It is not at all necessary to the development of the story I am about to tell that I should state how it happened. I found myself, one day, penniless in Paris. Perhaps I had come abroad to study painting, and had failed. Perhaps I had come to Paris to study singing, and had lost my voice. Perhaps I had simply visited Europe on a frolic, had squandered my money foolishly, and was ashamed to go home.

At all events I woke up, one fine morning, in the French capital with just about enough money in my pocket to suffice for my board and lodging for three days longer.

"So," I said to myself, "Stephen Morris, my friend, something must be done."

Something—but what? At last, realizing the fact that my best stock in trade consisted of a pair of broad shoulders, strong arms, and sturdy legs, I determined to become the public messenger or errand-runner of the American colony. I was ashamed to beg, and I was not afraid to work.

I myself can not understand how it was that I did so well in so short a space of time. I soon had as much to do as I could manage in the course of a day. What with taking parcels back to the Bon Marché, and seeing after the arrivals of timid widows and unprotected old maids, and escorting the same, afterward, to the railway stations, and superintending the sending off of parcels and trunks by express, I had quite a busy time of it.

I speedily got to be quite popular, especially with the unprotected elderly American females in Paris, and often acted as an impromptu courier or *valet-de-place* when my services were so required. Very often some lone lorn lady would engage me by the day to act as her escort to Versailles, or St. Germain, or Fontainebleau, for it was easy for anybody to discern that I was above my occupation, and that I had been bred and educated in a station of life far superior to that of an ordinary runner of errands. Before long I had quite a regular line of employment, and came to be trusted and amply paid accordingly.

There was one lady who required my services unusually often, and whom I soon got to know very well. She was from one of the Eastern states of the Union, and was about fifty years of age, or perhaps a little more. Her name was Millicent Rayner—Miss Rayner—an old maid; predestined, it would seem, to single blessedness from her cradle, if one might judge by her dry and angular physique. She was small and spare, with a plain face, whose only attractive feature was a pair of bright dark eyes. She looked intelligent, and there was a world of determination about her thin, firmly closed lips. She was devoted to intellectual pursuits, and spent most of her time reading in the National Library, or in attending lectures at the Sorbonne. She never associated with anybody, seemed to have no friends, nor even any acquaintances, and lived a very isolated sort of life in a little suite of apartments on the first floor of a house situated on the Rue de Rome. She only kept one servant, a stout girl from Normandy, but she was herself so active and self-helpful that this solitary domestic more than sufficed for her needs. In fact Jeanne sometimes complained to me of the independent ways of her mistress and love of solitude. "She will not even let me help her to dress herself, or to get ready for bed," quoth Jeanne, with a shrug of her shoulders. "Mon Dieu! these Americans are queer creatures!"

There was only one point about Miss Rayner that I noticed as being exceptionally odd, in spite of Jeanne's comments, and that was the fact that I never saw her with uncovered hands. She always wore gloves, stylish in cut and irreproachable as to cleanliness—long gloves of Swedish kid, in the fashionable shades of brown or tan-color. She must have bought them, not by the dozen pairs, but by hundreds. Otherwise, she always dressed very plainly, though well, her dresses being usually of black cashmere or alpaca. And she was always very neat, and wore faultlessly clean collars and cuffs of white linen. But neither Jeanne, nor myself, nor in fact any other person, ever saw her without her gloves. I always believed that she slept in them, and, from something that Jeanne told me, I finally became sure that she did.

When Miss Rayner first employed me my duties were merely those of a messenger. She used to engage me to take places for her at the opera, or to get tickets for concerts, to carry parcels, or to take messages. Gradually she came to trust me more and more. I sent off money-orders for her; I got checks cashed for her at the bank; I paid her bills; and, in fact, I transacted most of her business. She seemed to rely upon me all the more, when, after a while, she fell into a feeble state of health. Her face grew paler and more sallow; her eyes were darkened by a black circle; and her movements, formerly so active, became weak and uncertain.

I noticed, too, one day when she was giving me my orders, a very singular eruption, or rather blotch, upon her forehead, just beneath the line of her parted hair. It was not like any other eruption that I had ever seen in my life. It was not red, nor at all inflamed. It was simply a rather large spot, covered with white shiny scales; but, somehow, it seemed ominous and

threatening, and, above all, repulsive. I came to the conclusion that the poor lady must be a victim to scrofula, and, noticing the alteration for the worse in her countenance, as well as the rapid failing of her strength, I ventured respectfully to suggest that she should consult a doctor.

She looked at me fixedly as I spoke.

"Then you have noticed the change in my health, Stephen?" she said. "I, too, am aware of it. And I think I shall probably go on a journey before long. As for a physician, there is no need of my sending for one. I know the nature of the malady from which I am suffering and understand exactly what remedies to apply, and the journey I am about to take will prove its best cure."

I did not see Miss Rayner after that fore more than a week. Then she sent for me at an early hour in the morning, stating that she would probably require my services for the entire day. I was not surprised, after our former conversation, to see, on arriving, a large new black trunk standing in the hall, beside the door of Miss Rayner's bedroom.

Jeanne let me in, and was evidently not in the best of humor.

"She has got a new whim," she whispered, as she closed the door. "She has been looking for a place in the country, and has found one. And such a hole! Three miles from any railway station, at the very least—a kitchen without a single modern convenience in it, and at the foot of the lawn a great black pool that the country people say has no bottom. When she leaves Paris I leave her service. And, worst of all, she has not only taken the place—she has bought it."

But just then Miss Rayner opened her bedroom door, and Jeanne beat a precipitate retreat to the kitchen.

I found the poor lady looking decidedly worse even than she had looked when I had seen her last. She had tied a scarf of black Spanish lace around her head and throat, so that I could not see if the eruption on her forehead had spread. She was dressed with her usual scrupulous neatness, clean gloves and all, and greeted me with her customary air of quick decision.

She had sent for me, she said, to go with her to the country-seat that she had just purchased. It was a five hours' journey from Paris, and she would take with her, for the present, only the trunk that was in the antechamber, and her handbag as well. Jeanne was not to accompany us. The girl was to come down later to the country. At this intimation Jeanne tossed her head and shot a defiant glance at me, but said nothing. Miss Rayner then went to put on her bonnet, while I started off in search of a cab and to call a porter to help me to take down the trunk. It was not so heavy as it looked, though it was a very solidly made article, banded with iron and having iron corners. "Most probably," I said to myself, "Miss Rayner has filled it with light articles, such as her dresses." But I could not help wondering what she wanted with such a very big trunk, for it was of the largest size made, over five feet long, and high in proportion. It was so huge, indeed, that I had some difficulty in finding a vehicle to transport it, and finally had to go in search of a railway omnibus, as no cabman would consent to hoist such a big trunk on his cab.

But finally all things were arranged, and Miss Rayner came downstairs and got into the omnibus. She had her little traveling-bag in one hand, and two thick letters in the other. The driver was directed to stop at the general postoffice, so that she might mail these last, which she insisted upon doing with her own hands. I could not help noticing, however, that one of them was directed to the American Legation at Paris.

It was a very dreary journey. The month was November, and a dull gray mist, varied by fitful rain, hung over the landscape and shrouded the horizon. The country was flat and uninteresting, and when, after the five hours' journey by train, and the drive of some three miles in a rickety old carriage, we reached our destination, I could not but confess to myself that Miss Rayner's taste in regard to a country residence was singular, to say the least of it.

The house was low, built of stone, and was situated at some distance from the main road. It was of good dimensions, though only two stories high. An avenue of poplars, streaming with the rain, led up to the door, and looked to me like a row of spectral sentinels keeping guard over the domain. A sturdy old peasant woman came out to help me in with the trunk, which Miss Rayner refused to have carried upstairs, giving us orders, on the contrary, to deposit it in the drawing-room.

That apartment was much less dismal-looking than I had anticipated, from my first impression of the house. The waxed and polished floor, though uncarpeted, was partly covered by handsome though faded rugs. The furniture was all in worsted work; the pattern, great roses and tulips on a background of faded yellow silk: the whole, the work probably of some industrious lady who had lived and flourished half a century ago. An antiquated-looking but beautifully inlaid piano occupied one corner of the room, and an equally ancient-looking harp stood beside it. There were pictures on the walls, faded portraits, and a battle scene or two. A large fire was blazing on the hearth, which gave the old-fashioned room a more comfortable and cheery aspect than I had expected.

Miss Rayner glanced around, but made no comment, and, as soon as her trunk was safely deposited in a



corner near the door, she summoned me to her side to go out and inspect with her the exterior of her domain. The rain had ceased by this time, but the sky was lowering, and the air was damp and chilly. I ventured, therefore, to remonstrate with her on the imprudence of incurring fresh fatigue in such an atmosphere in her invalid condition; but she silenced me with an imperative gesture, and we set out.

Leaving the house on the right, she struck across the grounds at a rapid pace. These might once have been handsome, but they now lacked attention sadly. The trees grew thick and unpruned, here and there a dead one showing its gray withered trunk and decaying branches. The paths were almost obliterated with grass and weeds, and bushes had sprung up everywhere in wild luxuriance. The house and grounds had evidently been left untenanted for a long time, perhaps for years.

Our walk was not a pleasant one. Fortunately it was short. At some little distance from the house, and completely screened from it by the trees and bushes, we came suddenly upon a gloomy-looking pond or pool of moderate dimensions. The water was not stagnant, being evidently fed by unseen springs, and it found an outlet at one side in a little brook that rippled noisily across the wet turf. The pool itself was black and sullen-looking. With its surroundings of leafless trees and withered dripping bushes it had a sinister aspect. I could picture to myself that gloomy water closing pitilessly and silently over some doomed head or hiding beneath its surface some terrible secret.

Miss Rayner paused upon the brink and looked down with a thoughtful gaze.

"This pond," she said, after a pause, "is called by the peasants of the surrounding country the Bottomless Pool. And the house yonder bears the name of Le Manoir de l'Etang Sans Fond—Bottomless Pool Manor. They tell numbers of stories about the deeds that have been committed on its brink and the mysteries that its depths are supposed to hide. During the first revolution the wicked baron who owned a château not far from here was thrown, bound and gagged, into this dark pool by his revengeful tenants. There are tales, too, of masses of gold and silver plate, bags of coin, and caskets of jewels confided to its depths by noble families, who at that period were forced to fly from France. But if these latter legends are true, the fugitive aristocrats might as well have left their wealth to the clutches of the mob. For it seems that nothing once thrown into this pool can ever be regained. Professional divers have been brought to search its depths, but without success. Hence arose the legend that it has no bottom. Listen!"

She picked up a large stone from the bank and cast it into the water. The splash with which it struck the surface was succeeded by no sound to tell of its arrival at the bottom.

After a brief pause Miss Rayner remarked, however:

"The bottom of the pool is probably of soft mud, into which all things that are thrown into the water sink noiselessly. Yet I have myself tried to sound the depths with a weighted cord, but without success. Now, Stephen," she continued, turning to me and speaking with emphatic deliberation, "I have brought you here to tell you what the task is which I wish you to perform for me. Are you ready and willing to do my bidding?"

"Certainly, madame," I answered; "there is nothing that I would not gladly do for you."

"Today is Monday. On Thursday next I want you to come down here and wait at the railway station till it is quite dark. Then engage a carriage and drive to the manor, dismissing the vehicle at the gate, as we have done today. You must come to the house, and you will find the black trunk that we brought down with us standing in the hall. Put it on a hand-cart, which will be placed all ready beside the front door, and so transport it to this pool and throw it in."

"Throw it in?" I repeated in amazement. "But why? And what after, may I ask?"

"Nothing. You may go back to Paris at once, or you may stay all night at the station. You will be well paid for your trouble. Here is a duplicate key to the front door. You can let yourself in, and after you have put the trunk on the handcart, lock the door carefully behind you and take away the key."

"And what shall I do with the key after I take it away?"

"Whatever you please. You may take it to Jeanne when you return to Paris, or, if you like, you may throw it into the pond with the trunk. And now let us return to the house. You have just time, I think, in which to catch the next train for Paris."

We retraced our steps in silence. Miss Rayner said nothing more, and I was lost in amazement at the very strange nature of the orders that I was to execute. The more I thought the matter over, the more puzzled and anxious I became. What could this mysterious trunk contain that was to be surrendered to the hiding depths of the Bottomless Pool?

These meditations so wrought upon me that, before we reached the house, I determined upon questioning Miss Rayner, despite her evident reticence. But it was she herself who broached the subject. Stopping short just before we arrived at the door, she said, impressively:

"I can see, Stephen, that you are a good deal mystified by the task that I have imposed upon you. You

shall know all about it later. Suffice it to say that the temporary mystery that surrounds the matter conceals nothing wrong. No harm to any one on earth is intended. On the contrary, a great benefit to the only person interested is the aim and object of my actions. I will say no more at present. You must rely upon my solemn word of honor respecting the perfect harmlessness of the transaction, and in your turn you must swear to obey punctiliously the commands I have given to you."

There was something so impressive in her earnest words and in the dignity of her bearing that I took the required oath without hesitation.

"Thanks," she said. "And now good-by until Thursday."

She extended her hand as she spoke; and, indeed, all through our interview, our position as superior and employee seemed to have changed to that of friends and equals."

I clasped the proffered hand in my own. As I did so a sudden and strange expression transformed and almost convulsed Miss Rayner's features. It was not a look of pain. It was more one of horror. It was such a look as might have been worn by one who beheld, looming before her, some image of a dreadful doom.

"I fear that I have hurt you, madame," I said, apologetically.

"Not at all. I only wish you had hurt me. Go now, or you will be too late for the train. And remember Thursday."

The appointed day arrived. I was punctual to my promise. Late in the evening I reached once more the lonely house, whose image had seldom left my thoughts since the day I first beheld it. It was past eight o'clock and pitch dark when I opened the front door with the key Miss Rayner had given me. There was no light in the hall, but I had come provided with matches, and on striking one I saw the black trunk standing in the middle of the vestibule. On a table beside it a lantern had been placed, evidently for my use; and beside the lantern lay a letter directed to me in Miss Rayner's well-known handwriting and superscribed, "To be opened when you arrive in Paris."

I lighted the lantern, pocketed the letter, and contrived without much trouble to hoist the trunk—which was much heavier than it had been on our arrival three days before—on the little hand-cart, which I found in the spot indicated to me. Then, tying the lantern to the corner of the cart, I set off for the Bottomless Pool.

I had some little difficulty in finding it at first in the darkness, and when I did come upon it rather unexpectedly I was very near falling headlong into the water. Then I had to take all precaution, when I pushed the trunk in, to avoid being dragged down with it. Finally the task, by dint of a goodly exertion of my strength, was accomplished; and the heavy box disappeared with a loud splash in the black water.

I now retraced my steps to the house, intending to report to Miss Rayner; for I presumed she was still at the manor. She had not returned to Paris, as I had ascertained from Jeanne—whom I had gone to see that morning before leaving the city. But on reaching the manor I could discern no trace of life or occupation about it. The window-shutters were closed on the ground floor, and in the windows of the upper story no ray of light stole out upon the surrounding darkness.

A vague feeling of dread began now to affect me. But, bracing myself up, I entered courageously. There was no one in the quaint, old-fashioned drawing-room; there was no one in the great, cold kitchen, where the pots and pans, all polished and in perfect order, the clean, fireless grate and empty cupboard, told of the final departure of the solitary servant. I pursued my investigation upstairs. In the spacious bedroom, situated above the parlor, it was easy to recognize the room that Miss Rayner had chosen for her own. Her handbag and traveling portfolio—both in Russia leather, and both marked with her monogram in silver letters—were on the table. The half-burned candles, moreover, suggested recent occupancy. Stranger still, upon the bed lay Miss Rayner's walking things; her black lace bonnet, with a tuft of velvet pansies; her narrow-bordered, black India shawl; her silk umbrella, with its curious handle in antique, oxydized silver; and a pair of brown gloves in undressed kid. Surely she must be in the house, I thought, since here are her bonnet, gloves, and shawl. But, after looking through every room on both floors, after calling as loudly as I could—for I was beginning to get alarmed—I came back to the bedroom with the certainty that, wherever Miss Raymond might be, she was not in the house.

I lighted a candle on the mantelpiece and began to look about, half fearing to come upon the trace of some tragedy—or, possibly, some accident. But no such trace was visible; everything was clean and empty and in good order. Yet on the bed lay the bonnet and shawl and gloves—mute evidence that Miss Rayner had been there but lately, and that she had not gone away.

My blood now began to run cold. What horrible mystery was here? While still puzzling over this question I mechanically took up the long, neatly stretched-out gloves and drew them through my hand. In so doing my palm encountered a hard substance enclosed in one of them. I turned toward the table and shook the glove to see what this might be.

From the finger of the glove there fell a human finger, with a dull thud, upon the table.

A horror fell upon me at the sight. It seemed as if some awful presence were there in the room beside me. With a sudden shiver, not knowing what I did, I knocked over the candle and extinguished it. This added to my terror. I seemed to feel the cold breath of the unseen occupant of the room close to me. I hurried from the house, making the best of my way through the rain and darkness to the railway station. Nor was it till I was safely ensconced in my own room in Paris that I recovered my nerve. Then I bethought me of the letter I had found on the table beside the trunk.

I drew it from my pocket and tore it open, with a feeling of mingled curiosity and apprehension. It contained banknotes to the amount of two hundred dollars, and the following epistle:

Should you disobey my order and open this letter, Stephen, before fulfilling my behest, remember that you have taken a solemn oath to do as I commanded you. Read no further till you have consigned the black trunk to the depths of the Bottomless Pool. And remember, too, that if you fail to execute my command, my curse shall rest upon your head so long as you shall live. To guard against any possible annoyance or trouble that might be incurred by you for fulfilling my wish in this affair, I have decided to write out the following statement, to be used by you in case of such a contingency:

I have always had a passion for the study of medicine, and for the investigation of the causes and symptoms of obscure maladies. My brother, the sole relative left to me after the death of my parents, was a physician, and aided me and sympathized with me in my medical study. We were both very fond of traveling; and when we found ourselves left alone in the world, each with an ample fortune, we decided upon undertaking a journey to the less-visited quarters of the world—such as India, China, Australia, and the Sandwich Islands. I need not give you any description of our wandering; suffice it to say that we found ourselves, at last, in the last-named locality. We spent some time at Honolulu, where we heard a good deal about leprosy, that terrible malady, almost unknown in Europe and America, still to be found in Eastern countries, and presenting a type of peculiar virulence in the Sandwich Islands. My brother became deeply interested in the history and symptoms of this dread disorder, and with ardent professional curiosity, set to work, aided in the task by myself, to investigate them. Opinion varies as to the contagious character of leprosy, though the poor wretches that are attacked by it are invariably shut up, alone and by themselves, in an island called Molokai, cut off from all intercourse with human kind. The disease is incurable and is slowly progressive—attacking first the skin, then the muscles and the joints, and finally destroying reason. Its last stage is idiocy, and a hideous loathsomeness that I will not attempt to describe. One of the earliest symptoms of this last stage is the loss of the patient's fingers and toes, which can then be plucked off as easily as one can pull out a hair from the head or whiskers, and with much less pain, the members then being wholly callous.

In the midst of his professional research my brother was seized with a malignant fever and died after a few days' illness. Before I had well recovered from the shock of his loss I discovered, one day, on one of my arms a peculiar shiny and scaly eruption. I knew at once what it meant. Worse than death had befallen me: I was attacked with leprosy.

Since that day I have combated with all the resources taught to me by science, and by my own research and that of my brother into the nature of the disease, its slow and inevitable progress to the end. I have succeeded sometimes in retarding its march, but never in wholly checking it. A few weeks ago I found that I had entered upon one of the latest phases of the malady. The next one would be idiocy; the last, a horrible death. Then I determined not to survive my reason or to linger, possibly to disseminate contagion around me, when my mind was no longer alert to suggest a preventive and disinfecting measure. I was resolved, too, that this poor, marred body of mine should never be given over to the investigation of science. Through these long years of wasting pain I have contrived to keep my secret. And, if you will but prove true to me, Stephen, it shall be kept after death as inviolate as I have kept it in life.

Some years ago, while spending the summer in the neighborhood of Paris, I first heard of the Bottomless Pool, and the stories told concerning it. It was then that I conceived the project that I have now put into execution. I bought the manor with its surrounding grounds; and when I found that the hour had arrived when life was rapidly becoming impossible to me, I arranged the final detail. I have had a trunk made that closes with a spring-lock, opening readily from within, but impossible to be opened from the exterior by any one not possessing the key. I have also caused holes to be bored in it for ventilation; so that every precaution has been taken against any failure of my last arrangement. I have sent away the old woman who had charge of the house. My will and other important papers I forwarded by post to the care of the American Legation; and I mailed a declaration of my intended suicide to my lawyer in America the day we left Paris. As soon as I finish this letter I shall swallow the contents of a phial of a powerful narcotic poison—a drug prepared by myself from a plant whose property was imparted to me in India by a Hindoo physician—and I shall then get into the trunk and close the lid. The medicine is rapid in its effect. I shall not long survive the taking of the dose—though, as I have already told you, I have surrounded my enforced confinement with every possible precaution, in case the medicine—which is hardly probable—should fail of its effect. So, when you consign the black trunk to the depths of the Bottomless Pool, you will have rendered me, Stephen, a last and an incalculably great service—you will have hidden away forever my poor, marred body where curiosity or mockery can never come to find it.

Adieu. My head is becoming troubled—the touch of the fell disease is already upon my brain. I go while it is yet possible for me to plan my own departure. I enclose the compensation for your latest service. Good-by, once more. You are the last human being with whom I shall ever communicate.

MILICENT RAYNER.

Miss Rayner's heirs preferred, I believe, to hush the matter up. No investigation into the cause or detail of her death ever took place. When her will was opened it was found that she had left me a legacy of five thousand dollars—"provided," so ran the document, "that he has carried into effect my latest wish."

The money was paid over to me without inquiry or comment.

LUCY H. HOOD.



## GRAPE JUICE, RED AND WHITE.

Nine Distinct Steps in Its Manufacture Before It Comes to the Table.

Perhaps no leverage has furnished the humorist with as much material as grape juice, and though one of California's products of importance and likely to attain far greater eminence in a few years, its method of preparation is but little understood by the public, save in a general way. Before it is finally placed on the market it has passed through nine distinct steps, which have but two objects—to preserve the juice from spoiling and to make it permanently clear. An authority on the subject writes:

Only good, sound grapes, carefully gathered in a cleanly way, should be used. It is best to gather them in the morning while cool, or to leave them all night exposed to the open sky to cool off before crushing. . . . The cool grapes should be thoroughly broken and the pulp crushed by passing between rollers or by some similar method. The seeds should not be broken nor the skins macerated too much or the juice will be harsh, astringent, and difficult to clear. On the other hand, if the pulp is not well broken up, the yield of juice will be low.

After the press has finished its work, the free run and the press juice are more or less cloudy, but if the grapes are clean and sound, this may not injure the flavor noticeably and for home use it may be bottled immediately and sterilized. It is very much improved, however, in appearance and somewhat in flavor, by a preliminary "defecation" or clearing. This is obtained by allowing the juice to remain undisturbed in casks or open vats until the grosser particles settle and form a sediment. From twenty-four to forty-eight hours are required in the settling, and care must be exercised to prevent fermentation. In this, potassium-metalsulfite may be used. We are told:

In many cases it will be nearly bright, and, if intended for domestic use, it is best to bottle and sterilize it at this point. However bright it may be at this point, it is not safe to bottle it for commercial use, as it will become cloudy again in bottle. This new cloudiness is due to crystallization and precipitation; that is, the becoming solid of certain substances which are at first dissolved in the juice. The chief of these substances is the bitartrate of potash or cream of tartar. These substances precipitate slowly, often requiring weeks, or even months.

The next step is that of pasteurizing to kill the ferments which have been only temporarily paralyzed:

This pasteurizing is sometimes applied to the fresh juice without preliminary defecation. This involves heating the juice while it still contains all its gross sediment. This results in deterioration of flavor, difficulty in clearing, and clogging of the pasteurizer. A momentary heating to 175 degrees Fahrenheit will kill most yeasts and molds commonly found in grape juice, but at 140 degrees Fahrenheit some of the resistant spores would escape. If the must is heated to 140 degrees and kept at that temperature for several hours, the effect would be equal to 175 degrees Fahrenheit for a minute. The lower the temperature of pasteurization the less the flavor of the juice is injured. For domestic purposes, the pasteurizing is best done by placing the fruit in large fruit jars or demijohns and heating them, surrounded by water, in a boiler, as is done in bottling fruit.

While being pasteurized the wine should never come in contact with the air. In its heated state it should pass directly from the pasteurizer into recently sterilized casks. The filled casks are then placed on skids, firmly wedged to prevent movement, and allowed to settle for several weeks. An air-filtering bung allows for air being drawn into the cask as the juice cools and prevents fermentation save in rare instances. Then comes what is known as the final clearing:

A few weeks of settling, after pasteurizing, will sometimes render the juice perfectly bright. In this case the permanency of the brightness should be tested. This may be done by heating a corked bottle of the clear juice to 160 degrees and then allowing it to stand for several days in a cool place. If the juice remains clear, it may be bottled. If it becomes cloudy, it should be allowed to stand several weeks longer. In some cases the juice will not become clear even after prolonged settling. It is then necessary to filter it before bottling.

Even the delicate flavor of the grape, we are told, may be improved by the addition of certain quantities of tartaric acid. Having stood for the requisite length of time in casks, the clear juice is drawn off and bottled at once, the bottles and corks having been sterilized with boiling water. The clearing of the juice may be hastened by "fining," which can be applied at the time of the first pasteurization or just before the final filtration and bottling:

The usual method is to fine the juice after settling for several months. In this case, an extra heating is necessary just before bottling. If the fining is done before settling this extra heating is unnecessary. The materials used in fining wine can be used for grape juice. The amounts used, however, will differ, owing to the greater cloudiness of the juice and the presence of albuminoid matters.

No particular grape, it seems, is recommended, "as variety in color and flavor can be given California grape juice by the use of different varieties of grapes." On the word of the authority:

The finest and most highly flavored juice can be made only from thoroughly mature grapes, in perfect condition, of the best varieties. Any variety of vinefera grapes, even if not in the best condition, such as good table grape culls, if treated carefully, will produce a very acceptable juice of much higher quality than most of that which appears in the market either under a Californian or an Eastern label. Much of the juice is defective in flavor and appearance because of overheating and overexposure to the air or other unsuitable treatment. Any grape which will make good wine will make good grape juice, and the best for one purpose is the best for the other. An exception should be made of the

Pierce and other Labrusca varieties, which make good grape juice but are unsuitable for wine.

The grape-juice maker can modify the color of his product almost at will, and may bottle it nearly water white or dark red. Many tints between these, varying from greenish yellow to golden or pink, may also be obtained:

The lightest colors are obtained by moderate aeration before sulfiting and as little aeration as possible after. By this means, juice without any reddish tint can be made even from red grapes. In this case the aeration must be sufficiently prolonged to destroy any color which gets into the juice during the crushing and pressing of the skins and the sulfite should be added as soon as the coloring matter is oxidized. This oxidation is shown by the change of the pink color of the juice to brownish and the formation of minute brown solid particles of oxidized coloring matter.

Many prefer the rich red juice. It can be made in three ways. One is to use grapes with colored juice, such as the Bouschets. Such juice will be pink or light red. Another way is to heat the crushed red grapes before the complete separation of the juice and defecation. This may be done by heating all the grapes in a boiler or by heating a portion of separated juice and pumping it on to the skins. A temperature of 120 degrees Fahrenheit of the whole mass is sufficient to extract the color in several hours.

Two stray steers caused the discovery of a deposit of cinnabar in the Pilot Mountains, western Nevada. On the day of the discovery Thomas Pepper and Charles Keough had been tracking the two steers, when, near nightfall, the trail led over an old prospect in which a face of limestone traversed by small veinlets of red mineral was exposed. The red mineral was recognized by Keough as cinnabar. After finding the steers and taking them to Mina the two discoverers returned to Cinnabar Mountain, as the hill on which they had made the find has since been named, where they spent ten days in careful search and located seventeen claims. They later went back to Mina and made known their find, causing intense excitement, and that afternoon almost every citizen of the town left for the site of the discovery by automobile and by other less expeditious conveyances. A large number of claims were staked by the first comers and many more were afterward staked by claimants from Tonopah. The discovery was widely heralded as the re-discovery of the "lost Hawthorne quicksilver mine," named for Judge Hawthorne, in whose honor, it is said, Hawthorne, the seat of Mineral County, was named. According to local report in the 'seventies Judge Hawthorne discovered a rich quicksilver deposit, which is believed to have been situated at the site of the recent discoveries. In returning from the mountains, so it is said, Hawthorne lost his bearings, and although to the end of his life he attempted annually to find the "quicksilver mine" he remained unsuccessful. This tradition seems quite improbable, for the original discoverer—who he was is unknown—had done some very substantial exploratory work on the prospect. In his efforts to prove his find he had blasted out a considerable mass of solid limestone, and as further tokens of his activity sticks of power, fuse, and picks lay abandoned at the prospect. It is considered likely that he abandoned the prospect as, in his judgment, not sufficiently valuable. The newcomers have found considerably richer deposits than the unknown pioneer did, and have shown that the cinnabar extends along a considerable belt.

The "Stockholm system" of allowing each citizen only a fixed quantity of spirituous drink, which was inaugurated just after the war started, has now been extended to thirty-one of the one hundred districts in Sweden. The system which is now in operation was devised by Dr. Ivan Bratt. It allows every citizen in good standing to buy one liter and no more of spirituous liquor every five days. To make this plan feasible, each person is provided with a small book resembling a commutation railroad ticket, from which a coupon is torn every time the consumer buys his liter of whisky, brandy, cognac, punch, schnapps, or whatever kind of alcoholic beverage he fancies. At the same time his book is stamped with the date of the purchase, so that it is clear to the dealer when he made his last purchase. Without showing his book, no citizen of Stockholm has the remotest chance of obtaining a bottle of liquor anywhere in the city. It is true that in some cases, however, exceptions are made. If one can persuade the authorities that on account of his social position and the demands of constant entertainment one liter every five days is totally inadequate, and if the authorities are convinced that such a person can be trusted with more liquor without abusing the privilege conferred upon him, he is then given a special license to purchase two, three, or more liters, according to the circumstances. On the other hand, if the person is a drunkard, has a police record, or has in any other way incurred the displeasure of the authorities, he is allowed no liquor at all.

The ancient inhabitants of India had a very pretty superstition concerning the origin of pearls. They believed that at certain seasons Buddha showered dew drops upon the world, which the oyster, floating on the waters to breathe, received and held until they hardened and became pearls.

## OLD FAVORITES.

### Ode to Death.

Come, lovely and soothing Death,  
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving,  
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,  
Sooner or later, delicate Death.  
Praised be the fathomless universe  
For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge curious,  
And for love, sweet love—but praise! praise! praise!  
For the sure enwinding arms of cool, enfolding Death.  
Dark Mother, always gliding near with soft feet,  
Have none ebanted for thee a chant of fullest welcome?  
Then I chant for thee, I glorify thee above all,  
I bring thee a song that when thou must indeed come, come  
unfalteringly,  
Approach, strong deliveress,  
When it is so, when thou hast taken them  
I joyously sing the dead,  
Lost in the loving, floating ocean of thee,  
Laved in the flood of thy bliss, O Death.  
From me to thee glad serenades,  
Dances for thee I propose, saluting thee, adornments and  
feastings for thee,  
And the sights of the open landscape and the high spread  
sky are fitting,  
And life and the fields, and the huge and thoughtful night.  
The night in silence under many a star,  
The ocean shore and the husky whispering wave whose voice  
I know,  
And the soul turning to thee, O vast and well veiled Death,  
And the body gratefully nestling close to thee.  
Over the tree-tops I float thee a song,  
Over the rising and sinking waves, over the myriad fields  
and the prairies wide,  
Over the deuse-packed cities all, and the teeming wharves,  
and ways.  
I float this carol with joy, with joy to thee, O Death.  
—Walt Whitman.

### The Lady Christabel and the Witch.

'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock,  
And the owls have awakened the crowing cock;  
Tee-whit!—Tu-whoo!  
And hark, again! the crowing cock,  
How drowsily he crew!

Sir Leoline, the baron rich,  
Hath a toothless mastiff bitch;  
From her kennel beneath the rock  
She maketh answer to the clock,  
Four for the quarter and twelve for the hour,  
Ever and aye, by shine and shower,  
Sixteen short howls, not overloud;  
Some say she sees my lady's shroud.

Is the night chilly and dark?  
The night is chilly, but not dark.  
The thin gray cloud is spread on high,  
It covers, but not hides, the sky.  
The moon is behind, and at the full,  
And yet she looks both small and dull.  
The night is chill, the cloud is gray;  
'Tis a month before the month of May,  
And the spring comes slowly up this way.

The lovely lady, Christabel,  
Whom her father loves so well,  
What makes her in the wood so late,  
A furlong from the castle gate?  
She had dreams all yesternight  
Of her own betrothed knight,  
And she in the midnight wood will pray  
For the soul of her lover that's far away.

She stole along, she nothing spoke,  
The sighs she heaved were soft and low,  
And untaught was green upon the oak  
But moss and rarest mistletoe;  
She kneels beneath the huge oak tree,  
And in silence prayeth she.

The lady sprang up suddenly,  
The lovely lady, Christabel!  
It moaned as near as near can be,  
But what it is, she can not tell.  
On the other side it seems to be  
Of the huge, broad-breasted old oak tree.

The night is chill, the forest bare;  
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?  
There is no wind enough in the air  
To move away the ringlet curl  
From the lovely lady's cheek—  
There is not wind enough to twirl  
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,  
That dances as often as dance it can,  
Hanging so light and banging so high  
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.

Hush, beating heart of Christabel!  
Jesu Maria, shield her well!  
She folded her arms beneath her cloak,  
And stole to the other side of the oak—  
What sees she there?

There she sees a damsel bright,  
Drest in a robe of silken white,  
That shadowy in the moonlight shone;  
The neck that made that white robe wan,  
Her stately neck and arms were bare;  
Her blue-veined feet unsandaled were;  
And wildly glittered here and there,  
The gems entangled in her hair  
I guess 'twas frightful there to see  
A lady so richly clad as she,  
Beautiful exceedingly.

—From "Christabel," by Samuel Coleridge.

Generally regarded as a lawn tree, the Eastern sycamore has been pronounced the largest shade tree in this country by the American Genetic Association as the result of a prize contest. The valley oak has been decided by forestry officials to be the largest nut-bearing tree in the United States, the largest having been found in San Benito County. It was found that, in all probability, there is no living elm larger than "The Great Elm" at Wethersfield, Connecticut, which is estimated to be 250 years old.

The value of electrical enterprise represents approximately 4.3 per cent of the total wealth of the nation.



# "PLEASURES AND PALACES."

Princess Lazarovich-Hrebelianovich (Eleanor Calhoun) Writes a Volume of Reminiscences.

"Pleasures and Palaces," a selection from the memoirs of Princess Lazarovich-Hrebelianovich, which has been running in the *Century Magazine* and has just made its appearance in volume form, should attract particular attention in California, for the author, whose maiden name was Eleanor Calhoun, was born here, in the town of Visalia, and members of her family are today prominent in the life of the southern part of the state.

On commencing the story of Princess Lazarovich we are rather repelled by the attempted "fine writing," which is in somewhat too florid a style, but presently we become thoroughly interested in the details of color and gossip of the European cities where the author spent the portion of her life which this narrative delineates. Perhaps it is because she is dealing with the harvest time of her success that there is little of the contrast of struggle and misfortune in Princess Lazarovich's story. It is all as calm and smooth as a sail on a fresh and sunny summer's day. She comes, she is observed, she conquers, and everywhere she is paid satisfying compliments and always she herself says clever, original things—even when she is unprepared and embarrassed. It is quite astonishing. We are inclined to think that we would find her tale more convincing if she gave us a little more of the other side of things—the under side.

Possibly this is a daughter of fortune and fate has dealt with her in unusually gentle fashion, for she says of London, where she went with intent to study her profession, that of the stage, and where success seems to have been only waiting for her:

There is nothing more astounding or enchanting to the very young heart than the easy, natural way in which the most interesting things happen of themselves "over there," in London, for instance. You have some work or study of severe exaction, your bosom burns with some ambition or desire—it certainly does if you are a true American—you bend all your faculties to that task, and just as the strain becomes intense, life comes to you when you least expect it with both hands full.

We were curious to know what was the "occasion of some importance to me," of which we are told nothing further but that it was then that the young American actress "met" and was congratulated by the, at that time, Prince Edward of Wales. Of her presentation to the Princess of Wales she writes:

Say what you may, there is some magnetic thrill, justified by more than imaginative fancy, in the presence of those who embody, either as statesmen or as personages horn and bred in the purple of empire, the sole aim of a country's greatness. Such a one was Washington, and several of our statesmen since his time. But such can never be those who only ephemerally make their chief object the nation's weal.

That night at old Kensington I was presented to the Princess of Wales, later Queen Alexandria. As she entered the drawing-room with the Prince of Wales, followed by a brilliant procession of princes, diplomats, lords, and ladies, Princess Louise lightly passed her arm about my waist, drew me forward some steps, and said, "This, ma'am, is my young friend, Miss Eleanor Calhoun."

I made my courtesy and the Princess of Wales took me with her to a sofa, about which other handsome and magnificently attired ladies remained standing, and talked with me. One of the first things she said was in admiration of my dainty little gown, which she likened to a white rose in the midst of the splendid array of jewels and dress of the others present. I answered that I was proud to have her approval, as my dress had been invented by me for the occasion, and put together with the help of my maid. I noticed a slight ambiguity in the smile of some of the ladies near at the simplicity of that information, but the gracious compliment of the princess was, "As a girl I, too, used to do such things," whereupon I was immediately reinstated in the good opinion of the other ladies.

James Russell Lowell was at this time our ambassador to England, and Mrs. Lowell was our young lady's mentor in matters of court form and behavior. Princess Lazarovich writes, "She took me under her protecting wing and showed me all the kindness of a mother." An interesting note appears here in regard to the status of the wife of our American ambassadors:

Surprise is sometimes expressed abroad that while there is a British ambassador, a French ambassador, a Russian ambassador, an Italian and a German ambassador—an ambassador in fact of every other embassy in the world—the American embassy alone claims for its hostess no further dignity than the rather ambiguous, almost semi-morganatic title of "wife of the American ambassador." The fact is commented upon especially as American men are in many ways noted for their chivalry toward women. The spunk was much admired of one American diplomat's wife who, on finding herself, on the occasion of her first appearance at a foreign court, in a group of ambassadors each one of whom she heard addressed in a style of respect superior to that used toward herself, sharply and in a shrill voice brought up a gartered gentleman in the midst of his formal compliment with "Excellency, please!" As long as that lady's husband was ambassador at that court she was as a special mark of respect accorded equal status and precedence to that required by all other great countries for the wives of their ambassadors.

A story dealing with Mrs. Lowell and illustrating "the English sense of hierarchy" is related by Princess Lazarovich:

The Lowells lived at 31 Lowndes Square, having moved there from another house in the same square. Their establishment was not magnificent, but adequate, with a sufficient complement of servants. These servants were engaged for special posts in the "service," as is always the custom in England, and each was a stickler for his prerogative and perquisites, and quick to resent any demand that did not fall in the province of his sharply defined duties. It so hap-

pened that, in moving, a carpet from the former house had been put down in the new one, leaving a few inches uncovered in a corner which the furnishers had overlooked. As there was a dinner party at the embassy that night, and Mrs. Lowell possessed a piece of the carpeting sufficient to cover the bare spot on the floor, she rang for one of the men-servants and asked him if he would kindly tack it down for her. He drew himself up, distinctly offended in his pride.

"I beg your pardon, your excellency," he said, "but it is not my place to do that. I will ring for Alfred."

Alfred appeared, and his answer to the same request was: "I beg pardon, your excellency, but it is not my place to lay carpets. I will call Charles."

And Charles came with the same answer. Mrs. Lowell called up, I think, every male servant in the house, hut one and all stuck their noses in the air and looked with disdain upon the humiliating hammer and tacks. She then had them stand in a row while she herself proceeded to nail down the small corner of carpet, and instantly dismissed them from her service.

Princess Lazarovich tells of her meeting with Robert Browning at a reception where she chanced to find herself seated between the poet and Mrs. Bryan Waller Procter (Barry Cornwall), mother of Adelaide Procter:

Browning said:

"I am always glad to meet Americans, they are so appreciative; only in one way they're worse even than our people here. I think I may say that the thing that puzzles me most in the world is the Browning Society, and America seems full of Browning societies."

"That shows how much you mean to America," I ventured.

"H'm, yes," he answered dryly, "but it isn't very flattering to think you can't be understood without the aid of organized effort." He was very sweet and laughed at himself.

Browning and his new-made acquaintance escape from the party and the noise of the pianist which disturbs their conversation:

Browning halted for the door, dragging me after him by the hand. Out in the corridor he said:

"I just remember that I'm specially invited by Mr. and Mrs. William Story to meet you on Friday. They're making a great fête to themselves of the affair."

"They know," I said, "how much I prize making your acquaintance. In the goodness of their hearts, I know, it is true, they are looking forward to giving me that happiness."

"Yes," said Browning, "with the joy of children. We mustn't let them know of our meeting today. When we are introduced we must both act up to the occasion, as if we'd never met before."

When Friday came I found that dear Mr. and Mrs. Story, who were in London from Rome only for a short stay, had asked several distinguished persons to meet me and witness my delight at being introduced to Mr. Browning. The poet had not yet arrived. I felt more and more like a cheat and a villain, and wanted to run away. Just then Browning came in. Mr. and Mrs. Story, one on each side of him, brought him up to me and heamed with a "There now!" look. Browning howled with the greatest solemnity. I tried to control my countenance, and might have succeeded if he had not looked up at me while his head was still howled with an expression of surprise, almost of injured innocence. I strove not to laugh, but his sudden stern eye, fixed sidewise on me, was too much. I hurst out frankly into peals of laughter.

"How could you! Now I could have gone on looking like that till doomsday," exclaimed Browning.

"Not if you had seen yourself in the glass," I said.

The Storys had their pleasure all the same, and that evening, beginning in fun, was one of the merriest and happiest. Many deep and serious things were talk of, too.

Spring in England, its joys and its blossoms, occupy Princess Lazarovich for a page or two, and she tells of quiet days spent out of doors, which remind her of days in California, where the wildflowers are like the English ones. Books and the companionship of a noble friend enriched these days, and she sketches of that friend an interesting portrait:

My friend of Coombe Wood, Surrey, England, was Lady Archibald Campbell, of old Scottish ruling stock, closely related by marriage to the royal family, being the sister-in-law of Princess Louise, sister of King Edward, standing in succession as Duchess of Argyll, and the mother of the heir to that dukedom. Among the women of her country and of her time she will remain noteworthy. Possessed of a high type of beauty, tall, slender, of elegant mold, fair of hair and skin, she was specially remarkable for an originality that led her to rove in thought and action wherever her fancy strayed, controlled and restrained only by the exactions of an exquisite discernment and a proud spirit of race. This absolute independence and sense of detachment from the ordinary leashes of social obligation in all that related to entertaining and being entertained, or in recognizing this or that debt to ordinary social life or relationships, linked with an almost childlike lack of self-consciousness, disturbed the complacency of some persons, impatient of the unusual and intolerant of the eccentric. Another trait in her that fault-finders could not abide was that she had no notion of time. I heard it recounted of her wedding (marriage being legal in those days only if performed before noon) that she kept Queen Victoria and all the court folks waiting in the church till nearly upon the stroke of twelve, when she flew up the aisle to the altar and almost screamed out to the anxious clergyman: "Look at the clock, man! Mar-ry us." It was done precipitately, shorn of all circumstance.

Whistler was one of the many distinguished guests at Coombe, and here is a story of him which we do not remember having met with before:

At Coombe for the first time I heard of "art for art's sake." On that occasion Lord Dufferin took part in the discussion, while Whistler stood for the contention that the artist paints for himself alone; that art is its own sole end and aim, and has nothing to say to others.

"Still," I said, "you did not isolate yourself from life out in the wilds of our Western plains or on top of the Rockies, far from man, to paint for your own joy. You came to the world's heart, to London, to Paris, to Velasquez, as I have heard you say."

He grinned, then said lightly, but seriously: "We take our solitudes with us."

While grateful for the new one, we can hardly forgive Princess Lazarovich for serving us up again the old tale of how Oscar Wilde wished he had said what

Jimmy said and Whistler said, "You will, Oscar. You will." Probably it has become a convention of which we are not yet aware to repeat that anecdote in one's fashionable autobiography. Surely every modern life-story has contained it, only with some it happens at breakfast, with others at dinner, with others at a reception.

Reading Shakespeare with Lady Archibald in Coombe's Wood inspired our actress to wear in the wood's seclusion her Rosalind costume in which she had appeared in London, and thus it was, says Lady Lazarovich that she commenced the renaissance of out-of-door plays which has been growing ever since:

One summer day when the sun, a somewhat exclusive god in England, deigned to show forth in full power, and splash the forest with splendor, falling on the trees and between their dark velvety masses of shadow, making more vivid still the crimson and purples and rose-colors of the stretches of rhododendrons, it seemed to me that in such an English forest must the vision of Rosalind have first come to Shakespeare. In an impulse at the thought, I threw off my wrap and began to speak Rosalind's words. Lady Archibald stood far back as an audience, while I acted through the scenes.

As I heard the words I was speaking ringing through the woods the idea flashed upon me, "Why not give the play so, here, on this very spot?" I called out to my friend, "I want to act this play right here among these trees." I ran to her and began to expound the matter. "What if I bring actors and realize Shakespeare's own dream out here in the forest itself!"

At that time no play had ever been acted in the open forest, making scenes of nature the scenes of the play.

The means of projection of such a presentation are of necessity entirely different from those employed in the open-air theatres of antiquity, or the garden-stages and court-yard productions of the early modern ages such as those of Lope de Vega.

That thrilling moment in Coombe Wood, under the grand old oaks by "the dell of tall pines," was the annunciation of a conception the happy and full realization of which a twelve-months later, in the presence of a most brilliant and illustrious assemblage, brought forth a new art form, a new art emotion, as it was acclaimed to be throughout Europe; it was an intermingling of art and nature not seen before. The new idea was immediately copied throughout England, on the Continent, and in America, resulting in many similar attempts, and in the revival of out-of-door pageantry, garden performances, and open-air plays that today have come to take an important place in general educational and cultural development.

Fate, aided by Princess Lazarovich's friends, led her steps toward Paris. She says:

Some business caused me to make a quick trip to New York. While I was away Mrs. Tennant sent repeatedly to my mother, who was with me in London at the time and who remained there during my journey to America, inquiring the date of my return, and asking to be apprised of it at once. On my arrival I found awaiting me an urgent message from Mrs. Tennant, asking my mother and me to dine with her that same night, hinting at an important matter which she desired to make known by word of mouth. At her house that evening I saw Coquelin for the first time off the stage. In introducing him to me Mrs. Tennant said: "Sit there on that sofa, and let M. Coquelin tell you what he has to say. Do not answer until you have thought well of what he says; it is for your great good."

I began to expect some valuable criticism of my work, but he explained to me that he expected to open a theatre of his own in Paris, and asked me if I would like to play there in French with him. He thought I could soon make my accent good enough for that purpose. He had a simple and straightforward appreciation of his own value, and said that he was sure my acting with him in Paris in that way would be worth my while from every point of view.

So followed study of the French theatre and the French language, the latter being a much more difficult matter than had been expected. There was opportunity for rehearsal with some of France's most famous actors. But one day Coquelin left Paris for a long European and African tour, which changed matters somewhat:

I took counsel with M. Sardou and others. His advice to me was to test the exact status of my qualifications at the time by rehearsing and acting at one of the theatres some play at a private morning audition, where the audience would consist, in addition to my French family, solely of himself, one or two actors of the national theatre and perhaps one or two other persons of severe critical judgment. Either at this audition or a later one of "Fédora" were present the American ambassador, Whitelaw Reid, and Mr. George W. Smalley, whose keen and statesmanly observations have long lent peculiar authority to his opinions in Europe. For the first trial I chose Sardou's "Dora," and he offered to secure for me the actors and theatre, which he did, giving me collaboration from among the finest actors in Paris, none of whom would refuse anything to M. Sardou. The experiment passed off satisfactorily. An odd occurrence of the occasion may perhaps be worth recording. At the end of the most dramatic act, after Dora's husband had left her, she runs after him, heating on the locked door, then turns wildly toward the window, as if to throw herself down from it, but falls fainting on the floor. As I turned toward the window a vision seemed to pass between me and it, a slender figure clad in black, drooping with sorrow. My thought was "the image of grief." I made no particular gesture, I think, but at that instant Sardou, sitting back in the stalls, cried out enthusiastically, "Un geste de maître!" He bounded up on the stage at the end of the scene, and when I asked him what gesture he referred to, he said:

"I hardly know, but I have never seen—not in any one—the entire being of a person more expressive."

Princess Lazarovich attained the distinction of being engaged at the highest salary to play leading parts at the Odéon, France's second national theatre. Other successes followed, but shortly afterward her marriage broke off her stage career, and since then she has been engaged in aiding her husband in his efforts to better conditions in Macedonia and Albania.

This is rather an artificial sort of story, but interesting to those of us who like to hear tales of lords and ladies and other exalted personages.

PLEASURES AND PALACES. By Princess Lazarovich-Hrebelianovich (Eleanor Calhoun). New York. The Century Company.



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## The Island of Surprise.

Cyrus Townsend Brady gives us one of those novels that are hard to put down and that yet are forgotten about an hour after they are put down. The hero is Robert Lovell, who falls in love with and secretly marries his father's stenographer. Deciding suddenly to accompany his father on a long yachting trip, he finds that Dorothy is also a member of the party, as well as Miss Cassilis, who has been allotted to him as his prospective wife by the parental diplomacies. And of course Miss Cassilis falls in love with him in unawareness that that particular quarter-section had already been homesteaded. When the yacht is compelled suddenly to put to sea to avoid a hurricane these three young people find themselves marooned on an uninhabited island. Robert meets with an accident that causes him to lose his memory, and is therefore unable to decide between the rival claims of the two young women, each of whom claims him as her husband, and with a full readiness to play the part of wife. Few young men in fiction have found themselves so enviably perplexed, but in spite of all temptations Robert decides to be a gentleman and to maintain strict neutrality. Then we have a grand fight with savages by way of climax and the young women are satisfactorily sorted out. Mr. Brady has a most exuberant imagination.

THE ISLAND OF SURPRISE. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.35 net.

## Peace and War.

This volume consists of six lectures delivered by Dr. Gilbert Slater in Manchester College, Oxford, in October 1914. The author considers the question of war from the economic, religious, national, and imperial points of view, while other chapters relate to the probable terms of peace, the future maintenance of peace, and the need for an international court of honor.

It need hardly be said that the book is written from the British point of view, although entirely free from rancor or bitterness. The author is more concerned with war in the abstract than with the present struggle or its immediate causes. But he seems to rely unduly on what may be called a new national morality. The morality of a nation must be made up of the morality of its individual constituents, and it is hard to see how we can encourage a certain predatory instinct in commercialism and prevent that same instinct from finding expression in internationalism. Other weak points seem to be the recommendation of a court of honor to which no nation would pay other than a perfunctory attention and the expectation that feminism will eventually make for peace. It may do so, but there is not the slightest evidence of it.

PEACE AND WAR IN EUROPE. By Gilbert Slater. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1 net.

## A Rogue by Compulsion.

This is described as a story of the secret service, and it is very much after the manner with which Mr. Oppenheim has familiarized us. We are introduced to the hero, Neil Lyndon, in Dartmoor prison, where he is serving a sentence for murder. He manages

to escape and is befriended by some German spies, who offer him large rewards for a new explosive that he had been on the point of perfecting at the time of his arrest. But Lyndon is too good a patriot for a bargain of this kind. He communicates with the secret service and eventually he not only establishes his innocence of the crime for which he was convicted, but he receives the full reward for his services from a grateful country. Of course there is a charming girl—in fact there are two charming girls—by way of adding romance to a really capital story of subterranean intrigue and adventure.

A ROGUE BY COMPELSION. By Victor Bridges. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.35.

## What I Believe and Why.

This is one of the many books that picture forth the unrest in the religious world and the tendency to break away from tradition and habit. Mr. Ward surveys the field of religion in the light of our extended scientific knowledge and he finds invincible reasons to believe not only in the immortality of the soul, but in the existence of an extra cosmic directing power. More notable still, he tells us that we can sweep away the whole of historical religion as among the things not vitally important. Belief matters not at all, the one supreme requisite being love, and the character that results from love.

Mr. Ward's conclusions are largely negative, and their opponents will doubtless describe them as destructive. None the less they are eminently satisfactory to those who have become restless under creeds rendered tolerable only by their age and use. The weakness of his work is in its contempt and misrepresentation of other religions, and also, it may be said, in a certain timidity that sometimes seems to prevent him from following his own contentions to their logical conclusion. For example, it is hard to see why he must postulate an extra-cosmic power to account for the reign of law in the physical world. Why should not that power be inherent in the atoms themselves?

WHAT I BELIEVE AND WHY. By William Hayes Ward. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

## German History.

This volume appears as part of a striking series of historical works relating to heroic epochs in the stories of the nations. The author, Florence Aston, selects her material "from ancient times to the year 1648," and this brings her to Martin Luther and the Thirty Years War. Her first historical characters are Alaric the Goth and Attila the Hun. She gives a chapter to Charlemagne, another to Pope Gregory, and others to Frederick the Red-Beard and Rudolph of Habsburg. A good chapter is devoted to chivalry and another to the Crusades, and there is also a good account of the division of the Holy Roman Empire. The author avoids historical minutiae, but she is admirably successful in rendering the broadly heroic nature of her narrative. The illustrations are good.

STORIES FROM GERMAN HISTORY. By Florence Aston. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.50 net.

## Gossip of Books and Authors.

"The Gray Dawn," Edward White's second book in his California trilogy, the first of which was "Gold," has just been published by Doubleday, Page & Co. It deals with San Francisco following the first days of the gold rush, at a critical period of the city's formation, and incidentally brings into play a number of men well known in the early days of the state. It is full of action and color, shows the Vigilantes at work to cleanse the city, and will undoubtedly create a large demand for itself.

Mrs. Jack London has written a book. It is called "The Log of the Snark" and while it has to do with the same voyage that is celebrated in her husband's volume, "The Cruise of the Snark," it does not in any sense duplicate that work, for the one tells of things as a man saw them, the other is the woman's story—"the accurate, continuous narrative of adventures of the Snark from San Francisco Bay to the Cannibal Isles," is Mrs. London's own description of it. The Macmillan Company is the publisher.

B. M. Bower, whose stories of the West have pictured the great open country to hundreds of thousands of readers, records the invasion of the cattle country by a new industry—the motion-picture outfits with their camera batteries reviving the glories of the old days. "Jean of the Lazy A," her latest novel, from the presses of Little, Brown & Co., is a story of the movies in the range-lands.

Miss Amy Lowell, the author of "Sword Blades and Poppy Seed," is shortly to publish a new book under the title of "Six French Poets." In this volume she deals in a series of biographical and critical essays on Emile Verhaeren, Albert Samain, Remy de Gourmont, Henri de Régnier, Francis Jammes, and Paul Fort. This is the first work in English to contain a minute and careful study of these famous writers, who belong to the generation immediately succeeding that of

Verlaine and Mallarmé. Miss Lowell's book will be published by the Macmillan Company.

Harper & Brothers announce they are just about to publish "H. R.," a novel written by Edwin Lefevre, and "Ten Great Adventurers," by Kate D. Sweetser.

"The Genius" is a new novel by Theodore Dreiser, author of "Sister Carrie," "Jennie Gerhardt," "The Titan," etc. The story centres round Eugene Witla, one of those strange personalities that sometimes spring up among the humdrum types of common life. The novel deals with his rise as an artist and later as a business man. It has just been published by the John Lane Company.

Old Concord and its historic and literary associations have never been more effectively depicted than in "Old Concord," by Allen French (Little, Brown & Co.), published October 9th. It is a book combining description and narrative, replete with anecdotes that throw side-lights on peculiarly interesting characters and events, that Mr. French has so delightfully written.

The idea of "The Lost Prince," Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's new book, announced for immediate publication by the Century Company, is based on an old Serbian legend. She wrote out the first chapters during a stay in the Bavarian Alps. The ancient name of Serbia suggested to her the name of the imaginary land, Samavia, in which she sets her modern version of the Lost Prince legend.

"Master Skylark," John Bennett's story of Shakespeare's England, appears to be one of the permanent successes among children's books. Published eighteen years ago, it has just been reprinted for the thirteenth time, while a dramatized version of it met with great success when it was presented some little time ago at Public School 15 in New York. Mr. Bennett, the author, who lives in Charleston, has been in ill-health the last year or two.

Little, Brown & Co. have just published "Reminiscences and Letters of Sir Robert Ball," the great astronomer and mathematician.

What Eden Phillpotts has in many stories done for Devonshire he does for Cornwall in his new novel, "Old Delahole." Delahole is a slate-mining town. Against it as a background Mr. Phillpotts tells a highly dramatic story. One of the incidents tells of the falling of the great cliff which almost ruined the mines and the miners' livelihood. It has been said that this chapter is as fine a bit of description as exists in recent English literature. The book is published by the Macmillan Company.

James H. Kennedy, whose book for little readers, "Surprise Island," was recently published by Harper & Brothers, is not only an editor and historian but—a devoted grandfather. His little granddaughter discovered early in life that there was no one who could tell her more interesting stories; tales of surprises and talking animals and quaint folk; so one day Mr. Kennedy wrote down for her the story of "Surprise Island," and took it to the publishers.

Among the thousands of refugees who have received help and hospitality from the British Empire are many of Belgium's most distinguished authors and artists, and their gratitude is finding spontaneous expression in a volume of international interest which is now in preparation. This is entitled "A Book of Belgium's Gratitude," and is under the

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highest patronage. His Majesty King Albert is the patron, His Excellency M. Paul Hyman, Belgian minister in London, is the president, and M. Emile Cammaerts, Emile Claus, Henri Davignon, Jules Destree, Paul Lambotte, Caron Moncheur, and Chevalier E. Cartou de Wiart are members of the committee. The book will be published in English by the John Lane Company, New York, and John Lane, London, and the profits are to be placed at the disposal of H. M. Queen Mary.

The Houghton Mifflin Company has published "The Song of the Lark," by Willa Sibert Cather, a book of true and delightful verse. She is a Virginian by birth, but grew up on a Nebraska ranch in a thinly populated part of the prairie country.

Those who are familiar with Vilhjalmur Stefansson's "My Life with the Eskimo" are not particularly surprised at the report recently published in the press that he is alive and safe. There is no more informing narrative of exploration than "My Life with the Eskimo," and no better way of comprehending the personality of a man who is making history than by reading it. It is published by the Macmillan Company.

It is hard to reconcile the author of Italian history and fiction dealing with the Borgias, and the Rafael Sahatini whose vigorous novel, "The Sea Hawk" (J. B. Lippincott Company), is filled with the bold, fearless, and outspoken spirit of Elizabethan England. A dual nature was a gift of inheritance—Mr. Sahatini had an Italian father and an English mother. He has long lived in England, where his ability has been fully recognized.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

China.

Here we have a little volume of modern Chinese history that commends itself at once for its lucidity of narrative and the evident discernment of its author. Mr. Waley seems to have been skeptical of the permanence of the Chinese Republic and to have anticipated the monarchical reversion that now appears to be imminent. He thinks that China will become westernized in matters of practical value, but that she will retain her national and ancient inspirations. Thus he says: "The Confucian religion has been the guiding star, the greatest spiritual and moral force in the life of the Chinese nation in the past as it is in the present, and will be in the future."

THE RE-MAKING OF CHINA. By Adolf S. Waley. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1 net.

The Practical Mystic.

The title is somewhat of a misnomer. Mysticism is as old as religion itself, but its appearances in Christianity have been few, and they have usually been frowned upon and discouraged. To represent mysticism as practically a Christian product is therefore misleading, while a reliance upon Christian guidance must necessarily be inadequate.

At the same time, and within these narrow limitations, the author has handled her topic with some skill. To those who are unwilling to set sail in the deep waters charted by the real mystics it should prove stimulating and helpful.

THE PRACTICAL MYSTIC. By Katharine Francis Pedrick. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.25 net.

The Criminal Imbecile.

Dr. Goddard, already known for his studies in heredity in relation to crime, now presents us with an analysis of three murder cases in which the accused were adjudged to be imbeciles. The object of the book, it need hardly be said, is to plead for some or all of the eugenist panaceas for preventing the birth of had people, an end that we believe to be unattainable. Nor do we believe that there is any body of men in our midst in whose hands it would be safe to place the tremendous powers of segregation and mutilation. In this case the remedies seem to be far worse than the disease, as coercive remedies usually are.

THE CRIMINAL IMBECILE. By Henry Herbert Goddard. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

Briefer Reviews.

"The Two Oldest Trees," by Rufus Janvier Briscoe (John J. Newbegin), is a fascinating description of some of the great trees that are now alive and also of some ancient trees that have now been fossilized. The illustrations are particularly interesting.

A volume of readings from popular authors for school use has been published by the American Book Company under the title of "Readings from Literature." The editors are Reuben Post Halleck, M. A., LL. D., and Elizabeth Graeme Barbour, B. A.

Among recent books for young children and admirable for its colored illustrations is "The Toy-Shop Book," by Ada Van Stone Harris and Lillian McLean Waldo (Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.25 net). The letterpress consists of verse and dialogue, well and briefly written.

"In Camp on Bass Island," by Paul G. Tomlinson (Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.25

net), is a new volume in the Classmate Series and contains an exciting account of the adventures in fishing, boating, and swimming of the same four boys who traveled so adventurously to Labrador in "To the Land of the Caribou." It is an ideal book for boys.

The latest addition to the True Stories of Great Americans Series is "Davy Crockett," by William C. Sprague (the Macmillan Company; 50 cents). This is a series that may confidently be recommended not only to young people, but to all who like the essentials of history in their most attractive form.

An admirable book for the study of hoy scouts is "The Scout Law in Practice," by Arthur A. Carey (Little, Brown & Co.; 60 cents net). Mr. Carey recites the scout law and explains what it means, giving an exposition of the many virtues that it embraces. The practice of these virtues would certainly have a redemptive influence on the younger generation.

The True Stories of Great Americans Series should have a place in every American library. Among the later additions is "Christopher Columbus," by Mildred Stapley, a volume of only 240 pages, but containing more of the essentials and more attractively set forth than many another volume far more bulky. It is published by the Macmillan Company (50 cents).

Charles L. Barstow may be congratulated on his "Famous Pictures" just published by the Century Company (60 cents net). His selection of paintings is good, and he succeeds in fixing the attention of the reader upon the picture itself, explaining its qualities and the nature of the art that it represents. It is a book that may confidently be recommended to young people.

New Books Received.

LIFE INSURANCE. By Solomon S. Huebner, Ph. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$2 net. A textbook.

KEEPING IN CONDITION. By Harry H. Moore. New York: The Macmillan Company; 75 cents net. A handbook on training for boys.

CAMILLE DESMOULINS. By Violet Methley. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$5 net. A biography.

WHAT I BELIEVE AND WHY. By William Hayes Ward. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50 net.

An investigation of the Christian belief. THE BOWMEN. By Arthur Machen. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; 75 cents net. Legends of the war.

OLD ROADS FROM THE HEART OF NEW YORK. By Sarah Comstock. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.50 net.

A description of short journeys around New York, with illustrations and maps.

THE SCISSORS BOOK. By William Ludlum. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1 net. For little children.

A CHILD'S STAMP BOOK OF OLD VERSES. New York: Duffield & Co.

With picture stamps by Jessie Willcox Smith.

THE EXTRA DAY. By Algernon Blackwood. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.35 net. An imaginative story.

RIVERS TO THE SEA. By Sara Teasdale. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

A book of verse.

YOUR DREAMS AND MINE. By Chauncey Livingston Wiltse. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net.

A book of verse.

THE THIRTY-NINE STEPS. By John Buchan. strong Manship. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. An epic poem.

OLD DELAROLE. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net. A novel.

LITTLE VERSES AND BIG NAMES. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$2 net.

With contributions by President Wilson, James Whitcomb Riley, Arnold Bennett, and many others. Issued on behalf of the funds to care for poor children.

A BOOK OF PREFERENCES IN LITERATURE. By Eugene Mason. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25 net. Essays.

AUSTRALIAN BYWAYS. By Norman Duncan. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.75 net.

An account of a trip along the outskirts of civilization.

STATELY HOMES OF CALIFORNIA. By Porter Garrett. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. With many illustrations.

THE WORK OF OUR HANDS. By Herbert J. Hall, M. D., and Mertie M. C. Buck. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; \$1.50 net.

A study of occupations for invalids.

THOMAS CARLYLE: HOW TO KNOW HIM. By Bliss Perry. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.50 net.

An appreciation of what Carlyle means to America in the twentieth century.

DOG STARS. By Mrs. T. P. O'Connor. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.50 net. A collection of dog stories.

THE BARBIZON PAINTERS. By Arthur Hoeber. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company; \$1.75 net.

With many illustrations representing the best

and most characteristic work of the Barbizon school.

THE CANADIAN COMMONWEALTH. By Agnes C. Laut. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.50 net.

An interpretation of the people of Canada.

AUNT JANE. By Jennette Lee. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.25 net. A novel.

THE THIRTY-NINE STEPS. By John Buchan. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net. A story of adventure.

THE PILGRIM KINGS. By Thomas Walsh. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net. Greco and Goya and other poems of Spain.

SONNETS OF SPINSTERHOOD. By Snow Longley. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.; 75 cents net. A book of verse.

THE NEW RUSSIA. By Alan Lethbridge. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$5 net. From the White Sea to the Siberian Steppe.

THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF WAR. By F. W. Hirst. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2 net. A critical examination of the economic causes and consequences of war in general.

SECRET HISTORY. By Lady Peggy O'Malley. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.35 net. A novel.

THE DUAL ALLIANCE. By Marjorie Benton Cooke. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.35 net. A novel.

SIMPLE ART APPLIED TO HANDWORK. By H. A. Rankin and F. H. Brown, A. R. C. A. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25 net. A book for teachers and pupils.

SCISSORS STORIES. By J. E. Tolson, L. L. A. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1 net. Picture-cutting for little children.

KNITTING WITHOUT "SPECIMENS." By Eilen P. Claydon and C. A. Claydon. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1 net.

The modern book of school knitting and crochet.

THE WHITE CARAVAN. By W. E. Cule. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.35 net. A book for children.

WHAT MAY I HOPE? By George Trumbull Ladd, LL. D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.; \$1.50 net.

An inquiry into social and religious questions.

AYESHA OF THE BOSPHORUS. By Stanwood Cobb. Boston: Murray & Emery Company; \$1 net. A romance of Constantinople.

TEN DEGREES BACKWARD. By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net. A novel.

THE FUR TRAIL ADVENTURES. By Dillon Wallace. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.25 net. A story for boys.

THE APPLE-TREE SPRITE. By Margaret Warner Morley. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.10 net. A book for little girls and boys.

CLEMENCIA'S CRISIS. By Edith Ogden Harrison. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.25 net. A novel.

KATRINKA. By Helen Eggleston Haskell. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25 net. The story of a Russian child.

CUPID'S CAPERS. By Lillian Gardner. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; 50 cents net. A book of verse.

FATE AND FREE-WILL. By Ardaser Sorabjee N. Wadi, M. A. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50 net.

A philosophical discussion.

HIS HARVEST. By Pearl Doles Bell. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.30 net. A novel.

MOONBEAMS FROM THE LARGER LUNACY. By Stephen Leacock. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25 net.

Papers previously published in *Vanity Fair*, *Life*, *the Century*, and other magazines.

THE GRAY DAWN. By Stewart Edward White. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. A novel.

A HISTORY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE SINCE 1870. By Fred Lewis Pattee. New York: The Century Company; \$2 net.

An account of American authors and their work.

DEAR ENEMY. By Jean Webster. New York: The Century Company; \$1.30 net. A story told in the form of letters, by the author of "Daddy-Long-Legs."

THE GODDESS GIRL. By Louise Elizabeth Dutton. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; \$1.25 net. A novel.

ARISTOCRACY AND JUSTICE. By Paul Elmer More. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.

The ninth series of Sheldorne Essays.

FELIX O'DAY. By F. Hopkinson Smith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.35 net. A novel.

IN TIMES LIKE THESE. By Nellie L. McClung. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1 net. A consideration of current problems.

WILD POSIES. By John Troland. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.25 net. A book of verse.

THE BOY WITH THE U. S. LIFE-SAVERS. By Francis Rolt-Wheeler. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.50 net. A book for boys.

THE NEUTRALITY OF BELGIUM. By Alexander Fuehr. Funk & Wagnalls Company; \$1.50 net. A study of the Belgian case under its aspects

in political history and international law, from the German viewpoint.

THE MAN WITHOUT A CHURCH. By Henry Hughes. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.35 net.

The story of James Milbrook.

# Millinery Sale

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DELINQUENT SALE NOTICE.

THE LUTHER BURBANK COMPANY  
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Notice—There is delinquent upon the following described stock on account of assessment levied on the 15th day of September, 1915, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective stockholders, as follows:

| Name.                      | No. of<br>Certificate. | No. of<br>Shares. | Amount. |
|----------------------------|------------------------|-------------------|---------|
| G. L. Ayers.....           | 513                    | 87                | \$87.00 |
| Geo. O. Barnes.....        | 121                    | 25                | 25.00   |
| Geo. O. Barnes.....        | 122                    | 15                | 15.00   |
| Miss C. L. Bell.....       | 520                    | 200               | 200.00  |
| W. S. Bliss.....           | 466                    | 222               | 222.00  |
| Howard Brush.....          | 453                    | 8                 | 8.00    |
| F. M. Cerini.....          | 128                    | 20                | 20.00   |
| F. M. Cerini.....          | 160                    | 4                 | 4.00    |
| F. M. Cerini.....          | 317                    | 2                 | 2.00    |
| F. M. Cerini.....          | 357                    | 26                | 26.00   |
| Jesse N. Cole.....         | 491                    | 50                | 50.00   |
| Jesse N. Cole.....         | 492                    | 50                | 50.00   |
| Jesse N. Cole.....         | 493                    | 50                | 50.00   |
| Jesse N. Cole.....         | 494                    | 50                | 50.00   |
| Jesse N. Cole.....         | 495                    | 50                | 50.00   |
| Jesse N. Cole.....         | 496                    | 50                | 50.00   |
| Jesse N. Cole.....         | 497                    | 40                | 40.00   |
| Jesse N. Cole.....         | 511                    | 17                | 17.00   |
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| J. Y. Eccleston.....       | 134                    | 20                | 20.00   |
| J. Y. Eccleston.....       | 338                    | 24                | 24.00   |
| J. Y. Eccleston.....       | 377                    | 364               | 364.00  |
| J. Y. Eccleston.....       | 464                    | 100               | 100.00  |
| Miss L. C. Haycroft.....   | 463                    | 418               | 418.00  |
| I. W. Hellman, Jr.....     | 420                    | 100               | 100.00  |
| I. W. Hellman, Jr.....     | 421                    | 100               | 100.00  |
| I. W. Hellman, Jr.....     | 422                    | 100               | 100.00  |
| I. W. Hellman, Jr.....     | 423                    | 100               | 100.00  |
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| R. J. Hough.....           | 187                    | 50                | 50.00   |
| R. J. Hough.....           | 189                    | 100               | 100.00  |
| R. J. Hough.....           | 192                    | 1                 | 1.00    |
| R. J. Hough.....           | 254                    | 100               | 100.00  |
| R. J. Hough.....           | 255                    | 100               | 100.00  |
| R. J. Hough.....           | 484                    | 240               | 240.00  |
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| Jesse I. Jewell.....       | 275                    | 40                | 40.00   |
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| Jesse I. Jewell.....       | 371                    | 94                | 94.00   |
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| Emily L. Lackey.....       | 310                    | 2                 | 2.00    |
| Emily L. Lackey.....       | 386                    | 26                | 26.00   |
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| Mrs. Leota M. Nagle.....   | 451                    | 4                 | 4.00    |
| Mrs. Anita Nathansen.....  | 487                    | 5                 | 5.00    |
| J. C. Nathansen.....       | 445                    | 20                | 20.00   |
| J. C. Nathansen.....       | 488                    | 3                 | 3.00    |
| Mrs. L. N. Ostwald.....    | 242                    | 60                | 60.00   |
| Mrs. L. N. Ostwald.....    | 336                    | 4                 | 4.00    |
| Mrs. L. N. Ostwald.....    | 400                    | 64                | 64.00   |
| I. Peterson.....           | 503                    | 6                 | 6.00    |
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| Arthur E. Reynolds.....    | 427                    | 10                | 10.00   |
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| J. F. Reynolds.....        | 185                    | 100               | 100.00  |
| V. Reynolds.....           | 231                    | 33                | 33.00   |
| V. Reynolds.....           | 285                    | 10                | 10.00   |
| V. Reynolds.....           | 334                    | 3                 | 3.00    |
| V. Reynolds.....           | 398                    | 46                | 46.00   |
| J. Hood Smith.....         | 94                     | 40                | 40.00   |
| J. Hood Smith.....         | 126                    | 8                 | 8.00    |
| J. Hood Smith.....         | 327                    | 3                 | 3.00    |
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| W. Garner Smith.....       | 141                    | 100               | 100.00  |
| W. Garner Smith.....       | 196                    | 600               | 600.00  |
| W. Garner Smith.....       | 199                    | 200               | 200.00  |
| W. Garner Smith.....       | 524                    | 500               | 500.00  |
| W. Garner Smith.....       | 525                    | 512               | 512.00  |

And in accordance with law and an order of the Board of Directors, made on the 15th day of September, 1915, so many shares of each parcel of stock as may be necessary will be sold at public auction at the office of the Company in the north-east corner room on the second floor of the Burbank Building, which is located at the southwest corner of Market and Beale Streets, San Francisco, California, on the 8th day of November, 1915, at ten o'clock a. m., to pay said delinquent assessments thereon, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

I. M. BRAYFU  
Assistant Secretary and Acting Secretary of the  
Luther Burbank Company.  
Office of the Company, Burbank Building,  
Market and Beale Streets, San Francisco, Cal.

# The FORTUNES of GARIN by Mary Johnston

A glorious romance of  
love and adventure in  
the days of chivalry.

Frontispiece in color by  
Arthur Keller.

Author of *Audrey  
To Have and To Hold  
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### "ON TRIAL."

Nobody, young or old, fat or thin, ugly or pretty, intellectual or light-minded, can afford to lose "On Trial." It has no problems, no adventures in psychology—save that all life is motivated by the science of the soul—and the characters are just natural and human, without being elevated to the dignity of character studies. In fact the play is as an absorbing detective story changed into drama that holds the spectator absolutely spellbound; or, rather, it is as if some sensational murder case that had mystified the public and baffled the most sapient of the detective sleuths had been laid bare in a series of revelations in which were disclosed not only the deeds that formed the tragedy, but the thoughts, words, motives, and acts that preceded and led up to it.

The author, Elmer L. Reizenstein, probably belongs to the large and growing class of young journalists who, in the exercise of their profession, obtain a precocious but shrewd knowledge of life and human nature. The man who wrote that play has probably been detailed to report on murder cases. He has been behind the scenes and seen the writhings of the sinning and the wronged when emotion had caused them temporarily to throw down their guard.

There is a dreary sameness about human sin and crime; at least such of it as is known to the generality of us. Heaven forbid that we may ever know more than we do of the secret vices around which is wisely thrown a guard of reticence by the experts who deal with them. Mr. Reizenstein deals with the same old everyday characters, whose faults, follies, and crimes make such luscious newspaper reading for the translated peasants of Europe undergoing the process of being melted in the American crucible. There are the libertine, the jealous wife, the domesticated husband, the young woman whose terror and ignorance make of her a tragic victim, a child involved in the sudden whirl of destiny—these are the main principals. In the court scenes there are the lawyers, the witnesses, the jurymen, and so on. But the freshness and novelty of treatment create a sense of originality of material.

The author has so planned his play—utterly disdaining all the canons of dramaturgy worked out by a long line of brilliant predecessors—as to give the spectator a wonderful sense of reality. It begins and ends in a courtroom. The defendant, accused of the crime of murder, sits, drooping, in a ghastly preoccupation, from which nothing rouses him save the mention by lawyers or witnesses of his wife or child. His peril does not seem to concern him; some thought far more absorbing than the preservation of his life holds him in agonized thrall. Indeed, he acknowledges to the murder of his sometime friend, despite the abundant evidence forthcoming as to the integrity and real superiority of his character and the generosity in their business relations displayed toward him by the dead man.

There is a mystery here which the author sheds some light upon in his own entirely emancipated way.

At certain points in the testimony made in court stage, and the whole theatre in fact, are plunged into black darkness. We hear the muffled thunder of the new revolving stage as it turns to present a new scene to our view. This occurs once in the first act, once in the second, and once in the third. Each time the curtain of darkness falls as a witness utters his testimony, and each time, instead of hearing him continue the relation of his story, the audience witnesses its action as it is taken up by the personages of whom he speaks and what he is relating in his testimony played before us by those who are concerned. In this way the scene directly preceding to and, in some respects, leading up to, the crime is played in the first act. In the second we see another household, that of the murderer, and obtain complete knowledge of the motives influencing him in a scene which in actual time precedes by two hours that one similarly depicted in the first act. In the third act, in the most vivid and absorbing scene in court, when the unhappy young wife gives her testimony, we are, at a certain point in her narrative, transported back to a period thirteen years in advance of the crime.

Can any one think of a play in which the writer has shown a more sovereign disdain of the usual methods followed by writers of plays? The effect, however, is immensely vivid and lifelike. The intimacy of the scenes which are played, the close relation which every word and act bear toward the tragedy, even though they are the guileless and uncalculated sayings and doings of a nine-year-old child, tend to preserve the very highest tension of interest and suspense. The author has not wasted a word or a single remark. With an admirable economy of his material he so plans his scenes as to cause each and everything that is said or done to have some bearing, either in shedding light on hidden motives or leading up to some act or deed yet to come.

The testimony offered in court causes the audience to have a mental conception, however imperfect, of some one or other of the principal personages in the drama. Then comes one of the acted-out scenes, taken up at the very point when the curtain of darkness falls on the court scene, and while the words are falling from the mouth of one of the witnesses. It is, then, as if vivid reality readjusted and corrected this mental conception; for the man or woman concerned reveals himself and the principal motives animating his life and character by every look and word that proceeds from him.

And yet, in spite of all this enlightenment, in spite, too, of a stray but deeply pregnant remark dropped in the first act by the jealous wife of the libertine, we lose the clue to the puzzling actions of the young wife, who is so plainly a loving and devoted partner. The author, in fact, succeeds in thoroughly puzzling us; but he never fails for a moment to keep the interest keenly alert. And furthermore, toward the end of the play, when the main issues are all nicely cleared up and our minds are just unconsciously approaching the side issue, he suddenly brings it forward to the centre of the stage, fairly floods it with significance, and, finally, springs a big surprise on us.

These repeated transitions from the dry ceremonies of the scenes in court to those in the completest intimacy of family life give a wonderfully vital effect to the play. And do not imagine for a moment that the interest falters during the court scenes; not even when the doctor gives his expert medical testimony; not even when we are introduced to the jury's room and listen to them trying to argue the one obstinate member who holds out against acquittal into conformity with their verdict. Nobody is unreasonable. Every one of them who speaks advances a logical reason to support his opinion. There is a human life at stake; there is a mystery to solve; we feel it all the time, and so this exterior dryness is all on the surface, underneath which things huddle and seethe.

There isn't a single big name put forth in conjunction with the production of "On Trial," yet the acting is so excellent that no one pauses to realize that fact. Indeed, there is such fine team work, the general ensemble works so smoothly, with such a just balance in the relation of each to the whole that I am very much of the opinion that the presence of a star in the cast would be wholly undesirable. The author, in his logical working out of his big idea, has presented a series of absorbing scenes in which the dramatic interest centres now on one, now on another. While one person, as, for instance, the district attorney, in the prologue apparently holds the centre of the stage, it is the prisoner who is in reality in the limelight. Upon him is centered our deepest interest, and Lee Baker, who is very fine in the rôle, can never relax for a moment from that pose of rigid and painful preoccupation, occasionally broken by a momentary flash of more acute mental agony, into which the prisoner is fixed.

In Scene I, Act II, we recall, after the play is over, some of the dialogue that bore very significantly on subsequent events in the play. In Act II, Scene II, where the murder is thrillingly portrayed under our very eyes, and in which our sympathies are all passionately on the side of the murderer, or, rather, say the avenger, or even, perhaps, the executioner, we are scarcely clear in our minds, during the intense excitement of a scene plunged in almost total darkness, as to all the details of what is taking place. But the stagecraft of the whole performance is on such a high plane of excellence, the author having been ably backed up in the clearness and exactitude exercised by him in mapping out this scene by superficial stage directorship, that after the play is over the mind reverts to this scene and is able to recall every detail, and perceive the admirable method employed by the author in indicating the relation borne to it by each participant. The significance of that tall rectangle of light, used as a background against which to silhouette the figures of the burglar and the murderer, becomes especially patent when one runs over details in one's mind after the play is finished. For "On Trial," which some people might carelessly term melodrama,

leaves such a strong impression on the mind of emotions and experiences intensely lived through by the participants, that we do not shed it immediately, as we do melodrama. It is not melodrama—it is logical-emotional drama, for there is no sacrificing of realities to gain in sensationalism. Mr. Reizenstein has proved himself a master of construction, while at the same time working out an entirely original method of presenting his drama. No one familiar with the film dramas can have overlooked a certain resemblance to their use of uninterrupted sequences in the scenes presented, but we must acclaim with high praise the first play-writer who not only recognized such possibilities in the regular drama, but knew how to utilize them with such marked ability.

Between Douglas J. Wood, playing the rôle of the libertine, and Lee Baker that of the prisoner, it would be hard to choose. Each, in his different line, is the kind of player who invokes the sense of reality by the completeness of his presentation. Each presents so vivid an image of the character depicted that it follows one for several days, springing up to the memory in idle moments with the force and freshness of a remembered experience. Mr. Clyde North, in the less important rôle of the secretary, made his strong dramatic effect with ample success when the opportunity came.

Another effect of dramatic intensity was that presented by Pauline Lord in the rôle of the young wife. This actress, with her suggestion of physical frailty, with her slender figure, her delicate features and coloring, fitted admirably in the part not only in externals, but also in her style of acting. She was very quiet in her methods, but she gave the impression of an intensity of emotion and suffering that kept voice and figure all a-quiver like an instrument vibrating to the jar of a broken string.

Maxine E. Hodges, in the rôle of the nine-year-old daughter, stands as a peer beside her seniors. This child, in the scene where she begs the defendant's counsel to release her from the relentless inquisition to which she must submit, started waves of responsive emotion in the audience which was quite apart from the ordinary "isn't-she-cute" brand of appreciation. In fact she, like the others, was a finely shaped and polished part of a big whole. One could detect unmistakable evidence of an unusually expert guiding intelligence over the whole performance—that, evidently, of Mr. Sam Forrest, who is Cohan and Harris's general stage director.

Counting in the jury, there are something like eighteen characters in the play, and every part was played with that perfect coordination which argues especially fine stage directorship. There were only two players who interfered with the sense of reality, the widow and the father in the hotel scene, although playing very carefully and conscientiously, being unable to divest themselves of a certain stage artificiality of manner. But such minor rôles as that of the hotel manager, for instance, were played with an effect of absolute reality. The court routine went perfectly, the lawyers, both of whom were excellent, had their different individualities and varying methods of appeal. The few spokesmen among the jury also furthered that

sense of reality which informs the whole play. In fact, "On Trial" is a feat, in the matter of play-writing, of play-acting, of play-directing, and of play-producing.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

### The Innisfail String Quartet Concert.

Lovers of chamber music owe a debt to Mrs. John B. Casserly for organizing and maintaining the Innisfail String Quartet, composed of Nikolai Sokoloff, first violin; Rudolph Ringwall, second violin; Nathan Firestone, viola, and May Mukle, 'cellist, and which will give its first concert of the coming season next Tuesday evening at Sorosis Club Hall. The quartet will be heard in the following programme:

Quartet (K428), E flat.....Mozart  
Quartet.....Ravel  
Quartet, op. 51, No. 1, C minor.....Brahms

Being the most intimate form of music and virtually "lost" in a large place, the Innisfail String Quartet will be heard to the best advantage at the Sorosis Club Hall, which with its seating capacity of but three hundred, is proportioned exactly like the home of the Kneisel Quartet at Mendelssohn Hall, New York.

Seats are now on sale at the box-office of Sherman, Clay & Co. Owing to the limited seating capacity of the hall it is recommended that those desiring tickets do not delay in securing them.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"On Trial" at the Columbia Theatre.

"On Trial" has proved one of the biggest hits of the theatrical season at the Columbia Theatre, where it has been presented every night since Monday last and at a Wednesday and Saturday matinee. The second week of the engagement begins Sunday night.

"On Trial," by Elmer Reizenstein, fairly abounds in uniqueness. As to scenic arrangement and unusual plot development, it stands in a position by itself. The play is built around the trial for murder of a prominent New York business man. And the story is unfolded backward and then forward. The prologue reveals a courtroom scene that is as near a perfect portrayal as is possible in stage reproduction. Robert Strickland is on trial for his life, charged with the murder of his friend, Gerald Trask. With this interesting event occurring in the first act of the play, the author takes a firm hold on the attention of his audience, and does not relax that hold until the final curtain descends with the mysteries unfolded and every one concerned therein perfectly happy.

"On Trial" is a novelty on the American stage at the present time. An excellent cast appears in the many important roles and those to whom especial praise is due include Lee Baker, Pauline Lord, Clyde North, Douglas J. Wood, Mildred Beverly, Charles Riegel, Maxine Hodges, and Hal Mordant.

Matinees are given on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Extra Week of "So Long Letty."

The special rearrangement of bookings, making possible the extra week of "So Long Letty," beginning Sunday night, November 7th, at the Cort Theatre, has been welcome news to theatre-goers, judging by the way in which they have sought seats since the announcement of a fifth week being added to the engagement. Every evening has seen a capacity audience at the Cort, and the merry Morosco "comedy with music" might stay here much longer, but the coming week must positively terminate the engagement.

It goes without saying that "So Long Letty" has caught the favor of San Francisco as no musical-comedy entertainment

has during the season. The sprightliness of the plot and the ingenuity with which it is handled are among the factors making for the success of "So Long Letty."

Charlotte Greenwood, Sydney Grant, May Boley, Walter Catlett, William Rock, Frances White, Percy Bronson, Winnie Baldwin, Nella Wilson, and others of the cast have re-established themselves as San Francisco favorites through their admirable work in this piece.

Originally booked to open at the Cort this Sunday, "A Pair of Sixes" is now scheduled for presentation at that playhouse on Sunday night, November 14th, on account of the fifth week being added to the "So Long Letty" engagement. The brilliant Edward Peple farce made a big hit last season at the Cort and returns with an excellent cast of funmakers, including Oscar Figman, Kate Guyon, George Leffingwell, Jack Rafael, and others.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum will present an unusual show next week, the principal novel feature of which will be Houdini, known everywhere as "The Elusive American" and also as the world-famous self-liberator. He will give the greatest performance of his strenuous career, liberating himself after being locked in a Chinese water torture cell (his own invention), while standing on his head, his ankles clamped and locked in the centre of the massive cover. Houdini will also introduce the masterpiece of the Yogis, the East Indian needle trick.

"Our Bob" is the title of the sketch Robert L. Dailey and his supporting players will appear in. It was written by Kellar Mack and Frank Orth and is in reality the dramatization of Mr. Dailey's personality. The authors have allowed him ample opportunity for the introduction of gift of repartee which has been responsible for much of his success in the musical comedies in which he has appeared.

Two pretty girls and a man constitute the Gardner Trio, who will offer one of the finest ballroom dancing acts in vaudeville. It includes "The Love Waltz" and other pretty dances.

The Bison City Four, consisting of Vic Milo, Frank Girard, George Hughes, and Ed Roscoe, is one of the best and most popular singing quartets in vaudeville. They also introduce eccentric comedy in dress and action and appear respectively as tramp, Italian, Irishman, and Chappie.

Mabelle Lewis and Paul McCarthy will bid for public approval in an assortment of song, dance, and story which they term "Dainty Different Doings."

The Novelty Clintons, assisted by "The Girl with the Smile," have proved a success in sixteen different countries. The man of the act is probably the most expert jumper that has ever appeared in vaudeville. He snuffs three candles without more than slightly bending the wicks, jumping on and off a sheet of water without creating a ripple on its surface, and kicking with both feet at a hat held about ten feet from the floor.

Willie Weston will introduce different character songs.

Carolina White, the famous prima donna of the Philadelphia and Chicago Grand Opera Company, who is scoring a tremendous success, will enter on the last week of her engagement and will be heard in a new programme of song.

Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre.

There is plenty of variety on the new eight-act programme which opens at the Pantages on Sunday. For first honors a couple of nimble-footed comedians, named Bob O'Neill and Cliff Dixon, have surrounded themselves with a flock of pretty dancing girls and are presenting a delectable musical hit, entitled "Six Peaches and a Pair." There are the usual dance numbers, new song hits, and swagger gowning, but the little tabloid moves with unusual rapidity.

The Countess Von Dornum and her two accomplished harpists are a special feature of the new show. The countess styles her singing selections to be on a "par with the incomparable Tetrassini," and another modest claim is that her accompanying harpists are former favorites in the highest musical circles of the war Czar's domain.

Two other members of the troupe obtain ample laughs through a hodge-podge of nonsense called "Bits of Sense and Otherwise." Harry Norwood and Alpha Hall are the twain, and aside from their bright chatter, eccentric dancing steps finish their specialty.

The Van Der Koors are "quack" illusionists with a mind-reading duck named "Felix." The duck, which is an immense affair about eight feet in height, answers questions à la burlesque that are asked by the audience. While grotesque and amusing, the act is one of genuine merit.

Arthur Wanzor and Maybelle Palmer have a comedy skit called "Just Tips" with a good plot.

W. L. Thorne and company in "The Sheriff" and the Blue Ribbon dancing trio are other acts.

THE MUSIC SEASON.

The Final Victor Herbert Concerts.

The last three orchestral concerts under the direction of Victor Herbert will be given this Friday and Saturday nights and Sunday afternoon in Festival Hall. The playing of the special orchestra under his magic baton has been a revelation to the most seasoned concert-goers. The programmes are exceptionally beautiful.

The Friday night programme will consist entirely of works by Mr. Herbert, the first part being devoted to his more serious compositions and the second to numbers from his light opera successes, such as "Mlle. Modiste," "Babes in Toyland," "Naughty Marietta," "The Only Girl," etc. Mr. Uda Waldrop has been specially engaged to play the organ part in the "Triumph" from the "Columbus" suite.

Saturday night's programme will include works by Tschaiowsky, Massenet, Maillart, Nevin, Kreisler, and several of Mr. Herbert's own compositions, and by special request Wagner's "Ride of the Valkyrie."

The farewell programme, Sunday afternoon at 3:15, will be simply a galaxy of musical gems. Rubinstein's exquisite tone poem, "Kamienoi-Ostrow," Liszt's "Hungarian Rhapsodie" No. 2, Dvorak's "Humoresque," arranged for orchestra by Victor Herbert, Wagner's "Traume," and "Hungarian Dances" by Keler-Bela are a few of the offerings, and there will be four Herbert compositions, the programme concluding with his "America Fantasia" for full orchestra and organ.

Tickets are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and at the Exposition ticket office, 343 Powell Street, and on Sunday at Festival Hall.

Concert by Marie Partridge Price.

A very interesting concert will be given by Marie Partridge Price, the well-known soprano, at the Colonial ballroom of the St. Francis Hotel, Monday evening, November 8th, at half-past eight. Mrs. Price, who studied both at home and abroad, will display her voice to excellent advantage in a choice programme of English, French, German, Italian, and Norwegian songs, some of her selections being by Debussy, Rimsky-Korsakow, Rachmaninoff, Grieg, Rubinstein, Duparc, and Weingartner. One of her numbers will be the aria from Wolf-Ferrari's delightful "The Secret of Suzanne," and she will also sing the Grove Song from the Bohemian Grove Play, words by J. Wilson Shiels and music by Uda Waldrop. The particular novelties of the evening will be two songs of Bach, sung for the first time here, the first, "Schafe kommen sicher weiden," having an obligato for two flutes, played by Messrs. Emilio Puyans and Elias W. Hecht, and the second, "Hort doch der sanften Floten chor," with an obligato for three flutes, played by Messrs. Puyans, Hecht, and Louis Neubauer. Uda Waldrop, composer and pianist, will be at the piano, and the pretty room at the St. Francis bids fair to be crowded.

The San Francisco Quintet Club.

The second concert of the San Francisco Quintet Club will be given next Thursday night in the Colonial hallroom of the Hotel St. Francis at 8:45.

The programme is one of beauty and importance, as two of the works will be heard for the first time in San Francisco. The novelties will be a "Sonata" for flute, viola, and piano, by Leclair, and the "Quintet," op. 30, for piano and strings, by Goldmark. Lovers of the classics will learn with pleasure that the "String Quartet," op. 18, No. 2, by Beethoven, will be played between the two other works.

Tickets are 50 cents and \$1 and are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Kohler & Chase's, and the St. Francis news stand.

The third and final concert of the first series will be given Thursday night, December 10th.

San Francisco Composers' Day.

The musical public is taking a great interest in San Francisco Composers' Day, to be observed at the Exposition in Festival Hall, Sunday afternoon, November 14th, at half-past two.

For the past three weeks a committee composed of Paul Steindorff, Herman Perley, and John Manning, representative men of music, have been busy examining compositions of local musicians, with a view of selecting a programme that will be enjoyable and that will show what has been done by native and foreign composers who have chosen San Francisco for their residence. As a result a most delightful afternoon has been assured and the Exposition Orchestra, which will interpret the compositions, will in many instances be conducted by the composers themselves.

Among those whose works will be heard are Ferdinand Zech, Philip I. Jacoby, Earl Sharp, Wallace A. Sabin, Theodore Vogt, Dominico Brescia, Hernan Heller, and Vincent Caror. Two songs by Mary Carr Moore

will be sung by Mrs. M. F. Blanchard and Mr. C. C. Lloyd. There will undoubtedly be a large audience to pass upon the offerings and reserved seats will be ready at the Exposition ticket office, 343 Powell Street, Monday morning at 9 o'clock.

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## VANITY FAIR.

Professor Joseph French Johnson, dean of the New York University finance school—what a number of different sorts of schools there are nowadays—is a man of courage because he has dared to throw himself directly athwart a popular superstition and to say that it is a superstition. Would that there were more like him. And it may be said incidentally and parenthetically that this is peculiarly an age of credulities and superstitions. The land is full of men and women, especially women, who run up and down thunderously, hysterically, or monotonously, saying the things that are not so, and saying them as though they were universally admitted axioms like "the whole is greater than its part," or "three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles." And then we all go down on our mental knees and allow ourselves to be mesmerized into belief, overwhelmed by such established formulas as "Every one knows," or "It is now universally conceded," or "There can be no dispute that"—whatever the particular lie happens to be. And so the lie becomes rooted in our minds as a sort of base or foundation upon which all subsequent argument or action is to be founded. And so we have all become saturated with the conviction that women are opposed to war, that women have a love of beauty, that women are authorities and experts on such subjects as children and the home. Whereas if we would only take these theories one by one and stand them up against the wall and gaze upon them coldly, dispassionately, and with deliberation we should know them to be false.

But let us return to Professor Johnson, who is a man of courage and who ought to have the iron cross. Professor Johnson says that so far from encouraging matrimony, it ought to be discouraged. Professor Johnson says that married men ought to be taxed more than bachelors because they are nuisances, as of course they are. They assume an air of self-righteousness which is offensive, and a pretense of superior morality which is an hypocrisy. They are very apt to get divorced, which is alike expensive and scandalous. And every now and then have children when their wives are inadvertently thinking of something else and then the police have to look after the children and decent people have to avoid them. On the other hand the bachelor leads a quiet and unobtrusive life. He does not appear in the divorce court except unwillingly and as co-respondent, he does not annoy his friends with his offensive domesticities, he is rarely to be found in the poorhouse, and he has no matrimonial excuse for making his way to the lunatic asylum. By all means let us applaud the bachelor. Let us make his path easy for him. Let us do what we can to encourage others to go and do likewise.

But the particular pet superstition against which Professor Johnson has girded up his loins is the population superstition. Why, in heaven's name, says this great and good man, do we want more people? If there is, actually any cash value about the ordinary human being—and there are a vast number of them who would be grossly overpriced at thirty cents—it would seem to be the part of prudence to restrict the output rather than to increase it. Let us make a corner, says the professor. Let us enhance the value of the individual by seeing to it that there are not so many of him. Let us show our displeasure with the man who attempts to throw his inferior babies upon an already overstocked market. Now there can be no doubt that these are the words of truth and soberness. They are in accord with the most elementary of economic laws. And yet we continue to bleat about population and to search the census returns for the increases that actually spell poverty and not wealth.

There are two agencies, says the learned professor, that have created this insensate demand for babies. They are the church and the army. But the church is not so aggressive in this way as it used to be. We are not quite so ready as formerly to pay fees to the church for christenings, baptisms, marriages, births, and deaths. We have learned that it is possible to be born and to die without the aid of the church, and to do them both most creditably. So the church has waned in its enthusiasm for babies. But militarism is as covetous as ever. Just as there are still organs in the human body that are evidence of now disused functions, so we have inherited a sort of obsessing conviction that all will go well with us so long as the babies continue to arrive in ever-increasing swarms. It would puzzle most of us to say what we want the babies for. We have never actually thought about it. It has become a sort of unreasoned axiom. But actually it is a survival, like the appendix. It is a heritage from the days when only soldiers were valued and when the very existence of a country depended upon the steady arrival of bony warriors.

Such are the views of Professor Johnson. He says that if the European countries had

adopted his views and abandoned this curious craze for babies there would have been no war. Wars, he says, are caused by the pressure of population. The pressure of population is caused by the reprehensible habit of marrying and having babies. It is a clear case of cause and effect. Therefore let us discourage marriage in order that what there are of us now may have a little standing room and so not be compelled to elbow each other off the sidewalk and out of the world. Mrs. Johnson, says the professor, is opposed to his views, which makes his conduct all the more creditable. Mrs. Johnson says that we must not interfere with divine laws. Well, we shall try earnestly not to do this. We believe that it would be quite a difficult thing to do. But we can not see that divine laws have anything to do with having babies. Quite the contrary in a good many cases. We have just as much a right to curtail the supply of babies as to have a haircut. Both may be an interference with natural processes, but that is quite a different thing. And so we may hope that the next census return will show a gratifying response to Professor Johnson's appeal. He is a great and good man.

There is a love for pearls (says the New York Sun) in every woman's heart far above her fancy for the average gem. This is due to the fact that every woman's complexion looks well with a pearl against it, which is more than can be said for any other gem. Precious stones must be suited to the individual with care; not so with pearls. They give a softness and lustre to every skin that they rest against and are always dignified, no matter in how great a quantity they are worn. Again that is more than can be said for other gems.

But hitherto the greater number of women have been obliged to attest their appreciation of these facts by resorting to the use of artificial pearls for their adornment, due to the cost of a string of real pearls. Now, however, some one's ingenuity has come to the rescue and by a charmingly novel idea one may be the possessor at slight cost of a "real" necklace. This is done by the following plan: a tiny fine string of platinum or gold and five pearls strung on it is to be had to start a necklace. From time to time as one may wish a pearl is added until the necklace is complete.

The initial arrangement is so exquisite that it is a perfectly wearable ornament to begin with and its cost runs from but \$5 up to \$30 if a gold chain is chosen and from \$10 to \$40 if a platinum chain is selected. The difference in price is made by the size of the pearls, each of which in any case is well matched or graduated and of fine quality.

Such a necklace not alone has merit as an adornment, but is an investment as well, hence it has direct virtue as a gift to a child, for by the time the little girl has arrived at years of womanhood she has a piece of jewelry worthy the debutante or the bride that perhaps could not have been afforded outright. For it costs less than a dollar to add a small pearl to the chain.

If one has a large circle of friends or a big family and each contributes one pearl there is a value other than the intrinsic to this add-a-pearl necklace.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Farmer Brown, while his crew of threshers were "washing up" one morning, noticed among them a Swede who was not engaged in the use of water, soap, and towel. "Well, Swansen," said the farmer, "aren't you going to wash this morning?" "Naw," returned the Swede; "it don't mak' me dirty to sleep."

Uncle Ben, a very careful old darky, was a witness in a shooting case. "Were the shots simultaneous, uncle?" inquired the prosecuting attorney. "Well, hoss, you see, hit wuz dis way," replied the witness, with great deliberation. "Denn shots come so close togadder dat I can't be sho' ef dey wuz or not."

She was a careless girl to put the subscriber on the wrong number. Being in a hurry, the subscriber promptly asked for a box for two. "But we don't have boxes for two," said a startled voice at the other end of the line. "Why, isn't that the theatre?" he inquired. "No," was the reply, "this is Blank's, the undertaker."

When the jury in a Western court found the accused guilty of the crime charged, the prisoner rose in the dock and dramatically exclaimed: "May heaven strike me dead if I am guilty!" The judge waited a few minutes and then said: "Prisoner at the bar, since Providence has not seen fit to interfere, the sentence of the court will now be pronounced."

Dennis O'Toole, a bright Dublin lad, was sent to the baker's for a twopenny loaf. Having received it, it struck him that it was under weight, so he drew the baker's attention to it. "Never mind that," said the baker, "it will be less for you to carry." "Very well," replied the boy, and throwing three halfpence on the counter, he walked away. The shopman called after him and told him he had not left enough money. "Oh, niver mind that," retorted Dennis. "It will be the less for ye to count."

William White was a Tennessean and a lad of champion optimistic calibre, as a visitor to the hamlet discovered. It seems that William White's brother had killed a man in cold blood. "Well, William, how about your brother?" the visitor asked him one day after the trial. "Well," said William, "they've put him in jail for a month." "That's rather a light sentence for a cold-blooded murder," said the visitor. "Yes, sir," William admitted, "but at the end of the month they are goin' to hang him."

He was a very shy young man. For two long years he had been paying her attention and had not yet even squeezed her hand. One evening as they lingered in the shadow of the trees by her gate he asked timidly: "Flo-

ence, would you—might I—er—would you mind if I placed one reverent kiss on your fair hand tonight when I leave you?" Florence thought he wanted speeding up. So she dropped her head coyly on his shoulders, lifted her face temptingly to his, and replied: "Well, Georgie, I should think it decidedly out of place."

Even when the fighting was hottest the colonel of an Irish regiment noticed that one of the privates was following him everywhere, with apparently much devotion. At length he called the man to him and said: "You've stuck to me well this day, Private Rooney!" "Yis, sor," replied Rooney, saluting smartly. "Me ould mother she sez to me, sez she: 'Patrick, me hhoy, stick to the colonel, and ye'll be all right; thim colonels niver get hurt!'"

Robert Lowe, the great English commoner, was exceedingly sarcastic and frequently ungallant. Upon the occasion of a well-known wedding he began to descant on the absurdities of the marriage service. "When I married," he said, "all the worldly goods with which I endowed my wife might have been carried in a bundle over my shoulder." "Ah! but Robert," interposed Mrs. Lowe, "there was your great intellect." "Well, I certainly did not endow you with that, dear," was the rejoinder.

The ways of Providence may be mysterious, but the ways of the Kentucky moonshiners are profoundly devious, planned with interesting cunning, and especially so when it is considered desirous to rid the neighborhood of a citizen. Two mountaineers who faced a problem of this nature met to talk it over. "That feller Morgan Buttles is terrible unpopular," said one. "We'll have to git rid o' him somehow," replied the other. "Yep. But we don't want to do nothin' in a way that aint legitimate an' customary. You know he has p'litical ambitions." "I've heard so. But he aint got no pull." "Yes, he has. An' you an' your relations want to stand back o' me when I put the case up to our congressman. We'll git Buttles app'inted a revenue inspector, an' then let nature take its course."

A poor young Irish couple went to the priest to be married, rich in love, but so poor in earthly goods that they did not even possess the few necessary silver pence for the wedding fee. The priest was relentless in his demands. "No money, no ceremony," he declared. "Let me go home, Reverend Father," begged the girl, "and I will get the money." She soon returned with the small amount required, when the knot was duly tied to the entire satisfaction of all concerned. "Could any one now oppose our union, Holy Father?" she inquired. "No-ho, my daughter," he replied. "Not even your own reverence?" she persisted. "Not even I, Catherine!" "God bless your reverence! Here is the pawn ticket for your hat and overcoat, which I took from the vestry to pawn."



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JUNE 30th, 1915:

Assets.....\$60,321,343.04  
Deposits..... 57,362,899.35  
Capital actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000.00  
Reserve and Contingent Funds..... 1,998,443.69  
Employees' Pension Fund..... 199,164.12  
Number of Depositors..... 66,965  
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| House Beautiful and Argonaut.....                                | 5.25   |
| International Magazine and Argonaut.....                         | 4.30   |
| Judge and Argonaut.....  | 8.25   |
| Leslie's Weekly and Argonaut.....                                | 8.25   |
| Life and Argonaut.....   | 8.00   |
| Lippincott's Magazine and Argonaut.....                          | 5.25   |
| Littell's Living Age and Argonaut.....                           | 9.10   |
| Mexican Herald and Argonaut.....                                 | 9.20   |
| Munsey's Magazine and Argonaut.....                              | 4.95   |
| Nation and Argonaut.....   | 6.75   |
| Nineteenth Century and Argonaut.....                             | 7.40   |
| North American Review and Argonaut.....                          | 7.05   |
| Outlook and Argonaut.....  | 6.25   |
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| Puck and Argonaut.....   | 8.00   |
| Review of Reviews and Argonaut.....                              | 5.25   |
| Scribner's Magazine and Argonaut.....                            | 6.00   |
| Smart Set and Argonaut.....                                      | 5.75   |
| St. Nicholas and Argonaut.....                                   | 6.00   |
| Sunset and Argonaut.....   | 5.25   |
| Theatre Magazine and Argonaut.....                               | 6.30   |
| Thrice-a-Week New York World (Dem-<br>ocratic) and Argonaut..... | 4.30   |
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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

News comes from New York of the announcement of the engagement of Mrs. Mahel Cluff Wilson to Mr. Arthur Miles of New York. Mrs. Wilson is the daughter of Mrs. William Cluff and a sister of Mrs. Perry Cumberston, Mrs. John Breuner, and Mrs. Edwin Janss of this city. No date has yet been set for the wedding.

The wedding of Miss Milo Abercrombie and Baron Wilhelm Ferdinand von Brincken took place Wednesday evening at the German Lutheran Church. Following the ceremony a reception was held at the Palace Hotel. Miss Margaret Abercrombie was her sister's maid of honor and the bridesmaids were Miss Guenevere Adams of Washington, D. C., and Baroness von Schack. Baron von Shack was the best man. Upon their return from their wedding trip the young couple will reside on their ranch in San Mateo County.

Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden gave a dinner Monday evening at the Francisco Club.

Miss Ethel Cooper was hostess recently at an informal luncheon at her home on Gough Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman E. Mack entertained a number of friends Tuesday at a luncheon at the Burlingame Country Club. The affair was in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Adam Patterson and Mr. Thomas Gibson of Buffalo.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Eyre will entertain seventy-five young people at a dinner Wednesday evening, November 10th, at the Fairmont Hotel after the tch d'ausant at which their daughter, Miss Elena Eyre, will make her debut.

Mr. Victor Herberth was the complimented guest recently at a luncheon given by Mr. Richard Tohin at the Bohemian Club.

Mrs. Walter Seymour was hostess Thursday at a luncheon at the Palace Hotel in honor of Mrs. Earl Shipp.

Miss Linda Bryan was the guest of honor Wednesday at a luncheon given by Miss Mary Helen Finnell at her home on Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. William T. Sesnon entertained a number of friends Thursday evening at a dinner at their home on Devisadero Street. The affair was in honor of Mr. and Mrs. William D. Hoxie and Mr. and Mrs. Wells of New York.

Miss Emily Timlow was the guest of honor Tuesday at a luncheon given by Mrs. Henry J. Crocker at her home on Laguna Street.

Miss Henrietta Harrison-Smith was hostess Tuesday at a luncheon at her home on Clay Street in honor of Miss Helen Wright.

Mrs. Prentiss Cohl Hale was hostess recently at a tea at her home on Broadway. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Frederick Palmer.

Mrs. Seward McNear gave a tea Thursday afternoon at the Town and Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry McFarlane were the complimented guests Thursday evening at a dinner given by the latter's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, at the Burlingame Club.

Mrs. John Hays Hammond was hostess Thursday at a luncheon at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of Mrs. Robert T. Evans of Boston.

Mr. Charles Gibson entertained a number of friends Wednesday evening at a dinner in honor of Miss Eugenie Masten and Mr. Rupert Mason, whose engagement has recently been announced.

Miss Ruth Young was the guest of honor Tuesday afternoon at a tea given by Miss Adelia Bernhard.

Miss Helen Weaver was hostess Friday afternoon at a tea in honor of Mrs. Stephen Nerney.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Upham entertained a large number of friends Wednesday evening at a musicale at their home on Francisco Street.

Mrs. Harry Sherman gave a luncheon at her home on Jackson Street Thursday, when a dozen friends enjoyed her hospitality. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Robert W. Wood of Baltimore.

Mrs. Harry H. Scott was hostess Wednesday at a luncheon at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Ruth Merrill Hammond entertained a number of friends Monday at an informal luncheon and bridge party at the Francisco Club.

Mrs. Ernest Meiere was hostess Monday afternoon at a tea in honor of Mrs. Ewing and Miss Johnson of Baltimore.

Mrs. Charles Hopkins of Santa Barbara was the guest of honor recently at a dinner given by Mrs. Frank P. Deering at her home on Russian Hill.

Mrs. Alexander Garceau entertained a number of friends Monday at a luncheon at her home on Jackson Street in honor of Mrs. Harry McFarlane and Mrs. Frank Cheatham of Honolulu.

Mrs. Horace Hill has issued invitations to a luncheon Tuesday, November 9th, at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Helen Wright was the complimented guest

Monday at a luncheon given by Miss Martha Sutton at the Town and Country Club. Accompanied by her guests, Miss Sutton later attended the matinee.

The "Young Turk" members of the Bohemian Club were hosts Saturday evening at a dinner in honor of Mr. Spencer Grant, whose engagement to Miss Elena Brewer has recently been announced.

Mrs. William B. Lamar entertained a number of friends Monday at a luncheon at the Fairmont Hotel. The affair was in honor of Mme. Paul Ritter of Washington, D. C.

Miss Winifred Mears gave a tea Monday afternoon, when a score of friends enjoyed her hospitality.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin were host and hostess Saturday evening at a dinner at their home in Burlingame.

Rear-Admiral William T. Fullam, U. S. N., and Mrs. Fullam entertained a large number of friends Tuesday at a supper party on board the U. S. S. South Dakota.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Garritt Wilder sailed Wednesday for Honolulu after an absence of three months, during which time they had been visiting the Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Maud sailed on the same steamer and expect to be away several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins and their daughter, Miss Lydia Hopkins, have come to town for the winter and are established at Stanford Court.

After having spent the summer in Newport, Mrs. Fletcher Ryer and her daughter, Miss Doris Ryer, have gone to New York and are settled at the Hotel St. Regis for the winter.

Dr. Hans Barkan and his bride, who was formerly Miss Phebe Bunker, have returned from their wedding trip and are occupying their new home on Lake Street.

Mr. Leonard Hammond will sail November 13th for Europe and will enter the relief work in Belgium. His mother, Mrs. A. B. Hammond, has gone East to be with him before his departure.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Corvill of Menlo Park have been spending the past week at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hussey departed Wednesday for their home in New York after having spent the summer in this city. They have been visiting Mrs. Hussey's grandmother, Mrs. Simeon Wenban.

Mrs. Cosmo Morgan, Jr., has returned to Los Angeles after a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Jennings, and her son, Mr. Cosmo Morgan III.

Mr. and Mrs. Parnely Herrick left last week for Monterey, where they spent several days en route to Southern California. They were accompanied by Miss Louise Scott of New York, who was suddenly called home by the death of her brother, Mr. George Scott.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Moore have arrived in Santa Barbara from Colorado Springs and are occupying Mira Vista, the country home of Mr. and Mrs. William G. Henshaw. Mrs. Moore was formerly Miss Edith Plitner of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. William Bahcock are planning to spend a month in Santa Barbara and will leave for the southern city some time after the holidays.

Mrs. Webb Ballard, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Jones, returned last week to her home in Montana.

Mrs. Sealy Hutchings and Miss Mary Moody Hutchings are here from Galveston, Texas, to visit the Exposition. They are guests at the Inside Inn.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Peixotto have gone to New York to remain during the winter. They have been spending the summer in California and have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ransom and Mr. and Mrs. William B. Pringle.

Miss Sarah Bailey Lamar arrived a few days ago from Florida and is visiting her uncle and aunt, Judge William Bailey Lamar and Mrs. Lamar at the Fairmont Hotel.

Captain William Holmes McKittrick and Mrs. McKittrick are in New York, where they may decide to remain until after the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl have gone to New York for a few weeks' visit before the holidays. They were accompanied by Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, who is visiting relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker and their daughter, Miss Ethel Mary Crocker, returned Thursday from a brief visit in New York.

Mr. Maximilian Foster, the well-known author, and Mrs. Foster are recent visitors to the Exposition. They are guests at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Russell J. Wilson and Mr. and Mrs. George L. Cadwalader have returned from Burlingame, where they have been spending the

summer. Mr. and Mrs. Cadwalader will remain with Mrs. Wilson until after the holidays, when they will return to their home on Jackson Street.

Mrs. William Alexander has returned to her home in Washington, D. C., after having spent the summer in California.

Miss Harriett Alexander and Miss Rhoda Fullam spent the week-end in Burlingame with Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope.

Miss Marian Crocker is at present visiting friends in Boston and is expected home in time to be a bridesmaid at the wedding of Miss Ruth Winslow and Mr. Algernon Gibson, who will be married November 17th.

Mr. Christian de Guigné has returned from Honolulu, where he went recently with Mrs. de Guigné and Miss Ysabel Chase, who will remain at the islands until a later date.

Mrs. Arthur Wilder will leave soon for Honolulu for a brief visit.

Mrs. C. R. Van Vorst, Mrs. B. S. Donohoe, and Miss Lillian Van Vorst have returned from the Orient.

Mrs. Richard Hammond has gone to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, to visit her brother-in-law and sister, Lieutenant James A. Parker, U. S. N., and Mrs. Parker.

Mrs. Joseph Thompson of this city has concluded her visit in Port Washington with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Norris and is now in New York.

Among recent visitors from the East are Mr. and Mrs. Pembroke Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dick, Mrs. Henry M. Flagler, and Mr. Henry Walters.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Burden and a party of friends have also come from the East to visit the Exposition.

Mrs. John Codman of Boston is visiting friends in this city and is spending most of her time at the Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Casserly have taken an apartment in the Studio building, where they will reside on occasional visits from their home in San Mateo.

Mrs. Rutherford Stuyvesant arrived a few days ago from New York for a visit to the Exposition and during her stay will be at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Payne have returned to San Mateo after a few days' visit at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Victor Herberth and her daughter have returned to New York after a visit in this city.

Mrs. Charles Hopkins of Santa Barbara, who has been spending the past month here, is en route to New York, where she will remain during the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Davis Pillsbury have returned from a few days' visit in Monterey.

Commander Franklin D. Korn, U. S. N., has been ordered to sea duty and will take command of the *Prometheus*, which is at present in Alaskan waters. Commander and Mrs. Korn have been stationed at Mare Island during the past three years.

Major John T. Myers, U. S. A., who is in command of the Marine Corps at the Exposition, has been promoted to a lieutenant-colonel. At the close of the Exposition his new rank will take him to another station.

## The Berkeley Musical Association.

The council of the Berkeley Musical Association has secured Mme. Johanna Gadsdi, the lieder singer, for the opening concert, late in November, the exact date to be duly announced. No other artist will be available before that time. Besides Mme. Gadsdi, the following artists are definitely engaged: Maud Powell, the American violinist, in December; Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the Russian pianist, in January; the Kneisel String Quartet, in April.

In 1647, when the kingdom of Naples was under the grinding rule of Spain, a fisherman of Sorrento was stung to madness by the indignities offered his wife by Spanish officials because she had attempted to smuggle a few handfuls of flower. So furious was he that he tore down an edict that had just been posted by the authorities. The whole population, including women and children, rallied around him. Forty years of Spanish oppression had made them frantic. They terrified the viceroy, resisted the soldiers successfully, and killed many of the Spanish residents. They secured a revocation of many onerous edicts, the abolishment of oppressive taxes, and full pardon for all who engaged in the insurrection. The fisherman, whose name was Masaniello, was the leader in all this, and became the idol of the people. He ruled Naples for seven days, but his success seems to have turned his head. He became dictatorial and oppressive, and was put to death by the populace. Hence he is called the Seven Days' King.

Elias Howe, whose sewing-machine was the first to come into popular favor, was not, it seems, the originator of the idea, as an Englishman had made drawings of such a machine in 1790, and another was in operation in Paris as early as 1830.

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

The death of Mrs. Emma Durbrow Buckhee, wife of Spencer C. Buckhee, president of the realty firm of Buckhee, Thorne & Co., occurred suddenly at an early hour last Tuesday morning at the family home, 3504 Clay Street. Death was due to heart failure. Mrs. Buckhee, who had always taken a prominent part in women's affairs and who was an officer of both the Francesca Club and the Town and Country Club, and a member of many of the other clubs for women in this city, was to have been one of a family party to the Exposition on Tuesday. She leaves a husband and three brothers and one sister, Alfred K., Eldridge and Harry Durhrow, and Mrs. Alfred Holman. She was a daughter of the late Joseph Durhrow. The funeral was held from the family home at 10 o'clock on Thursday morning.

Secret service men captured Jacinto Huertero Lueng and Lorenzo Rovira Aribau here last Monday, breaking up what is believed to be an organized gang of Mexican counterfeiters. The two men are charged with stealing lithographic stones from which Mexican currency is printed. The prisoners had five Mexican government banknote dies in their possession.

Morton L. Cook, publisher and real estate man, and also interested in theatricals, filed a petition in bankruptcy in the United States court last Monday, with liabilities of \$73,521.27 and assets of \$150. Most of the indebtedness is for judgments secured against Cook in the local courts.

Ralph K. Blair and Dr. Thomas Addis were fined \$1000 each by Federal Judge M. T. Dooling last Saturday for violation of neutrality. Blair and Dr. Addis were convicted of having obtained recruits in this city for the British army.

Sir John Campbell Gordon, seventh Earl of Aberdeen, accompanied by the Countess of Aberdeen, the distinguished philanthropist, arrived in San Francisco last Sunday night. Although they have been to the United States twenty-seven times, this is their first visit to California. Lord Aberdeen explained that the principal reasons for their visit was to see the Panama-Pacific Exposition and to permit Lady Aberdeen to preside at the International Congress of Women.

William L. Williamson, president of Coats & Williamson, livestock dealers, 127 Montgomery Street, has been indicted by the Napa County grand jury on the charge of conspiring to burn the hay crop on Island No. 2 in the San Joaquin River delta for \$1650 insurance money. He is out on \$5000 bail.

A searching investigation is being made by Commissioner of Immigration White into the alleged smuggling of scores of Chinese into the city, following the discovery last week of eighty-four Chinamen hidden aboard the liner *Mongolia* on her arrival from the Orient. United States District Attorney John W. Preston issued eighteen subpoenas for officers and crew of the *Mongolia*. These were served by Deputy United States Marshals Thomas Muihall and Otis H. Bohn on Emery Rice, commander; Ryland Drennan, first officer; J. J. Richards, chief steward; M. H. Hunt, purser; J. J. Wolff, steerage steward, and thirteen members of the crew.

NOTES OF THE EXPOSITION.

At a little festival in honor of the showing recently made by California in the cattle show, milk and cream were served to visitors, and under the auspices of the California Livestock Breeders' Association all of the prize-winning animals from the state were shown off around the big paddock. D. O. Lively, for the Exposition, gave the association a medallion to commemorate the day.

Canada Day was celebrated with much acclaim, the programme being rendered on the lawn in front of the Canadian building. A feature of the celebration was the planting of a white spruce tree by Frank S. Barnard, lieutenant-governor of the province of British Columbia. Lieutenant-Governor Barnard, who also officially represented the Canadian government, was the guest of honor throughout the day. He was entertained by President Charles C. Moore and the directors of the Exposition at a luncheon in the California building at noon. After this he was conveyed to the Canadian building by the United States Marine Band and a large escort of marines.

The Philippine Board of the Exposition entertained last Wednesday evening at a hall and reception in the California building in honor of Manuel L. Quezon and Manuel Earnshaw, delegates from the Philippine Islands to Congress. The two delegates are en route to Washington to be present at the opening of Congress. They were guests of honor and the central figures at the Philippine Day exercises which took place at the Philippine pavilion Wednesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock.

San Francisco Day broke all Pacific Coast records for public celebrations, with an attendance of 348,000.

Agricultural Week with Zone of Plenty Days as the highest feature opened last Monday. The first day found thousands of Western farmers here and one special trainload of the tillers of the soil came from the Mississippi Valley. Zone of Plenty Day, arranged by the representatives of the six Zone of Plenty states—Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington, and Oregon—was celebrated on Friday.

The feature of the athletic events at the Exposition arena on Tuesday afternoon was the hurdling of Fred Murray of Stanford, champion hurdler of the United States. He won the 150-yard low hurdle in the remarkably fast time of 16 3-5 seconds. This is the fastest time ever recorded on the Pacific Coast.

Charley Niles, aviator, in his new 125-horsepower biplane, made a speed of 100 miles an hour over a course twenty miles long off the Exposition water-front at noon on Tuesday, defeating by exactly double speed the motorboat driven by Milton Smith of Rainier, Washington.

Peter Scott, driven by his owner, Tommy Murphy, won the \$20,000 trot on Tuesday afternoon in three straight heats. Murphy drove his horse to victory in the feature event of the second day of the fall race meet. Miss Perfection placed second in the \$20,000 trot; Spriggan was third.

Tina Lerner in Orchestral Concert.

Manager Will Greenbaum announces that the brilliant young Russian pianist, Tina Lerner, will give a programme of rare character in Festival Hall on Sunday afternoon, November 21st, on which occasion the accompaniment will be played by the complete Exposition Orchestra of eighty men, under the baton of Max Bendix.

Miss Lerner's exceptional powers and qualities as a player of great concertos have been demonstrated by her successes here with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra.

At this special concert lovers of the works of Frederic Chopin will be delighted to learn that Miss Lerner is to play the "Concerto" in F minor, a work that has not been heard in this city in over thirty years. Miss Lerner will also play the entrancing Concerto in A minor by Grieg. The orchestra will play an overture and one number between the two Concertos.

The prices will range from \$1.50 down to 50 cents. Mail orders may now be sent to Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. The box-offices will open Monday, November 15th, at the Exposition ticket office on Powell Street and at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

On Friday afternoon, November 26th, and Sunday afternoon, November 28th, Tina Lerner will appear in recitals at the Scottish Rite Auditorium.

Symphony Concert Season Announcement.

Season tickets are now ready at 711-712 Head building for the ten Friday afternoon Symphony Concerts to be given by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra at the Cort Theatre at 3 o'clock sharp on the following Friday afternoons: December 17th, January 7th, January 14th, January 28th, February 4th, February 18th, February 25th, March 10th, March 24th, March 31st.

In accordance with the long-established rule guarantors of the orchestra will have the first choice of seats until Saturday afternoon, November 13th. Those guarantors who purchased seats for the past seasons are entitled to the season, providing the guarantor's privilege is exercised before Saturday afternoon, November 13th.

Monday morning, November 15th, the subscribers' sale will open and the subscribers of past seasons will have the privilege of retaining the same locations held for the past season, providing they have not been taken by a guarantor of the orchestra, in which case desirable seats will be allotted. New subscribers, those purchasing season tickets for the first time, will have from Monday, December 5th, until December 11th to make their selections. No season tickets will be mailed, except on request, and seats allotted guarantors and subscribers not called for before December 3d will be placed on public sale.

Alfred Hertz, conductor from the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, who will conduct this season's series of concerts, has arranged programmes which not only cover the music of the great masters, but include as well a series of novelties, many of which will be heard in San Francisco for the first time.

The orchestra, which has been increased to eighty men, includes in its membership the leading artists of previous seasons and many



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An interesting concert is announced for the latter part of the month by Miss Helen Petre, soprano, Frank Carroll Giffen, tenor, and Kajetan Attl, harpist. These artists, all well-known in San Francisco, will be heard in the Colonial hall room of the St. Francis Hotel, and Gyula Ormay will be the accompanist for the evening.

Cohan and Harris, who are now showing at the Columbia Theatre their attraction, "On Trial," will shortly send to San Francisco an hilarious comedy, "It Pays to Advertise."

Henry Miller's production of "Daddy Long-Legs," with Renée Kelly once more in the rôle of the foundling, will be seen here before the close of the year.

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### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Why did everybody cry in that last death scene?" "Because they knew the actor wasn't really dead."—*Topeka Journal*.

"Don't talk about my daughter's working. She has a calling." "What is it?" "She's a telephone operator."—*Baltimore American*.

"Have you hot air in your apartment?" "Have we? You just ought to hear the landlord telling what he is going to do for us."—*Baltimore American*.

*The Widower*—"Tis a bright little wan, that! *The Widow*—"Tis indade! 'Tis only yesterday he was after askin' if he'd iver have a stepfather.—*Puck*.

"Why are you asking me for help? Haven't you any close relatives?" "Yes. That's the reason why I'm appealing to you."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

*Mrs. Puritan*—My ancestors came over in the *Mayflower*, I'd have you know. *Mrs. D'Accusic*—That may be, but they might not be allowed to land today.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*.

*The Doctor*—Madam, you must take more exercise. I should advise walking every day. *Mrs. Newlyriche*—Walking! My dear doctor, you must be accustomed to attending poor people.—*Philadelphia Record*.

"I thought you said this was a war query," said the editor of the department, "War Questions Answered." "So it is," answered his light-minded assistant. "But this asks how to obtain a marriage license." "Well?"—*Dallas News*.

*Postmaster*—No; not much doin' in town. Did ye hear erbout Lem Huggins gittin' a telegram? *Farmer*—Not Lem? *Postmaster*—Yes, Lem. *Farmer*—By cricky! It beats all ther way the young fellers are forgin' ter the front.—*Chicago News*.

"You say this picture is worth \$5000, and yet you are offering it for ten." "Yes." "Something wrong here," declared the policeman. "I'll have to take you in." "Nothing wrong, officer," interposed the dealer. "He's the artist."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Look here," said the office-seeker, "the platform you are running on is full of rotten planks." "Maybe it is," replied his rival, placidly, "but I'm light on my feet and I'll take precious good care not to step on one of those rotten planks."—*Kansas City Star*.

"Don't you get tired of having summer boarders tell you how to run the farm?" "No," replied Farmer Cornstossel, "runnin' the farm seems so easy to a summer boarder that I'm kind o' hopeful one of them'll come along an' offer to buy it."—*Washington Star*.

"You know, the Newlyweds told everybody about the thousand-mile motor honeymoon they'd planned. Well, when they saw the sign somebody had on their car it just broke their hearts." "What was it—'Don't blame 'em; they're married'?" "No—'Jitney Bus.'"—*Judge*.

"I want to help you," said the fussy man, "but if I give you a nickel I'm afraid you won't put it to good use." "Well," replied the philosophic tramp, "a nickel aint enough ter do much harm wid, or much good, either, so take a chance, gov'nor."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"John," she said, reading for the benefit of her spouse. "Just see the frightful effects of rum; here's a young man got drunk and walked right into a church." "Yes, yes, m'dear," said John, half asleep, "rum's liable to land a man most anywhere."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

"Your honor," said the arrested chauffeur, "I tried to warn the man, but the horn would not work." "Then why did you not slacken speed rather than run him down?" A light seemed to dawn upon the prisoner. "That's one on me. I never thought of that!"—*Case and Comment*.

*Mrs. Wayback*—I notice these here submarine torpedo boats are named after stinging things mostly. *Mr. Wayback*—Ye don't say? Wonder if any of them air named "Soap Agent," "Portrait Solicitor," "Rheumatiz Specialist," or "Patent Churn Peddler"?—*Livingston Lonce*.

*Family Retainer*—Oh, sir, something terrible 'as 'appened. Your daughter, Miss Gwendolyn, sir, 'as eloped with the chauffeur, sir, an' they're hofi in the motor-car, sir. *The Old Man*—Thank the Lord! Maybe I can save a little money, now that the girl and machine are both gone.—*Puck*.

*Smuggs*—Say, Jiggs. Who are those three men standing at the conservatory entrance? *Jiggs*—Why, they represent three generations. The ruddy old man with the fine head of hair, Buggs—the thin-haired one next to him is his son, and the dissipated fellow with the bald head is the grandson.—*National Weekly*.

"Say, Tom, lend me \$5 until tomorrow. I've left my wallet at home." "I'm sorry, old chap, but I haven't the cash to spare! How-

ever, I can tell you how to get it very easily." "How?" "Here's a nickel; go home and get your wallet."—*Philadelphia Evening Ledger*.

*Young Wife*—I am so worried about Jack! He had an attack of vertigo last night and fell over the hall rack! *Old Wife*—Sad, sad! Another case of "didn't know it was loaded."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

"I suppose you have high ambitions for your boy?" "Well, I wouldn't say that exactly, but I do hope that he won't turn out

to be the male assistant to a female dancing teacher."—*Detroit Free Press*.

*Latchy*—Good-night, Miss Cayenne. I'll be going now. Had a most pleasant evening. *Miss Cayenne* (drowsily, at 1 a. m.)—Ah, yes. You called last evening, didn't you?—*Judge*.

*Abner*—Well, Jay, how d'ye like it up 't the city? *Jay*—Aw, it was all right enough most ways, but what hothered me most was tryin' to look at everybody I met on the street.—*Puck*.

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## THIRTY-NINTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### England Called to Account.

None too soon the Washington government has shown its teeth in the matter of England's infringement of neutral rights. The so-called blockade instituted by the Allies against enemy countries on

March 11th is pronounced by our State Department "ineffective, illegal, and indefensible." Further notice is served that the American government "can not submit to the curtailment of its neutral rights," and it can not "with complaisance suffer further subordination of its rights and interests." The United States, declares Mr. Lansing, "unhesitatingly assumes" championship of the integrity of neutral rights.

This we repeat comes none too soon. The British government has presumed upon our good nature and forbearance beyond bounds of reason. It has assumed to rewrite the rules of contraband to suit its own immediate purposes and has taken upon itself authority to hold up ships without warrant of any kind of evidence save that of vague suspicion. It has gone upon the theory that we would submit to any and every form of abuse either in sympathy with British purpose or in fear of British power. It was time to deal with this assumption as it has deserved and in terms incapable of misconstruction.

Besides the primary motive of defending American rights, the Washington government has been subject to two serious obligations: First, that of dealing with Great Britain in spirit comparable to our dealing with Germany; second, that of sustaining the validity of neutral rights—our own and those of other countries—as against the aggressions of combatants.

It is not a question of new laws, but a question of respecting and enforcing laws already in existence. Great Britain has assumed license to disregard laws and principles which she has long maintained as against the smaller countries of Europe. It was time that somebody should call her to account. And plainly the duty was upon the Washington government. The only possible criticism of Secretary Lansing's note is that it ought to have been sent three months ago.

### Feeding the Public Mind.

The current number of *Collier's Weekly* (November 6th) gives us an interesting example of the diplomatic processes of Mr. Tumulty, that gray-eyed grandson of Erin who in the capacity of Secretary to the President does the larger part of Mr. Wilson's smaller politics. The illustration comes in the form of a contributed article by David Lawrence on "One Term for Wilson"—followed by an interrogation mark.

Mr. Lawrence is a reporter for the Associated Press who ever since Mr. Wilson came into office has held the White House detail. The Association always keeps at the White House a man who is in personal touch with the President, whoever the President may be. Lawrence's qualification consists in part of being a Princetonian who had some acquaintance with the President during his student days. Incidentally it should here be remarked that now and again the Associated Press sends to the White House very, very wicked men who do not truly love the President—this when it is necessary to say or do unpleasant things. But there is always in attendance an Association reporter, *persona grata*, and in these days Lawrence is the man.

Now as the year 1916 approaches it becomes necessary from time to time in the judgment of Mr. Tumulty to present to the public a picture colored in a certain way, designed to give a certain impression of the mind, attitude, and conduct of the President. Mr. Tumulty's way of doing this, and the idea is not wholly original, is to pick out an earnest newspaper supporter, suggest that he can market a story with some particular publication, and then give him the material. Sam Blythe was long used in this way. Many will recall "interviews" with the President had by Mr. Blythe a year or more ago and given through the medium of the *Saturday Evening Post*. But something has happened to chill the atmosphere of the White House for Mr. Blythe. Instead of

prowling about Washington, Blythe is busy somewhere in the jungle of the Middle West. Then the *Saturday Evening Post* does not seem so much in love with the President as it once was. Hence young Mr. Lawrence, a different sort of article, and *Collier's*. It seems to be satisfactory all round. Mr. Tumulty gets what he wants. Mr. Lawrence gets a swinging good price for his article. *Collier's* gets something that the public will read with avidity, though it may not swallow it whole.

As to the article itself: It professes to discuss judicially the attitude of the President towards a second candidacy, and with fine candor it starts off by quoting the one-term plank in the Baltimore platform, which reads as follows:

We favor a single presidential term, and to that end urge the adoption of an amendment to the Constitution making the President of the United States ineligible for reelection, and we pledge the candidate of this convention to this principle.

Does this plank, asks Mr. Lawrence, limit Mr. Wilson to a single term? And if so, should it be set aside because a party victory might seem to be more easily secured that way? And are such a platform pledge and restrictive legislation the best means of making our President efficient while in office?

Then Mr. Tumulty (through the amiable Mr. Lawrence) deals with these questions to suit the views and purposes of himself and his chief. The President, we are told, "has been singularly reticent as to his plans for 1916." Nothing has been said "publicly" by him at any time indicating "the slightest solicitude" for a second term. He has always felt, so Mr. Lawrence (otherwise Mr. Tumulty) goes on to say, that "the prestige of the high office he holds should never be used to advance presidential candidacies." Then by way of nailing these fine sentiments to the mast the President is quoted as saying, "I am sorry for the man who seeks to make personal capital out of the passions of his fellow-countrymen."

The story goes on to say that to the President the thought of another four years in office is "depressing." If the public could really know his mind "a great illusion"—that he really wants a second term—"would be forever dispelled." "But"—here we get the milk in the cocoanut—Mr. Wilson is a "party man." He knows that in his personality "lies much of democracy's strength," etc. But Mr. Wilson "will not seek the task," and so on.

The next chapter of this interesting story recalls Mr. Wilson as "looking thoughtfully" out of the windows of the governor's office at Trenton at a time after his election to the presidency but before taking office. "I've got one job," he said to certain Democratic leaders in Congress who were visiting him, "and I want you to know that it is all I see ahead of me. \* \* \* I haven't the slightest concern with whether I have a second term or not."

Having gotten the President into the favorable attitude of personal indifference, tinged with reluctance, but none the less under obligations as a "party man," Mr. Tumulty (still speaking through the amiable Mr. Lawrence) proceeds to discuss the nature of Mr. Wilson's commitment in the matter of a second term. Here the presentment is a bit vague. Mr. Wilson is represented as having declared himself "perfectly willing to accept the judgment of the Democratic party and the public as to whether or not he should be a candidate for reelection." It is not for him, but for "the party" to determine the point. Personally Mr. Wilson believes that "constitutional restriction" will not afford a cure for "such evils as have grown up by abuse of the presidential office in manipulating nominations." Mr. Wilson's idea of getting away from administrative abuse of power in relation to nominations is "abolition of the party caucus for nominating purposes and the substitution of



wide presidential primaries." Then follow half a dozen paragraphs in which the President is represented in his notions of things so indefinitely that three careful readings have not enabled the *Argonaut* to discover what he is for and what he is against. For example, "four years" in Mr. Wilson's judgment "might be too long a term for a President \* \* \* and at the same time it might be too brief a period." Again, "the same objection might be applied to the proposal for a single term of six years." All of which recalls the classic story of "it moun't an' then agin it moun'tn't."

Before reaching the end of the article there is an effort to spike the guns of Mr. Bryan. We are assured that "in all their personal and official relations with the many daily conferences on political questions of all sorts the two leaders of democracy never mentioned the subject to each other." But—in October, 1912, at a Wilson rally at Indianapolis Mr. Bryan said:

We present him [Wilson] not only qualified in every way, but we present him *pledged to a single term*, that he may be your President and spend no time dividing patronage in order to secure delegates, that he need spend no time in planning for reelection; that he may give you all his thought and all his heart and all his energy. I believe that when a man is lifted by his countrymen to this pinnacle of power he ought to tear from his heart every thought of ambition and on his bended knees consecrate his term to this country's service. That is our ideal President, and we present to you a man who measures up to that ideal.

Now will Mr. Bryan oppose the renomination of Mr. Wilson? Obviously Mr. Tumulty (still speaking through Mr. Lawrence) does not know. Quite as obviously he is a good deal concerned about it.

Mr. Lawrence's article is a curious combination of unassimilable elements. Assuming to be judicial, it is in fact a special plea. From beginning to end there is betrayed in it the hand of Mr. Tumulty. It is further revealed that Mr. Wilson has compromised with his own conscience in the matter of the one-term plank in his party platform, and that under the inspirations of "duty to party" he will seek renomination. Still further the article makes plain the fact that Mr. Bryan is regarded at the White House as a lion in the path of Mr. Wilson's ambition for a second term. If this article tells the public nothing that it did not know before, it still has a certain value in making it plain to those who know how to read between the lines that Mr. Wilson and his personal following are diligently laying wires for renomination and quite as diligently devising schemes for getting the public in a favoring state of mind.

#### Courting Parlors at Oakland.

The Rev. Francis J. Van Horn of Oakland is doubtless required by the exigencies of orthodoxy to believe that in heaven there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage—which may perhaps be regarded as a very fair description of heaven—but he sees no reason why we should follow the celestial plan too closely upon earth. It seems that he has been preaching a course of sermons on love and marriage, and they have proved so popular that he is now disposed to make a further oblation on the altar of Hymen. In point of fact he has determined to open a number of courting parlors in his church, where the bashful may commune with each other in the odor of sanctity, so to speak, and so embark upon the path of what is humorously known as wedded bliss.

Mr. Van Horn probably knows what he is doing and he is probably keeping that knowledge to himself, but we may suppose that it is not wholly unconnected with the church revenues that are sadly in need of reinforcement in these degenerate days. Otherwise we should have to hold him guilty of entertaining delusions from which more worldly men are exempt. For example, he is grievously in error in imputing bashfulness to the young men and women of today. They may have many handicaps and many defects, but bashfulness is not among them. Co-education, not to speak of sex hygiene, has attended to that. Nor can we conceive of anything more appalling to the bashful soul than to enter a church parlor that is avowedly set apart for courting purposes, and without any forewarning of the sights and sounds that might await. Even an artilleryman might shrink from such an ordeal as this. For no man deliberately sets forth to court. The essence of courting—so we have been told—is that it shall be impulsive and spontaneous. To enter

a church with the formulated intention to court whom-ever may happen to be there would be a procedure so hazardous, so reckless, so ghastly, that no one would undertake it save those whose past experiences have been of a nature to debar them from any church. Mr. Van Horn is not catering to the bashful, but to those who, on the contrary, have lost the power to blush.

But he is not satisfied with the devastating course already outlined. Under the misguided conviction that he can still further lubricate the wheels of matrimony he suggests a sex-equality of rights in the matter of marriage proposals. Women, he says, should feel free to offer marriage to a man, and perhaps even to insist upon it. They already do this in subtle and unsuspected, but surprisingly effective, ways, but let that pass. So here is a fresh terror to threaten the aspirant who is already assumed to be bashful and who is now invited to enter a courting parlor that contains an assortment of young women who are not only willing—nay, determined—to be courted, but who are prepared to assume the offensive and to carry the trenches with a rush. Now any young man who is prepared to face the terrors of Mr. Van Horn's courting parlors ought not to be allowed at large, in Oakland or anywhere else. He is needed for the national defense. His is not the ordinary courage that will face wounds and mutilation with a light heart and upon which the country can always rely. He is obviously the man for desperate adventures, for forlorn hopes, for the deeds of heroism from which everyday mortals shrink. He ought to be kept incommunicado lest he should marry and be spoiled. He should be held in reserve and as a last resort. Such men are all too few.

Therefore we can not look hopefully upon these courting parlors. As such they will be a failure. But they may serve a useful purpose as recruiting stations and our military authorities ought not to overlook their possibilities.

#### No Betterment in Mexico.

If the Washington government in recognizing Carranza was inspired by the notion that this fact alone would have a tranquilizing effect upon Mexico, then there was added just another to the many blunders which have marked our policy respecting Mexico during the past three years. Day by day the news dispatches report sanguinary doings in the northern region, where the armies of Carranza and Villa are actively opposing each other. But we hear little or nothing through the ordinary news sources of the situation in those parts of Mexico presumed to be peaceful.

The *Argonaut*, which through friends in Mexico is in the way of first-hand information, is able in a measure to supply the deficiency. As to the City of Mexico: The conditions of living there are becoming more and more difficult. There are no lights in the streets or in the houses, excepting as the latter may be supplied by hand lamps. Street-car service is suspended. Food is scarce and high and there is general suffering among the masses of the people, with many instances of actual starvation. Many foreigners who until now have endured the dangers and annoyances of the revolutionary period are leaving, chiefly because of a general fear that the desperate multitude will abandon all restraint and resort to looting, with all that goes with looting on the part of a half-civilized populace. Mail communication between Mexico City and the outside world is a little better than it was, but not much. The Vera Cruz railroad is in commission, but in a lame sort of way. When the Carranza government took over the road there was an equipment of eighty-four locomotives in working condition. On October 14th there were just ten left, seventy-four having been destroyed in wrecks which caused the death of about one thousand natives. The passenger trains from Mexico City to Vera Cruz average about one every six days.

Nobody among the foreigners in Mexico has confidence in the ability of Carranza either to restore or maintain peace. Possibly it might be done if there were generous provision from the United States treasury. But without some such aid Carranza is likely to prove as ineffective in future as he has been in the past. There was at first the hope that recognition on the part of the Washington government implied something more substantial than mere moral support. But since it has become known that the American government contemplates nothing in the way of financial aid, hope of any important result has been abandoned.

The idea that the recognition of Carranza would tend to revive industry in Mexico is already seen to be

futile. Absolutely nothing in the way of reviving the industrial activities of the country has been achieved even in those districts where there is a semblance of social order. Very recently the Carranza government undertook to promote the reopening of the works of one of the large smelting companies of central Mexico. The owners were willing enough. But they were not satisfied with any assurances that Carranza or his government could give them, and so declined to put in good money after bad until there shall be definite guarantees of protection.

Thus it will be seen that the recognition of Carranza by the United States has wrought little or no practical change in the condition of Mexican affairs. Confidence has not been restored. Industry is still prostrate. Vagahondage and famine rule so much of the country as is free from the plague of war. And war itself is being sustained vigorously in the regions where Carranza, Villa, and the other revolutionary leaders face each other.

#### After the War—What?

If the conditions set forth in the preceding article shall continue—and there is no reason to expect a change—until peace comes to Europe, what will be the attitude of the European countries which before revolutionary times had large investments in Mexico? The aggregate of colorable British claims against Mexico, corporate and individual, has been estimated at \$750,000,000. Let us suppose England released from the war and with an efficient army on her hands: Is she not likely to seek in Mexico, in the form of lands, mines, oil wells, and other tangible properties, an equivalent for this vast loss? And what would or could the United States do about it? The question is worth considering.

This phase of the situation has not escaped the attention of thoughtful men here and elsewhere. The *Washington Post* in writing of the matter declares that there are plenty of precedents for naval and military coercion of Mexico by a European power. If, the *Post* goes on to say, England should move on Mexico public sentiment in the United States would insist upon resistance. It would surely mean war. But this might not deter the British government which may find it necessary to carry on a foreign war as an antidote to the spirit of domestic revolution. No American army could be transported across the seas in the face of the British navy. As for Canada, which is commonly supposed to be a hostage for Britain's good behavior toward the United States, it is far more probable that the United States would be invaded from Canada than that Americans would invade Canada. Canada has already a larger army than the American army and the Dominion Parliament has just authorized the raising of an additional 100,000 men, making 250,000 in all.

In conclusion the *Post* says:

The treatment of American commerce during this war by Great Britain is sufficient to show that friendship among nations can not be expected to stand against great material advantage. \* \* \* A government which confiscates American cargoes at the very moment when it asks Americans to lend it money; a government which actually prevents Germany from spending money abroad for food, thus helping Germany to conserve its own resources, can not be expected to appreciate the immense value of American friendship.

If Americans count upon international friendship, kindness, common language, &c., as better defenses than an army and navy against British covetousness, let them study again the history of British-American relations, including those of the present war. If they can find anything that constitutes a guaranty that Great Britain will not take advantage of the United States if it can, let them sleep on; but if they are alive to the warning of the past and the menace of the present, they will arm the nation and make its safety secure by its own strength.

#### Suffrage as a National Issue.

The rejection of woman's suffrage by New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts, while a series of knock-downs, may by no means be regarded as a knock-out. Interest in woman's suffrage, regarded as an agitation, will probably be increased rather than diminished by this experience. It is always so with respect to matters which take profound hold upon the imagination and which with more or less reason appear to many minds to be complicated with moral issues.

Woman suffrage, regarded as a political issue, is strong in the West, but weak in the East, where political and social ideas rest upon a more conservative



basis. One by one the Western states may be counted upon to surrender to the demands of feminine enthusiasm, whether for good or for ill. But in the Eastern states the movement has never been popular, and success, if it shall come at all, will be slow.

We may now expect a change in the suffragist programme. The immediate effort will now be to force the issue through by national legislation. This is the avowed purpose of certain aggressive leaders and it will probably be adopted as a policy by the rank and file of suffrage workers, too eager for results to be considerate as to methods.

It is the common opinion of lawyers that the project for national legislation authorizing suffrage legally is an unsound one. President Wilson, albeit he has gotten around to a qualified support of the movement, holds to this opinion. Before a recent conference in Idaho Senator Borah gave emphatic expression to this theory. None the less the hot advocates of suffrage are not convinced, nor will they be likely to cease their efforts. They want what they want and they don't care by what means they may get it. Both the national conventions will be asked to declare in favor of national legislation, and probably both, in their eagerness for votes, will yield. Whether it be legal or not, we shall find both political parties declaring for national suffrage next year.

It is in the nature of things that suffrage promoted as a political issue shall win. The reason is plain. Whoever shall oppose it is subject to reprisals, while there are no penalties for favoring it. When any "cause" gets into this situation its success is assured. None the less, there are some of us—perhaps most of us, if it were possible to obtain an accurate census of opinion—who regard with grave fears the further extension of the suffrage.

#### Editorial Notes.

It was a foregone conclusion that Washington would win the football game. Probably she had the better team even if other conditions had been equal. But the conditions were not equal. Washington has been playing the American game for several years, while until just now Berkeley has played Rugby. California therefore, besides being otherwise over-matched, was at technical disadvantage. With all due respect to the victors, who on all accounts deserved their success, it remains to be said that if the "Annual Game" is to be played under anything like the old conditions of popular interest, California and Stanford must again get together. It will never be possible to work up anything like general enthusiasm over games between local and outside teams. The annual football game has now for full twenty years been an event of real importance. It will be ten thousand pities if this interest shall be lost through petty differences of taste or judgment as to the value of different systems of play. By all means Berkeley and Stanford ought to get together to the end of sustaining the annual football game as an academic and athletic institution.

Aforetime the *Argonaut* has had occasion to remark upon that interesting theory of modern journalism that a man who achieves distinction in one line is thereby competent to speak with expert authority about every other thing in the world. Mr. Henry Ford is the shining illustration of this new principle. Having provided the world with a cheap and efficient motor machine, he is now competent to deal with every interest and every subject. Militarism, social reform, the duty of society towards its derelicts, education, finance, religion—it is all one to Henry Ford. If you question his mandate to speak authoritatively on any one or all of these matters, just go out on the street and count the number of Ford machines or ask your banker how many millions Mr. Ford has piled up. There is your answer! But Mr. Ford is not alone in this particular type of glory, for now comes the *New York Morning Telegraph*, Broadway's very own organ, with an interview with Mr. Harry Thaw on the New York constitution. Mr. Thaw was for it. He went so far as to say that if this constitution had been proposed for Pennsylvania, and if he had registered, and if he were there on election day, he would have voted for it. However, Mr. Thaw had his reservations. He would have liked it better if there had been less of Elihu Root in it and more of Samuel Gompers. Mr. Thaw passed from the constitution to woman suffrage, concerning which he may be presumed to hold views of special value.

True, Mr. Thaw did not make his ideas very clear, but he had his say under big headlines. Why shouldn't he? He has won a distinct success in life. It is not in the precise line of Mr. Henry Ford's achievements, but the fundamental idea is the same. Having done one thing efficiently, be it automobiles or murder, a man has the right to the public ear with respect to any and every subject under the shining sun.

#### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Note from Mr. Rockefeller.

NEW YORK, November 1, 1915.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: My attention has been called to an article occurring in your issue of October 16th, entitled "Pointing the Way." I have read this article with interest, and take pleasure in saying that I believe it will do much to secure for the plan of industrial representation recently adopted by the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company a friendly reception and fair trial on the part of the public.

With personal thanks, I am,

Very truly,

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR.

#### Concerning Certain Municipal Obligations.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 9, 1915.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: As a citizen, resident, and taxpayer I am naturally interested in our city's good name and its reputation for fairness and common honesty; and I beg leave to protest against both the ethical and business standard which our present board of supervisors has set up as the basis of determining the city's attitude towards its creditors.

It is well known that during the year 1908 the city received money to which it was not entitled, and which has therefore always belonged to those from whom it was collected. At the time of the collection the city claimed that this money was due for certain alleged taxes, which the board had attempted to levy in defiance of the charter limitations. It was paid under protest, and suits were prosecuted against the city for its recovery. In the superior court these suits were decided against the city as to part of the amount sued for, and in its favor as to the balance. Each side appealed to the Supreme Court, and that tribunal, after weighing every point that the city desired to make, held that the entire amount involved was illegally assessed and collected, and that the plaintiffs were entitled to recover. Accordingly final judgments were entered against the city for an amount something like thirty thousand dollars, and subsequently other taxpayers procured similar judgments on the strength of the law as so established by our Supreme Court; so that at the present time there are outstanding against the city final judgments aggregating about \$70,000 for moneys belonging to taxpayers and which the city has no legal right to retain.

Our present board of supervisors takes the position that this money has been expended for the general welfare, and that therefore the city should not be required to repay it. It also assumes to say that it is in a better position than the courts to determine just what debts the city should or should not pay; and it has avowed its intention of never paying these judgments, although it has offered to compromise them by paying twenty cents on the dollar. Meanwhile it resorts to every evasion and subterfuge known to impudic or dishonest debtors for the purpose of avoiding payment.

I am not now concerned with the wisdom or expediency of our laws relating to obligations or contracts, or to the enforcement of the same. But I am very much concerned about the city's reputation, and I feel sure that its reputation is worth a great deal more than the amount which the board now claims it will save by defaulting on these judgments. Whether the board may consider them just or not is neither here nor there. If a city may ignore or treat with contempt the final judgments of our courts, why expect an individual to respect them? If it becomes known that the creditors of our city must either accept from it twenty cents on the dollar in settlement of claims, the legality of which has been finally adjudicated, why expect investors or foreign capital to regard with favor any of our bonds?

Moreover, it is almost certain that sooner or later payment of these judgments will be enforced. To accomplish this will probably involve further costly litigation to overcome the technical obstacles interposed by the city for delay. Meanwhile, however, the judgments bear interest at the rate of seven per cent per annum, and this interest is rapidly accumulating against the city; whilst the accruing costs of the litigation will also be ultimately assessed against it. So that from any standpoint the wisdom of allowing these judgments to remain unpaid may well be questioned.

The present members of the board probably are not very much concerned with what happens in the distant future, after they shall have gone out of office; and so they are saddling on the city an enormous debt for interest hereafter to accumulate, merely for the purpose of making a present showing of zeal for economy. This may be good politics, but it is very bad business policy. I submit that true economy does not consist in repudiation or dishonesty; and that it is time that the city's affairs were run on a sound business basis, and with some regard to its reputation. The mere fact that money belonging to, and unlawfully taken from, a private citizen has been expended by the city for the public welfare is very little satisfaction to the owner of that money. However public-spirited he may happen to be, he probably prefers to have the control and expenditure of his own funds, rather than to place that burden upon the shoulders of our overworked city fathers.

J. F. LEICESTER.

On October 1st the world's largest steel arch was finished when the two halves of the railroad bridge over Hell Gate were brought together, thus completing a \$20,000,000 enterprise. For months the ends of the giant span had been growing out, high above the water, toward each other. The bridge will close the last remaining gap in the line which is to link the metropolitan centres of the East from Washington to Boston in an unbroken overland route of steel rails. As an engineering feat the steel arch across Hell Gate has few to equal it in the world; and the greatness of the feat is made the greater by the marvelous accuracy with which it was carried out. The distance spanned by the arch, between the mammoth concrete towers upon which its ends rest, is 1017 feet. Foundations were laid between 120 feet below the water level. The bridge will carry the heaviest load ever designed to be carried by such a structure. The tallest ships will be able to pass under the span without housing their topmasts or otherwise shortening their gear.

#### THE THEATRE OF WAR.

In spite of the almost impenetrable veil of censorship that has blotted out the operations in the Balkans it is still possible to visualize the approximate situation. Draw a line from Belgrade through Nisch, Pirot, Sofia, and Adrianople to Constantinople and you have the hone of contention between the rival forces. It is over this line that German relief forces must pass to Constantinople, and therefore the junction of German and Bulgarian forces in the northeast of Serbia is only a step in that direction. It did not give command of the railroad, and for this it is necessary to occupy Nisch or Pirot. The Serbian army is presumably between Nisch and Uskub, and it will be slowly forced backward toward the Bulgarian line, which passes through Uskub and half-way across Serbia. But to speak of the Serbians as being actually trapped is premature. We do not know that the Bulgarians around Uskub will be able to contain them, seeing that we do not know how strong the Bulgarians are. The French heat them pretty badly at Veles and then entrenched themselves and have probably been growing stronger ever since. If the Serbians should be forced back on the Bulgarian line the Bulgarians would then find themselves between the Serbians and the French, and their position might be a serious one. The latest bulletins suggest that there is now a very large Allied force north of Salonika and that it is growing larger. The Allies have evidently accepted the gage of battle in the Balkans, which are now likely enough to be the scene of the last phase of the great struggle.

Now here there may be a conflict of interests between the Germans and the Bulgarians. Germany is not particularly interested at the moment in the Allied forces at Salonika or in any hostile armies that may gather along the line of the Vardar River. She has attained her object with the control of the international railroad at Nisch or Pirot, and she will have nothing much to worry her except the protection of that railroad. Now it must necessarily be some time before there can be any serious interference with it. It is a long way from Veles to Nisch and the Bulgarian army lies in the way. Through Bulgarian territory the railroad is guarded by the mountain ranges, and it is inaccessible except toward Sofia to the west of the mountains and toward Adrianople to their east. Therefore it seems nearly certain that the road to Constantinople will be opened, seeing that the Germans are practically in Nisch already. But it is the Bulgarians that will have to stand all the brunt of the fighting unless Germany can spare men to help at Uskub. She may spare a few, but it is hardly likely. She needs all she has for her own purposes and for the relief of Constantinople. The Allies can assail the whole of the Bulgarian south coast. It is true that this can hardly prevent the use of the railroad, but it may be very dangerous for Bulgaria, and it will become still more dangerous for Bulgaria if the Russians should land a force on the Black Sea. With the Russians advancing on Adrianople from the Black Sea and the Allies from the Gulf of Saros the railroad in all probability would be cut, but this will take so long that we need hardly consider it. The fact of immediate importance is that Germany has practically succeeded in reaching Constantinople, although she will have to do a lot of railroad repairing before she can use her success to full advantage.

A recent bulletin from Mr. C. F. Bertelli contains the following forecast of the possible results of the Balkan campaign: "With the Teutonic troops in the Turkish capital the Kaiser would be in a position to threaten France and Great Britain with a Mohammedan uprising in their African and Asiatic possessions unless they accept his peace terms." Mr. Bertelli is probably well informed as to the German policy underlying the invasion of the Balkans, but whether the occupation of Constantinople would actually disturb the Mohammedans of Asia remains to be seen. Certainly it can not be accepted as a truism. When the Sheikh ul Islam declared a Holy War at the beginning of the Turkish participation it was confidently assumed that there must be a general Mohammedan uprising. Even the German Emperor is reported as saying that it must come at once, although probably he said nothing of the sort. As a matter of fact there was no uprising anywhere. The Mohammedans outside of Turkey seemed to be wholly indifferent to the Sheikh and to all his works. The Jihad, or Holy War, was a flash in the pan.

We are accustomed to look upon the Mohammedan world as being religiously united. It is nothing of the sort. It is rent by sects and schisms just like the Christian world. Mohammedans hate each other and are jealous of each other like all religionists everywhere. There are orthodoxes, unorthodoxes, and heresies, and it may be said that this alone is the reason why there has been no Holy War for so long. For the past twenty years Mohammedan missionaries have been tireless in their efforts to heal these breaches and so to consolidate the Mohammedans of the world as to make possible a united attack upon Christendom. It is one of the things that Europeans who know, Europeans in Asia and Africa, do not like to talk about. But they think about it. And many of them believe firmly that far away in the heart of the African desert is the Great White City that no European has ever seen and where munitions of war are being collected in readiness for The Day of Mohammedan hopes. And if that time should ever come, and probably it will, we shall see a war more terrible than the present one, where Hague conventions will not even be spoken of and where those who die on the field will be the fortunate ones.

But so far as the Mohammedans of India are concerned



there is little likelihood that they will pay any attention to a voice from Constantinople. As a matter of fact there are plenty of Mohammedans now fighting against the Turks in Gallipoli and against the Turkish allies in France. They show no disinclination to do so. Quite the contrary. No one ever supposed that they would. The loyalty of Indian Mohammedans to the Sultan is of a very nebulous kind, even if it can be said to exist at all. Indian Mohammedans acknowledge the spiritual leadership of the Aga Khan rather than of the Sultan, and the Aga Khan in his public proclamation to his people called upon them to stand firmly by the British Raj and even deplored the fact that the Sultan of Turkey had allowed himself to be misled. Furthermore, the Aga Khan offered his own services as a private soldier or in any other capacity where he could be useful. And that his influence is a very real one over the teeming millions of India's Mohammedans is shown by the facts of the present situation. How long those facts will continue it would be rash to predict.

No one seems quite to know where the Aga Khan came from or whence he derives his strange authority. It is said that he is practically a creation of the British government and was intended to divert Indian loyalty from the Sultan of Turkey. Great Britain has always been embarrassed in her dealings with Turkey by an apprehension of the results on her Indian people, who might resent any aggressive action toward the head of the faith. To counterbalance this influence she is said to have directed their minds toward a spiritual head of their own, who should absorb their religious loyalties while at the same time remaining faithful to the Raj. It is hard to say how much truth there is in this, but it is to be remembered that Great Britain governs India by Oriental and not by European methods, and the subtle creation of a spiritual chieftain is quite in accord with those methods. However that may be, it is evident that Indian Mohammedans are following the Aga Khan and not the Sultan of Turkey, and indeed that they regard the Sultan as deluded and even false to Mohammedan traditions. They would probably remain quite undisturbed by any fate that might befall Constantinople. That there should be disturbances in India is natural enough, but it is not likely that they are caused by the influence of Turkey. There have been disturbances in India on many occasions when Turkey has been most friendly to Great Britain. There is always a revolutionary party in India, as indeed there is everywhere, and it is likely enough to seize whatever opportunity presents itself. But it will be for its own purposes, and not for *beaux yeux* of the Turkish Sultan.

The object of the German advance on Constantinople has already been discussed and it was outlined by Mr. Bertelli in the bulletin already quoted. It seems unlikely that Germany can give any substantial aid to Turkey or that Turkey can give any substantial aid to Germany. Nor does it seem conceivable that Germany should be meditating a direct attack upon Egypt over a vast extent of country that has no railroads and that is mainly desert. It seems far more probable that she is looking for some striking success as a preliminary to peace and that Count von Buelow's mission, whatever it may be, has been timed to coincide with a triumph of German arms. Official denials that Count von Buelow has any mission at all may be disregarded, which is always a safe thing to do with official denials, no matter whence they emanate. The *Neue Zürcher Nachrichten*, a Swiss newspaper with strong German sympathies, voices the official denial, but it then goes on to say that it is quite possible that the count will discuss matters with Italian statesmen with a view to a peace agreement with Italy. But then Germany is not at war with Italy, and Austria promptly issues the usual denial that she is in any way interested in Italian demands. We may regard it as fairly certain that there is something in the wind, just as there has been something in the wind two or three times before, even though it failed to come to earth. Winter is laying its hand upon the armies, and winter is far more serious for the Germans than for their foes, simply because the Germans are fighting everywhere upon hostile territory. Winter must be a terribly serious matter for the Germans in Russia, much more so than for their comrades in the west.

And they are already feeling a strain that no conceivable valor can lessen. General von Hindenburg has fallen back in the north, while in the south the forces are now so evenly matched as to produce a constant see-saw. But the Russians have their own country behind them. Winter is in their favor, since their artillery is not nearly so heavy as that of the Germans and it can more easily be moved. They are receiving large quantities of ammunition from Japan—one report says twenty trainloads a day—and their armies are said to be eager and enthusiastic. The work of arming the new levies, however slow, must be going steadily onward. The confident assertions that the Russian armies were disorganized or negligible has been proved untrue by the fighting of the last two or three weeks. It seems unlikely that the Germans can be reinforced in view of the strain in the west and the necessities of the Balkan situation, which must certainly increase. The Baltic is practically blockaded by submarines, according to Count von Reventlow, and this means not only a stoppage of supplies from Scandinavia, but it may also mean a danger to the warships if they should attempt to go east from the Kiel Canal. There is therefore every reason why Germany should be willing at least to compare ideas with her enemies, and this we may confidently assume that she is trying to do. At the moment of writing the Russians report highly favorable conditions along the whole line and some distinct, though minor, successes in the north. The Germans admit that their line

was pierced, but they assert that they recovered the lost ground. Assuming the German report to be true, which it probably is, we have evidence none the less of a Russian vigor which is great enough not only to hold its own, but to take the offensive.

An examination of current British casualty lists shows the decided increase that might be expected from the recent heavy fighting. From the beginning of the war until about the middle of August the British casualties were in the vicinity of 1200 a day. But since August 21st they have been 2270 a day, so that the price paid for such gains as have been recorded has been a fairly heavy one. On the other hand it is to be remembered that the British are now holding about one hundred miles of line and that their forces at the front have been increased to a million. Another curious feature disclosed by the recent publication of British casualty lists is the small number of prisoners since the battles of Mons and the Marne. Only a few thousands have been taken since those early days of the struggle. The *New York Evening Post* summarizes the German losses as follows: "Up to July 11th the Prussian lists totaled one and a half million men. The latest lists, presumably reaching to the middle of October at the latest, show 2,026,000 men. In the course of less than a hundred days the Prussian losses were 526,000, or more than England's total casualties for the whole war. If to the Prussian casualties we add thirty per cent for the South Germans, the average daily loss for the German Empire since middle summer has been about 7000 men." At the same time we may remember that



THE WAR IN THE BALKANS.

casualty lists are not precise and that their errors tend toward exaggeration. It has already been pointed out that the German lists often contain repetitions of the same name, as, for example, where they register the death of men already reported as wounded.

SIDNEY CORYN.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 17, 1916.

Many visitors to the prehistoric cliff dwellings of the Mesa Verde National Park in southwestern Colorado are surprised to find that what is commonly described as a dwelling is not properly a dwelling at all, but a village or city. The celebrated Cliff Palace is not a palace. Neither is Spruce Tree House a house, nor Balcony House a house. Each of these is a complete town which once, in the dim ages before the earliest Indian tradition, was an organized community, often of considerable size. The arrangement of houses in a cliff dwelling of the size of Cliff Palace, for example, is characteristic and intimately associated with the distribution of the social divisions of the inhabitants. The population was composed of a number of units, possibly clans, each of which had its own social organization more or less distinct from others, a condition that appears in the arrangement of rooms. The rooms occupied by a clan were not necessarily connected, although generally neighboring rooms were distinguished from one another by their uses.

Veritable mountains of salt are to be seen in some sections of Roumania, for the salt deposits cover an enormous area and have a thickness varying from six even to eight hundred feet. At Sarat there is a mountain of salt, and steam-shovels can be used to load the waiting cars. In other cases the gallery system is employed, and electrically-driven machines turn out blocks a cubic yard in size, like great pieces of granite.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Sir Frederick Donaldson, who recently vacated the position as chief superintendent of ordnance factories at England's great war plant, Woolwich Arsenal, held the post of chief superintendent of the royal arsenal factories since 1903. He went to Edinburgh and Zurich to learn engineering, and then entered the Crewe works of the London and Northwestern Railway. After three years in India he returned to England to be associated with the construction of the Manchester ship canal. He entered the ordnance factories as deputy director-general in 1897.

Professor Alexander Joseph Hare, who was honored recently in connection with the celebration of the fortieth anniversary of the foundation of the Tokyo Higher Commercial School, is the oldest foreign instructor in the institution, and probably the oldest in Japan. He was educated in England, Germany, and France, and has lived in Japan continuously since 1868. For fully thirty-seven years he has been with the school mentioned above, and has long held the blue ribbon among foreign teachers in Japan. Being over seventy and never married, he lives a retired life in the suburbs of Tokyo.

General Alexi Kuropatkin, recently reported as the new chief of the Russian Grenadier Corps, is best known to the world through his poor success as commander of Russia's great Manchurian army in the war with Japan. He has served in the army from the age of sixteen. In the war of 1877-78 against Turkey he earned a great reputation. In 1903, having acquired in peace and war the reputation of being one of the foremost soldiers in Europe, he quitted the post of minister of war, which he then held, and took command of the Russian army then gathering in Manchuria for the contest with Japan.

Dr. Peter Cooper Hewitt, one of the men whose work has contributed to make possible the achievement of wireless telephony, by which the sound of a human voice was carried from Arlington, Virginia, to Hawaii, a distance of 4900 miles, is a native of New York. His grandfather was the philanthropist, Peter Cooper, and his father was a member of Congress and a mayor of New York City. Peter Cooper Hewitt is closely connected with a number of large enterprises including realty and coal mining, but has long been known as a scientist and inventor. He is a member of the American Institute of Electric Engineers, Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers, and other bodies.

M. Cammaerts, the Belgian poet, whose work is now attracting so much attention, was born in Brussels in 1878, and was educated there, becoming in 1896 a student at the new university, where he specialized in geography. In 1899 he was elected professor of geography at the Institut Commercial of Mons, and became director of the *Bulletin de la Société Royale Belge de Géographie*, of which he is now an honorary member. He retained his professorship until 1908, and during that time he published several translations of Ruskin, a French translation of a selection of poems of the Flemish poet, Guido Gezelle, and did other journalistic and literary work. In 1908 he married the English tragedienne, Tita Brand, daughter of Marie Brema, and has since then been settled in England writing his wonderful poems and doing translating and other literary work.

General Foch (pronounced "Fosh"), who has been referred to as the "greatest strategist in Europe," and who is credited with winning the battle of the Marne and also with preventing the Germans from breaking through to Calais, was born on October 2, 1851. He is a mountaineer and a Southerner, fiery, yet quiet and reserved, but a strict disciplinarian. After 1870, when he fought as a sub-lieutenant of artillery, he was sent abroad and did good service in the colonies. His first real promotion came in 1877, when he was made a captain for distinguished services in the field. In time he became director of the War School, and had special charge of the artillery equipment of the French army. He, more than any other, it is said, is responsible for the "155 long," and during his tenure of office the organization of the great arms and ammunition factories of the Creusot was immensely improved by his suggestions.

James Couzens, who began with ideas, rising from an \$1800-a-year clerkship to the position of vice-president and general manager of the Ford Motor Company, amassing a fortune since 1902, has resigned giving as his reason that he could not agree with Henry Ford on the latter's public utterances, and especially his "unpreparedness" sentiments. Although he has not attracted so much attention as his associate Henry Ford, his connection with the Ford Motor Company has been of importance second only to that of Mr. Ford. To engage in the Ford business he, having saved \$400, managed to get \$600 more together and gave his note for \$1500 to secure his first block of stock in the new and struggling company, in which he was made secretary and business manager. The first annual statement he wrote out with an indelible pencil. The Ford profit-sharing plan is directly in line with Mr. Couzens's idea and was partly planned by him. It was Mr. Couzens, in fact, who announced the decision to try the plan.



LIEUTENANT LACKINSKY'S ORDEAL.

His Pretended Ignorance Saved His Life and Served a Nation.

When the Peninsular war was at its height General Murat, who was in command of the French troops at Madrid, desired to send a dispatch of the gravest importance to General Junot at Lisbon. The distance was not great, but the country through which the messenger would be obliged to travel was infested by a band of guerrillas who carried on an irregular warfare on their own account, much to the annoyance and detriment of the French army. These lawless volunteers fought from their ambushes in the forests and mountain passes with unparalleled ferocity, frequently surprising detachments of the regular army and capturing their stores and ammunition. The heroic deeds of General Castanos, the guerrilla commander-in-chief, were echoed throughout Europe, and it was well known that he gave no quarter to French prisoners. Therefore General Murat could find no soldiers desirous of undertaking an errand so fraught with danger. In his dilemma he sought the advice of Baron Stroganoff, the Russian ambassador, who was friendly to the French cause.

The baron, being well aware of the gravity of the situation, deliberated for several minutes; the result was the following suggestion: "Send one of your most reliable Polish lancers in Russian uniform," he said, "with a verbal message to our admiral, now in Lisbon harbor. He, in turn, will communicate with Junot without arousing the slightest suspicion on the part of the English. No doubt your courier will be arrested a score of times en route; but as my country has maintained neutral ground thus far, it is not probable that the result will be fatal. Castanos is too much of a diplomat to risk the displeasure of Russia, and, by observing the proper caution, it will not be difficult to deceive him."

General Murat was charmed with this clever proposition, and at once ordered the captain of the Warsaw Lancers to select from his company a brave, reliable fellow who could be trusted to undertake the important mission.

Early on the following day Lieutenant Lackinsky, a young Pole, eighteen years of age, sought audience of the French general, who explained the nature of the service he required of the youth, without concealing the perils it would entail. Lackinsky, nothing daunted, declared with a contemptuous smile that he eagerly awaited an opportunity to prove how little he feared the guerrillas, and that he was prepared to set out at once on his journey.

Pleased with the young Pole's enthusiasm, as well as with his evident desire to distinguish himself, the general repeated with precision the message to be carried to Junot.

Baron Stroganoff's Russian dispatches having been duly secured, the courier started for the coast, completely armed, and disguised in the uniform of an officer of the Czar's guard.

Nothing of importance occurred until the afternoon of the second day, when our hero entered a defile in the mountains near Talavera. He had not advanced more than a quarter of a mile when he was met by half a dozen guerrillas, who, without waiting to parley, roughly dragged him from his horse, seized his weapons, and led him to a chapel in a cave hard by, where he found himself face to face with the terrible Castanos.

"Who are you?" asked the guerrilla chief in French, while he angrily scrutinized the prisoner.

Alive to the danger of his position, Lackinsky's heart failed him for an instant, but, quickly recovering his presence of mind, he fixed his eyes on his interlocutor's face with a meaningless stare. Presently he answered in German: "I do not understand."

Castanos called one of his officers, and requested him to continue the examination in the prisoner's tongue. Observing the utmost caution lest by an inadvertent expression he might betray his knowledge of French, the Pole replied to all the officer's questions either in Russian or German.

During the examination the chapel had become crowded with guerrillas, attracted there by curiosity and a desire for excitement. Each hung upon the prisoner's words, eager to detect the slightest evidence of deception on his part.

Suddenly there was an interruption, caused by the appearance of Castanos, leading by the arm a peasant whom he placed before the Pole, saying: "Look carefully at this man, and tell us whether he be Russian, German, or, as I strongly suspect, a cursed French spy."

The peasant obeyed, and presently replied, in a loud, decided tone: "He is a disguised Frenchman. A few weeks ago, when I took a load of hay to Madrid, this was the very officer who signed my receipt."

Lackinsky betrayed no sign of fear, and the expression of his countenance did not vary, as he looked from one to the other of the excited soldiers who surrounded him. They would have torn him to pieces had not their general, discouraged by the failure of his test, interfered.

"My friends," he loudly exclaimed, "nothing is yet proved against our prisoner, and he has certainly shown beyond a doubt that he does not understand French. This peasant might easily make a mistake,

for it would be difficult to recognize a man whom he saw only once and then in a different uniform from the one he now wears. The prisoner looks like a Russian, his papers are addressed to the Czar's admiral, and I think we had better allow him to proceed."

"No, no," was the cry that arose from a hundred voices at once, "we are not yet satisfied, and he shall not go until we are."

"But are we to take the risk of offending the Russians by interfering with one of their dispatch-bearers?"

The guerrillas agreed that they did not dare to act in opposition to the Czar. At the same time they were not yet convinced of the nationality of the man; they suspected he might be a French spy, in spite of appear-



Agnes Laut, author of "The Canadian Commonwealth," Bobbs-Merrill Company.

ances. Accordingly he was conducted to a vault beneath the chapel and locked in.

A hard ride of many hours over rough roads, added to the agony of mind which he had endured during his examination had so exhausted poor Lackinsky, that he sank upon a heap of straw in one corner of the prison, and was soon sound asleep.

Two hours elapsed, when the door was softly opened, and some one entered. A gentle tap on the shoulder aroused the young lieutenant, and a woman's gentle voice whispered: "Voulez-vous souper, monsieur?"

Heavy with sleep, the prisoner fancied himself, for a moment, with his mess at Madrid. The fearful ordeal lasted only a single moment, for, looking up and



Illustration from "Beyond the Frontier," by Randall Parrish. A. C. McClurg & Co.

rubbing his eyes, Lackinsky's position was recalled to him by the darkness of his cell, which served the double purpose of concealing his doubt and surprise. His presence of mind did not desert him even then, and he inquired, in German, what was wanted of him. Without another word, the woman disappeared.

When reporting this test to his comrades, Castanos added, with a coarse laugh: "You see, I was right in believing him to be a Russian, for were he French he would surely have betrayed himself to a woman. Give him something to eat, saddle his horse, and send him on his way."

Unfortunately for the prisoner, the general's authority over his volunteer corps was not absolute; his

order was therefore obeyed only in part. Supper was served, but Lackinsky remained in his cell.

The following morning Castanos, who had his own reasons for wishing to be favorably reported to the Russian government, visited his prisoner and told him not to be discouraged, adding an assurance that his detention would soon end. At the same time, taking the youth kindly by the hand, he assured him, with a smile, that there was nothing further for him to fear.

Though inwardly rejoicing as he listened to the encouraging words, Lackinsky appeared to comprehend nothing but the gentle tone and the friendly pressure of the hand.

Later he was led to a spot where ten French prisoners of war had just been shot. There, in the presence of the ghastly, bleeding corpses, he was forced to remain until night. Prison was a relief compared with such a cruel spectacle, yet, in spite of the general's reassuring remarks, he could not obtain the repose of which he was by this time sorely in need. The fate of his companions in arms, which he fully expected to share, haunted him continually, until sleep overcame him after several hours of weary watching and tossing on his hard bed of straw.

As before, a woman gently aroused him and spoke in the same low tone in French: "Come quickly; I will save you; your horse is saddled; everything is ready; follow me softly, softly."

The young lieutenant's senses were immediately on the alert; his suspicion was fully aroused and he was not to be taken unawares. "What was it you said?" he quietly asked in German. "I did not understand; can you not speak to me in my native tongue?" The woman immediately vanished.

On hearing of this incident Castanos again spoke in behalf of his prisoner; but the assertion made so confidently by the peasant had worked upon the minds of the guerrillas to such a degree that they refused to be convinced until they had made one more trial. It was therefore agreed that Lackinsky should remain in captivity another night.

Five guerrillas entered the vault on the following morning, uttering furious threats against the French, accompanied by maledictions on the head of Napoleon. They spoke in Spanish, of which Lackinsky understood quite enough to know what they were saying, but he assumed an air of unconcern and looked from one to another as though wondering what could be the cause of their excitement. After being informed that he was to have another trial, he was led to the chapel where, ranged along the steps of the altar, he beheld a dozen guerrilla chiefs who had constituted themselves a council of war. With a show of suddenly understanding that he was to undergo an examination, the young lieutenant demanded an interpreter.

A soldier who spoke German was sent for and the trial proceeded.

"What is the object of your journey from Madrid to Lisbon?" was the first question.

"Being an officer of the Czar's guard," answered Lackinsky, "I have been entrusted with important dispatches from Baron Stroganoff to Admiral Siniarin."

"Ask him if he is a friend to Spain," said one of the judges to the interpreter.

"Indeed I am!" replied the Pole, when the question was put to him in German; "I honor and esteem the Spanish nation, and would be delighted if they would consent to form an alliance with my country."

Turning toward the council, the interpreter said in French: "The prisoner declares that he is a Russian, and he adds that his sovereign is a firm friend and ally of Napoleon. He also says that he despises Spain, and that he considers her soldiers a band of robbers and cut-throats who ought to be wiped from the face of the earth."

This was the most terrible ordeal the young man had yet undergone, but he did not betray, by the movement of a muscle, that he understood what was said. He seemed merely to be wondering what could so suddenly have aroused the council, who watched him narrowly while giving vent to angry threats. They well knew that nothing would be so likely to put the prisoner off his guard as the apparent treachery of the interpreter.

"Comrades," said Castanos, who entered the chapel at the conclusion of the interpreter's remarks, "are you convinced at last; and will you now permit this dispatch-bearer to proceed?"

The guerrillas answered with one voice, and so eager were they to make amends for what they considered their error, that within one hour Lackinsky's horse, papers, and weapons were restored, and he was far on the road to Lisbon, rejoicing at his escape.—Translated from the German.

For nearly 700 years copper ore (chalcopyrite) has been taken regularly from a mine in the Province of Dalecarlia, Sweden. The mine contains the largest copper ore deposit in Sweden, and is supposed to be one of the greatest chalcopyrite properties in the world.

The State of Utah is proud of the fact that all the gypsum for the buildings in San Diego and at least eighty per cent of that used at San Francisco, according to estimates of the Exposition officials, is reported to have been quarried near Nephi, Utah.



## THE OLD MAN AND THE HOOP.

Like a Child He Returns to Long-Forgotten Play.

One morning, in a lonely street, on the outskirts of the city, a woman might have been seen strolling, accompanied by a lad of four.

Young and smart, she was smiling radiantly; she was casting affectionate glances at her son, whose red cheeks beams with happiness. The boy was bowling a hoop, a large, new, bright yellow hoop.

With awkward movement the lad raced his hoop, laughed uproariously with joy, stamped with his plump little legs bare at the knee, and flourished his stick. It was not at all necessary to raise the stick so high above one's head—but what of that?

What happiness! Earlier the hoop had not been; but how briskly he could run now.

And nothing of this had been before; everything was new to the boy—the streets of an early morning, the merry sun, and the distant din of the city. Everything was new to the boy, and joyous and pure.

A shabbily dressed old man, with coarse hands, stood at the street-crossing. He pressed close to the wall to let the woman and the boy pass. The old man looked at the boy with dull eyes and smiled stupidly. Unclear, sluggish thoughts struggled within his head, bereft of hair.

"A little gentleman!" said he to himself. "Quite a small fellow. And simply bursting with joy. Just look at him cutting a pace!"

He could not quite understand it. Somehow it seemed strange to him.

Here is a child—a thing to be pulled about by the hair! Play is mischief. Children, it is well known, are mischief makers.

And there's the mother—she utters no reproach, she makes no outcry, she does not scold. She is smart and bright. It is quite easy to see that they are used to warmth and comfort.

On the other hand when he, the old man, was a boy he lived a dog's life! Even now there was nothing particularly rosy in his existence, though, to be sure, he was no longer thrashed and he had plenty to eat.

He recalled his younger days—their hunger, their cold, their drubbings. He had never indulged in such mischief as the hoop and other playthings of well-to-do folks. Thus passed all his life—in poverty, in care, in misery. And he could recall nothing—not a single joy.

Smiling with his toothless mouth at the boy, he envied him. He reflected: "What a silly sport!"

But envy tormented him.

He went to work—to the factory, where he had worked from childhood, where he had grown old. And the entire day he thought of the boy.

It was a fixed, deep-rooted thought. He simply could not get the boy out of his mind. He saw him running, laughing, stamping his feet, pursuing the hoop. What plump little legs had he, bared at the knee!

The entire day, in the din of the factory wheels, the boy with the hoop appeared to him. And at night he saw the boy in a dream.

Next morning the reveries again pursued the old man.

The machines are clattering, the labor monotonous, automatic. The hands are busy with their accustomed tasks; the toothless mouth is smiling at the diverting fancy. The air is thick with dust, and under the high ceiling, strap after strap, with hissing sound, glides quickly from wheel to wheel, endless in number.

The far corners are invisible because of the dense escaping vapors. People emerge here and there like phantoms, and the human voice is not heard for the incessant din of the machines.

The old man's fancy is at work—he has become for the moment a little boy, his mother is a gentlewoman, and he has his hoop and his little stick; he is playing, driving the hoop with the little stick. He wears a white costume, his little legs are plump, bare at the knee. . . .

Day passes after day, the work goes on, the fancy persists.

Returning from work one evening, the old man saw a hoop of an old barrel lying in the street. It was a rough, dirty implement. The old man trembled from happiness, and tears appeared in his dull eyes. A sudden, almost irrepressible desire took possession of him.

Cautiously he glanced around; then bent down, picked up the hoop with trembling hands, and, smiling shamefacedly, carried it home with him.

No one had noticed, no one had questioned him. Whose concern was it? A ragged old man, carrying an old, dilapidated, useless hoop—who cared?

He carried it stealthily, afraid of ridicule. Why he picked it up and why he carried it he himself could not tell. Still, it resembled the boy's hoop, and this was sufficient. There was no harm in its lying about.

He could look at it; he could touch it. It would quicken the reveries; duller would grow the factory whistle and turmoil, denser the escaping vapors. . . .

For several days the hoop lay under the bed in the old man's poor, cramped quarters. Sometimes he would take out the hoop, look at it. The dirty gray hoop soothed the old man, and this would quicken the persistent reverie about the happy little boy.

One clear, warm morning, while the birds were chirping away in the consumptive city trees somewhat

more cheerfully than was their habit, the old man rose earlier, took his hoop, and went a little farther out of the city.

Emitting a cough, he made his way into the woods among the old trees and the thorny bushes.

Incomprehensible to him was the stern silence of the trees, covered with their dry, blackish, bursting bark.

The odors were strange, the insects astonishing, the ferns of gigantic growth.

There was neither dust nor din here, and the gentle, exquisite morning mist lay behind the trees. The old feet glided over dry leaves and stumbled across old gnarled roots.

The old man broke off a dry limb and hung his hoop upon it.

He came upon an opening full of daylight and of calm. Dewdrops, countless and multicolored, gleamed upon the green blades of grass, newly mowed.

And suddenly the old man let the hoop slip off the stick. Striking with the stick, he sent the hoop rolling across the green lawn.

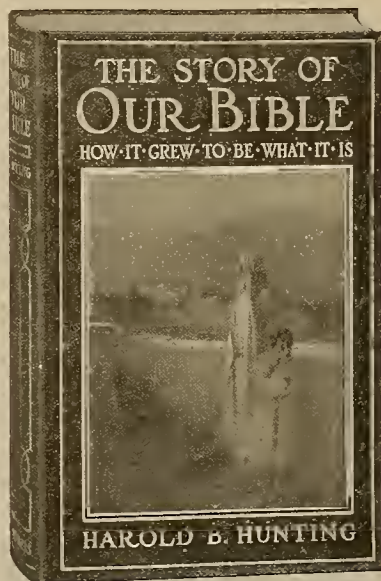
The old man laughed, brightened at once, and pursued the hoop like that little boy.

He kicked up his feet, and drove the hoop with his stick, which he flourished high over his head, just like that little boy.

It seemed to him that he was small, beloved, and happy. It seemed to him that he was being looked after by his mamma, who was following close behind and smiling. Like an infant, for the first time he felt refreshed on the merry grass, on the still mosses.

His goat-like, dust-gray beard, harmonizing with his fallow face, trembled, while a cough mingling with his laughter caused cracked sounds to issue from his toothless mouth.

And the old man grew to love his morning hour in the woods with the hoop.



Cover Design from Charles Scribner's Sons.

It occurred to him sometimes that he might be discovered, ridiculed—and this thought aroused in him a sense of keen shame. This shame resembled fright; he would grow numb and his knees would give way under him. Frightened and abashed, he would look around.

But no—there was no one to be seen or heard.

And, having diverted himself to his heart's content, he would return to the city, gently and joyously smiling.

No one ever found him out. And nothing unusual ever happened. Peacefully the old man played for several days, and one very dewy morning he caught cold. He went to bed, and soon died.—From the Russian of Feodor Sologub.

In Germany and Austria peat baths are well-established institutions, and during the last few years such baths have been tried in some of the sanitariums of the Middle West and found beneficial in certain cases. As food for live stock, however, peat seems to have found its most curious use, inasmuch as the kind of peat used is thousands of years old, and, although it may still be classed as vegetable in character, it is only a step removed from low-grade coal. As a stock food it is used in a mixture containing molasses. The results are stated to have been very satisfactory in practice, the peat acting as a tonic and corrective. The peat used is the black, well-humified, or rotted kind and is prepared in practically the same way as when used for fertilizer.

The Chino Ranch, San Bernardino County, was formerly an unproductive tract of mesa, but it now produces eighteen different kinds of crops. The largest acreages on the ranch are as follows: Alfalfa, 13,625; barley (hay), 5055; sugar beets, 4920; barley (grain), 4635. There are 100 acres in pumpkins and 210 in tomatoes.

## OLD FAVORITES.

"A Perfect Woman, Nobly Planned."

She was a Phantom of delight  
When first she gleamed upon my sight;  
A lovely apparition, sent  
To be a moment's ornament;  
Her eyes at stars of Twilight fair;  
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;  
But all things else about her drawn  
From May-time and the Cheerful Dawn;  
To haunt, to startle, and way-lay.  
I saw her upon nearer view,  
A Spirit, yet a Woman, too!  
Her household motions light and free,  
And steps of virgin-liberty;  
A countenance in which did meet  
Sweet records, promises as sweet;  
A Creature not too bright or good  
For human nature's daily food;  
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,  
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.  
And now I see with eye serene  
The very pulse of the machine;  
A Being breathing thoughtful breath,  
A Traveller between life and death;  
The reason firm, the temperate will,  
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;  
A perfect Woman, nobly planned,  
To warn, to comfort, and command,  
And yet a Spirit still, and bright,  
With something of angelic light.

—William Wordsworth.

Man Was Made to Mourn.

When chill November's surly blast  
Made fields and forests bare,  
One evening, as I wandered forth  
Along the banks of Ayr,  
I spied a man, whose aged step  
Seemed weary, worn with care;  
His face was furrowed o'er with years,  
And hoary was his hair.

"Young stranger, whither wanderest thou?"  
Began the reverend sage;  
"Does thirst of wealth thy steps constrain,  
Or youthful pleasure's rage;  
Or haply, pressed with cares and woes,  
Too soon thou hast begun  
To wander forth with me to mourn  
The miseries of man."

"The sun that overhangs yon moors,  
Out-spreading far and wide,  
Where hundreds labor to support  
A haughty lordling's pride—  
I've seen yon weary winter's sun  
Twice forty times return;  
And every time has added proofs  
That man was made to mourn."

"O man! while in thy early years  
How prodigal of time!  
Misspending all thy precious hours,  
Thy glorious youthful prime;  
Alternate follies take the sway,  
Licentious passions burn;  
Which tenfold force gives nature's law,  
That man was made to mourn."

"Look not alone on youthful prime,  
Or manhood's active might;  
Man then is useful to his kind,  
Supported in his right;  
But see him on the edge of life,  
With cares and sorrows worn;  
Then age and want—O, ill-matched parts—  
Show man was made to mourn."

"A few seem favorites of fate,  
In Pleasure's lap caress;  
Yet think not all the rich and great  
Are likewise truly blest.  
But O, what crowds in every land  
Are wretched and forlorn!  
Through weary life this lesson learn,  
That man is made to mourn."

"Many and sharp the numerous ills  
Inwoven with our frame!  
More pointed still we make ourselves,  
Regret, remorse, and shame!  
And man, whose heaven-erected face  
The smiles of love adorn,  
Man's inhumanity to man  
Makes countless thousands mourn."

"See yonder poor, o'erlabored wight,  
So abject, mean, and vile,  
Who begs a brother of the earth  
To give him leave to toil;  
And see his lordly fellow-worm  
The poor petition spurn,  
Unmindful, though a weeping wife  
And helpless offspring mourn."

"If I'm designed yon lordling's slave,  
By nature's law designed,—  
Why was an independent wish  
E'er planted in my mind?  
If not, why am I subject to  
His cruelty or scorn?  
Or why has man the will and power  
To make his fellow mourn?"

"Yet, let not this too much, my son,  
Disturb thy youthful breast;  
This partial view of human kind  
Is surely not the best!  
The poor, oppressed, honest man  
Had never, sure, been born,  
Had there not been some recompense  
To comfort those that mourn!"

"O death, the poor man's dearest friend,  
The kindest and the best!  
Welcome the hour my aged limbs  
Are laid with thee at rest!  
The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,  
From pomp and pleasures torn;  
But O, a blest relief to those  
That weary-laden mourn!" —Robert Burns.

Turkey ranks third among the world's markets for cotton goods.



A YEAR OF WAR.

Frederick Palmer Describes His War Experiences with the Armies of the Allies.

There is no palaver over the question of neutrality in Frederick Palmer's "My Year of the Great War." Palmer is on the side of the Belgians, of the French, but most emphatically of the English. His volume of war reminiscences is packed from cover to cover with enthusiastic approval of England and the English, and he defends his standpoint:

A traveler's view I had of Germany in the early period of the war, but I was never with the German army, which made Americans particularly welcome for obvious reasons. Between right and wrong one can not be a neutral. By foregoing the diversion of shaking hands and passing the time of day on the Germanic fronts, I escaped having to be agreeable to hosts warring for a cause and in a manner obnoxious to me. I was among friends, living the life of one army and seeing war in all its aspects from day to day, instead of having tourist glimpses.

It is the urgent, unanswerable call of brother to brothers, he tells us:

Their national weaknesses and strength, revealed under external differences by association, are more akin to ours than we shall realize until we face our own inevitable crisis. Though one's ancestors had been in America for nearly three centuries and had fought the British twice for a good cause he was continually finding how much of custom, of law, of habit, and of instinct he had in common with them; and how Americans who were not of British blood also shared these as an applied inheritance that has been the most formative element in the crucible of the races which has produced the American type.

Who started it? The White, Blue, Yellow, and Green Books will reveal nothing, says Mr. Palmer. They are the work of the diplomats whose business it is to place all the blame with the enemy:

One must go many years back of the dates of the state papers to find the cause of the Great War. He must go into the hearts of the people who are fighting, into their aims and ambitions, which diplomats make plausible according to international law. More illuminating than the pamphlets embracing an exchange of dispatches was the remark of a practical German: "Von Bethmann-Hollweg made a slip when he talked of a treaty as a scrap of paper and about hacking his way through. That had a bad effect."

Equally pointed was the remark of a practical Briton: "It was a good thing that the Germans violated the neutrality of Belgium; otherwise, we might not have gone in, which would have been fatal for us. If Germany had crushed France and kept the Channel ports, the next step would have been a war in which we should have had to deal with her single-handed."

I would rather catch the drift of a nation's purpose from the talk of statesmen in the lobby or in the club than from our official pronouncements. Von Bethmann-Hollweg had said in public what was universally accepted in private. He had let the cat out of the bag. England's desire to preserve the neutrality of Belgium was not altogether ethical. If Belgium's coast had been on the Adriatic rather than on the British Channel, her wrongs would not have had the support of British arms.

Leaving Soissons "on the heels of Von Kluck," Mr. Palmer makes a critical observation anent German "efficiency":

Though one had already seen many German prisoners in groups and convoys, the sight of two on the road fixed the attention because of the surroundings and the contrast suggested between the French and German natures. Both were young, in the very prime of life, and both Prussian. One was dark-complexioned, with a scruffy beard which was the product of the war. He marched with such rigidity that I should not have been surprised to see him break into the goose-step. The other was of that mild, blue-eyed, tow-haired type from the Baltic provinces, with the thin white skin which does not tan, but burns. He was frailer than the other and he was tired; oh, how tired! He would lag and then stiffen back his shoulders and draw in his chin and force a trifle more energy into his step.

A typical, lively French soldier was escorting the pair. He looked pretty tired, too, but he was getting over the ground in the natural, easy way in which man is meant to walk. The aboriginal races, who have a genius for long distances on foot, do not march in the German fashion, which looks impressive, but lacks endurance. By the same logic, the cayuse's gait is better for thirty miles day in and day out than the high-stepping carriage-horse's.

You could realize the contempt which these two martial Germans had for their captor. Four or five peasant women refugees by the roadside unloosened their tongues in piercing feminine satire and upbraiding.

"You are going to Paris, after all! That is what you get for invading our country; and you'll get more of it!"

The little French soldier held up his hand to the women and shook his head. He was a chivalrous fellow, with imagination enough to appreciate the feelings of an enemy who has fought hard and lost. Such as he would fight fair and hold this war of the civilizations up to something like the standards of civilization.

The very tired German stiffened up again, as his drill sergeant had taught him, and both stared straight ahead, proud and contemptuous, as their Kaiser would wish them to do.

Trench life naturally arrests the author's imagination, as indeed it has already arrested the imagination of the world. It is the epitome of the ugly, the dreary, and the mysterious, where death comes from unseen enemies and where all the powers of destruction are terribly leagued:

The first time that I looked over a British parapet was in the edge of a wood. Board walks ran across the spongy earth here and there; the doors of little shanties with earth roofs opened on to those streets, which were called Piccadilly and the Strand. I was reminded of a pleasant prospector's camp in Alaska. Only everybody was in uniform and occasionally something whisked through the branches of the trees. One looked up to see what it was and where it was going, this stray bullet, without being any wiser.

We passed along one of the walks until we came to a wall of sandbags—simply white bags about three-quarters of the size of an ordinary pillowslip, filled with earth and laid one on top of another like bags of grain. You stood beside a man who had a rifle laid across the top of the pile. Of course, you did not wear a white hat or wave a handkerchief. One does not do that when he plays hide-and-seek.

Or, if you preferred, you might look into a chip of glass, with your head wholly screened by the wall of sandbags, which got a reflection from another chip of glass above the parapet. This is the trench periscope; the principle of all of them is the same. They have no more variety than the fashions in knives, forks, and spoons on the dinner-table.

One hundred and fifty yards away across a dead field was another wall of sandbags. The distance is important. It is always stated in all descriptions. One hundred and fifty yards is not much. Only when you get within forty or fifty yards have you something to brag about. Yet three hundred yards may be more dangerous than fifteen, if an artillery "hate" is on.

Look for an hour and all you see is the wall of sandbags. Not even a rabbit runs across that dead space. The situation gets its power of suggestion from the fact that there are Germans behind the other wall—real, live Germans. They are trying to kill the British on our side and we are trying to kill them; and they are as coyly unaccommodating about putting up their heads as we are. The emotion of the situation is in the fact that a sharpshooter might send a shot at your cap; he might smash a periscope; a shell might come. A rifle cracks—that is all. Nearly every one has heard the sound, which is no different at the front than elsewhere. And the sound is the only information you get.



Gene Stratton-Porter, author of "Michael O'Holloron." Doubleday, Page & Co.

It is not so interesting as shooting at a deer, for you can tell whether you hit him or not. The man who fires from a trench is not even certain whether he saw a German or not. He shot at some shadow or object along the crest which might have been a German head.

Thus, one must take the word of those present that there is any more life behind than in front of the sandbags. However, if you are skeptical you may have conviction by starting to crawl over the top of the British parapet. After dark the soldiers will slip over and bring your body back. It is this something you do not see, this something the imagination visualizes, that convinces you that you ought to be considerate enough of posterity to write the real description of a trench. Look for an hour at that wall of sandbags and your



Louis Couperus, author of "The Later Life." Dodd, Mead & Co.

imagination sees more and more, while your eye sees only sandbags. What does this war mean to you? There it is; only you can describe what this war means to you.

The German who is serving his Kaiser in Belgium is not having quite a picnic. Mr. Palmer describes the delighted response of an old German sentry, whose loneliness had drawn a smile. "Surprise broke on his face. Somebody not a German had actually smiled at him in Belgium."

When their car broke down just out of Antwerp, a Belgian farmer aided the chauffeur to patch the broken spring, while, Mr. Palmer says:

I had a look at the farm. The winter crops were in; the cabbages and Brussels sprouts in the garden were untouched. It happened that the scorching finger of war's destruction had not been laid on this little property. In the yard the wife was doing the week's washing, her hands in hot water, and her arms exposed to weather so cold that I felt none too

warm in a heavy overcoat. At first sight she gave me a frown, which instantly dissipated into a smile when she saw that I was not a German.

If not German, I must be a friend. Yet if I were I would not dare talk—not with German sentries all about. She lifted her hand from the suds and swung it out to the west toward England and France with an eager, craving fire in her eyes, and then she swept it across in front of her as if she were sweeping a spider off the table. When it stopped at arm's length there was the triumph of hate in her eyes. I thought of the lid of a cauldron lifted to let out a burst of steam as she asked: "When?" When? When would the Allies come and turn the Germans out?

She was a kind, hard-working woman, who would help any stranger in trouble the best she knew how. Probably that Saxon whose smile spread under his scarf had much the same kind of a wife. Yet I knew that if the Allies' guns were driving the Germans past her house and her husband had a rifle, he would put a shot in that Saxon's back, or she would pour boiling water on the enemy's head if she could. Then, if the Germans had time, they would burn the farm-house and kill the husband who had shot one of their comrades.

A chapter of Mr. Palmer's volume has been devoted to Belgium's pathetic Christmas:

One could write volumes on this systematic relief work, the business-like industry of succoring Belgium by the business-like Belgians, with American help. Certainly one can not leave out those old men stragglers from Louvain and Bruges and Ghent—venerable children with no offspring to give them paternal care—who took their turn in getting bread, which they soaked thoroughly in their soup for reasons that would be no military secret, not even in the military zone. On Christmas Day an American, himself a smoker, thinking what class of children he could make happiest on a limited purse, remembered the ring around the stove and bought a basket of cheap briar pipes and tobacco. By Christmas night some toothless gums were sore, but a heatific smile of satisfaction played in white beards.

Nor can one leave out the very young babies at home, who get their milk if grown people don't, and the older babies beyond milk but not yet old enough for bread and meat, whose mothers return from the bread line to bring their children to another line, where they got portions of a sirupy mixture which those who know say is the right provender. On such occasions men are quite helpless. They can only look on with a frog in the throat at pale, improperly nourished mothers with bundles of potential womanhood and manhood in their arms. For this was woman's work for woman. Belgian women of every class joined in it; the competent wife of a workman, or the wife of a millionaire who had to walk like everybody else now that her automobile was requisitioned by the army.

Pop-eyed children, ruddy-faced, aggressive children, pinched-faced children, kept warm by sweaters that some American or English child spared, happy in that they did not know what their elders knew! Not the danger of physical starvation so much as the actual presence of mental starvation was the thing that got on our nerves in the land where the sun is seldom seen in winter and rainy days are the rule. It was bad enough in the "zone of occupation," so-called, a line running from Antwerp past Brussels to Mons. One could guess what it was like in the military zone to the westward, where only an occasional American relief representative might go.

In a few paragraphs of quotation it is impossible to give any idea of the range of Mr. Palmer's field, which is very complete. A veteran war correspondent of many conflicts, he has a breadth of view and a sense of proportion that are refreshing after some of the hysterical and superlative accounts which we have had. His book ranks with Irving Cobb's as among the best so far written by observers of the war.

MY YEAR OF THE GREAT WAR. By Frederick Palmer. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.50.

On the authority of Joseph Grinnell, director of the University of California Museum of Vertebrate Zoölogy, there are more different species of birds in this state than in any other in the Union. Not only that, but it is announced that more are coming continually. Texas ranks second. Already 541 species have been found in California, or fifty more than were enumerated thirteen years ago. Among the "stragglers," as scientists term the pioneers seeking to lead the way for his tribe into a new land, was a Mother Cary's Chicken (a Wilson Stormy Petrel), which has no business anywhere away from the Atlantic Ocean, but which was captured off Monterey. Another venturesome explorer was an Anhinga, or water turkey, which belongs in Florida and the Mexican tropics, but which joined the rush of new settlers in the Imperial Valley. The Tennessee warbler and the Louisiana water thrush both grew restless in their Southern homes and made their way to California, one being found at Pasadena and the other at Mecca, on the Colorado Desert.

At the beginning of the war between Italy and Austria the famous four bronze horses of St. Mark's Cathedral, Venice, were removed from the city to insure their safety from aviator and cannon. No small part of the world's history is connected with these magnificent bronze figures. It is said to be almost certain that once they adorned the triumphal arch of Nero, from which they were removed to adorn those of Trajan and subsequent emperors. When Constantine founded Constantinople he took them to adorn the hippodrome of his New Rome, from whence they were carried to Venice and placed in their late position. There they remained until 1797, when Napoleon took them to Paris to adorn his triumphal arch in the Place de Carrousel. In 1815 the Austrians, to whom Venice was assigned, restored them to St. Mark.

Forty dredges, with an aggregate daily capacity of 42,000 cubic yards, were in operation on Seward Peninsula last year, and employment was given to 1200 men for an average season of 100 days. The total production of the placers has an estimated value of \$2,700,000.



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## Belgian Poems.

An interesting contrast is furnished by the recently published work of two Belgian poets, Emile Verhaeren and Emile Cammaerts. They approach the muse from different angles, sing in different keys, yet there is a subtle undercurrent that links their work, that makes one say on reading either's verses, "The voice of Belgium." Even at that it is not through direct reference that they give this impression, but through the intangible identity that any nation confers upon those of its sons who bear the stamp of genius.

Cammaerts is the more spontaneous writer. One feels that his poems come out of his heart, and come because they must. In Verhaeren there is more of the effect of study—the feeling that emotion has often been subordinated to method and form. But what beautiful form he sometimes achieves! He handles *vers libre* with a skill and ease that not many writers of English have achieved.

Few of Verhaeren's poems are free from melancholy—a melancholy that is accentuated by the monotone that pervades his style in much of his work. This is especially so in "The Rain," as these few lines will demonstrate:

Long as unending threads, the long-drawn rain  
Interminably, with its nails of gray,  
Athwart the dull gray day,  
Rakes the green window-pane—  
So infinitely, endlessly, the rain,  
The long, long rain,  
The rain.

Here is a contrasting note:

Rose of the pearl-hued gardens, when you kiss  
My brow, a touch of living flame it is;  
To me it seems

One thrill of ardor, beauty, wild caress;  
And I, in this world-drunkenness,  
So multiply myself in all that glimmers

On dazzled eyes,  
That my heart, fainting, vents itself in cries.

Examples such as the last quoted are few. The melancholy note prevails in the book.

There is sorrow in Cammaerts's work, too—deep sorrow, poignantly expressed, over the woes of his stricken land; but hope is there as well. This is from the vision of Belgium's regeneration:

Each church will open its door—  
Pervyse, Ypres, and Nieupoort—  
And with strong clanging bell  
Thunder the Germans' knell.

Then will our trowels ring—  
Dixmude and Ramscapelle—  
And shouts and laughter swell  
And busy pickaxe swing.

Our boats will glide along—  
Black tar and sea-gulls white—  
We'll hear the skylarks' song  
Above our rivers bright.

And then our graves will bloom—  
Dance, tomtits on the sod—  
And then our graves will bloom  
Beneath the sun of God.

Cammaerts's volume contains a number of patriotic poems of unusual fervor, dealing mostly with the present tribulations of Belgium. The others are grouped as Christmas poems, poems of love, poems to his wife and his child, and mystical poems. In each group there are verses of marvelous delicacy and charm, and sweet lyric beauty. For example, to his child:

God give you an open heart, dear,  
Pure soul and vision clear;  
May your lips with His holy kiss be sealed,  
Your body with His five wounds bealed.

And from another child poem:

He comes to us through the garden fair  
By his guardian angel led,  
'Neath the shadow of apple tree and pine  
'Twixt blue-bells and lilies rare.

This verse is from "The Wife":

Oh give your hands to me,  
That they may hold mine tight,  
That mine may in them be  
Like babes tucked warm at night.  
And that my strength may softened be  
By your goodness rare,  
That henceforth I may struggle aright  
With heart raised in prayer.

Much of the charm of this volume is due to the poet's translator, his wife, Tita Brand-Cammaerts. She has done her work with beautiful sympathy and insight. The student of French is given an opportunity to see the quality of her work, as the poems are printed in both French and English.

POEMS OF EMILE VERHAEREN, translated by Alma Stretell; \$1 net. BELGIAN POEMS, by Emile Cammaerts, translated by Tita Brand-Cammaerts; \$1.50 net. New York: John Lane Company.

## Searchlights.

Horace Annesley Vachell's newest play, "Searchlights," is advertised on its brown paper wrapper as "a thrilling drama." It is melodrama, but melodrama without any good old-fashioned thrill. Competent actors with vivid personalities of their own may make the cheap, unconvincing parts life-like upon the stage, but there is no particular interest in the play as a piece of dramatic literature.

The father of the sugar-and-water heroine, a German who is supposed to be devoted to

England, is too entirely Teutonic to impress us with his sincerity, and his humor has a damning heaviness. He complains in the play that his name, Schmalz, means in English "suet"; and truly he impresses us as being rather a suety individual—to take advantage of the opening which the author gives us. The hero is a hopeless cad, and the manner in which the mother of the hero attempts to keep her long-suffering husband guessing in regard to her son's paternity adds the final touch of disgust and weariness in us for the play whose last word is "Peace." For peace with such people would be as impossible as a Bryanian dream—and they lack the true human quality which might give savor to their discord.

SEARCHLIGHTS. By Horace Annesley Vachell. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1 net.

## CURRENT VERSE.

## The Great Blue Tent.

Come unto me, said the Flag,  
Ye weary and sore opprest;  
For I am no shot-riddled rag,  
But a great blue tent of rest.

Ye heavy laden, come  
On the aching feet of dread,  
From ravaged town, from murdered home,  
From your tortured and your dead.

All they that heat at my crimson bars  
Shall enter without demur.  
Though the round earth rock with the wind of wars,  
Not one of my folds shall stir.

See, here is warmth and sleep,  
And a table largely spread.  
I give garments to them that weep,  
And for gravestones I give bread.

But what, through my inmost fold,  
Is this cry on the winds of war?  
Are you grown so old, are you grown so cold,  
O Flag, that was once our star?

Where did you learn that bread is life,  
And where that fire is warm—  
You, that took the van of a world-wide strife,  
As the eagle takes the storm?

Where did you learn that men are bred  
Where hucksters bargain and gorge;  
And where that down makes a softer bed  
Than the snows of Valley Forge?

Come up, come up, to the stormy sky,  
Where our fierce folds rattle and hum,  
For Lexington taught us how to fly,  
And we dance to Concord's drum.

O flags of freedom, said the Flag,  
Brothers of wind and sky;  
I, too, was once a tattered rag,  
And I wake and shake at your cry.

I tug and tug at the anchoring place,  
Where my drowsy folds are caught;  
I strain to be off on the old fierce chase  
Of the foe we have always fought.

O People I made, said the Flag,  
And welded from sea to sea,  
I am still the shot-riddled rag,  
That shrieks to be free, to be free.

Oh, cut my silken ties  
From roof of the palace of peace;  
Give back my stars to the skies,  
My stripes to the storm-striped seas!

Or else, if you bid me yield,  
Then down with my crimson bars,  
And 'er all my azure field  
Sow poppies instead of stars.  
—Edith Wharton, in *New York Times*.

## A Lyric.

My heart is a garden of dreams  
Where you walk when day is done,  
Fair as the royal flowers,  
Calm as the lingering sun.

Never a drouth comes there,  
Nor any frost that mars,  
Only the wind of love  
Under the early stars,—

The living breath that moves  
Whispering to and fro,  
Like the voice of God in the dusk  
Of the Garden long ago.  
—Bliss Carman, in *Smart Set*.

## Night.

Hush of the world, save for a small and quiet  
wind,  
Out of the north through slumberous fir-tops  
stirring;

A late pale moon holding the dreaming hills  
With passionate white magic, and the whirring  
Of a belated cricket in the grass.  
O amber night, alive and wonderful and still!

I have arisen for I can not sleep. Too near to  
me.

Too sweet, the outspread wonder of your hair;  
Your silent breath stirs mine too tremulously,  
I am afraid with an old dread I have of losing  
you.

Heart of my life, is it not strange, this love  
Which holds us? Lips cling to lips, so much  
I strive to lose my self in you, and yet, beyond,  
above

Always we stand as beggars at the gates of  
sound and touch;

You are asleep, I know not where your soul,  
While I, alone, watch silently the stars.  
—Maxwell Struthers Burt, in *Scribner's Maga-*  
zine.

## The White House

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## The Grand Duke Constantine.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: I note with interest the reference in your issue of October 16th to the late Grand Duke Constantine of Russia and his authorship of the Passion Play, "The King of the Jews," which has just been translated into English. The paragraph really deserves some amplification, not only in justice to the distinguished author, but also to correct the slanders that have been maliciously circulated in this country concerning the Russian imperial family.

The Grand Duke Constantine, who was a brother of the Dowager Queen Olga of Greece, had a thorough military and scientific as well as literary education and held the rank of general. He was at the head of the *Corps des Pages*, the school in which many of the finest young men of Russia receive their education. He was for years president of the Academy of Sciences, and this great institution owed much to him. He was a poet of recognized ability and three volumes of his verse were well received. He published them under the initials "K. R." (Konstantin Romanoff), and not "K. K.," as stated in your note.

He was a great Shakespearean scholar and made a brilliant metrical translation of "Hamlet" into Russian, and afterward acted the title-role on the stage. But as if all this were not enough for one man, he was a talented musician and composer and had been born to another station would have made his mark in this field. His correspondence with Tchaikowsky is very interesting and shows the high opinion the latter had of his musical judgment.

In private life he was a charming gentleman and a delightful conversationalist. He spoke a number of languages fluently and was the centre of a fascinating circle of men of letters, scientists, and musicians.

All the world now knows what a great military leader is the Grand Duke Nicholas Nikolaievich, but few people know that the Grand Duke Nicholas Mikhailovich is one of the leading historical writers of Russia, or that his father, the late Grand Duke Michael, was the great Viceroy of the Caucasus. Because a few Grand Dukes have gone in for a good time and have not taken themselves seriously, like many of our rich young men, a totally erroneous impression has gone abroad concerning them. Nothing is more unjust than the lying phrase, "grand ducal clique," which implies that somehow or other Russia is governed by a group of Grand Dukes. As a matter of fact it is rare indeed that one holds a government office or

has anything to do with state affairs. In fact the bureaucracy, which is recruited from bourgeois rather than aristocratic classes, is very jealous of yielding any authority to them, and it is not an easy matter for a Grand Duke to make a career for himself.

The Emperor is an able ruler, well-informed, conscientious, broad-minded, and few men have suffered more from calumny and slander. His power is of course greatly limited by the bureaucracy, but The Hague Conferences and the abolition of vodka, both of which were his personal work, are sufficient to distinguish any ruler. His son, the Grand Duke Alexis, is a bright, manly boy of great promise. The tales circulated concerning his physical condition are as false as those which associate his father with soothsayers and miracle-workers.

Is it not high time that our newspapers cease publishing lies, the object of which is to alienate us from a people with whom we should be on terms of friendship out of consideration for the past as well as for the future?  
RUSSOPHILE.

Oliver Cromwell tried to train his son to be a worthy successor as Protector, but the attempt was a failure. Richard was easy-going and amiable, and more addicted to sports than to statecraft. He was the acknowledged Lord Protector from September 3, 1658, to May 25, 1659, but cut little figure as such. He did not relish official duties, and much preferred having a good time. The cavaliers called him "Queen Dick," and others, still less respectfully, spoke of him as "Tumble-down Dick." He was glad to quit when Parliament told him to get out. After his abdication, however, he conducted himself with credit and even with dignity. He lived in quiet retirement for fifty-three years, and died July 12, 1712, at the ripe old age of ninety.

After lying in a bed of rust for many years, the largest meteorite in any museum was finally landed in Rio de Janeiro by Dr. Orville Derby. It is more than seven feet long, almost five feet in width, and its weight when it fell was about 12,000 pounds. It was first discovered in 1784 and the following year an attempt was made to convey it to the town of Bahia by means of a truck built for the purpose. It took the men three days to load it, and eighty oxen dragged it a distance of 1500 feet to the bed of a stream near by, where they had to abandon it. There it lay for about twenty-five years, when Mr. Mornay, an Englishman, came upon it.



LIGHTER LITERATURE.

The Lure of San Francisco.

With such a subject there is no reason why the authors should have confined themselves to a scant hundred pages unless on the principle immortalized by Sam Weller that the great art of writing is to make the reader wish that there was more of it. And certainly we do wish that there were more of this light and pleasant causerie on city topics

and the authors are to be congratulated on having done it so well. Nor should there be an omission to praise the workmanship of the book and the artistic illustrations.

THE LURE OF SAN FRANCISCO. By Elizabeth Gray Potter and Mabel Thayer Gray. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.; \$1.25 net.

Exposition Art.

Among really beautiful books intended to commemorate the art of the Exposition is

is beyond question and with a single eye to artistic merit. And it may be said that the publishers have admirably coöperated with the authors in the production of volumes that are mechanically perfect and a delight to the eye.

THE SCULPTURE AND MURAL PAINTINGS OF THE EXPOSITION. Described by Stella G. S. Perry. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.; \$2 net. Also a \$6 edition.

Letters on an Elk Hunt.

Those who read "The Letters of a Woman Homesteader" are not likely willingly to miss another book from the same pen. It will be remembered that the book closed just as the author was about to start on an elk hunt, and doubtless there were many readers who wished that they might go, too. They now have the opportunity, for here is the story of the hunt. The journey was one of 300 miles, and with the author for guide we may be sure there was no dull moment. But perhaps the chief charm of the book is in the author's unconscious delineation of her own character and temperament.

LETTERS ON AN ELK HUNT. By Elinore Pruitt Stewart. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1 net.

Dog Stars.

We have sometimes wondered if dog stories are true. The temptation to decorate and to see what is not actually there must be a strong one. But we have no such doubts about Mrs. T. P. O'Connor's three dogs. Their story is told too convincingly for that. That three such dogs should belong to one person goes far to justify an ancient theory that the evolution of the so-called lower animals may be hastened by the sympathetic contact with human beings. It would indeed be an irresponsible dog that could remain unbenefited by contact with Mrs. T. P. O'Connor.

DOG STARS. By Mrs. T. P. O'Connor. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.50 net.

Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco, announce that they will publish early in December the catalogue de luxe of the department of fine arts of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, edited by John E. D. Trask, chief of the department of fine arts, and J. Nilsen Laurvik. The work will contain the complete official catalogue, together with a carefully compiled biographical index of American painters, etchers, engravers, lithographers, and sculptors. The work will appear in two large sumptuous volumes, illustrated with upwards of two hundred reproductions of the paintings, sculpture, and graphic arts exhibited.

Walter Hale, the artist, will, it is announced, contribute to the December and January numbers of the *Century Magazine* a series of personal impressions from the front, entitled "Notes of an Artist Under Fire." The *Century* sent Mr. Hale to France in June with a commission to make a series of drawings and lithographs showing the German devastations in the Valley of the Aisne and along the line north of Compiègne.

Cora Lenore Williams, author of "As If" and essays on "Involution," has in press, for early publication by Paul Elder & Co., a book entitled "The Fourth-Dimensional Reaches of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition." It will be illustrated with reproductions of a series of etchings by Gertrude Partington, and will be issued in most attractive style.

IMPORTANT BOOKS ON  
The Exposition  
Published by  
Paul Elder & Co.

Fourth-Dimensional Reaches of the Exposition

By CORA L. WILLIAMS, Principal of the A to Zed Preparatory School, Berkeley. Author of "As If."

A consideration of the general status of the Fourth-Dimensional Theory and of the Fourth-Dimensional Aspects of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. Illustrated with reproductions of a series of etchings by Gertrude Partington. Friar Bacon Edition: Bound in flexible Italian cover. 50c net.

Little Bronze Playfellows

By STELLA G. S. PERRY.

A fantasy for children and grown-ups, introducing the garden bronzes seen in the Fine Arts Colonnade. Written entertainingly and stimulating the appreciation of art. Illustrated with a series of reproductions of these fascinating bronzes of children—Duck Baby, Wildflower, etcetera. Young Pan Edition: Bound in flexible Italian cover. 75c net. Wildflower Edition: Bound in flexible leather, \$1.25 net.

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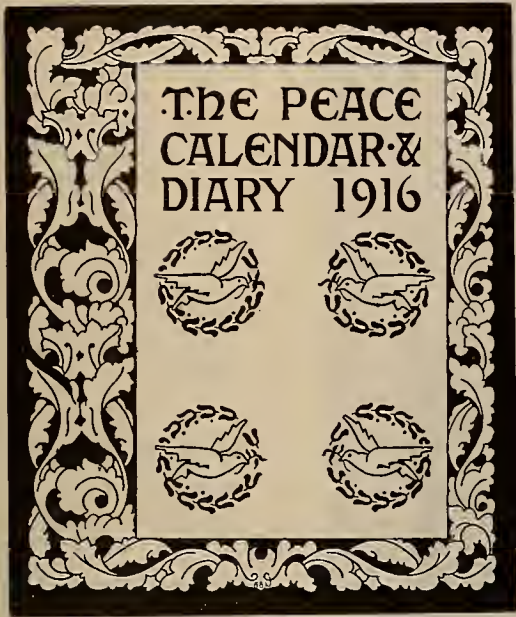
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which have so strong an invocatory force upon the imagination.

The authors give us four chapters on "The Mission and Its Romance," "The Presidio, Past and Present," "The Plaza and Its Echoes," and "Telegraph Hill of Unique Fame." But they are full and inclusive chapters and obviously the work of true lovers of San Francisco. We are told of the city's historic crosses, of some of its churches and the romances enshrined in their walls, of

this handsome volume by Stella G. S. Perry, with introduction by A. Stirling Calder, N. A., acting chief of sculpture. It is a companion volume to "The Architecture and Landscape Gardening of the Exposition," with an introduction by Louis Mullgardt, the two together, with the two volumes by Eugen Neuhaus, containing a complete and beautiful record of the art of the Exposition, a record marked by the best artistic discrimination and in every way worthy of a perma-



Illustration from "The Lure of San Francisco," by Elizabeth Gray Potter and Mabel Thayer Gray. Paul Elder & Co.

the Spanish fortifications and the love story of Concepcion and Rezanov, of the Chinese restaurants and the relics of '49, and of the Latin Quarter and the Golden Gate. Every one can tell us more or less of these things, but here the charm is in the telling, the vivacious dialogue, and in the felicitous blending of past and present. It is only of San Francisco that such a book could be written,

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The twenty-two poems in this volume by Edward Robeson Taylor will fully meet the expectations of those who have learned to associate Dr. Taylor's name with the dignified expression of fine poetic sentiment. Dr. Taylor's inspiration has been the works of art in the Exposition, and it bears all the marks of a spontaneous imagination that is none the less restrained and within the compass of more prosaic minds. Dr. Taylor's hook should prove a pleasant souvenir of which the value is enhanced by the striking photogravure illustrations.

IN THE COURT OF THE AGES. By Edward Robeson Taylor. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson.

## Yosemite.

Mr. George Sterling's reputation would be safe if it rested alone upon this one fine poem. Indeed there may be some who will think that it is more definitely and actually a poem than anything that has preceded it from his pen. Here we find none of the searchings after verbal effects, no use of strange, or weird or forced language, no dominance of the poet himself over his poetry that has sometimes been discernible in Mr. Sterling's earlier work. On the contrary, there is a certain tone of awe and of self-suppression that is peculiarly becoming to the topic and that perhaps should never be wholly absent from true poetry. Mr. Sterling seems to have had a real glimpse of the

Beauty, whose face and mystery we seek,

Forever longing and forever foiled,—  
Whose praise the voices of our art would speak,  
And in whose face all art and love have toiled.

This is a short poem of some sixteen stanzas, and we may therefore confine ourselves to the citation of one only and as an example of a metre of which the author makes such effective use:

O vaster Dawn, ascendant and sublime,  
That past the peaks of Time  
And midnight stars' array,  
Dost bear the magnitude of stars to be,  
What hopes go forth to thee!  
O glad, unrisen Day!  
The soul, an eagle from its eyrie yearning,  
Goes up against the splendor and the burning—  
Goes up afar and sees the world made free!  
O liberty to come!  
What trumpets shall announce thee on what  
glooms?  
What lips now dumb  
Shall sing thine ancient victories and dooms,

And in what halls  
Shall man set up an altar to thy star?  
Yea! though the time be far,  
Shall not thy song be lifted to these walls  
And on these peaks shall not thy banners shine?  
O Dawn divine!  
On eastern skies I see thy chariots hurled,  
And on the reeling night  
The legions of thy light,  
With morning! morning! morning! on the world!



Illustration from "In the Court of the Ages," by Edward Robeson Taylor.  
A. M. Robertson.

The scenic illustrations are particularly good and the craftsmanship of the book is a credit to the publisher.

Yosemite. By George Sterling. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson; 75 cents net.

## Dreams and Dust.

There are so many poets! And the songs that are in them so choke them that they

fain must make utterance of their rhymes so that the world may know what has been bothering them. So it is that the volumes of verse keep tumbling from the presses. Now and then comes something of such quality that makes the world halt for a moment in its mad rush and listen to the poet's piping. And many there are that the world indifferently passes by—and justly, too, for more sorry trash is printed in the name of poetry than in the name of prose. And in between the extremes are volumes of verse that the world is willing to pause a moment over, nod approval, and pass on forgetting. Of such quality is "Dreams and Dust," by Don Marquis. There is not a wonderful, arresting poem in the volume. Neither are there any poor ones. And this does not mean, either, that Mr. Marquis's work is mediocre. It takes higher rank than that. He has a neat turn of expression, a flash of whimsy now and then, a light touch, and a graceful style. The problems of life are treated adequately in some of his more serious verses, and love and wine and laughter have their share of his attention. It is a volume that one can pick up and be sure of finding something pleasing. There is nothing inspired or inspiring about the book—but there is entertainment in it, and the wherewithal for killing an idle hour pleasantly.

DREAMS AND DUST. By Don Marquis. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.20 net.

## North of Boston.

In somewhat the same vein as the "Spoon River Anthology" of recent fame, Robert Frost has struck a new, vital, and astonishingly American note in "North of Boston," his first published volume. All of the poems in the volume have appeared previously in the magazines, and the English critics have been displaying considerable enthusiasm over them. His medium is a rather free and irregular form of blank verse and his manner of expression quite homely; but shining through it is the light of real beauty that beautiful surfaces often obscure; and here it occasionally breaks through into a bit of loveliness of form that has the charm of a Japanese arrangement of flowers.

He deals with homely lives, with the hidden beauties and horrors of the days of those whom we carelessly term mediocrities, the middle classes that dwell on the New England farms of the North. It is gray poetry of the plains of life where color can not be sensed hurriedly.

We talk of an American art to be, but

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always with an eye on European standards. Usually we are afraid to accept the life of our land as it is for our inspiration. Robert Frost has not been afraid. His every page rings with sincerity and the poignancy of struggling life, and he has wasted no words or time in explaining himself or his message:

Something there is that doesn't love a wall,  
That sends a frozen ground-swell under it,  
And spills the upper boulders in the sun

So commences the initial poem of Robert Frost's volume, which is perhaps as good as any other to reveal his quality. He tells of going out with his neighbor in the spring to mend their fence, each on his own side setting right the mysterious havoc that the winter has wrought, continuing:

There where it is we do not need the wall:  
He is all pine and I am apple orchard.  
My apple trees will never get across  
And eat the cones under his pines, I tell him.  
He only says, "Good fences make good neighbors."

Spring is the mischief in me, and I wonder  
If I could put a notion in his head:  
"Why do they make good neighbours? Isn't it  
Where there are cows? But here there are no cows.

Before I built a wall I'd ask to know  
What I was walling in or walling out,  
And to whom I was like to give offense.  
Something there is that doesn't love a wall,  
That wants it down." I could say "Elves" to him,

But it's not elves exactly, and I'd rather  
He said it for himself. I see him there  
Bringing a stone grasped firmly by the top  
In each hand, like an old stone-savage armed.  
He moves in darkness as it seems to me,  
Not of woods only and the shade of trees.  
He will not go behind his father's saying,  
And he likes having thought of it so well.  
He says again, "Good fences make good neighbors."

There will be objections, undoubtedly, from some convention-blinded quarters that this is not poetical. Well, perhaps poetry is going to grow beyond the need of being always pleasing to the senses.

NORTH OF BOSTON. By Robert Frost. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.25.

**The Man on the Hilltop.**  
Arthur Davison Ficke continues to maintain his reputation as a poet of unusual talent. The gods, while not making him a genius, have bestowed upon him a gift of song that places him well up in the ranks of today's writers. Indeed, there are few American poets who are producing so much consistently good verse as comes from Mr. Ficke.



Morning—The Half Dome, from "Yosemite," by George Sterling.  
A. M. Robertson.

"The Man on the Hilltop," his latest volume, contains some of the finest examples of his art—barring the poem from which the book takes its title. In this is told the story of a man who, brooding over the misery that

he and his parents endured as wage-slaves in a steel mill, crucifies himself, obsessed by the idea that by this act he can rescue his fellow-men from the tyranny of the toil that destroys mind and body. It is a dramatic story, told in blank verse; but the interest

centres in the tale and not in the manner of its telling—which is the reverse of what a poem should be.

Ficke is shown to far better advantage in the other narrative poem in the volume—"At St. Stephanos." With true poetic feeling it tells of a monk who, having renounced the world, longs to be back in it. There are unusually beautiful passages in the poem; and throughout the descriptive passages there is maintained a style that reflects the quiet and peace of the monastery. It is a fine achievement.

"Lyrics" and "Grotesques" make up the rest of the volume. Some of the poems are delightfully songful; there is well-handled realism in others; and in still others the author more than cleverly tears the mask off human nature and scoffs at what is revealed. His cynicism is not morbid, however; rather, it is of the constructive sort that seeks to remedy the world's defects by picturing them plainly.

There is nothing decadent about Ficke's work, and he has not been infected by the fever of *vers libre*. Conventional in form, his poems have finesse that make freakishness unnecessary to success. His poems are intellectual in appeal without being transcendental; and they have a fine, healthy vigor and vitality.

"THE MAN ON THE HILLTOP." By Arthur Davison Ficke. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$1.25 net.

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His hero is Darrell Standing, under sentence of death in Folsom for an assault upon a warder. Standing tells his own story of prison life, and it is perhaps the most revolting narrative of official cruelty that has ever been told of a modern institution. Where did Mr. London get his facts from, and are they facts?

But Standing finds a way to escape from the horrors of the straight-jacket. He can not release his body from the jacket, but he learns how to release his soul from his body. Another convict in an adjoining cell teaches him a process of self-hypnotization by which the body becomes paralyzed and the soul liberated. But a freedom from physical torture is not the only result of the feat. Standing finds that he can now remember his past incarnations or earth lives. All their details and events stand out visibly before his inner vision. He says:

I have worn the iron collar of the serf about my neck in cold climes; and I have loved princesses of royal houses in the tropic-warmed and sun-scented night, where black slaves fanned the sultry air with fans of peacock plumes, while from afar, across the palms and fountains, drifted the roaring of lions and the cries of jackals. I have crouched in chill desert places warming my hands at fires builded of camel's dung; and I have lain in the meager shade of sun-

sized in England than elsewhere. There is the aristocratic clergyman—usually, it is to be feared, a tyrant—and the non-conformist minister, and around them the clustered importances and nonentities of village life. It is a typical picture of conditions that will not exist much longer, and that indeed are already on the wane.

In "The Old Order Changeth" we have a somewhat similar picture, but with a different theme. Aristocratic lineage is being displaced by money, and we see the old and the new ideals in the conflict that is peaceful but relentless. Mr. Marshall knows his ground thoroughly. He is dealing with reali-



Howard Vincent O'Brien, author of "Thirty." Dodd, Mead & Co.

tics, and he is able to do so by means of a craftsmanship that is beyond the reach even of hypercriticism.

THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH AND THE GREATEST OF THESE. By Archibald Marshall. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.35 net each.

## The Gilded Chrysalis.

A very happy title this; indicating that the character of the American girl, lying perdue in its gilded envelope, would emerge winged with beauty from the trials of married life for which her superficial training had so illily prepared her. The author, Gertrude Parlow, makes something of a tilt against the folly of training portionless girls for a purely social career, since parents and guardians allow their charges to marry according to their own choice.

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Illustration from "The Faithful," by John Mosefield. Macmillan Company.



Berta Ruck, author of "The Wooing of Rosamond Foyre." Dodd, Mead & Co.

parched sagebrush by dry water-holes and yearned dry-tongued for water, while about me, dismembered and scattered in the alkali, were the bones of men and beasts who had yearned and died.

I have been sea curie and bravo, scholar and recluse. I have pored over hand-written pages of huge and musty tomes in the scholastic quietude and twilight of cliff-perched monasteries, while beneath, on the lesser slopes, peasants still toiled beyond the end of day among the vines and olives and drove in from pastures the blating goats and lowing kine; yes, and I have led shouting rabble down the wheel-worn, chariot-rutted paves of ancient and forgotten cities; and, solemn-voiced and grave as death, I have enunciated the law, stated the gravity of the infraction, and imposed the due death on men who, like Darrell Standing in Folsom Prison, had broken the law.

Apparently these reminiscences are intended to show that Standing, by his present sufferings, is actually expiating the sins of past lives, and that present and future are bound together by a law of cause and effect. Perhaps Mr. London is hardly at his best here, but it is none the less a strong story, and in a vein of infinite possibilities.

THE STAR ROVER. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

## Novels by Archibald Marshall.

It is to be feared that in an age over-prone to worship the superficial some of the finer and more dignified additions to the fiction shelf may receive but scanty attention. Among these are two novels by Archibald Marshall, "The Greatest of These" and "The Old Order Changeth," that may be heartily recommended to those who appreciate a serious and dignified effort to describe the silent revolution that has passed over the social life of England. The first of the two is a study of clerical life, always so much more empha-

though she is, is something of a trial to the reader, at first, and, indeed, almost up to the last. We do not know whether girls who are trained to be society debutantes can be so giddily impracticable to social discipline as this dainty, Paris-bred American who takes a perverse delight in making her young dignity of matronhood turn somersaults. But the author maintains a lively pitch of interest, and has, besides, quite a talent for depicting, by means of clever, genial, and humorous dialectic dialogue, the character of the rustic New Englander.

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to college faculty society; the idealist, the exhorter, the efficient manager, the moneyed patroness, etc. A few students appear, but the author's greater familiarity seems to lie with the faculty people and their families.

Making no great pretension to solidity of achievement, yet the author, by the purpose which informs her novel, has lifted it to a slightly higher rank than purely entertaining fiction, whose lighter attractions it nevertheless possesses, so lively is her style, so ready her wit, and so deft her characterizations.

THE GILDED CHRYSALIS. By Gertrude Parlow. New York: Duffield & Co.

## Flower of the Gorse.

Here we have a capital novel in Louis Tracy's best style, and when that is said, it is praise indeed. At the outset it rivets attention and one is loath to put the book aside until the last page is reached. Partly it is a splendid picture of the quaint Breton fisherfolk who, God-fearing, brave, and kindly, daily risk their lives off the treacherous Breton shore. In this kindly haven Ingersoll, a shy, retiring American artist, and his infant daughter, Yvonne, have found the seclusion which the former desired. There they have lived for twenty years, the girl in

ignorance of her mother, who finally comes to complicate affairs, through the agency of a shipwreck. And certainly matters are complicated, for Ingersoll, who we think should have asserted himself long ago, finds that another husband has been in existence. We have no particular admiration for some of the characters, but as a heroine, Yvonne is entirely satisfying. Tall, strong, sweet, and wholesome, she is fit to be wife, sweetheart, and companion to the right man. And of course he is at hand. A very lovable fellow he is, too, is Lorry, and we like him at once. In fact, one can not but like even Peridot, who gayly batters the life out of Fosdyke with a belying pin. Then there is another villain, quite despicable in his weakness. The entire story is robust, stirring, and of course ending happily enough.

FLOWER OF THE GORSE. By Louis Tracy. New York: Edward J. Clode; \$1.25 net.

Professor Morris Jastrow, Jr., holding the chair of Semitic languages, and also librarian at the University of Pennsylvania, has written a work of the first importance on "The Civilization of Babylonia and Assyria," published by the J. B. Lippincott Company. It is the first book to cover the whole field.



BOOKS ABOUT WAR.

Paris Reborn.

Mr. Herbert Adams Gibbons has seen a good deal of war, and therefore he is able to write of siege-threatened Paris with the accuracy and equilibrium that come from experience. He begins his diary—for his book is in the form of a diary—on July 13, 1914, and his last entry is on December 25th. He was therefore in Paris shortly before the declaration of war, he saw the fevered days when every bulletin announced the approach of Von Kluck, and he participated in the general relief when the tide of invasion was stayed at the Marne. But there are very few who could tell the story so well. Mr. Gibbons is not only a keen observer, but he knows what to observe, and how to record it. He knows tragedy, and pathos, and humor, and he knows how to record them. As a result we have the best book that has yet been written of Paris under the war cloud.

The author has the warmest admiration for the French women and he abundantly justifies his praise. Writing on September 11th, he relates an incident of their heroism.

Last Thursday, in one of the suburbs near the firing line, a young wife learned that her husband's regiment was going to pass through a neighboring suburb in the retreat towards the Marne. She took her three-year-old boy to a place where the regiment was to pass. When her husband's company came by, a corporal who knew her saw her standing on the curb. He ran out of the line, and grabbed her arm, saying, "Courage, courage, madame; your husband fell at my side yesterday at Meaux." The liac had halted for a moment, owing to some obstacle ahead, so soldiers and bystanders heard and realized the tragedy that was being enacted.

The young woman stood for a second with closed eyes. Then she lifted her boy above her head, and presented him to the regiment, crying, "Vive la France."

The author has the usual condemnation for the stupidities of the censor. The people of Paris were fully persuaded that all was well with the army even after the defeats in the



Illustration from "High Lights of the French Revolution," by Hilaire Belloc. The Century Co.

north and the French retreat from Lorraine. But at last the bad news came:

But the attitude of Paris in the face of this first bad news is admirable beyond expression. I believe that no people could have taken their medicine better. Considering that yesterday the talk was all about the invasion of Germany and that today the probability of the German invasion of France is before us, the acceptance by the public of the new situation with calmness and unflinching determination to believe still in General Joffre and his army makes one confident that Paris will keep herself in hand, come what may.

On August 13th the city was still uncertain of the extent of the French reverses. The censors had hidden everything that could be hidden. But proof came, and from the Germans themselves, and in a romantic and dramatic fashion:

Shortly after noon a German aviator, flying at the height of six thousand feet, was seen appearing from the direction of Montmartre. He came over the city as far as the Gare du Nord, to destroy which he let fall three bombs. A pennant of the German colors, eight feet long and weighted by a sandbag, fell in the Rue des Vinaigriers. It bore the message:

"The German army is at the gates of Paris. There is nothing for you to do except surrender—Lieutenant von Heidssen."

But the aviators signally failed to produce the state of terror upon which they had confidently reckoned. The daily *Taube* became an object of curiosity, and those who failed to see it were jealous of the more fortunate ones:

Fear? I saw no sign of it. When the aeroplane had certainly disappeared, the Parisians went back to their work or to their *apéritifs*. Newspapers were opened again, and fresh cigarettes lit. The *Taube* had gone. Why think more about it?

Eventually the *Taube* became a sort of holiday spectacle, and there was intense disappointment if it failed to put in an appearance. There was competition for coins of vantage to see the show, and everywhere Paris was *endimanchée* when it was known that the German aviators were on the way:

We waited an hour, ever hopeful, ever watching for specks on the horizon that might

grow larger until they took the form of *Shining Tauben*. All around us were expressions of disgust. Up to the approach of dinner hour and darkness, there was still the ardent hope, "*pourvu qu'ils viennent*." If they would only come! This is how Bernhardt's policy of "frightfulness" has affected Paris.

Paris was naturally jubilant over the battle of the Marne. The long tension was relieved and the dread of a siege was at an end. The news came on September 12th, and on that day the author writes:

We felt victory in the air. Talk about telepathy! The lawyer and I were just huddling over with happiness. So was every one round us. *Something good had happened somewhere!*

While we waited a train from Paris passing by dropped bundles of the afternoon papers with the 3 o'clock communiqué. Talk about your crazy, frenzied mobs. I had



Illustration from "Paris Reborn," by Herbert Adams Gibbons. The Century Company.

never been in anything like it since the Bowl-Rush of college days.

To get a paper I abandoned my change. My eyes sought the communiqué. Joy of joys. Like a madman I ran back to the terrace, where the Lawyer, wiser than I, had already bought a *Liberté* from a camelot that had not tried to sell to the crowd.

*It was Victory!* The battle of the Marne was over. The Germans were in full retreat. Paris was saved!

Those who wish to read a peculiarly stirring account of some of the greatest days in human history should on no account miss this fine record by Mr. Gibbons.

PARIS REBORN. By Herbert Adams Gibbons. New York: The Century Company; \$2 net.

The White Feather.

Spies and counter-spies work their way through some 280 pages of this piece of imaginative work on the part of Lechmere Worrall and J. E. Harold Terry. The scene



Frontispiece from "My Childhood," by Maxim Gorky. The Century Company.

is laid in the Wave Crest Private Hotel, overlooking the North Sea. Mr. Pollock, an English J. P., is the one outstanding character, but rather from an amusing point of view. We are introduced to two German spies, who are in turn spied on by secret service operatives on behalf of the Admiralty. The inevitable love story is introduced. However, the book is dull and unconvincing. On the whole the authors seem to have overlooked good opportunities.

THE WHITE FEATHER. By Lechmere Worrall and J. E. Harold Terry. New York: Edward J. Clode; \$1.25 net.

Two large editions were necessary to take care of the advanced demand for Margaret Hill McCarter's new story, "The Corner Stone," and a third printing is now out.

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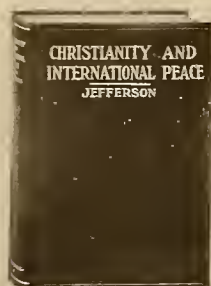




## BOOKS ABOUT WAR.

## Frederick the Great.

A comprehensive study of the present war is by no means an easy task, either from the political, the military, or the geographical points of view. But if we would make our understanding in any way complete it seems that we must also study the wars that are past. The Seven Years' War, says Mr. Ronald Acott Hall, bears some surprising resemblances to the present struggle. The



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Prussian officer of today bases his calculations on those of Frederick the Great, and the ideals of Frederick the Great have become national. Frederick advanced into Saxony just as the present army has advanced into Belgium. The attempt to strike at Austria and thereby terminate the war before Russia should be ready to attack was represented last year by the policy of striking down France before Russia's forces were brought to bear. Other parallels are no less striking, and possibly still others are yet to be disclosed.

The author gives us the history of the Seven Years' War, year by year, and with special attention to the military tactics that were displayed. That these may be still more clear we have plans of the battles of Lohositz, Prague, Kolin, Rosshach, Leuthen, Zorndorf,

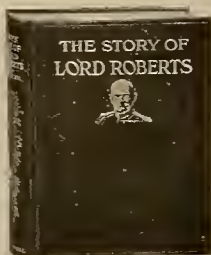
Hochkirchen, Kunersdorf, Liegnitz, and Torgau. There is also a plan to show the resemblances between Hindenburg's victory in East Prussia and the battle of Lohositz. Frederick, defending himself for the invasion of Saxony, says: "I believed myself justified in taking this step on account of the 'mauvaise intentions' shown in every dispatch of the Saxons I had seen. Moreover, reasons drawn from political necessity, and the demands of war supported and justified my conduct."

Mr. Hall has certainly written a clear and succinct story, and one that throws much light upon a struggle that dwarfs not only the Seven Years' War, but all the combats of human history.

FREDERICK THE GREAT AND HIS SEVEN YEARS' WAR. By Ronald Acott Hall, C. C. S. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50 net.

## A Russian Exile.

The quickened interest in Russia which has accompanied recent events is responsible for a flood of books, some of them valuable and informing, but the majority of them worthless rubbish. In lieu of facts some writers have drawn upon their imaginations



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to paint pictures of Russian life calculated to appeal to the prejudices of the public.

One of the most flagrant of these frauds is a book bearing the title of "The Life Story of a Russian Exile," by Marie Sukloff. The

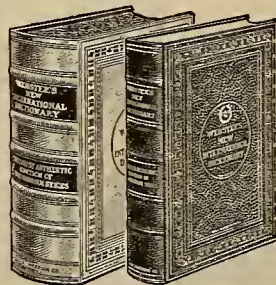
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story is well constructed as a piece of fiction, and to one unacquainted with Russian life can not fail to be more or less convincing. To one who knows Russia, however, discrepancies appear in every page that show the story beyond question to be wholly imaginary.

Of course the stories of the pseudo Marie Sukloff taking part in lurid political plots and planning assassinations are pure inven-

not realized the fate assigned to her. It was the Agadir incident that brought the country with a bound to its feet. Internal dissensions were banished in the presence of a national danger and the country for the first time became aware of the many links in the chain that was intended to lead to her destruction.

The links, says the author, were clearly in sight. A dozen isolated events became at once parts of a whole. The increase of German armaments, the Krupp scandals, the trespasses upon French soil, the constant hellish provocations, the troubles in Alsace-Lorraine, the Pan-German movement in Austria—all these incidents and many others served to indicate a national policy of aggression and provocation that could have only one intent and one ending. They are all reviewed by the author, who finishes a distinctive and remarkable hook with the words:

Yes, as I lay down my pen, I repeat with renewed conviction the cry of alarm that I wrote at the head of these pages: *France is in danger!*

Not only is she in danger, as she was after



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tions, and the tale of how she had handcuffs and fetters put on her when captured is too silly, but the triumph of this choice bit of fiction is the melodrama of her escape from Siberia. In this she puts the "Exploits of Elaine" to the blush, and winds up by barely slipping out of the hands of a white slaver in Shanghai.

Such hooks as "The Life Story of a Russian Exile" and "The Yellow Ticket" by their falsity and venom do much to prejudice people against Russia and to prevent an understanding of the Russian people as they are. How far the German propaganda is responsible for them it is difficult to say, but it is known to have had a hand in the production of "The Yellow Ticket" and the recent version of "The Melting Pot."

The antidote for such rubbish as this is



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the publication of sound and truthful works on Russia, but alas, the public loves the sensational and the purveyors of this sort of lying melodrama find in it a financial remuneration that the conscientious writer looks for in vain.

THE LIFE STORY OF A RUSSIAN EXILE. By Marie Sukloff. New York: The Century Company; \$1.50 net.

## France in Danger.

The fact that this book was first published in France in 1913 makes it one of the most remarkable pieces of political prognostication that have yet seen the light. It is an attempt to show that Pan-Germanism had become a menace to the peace of the world and that France was then, and had long been, designated as the first victim on a career of world conquest. France, says the author, had



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the fatal war of 1870, by the inexorable chain of circumstances; nor because it has been proved, after long and hopeless waiting, and many fruitless attempts, that no solution of peace is possible.

Henceforth France is in danger because of the deliberate will and concerted plan of a powerful society of hellish doctrinaires, who have made her final annihilation at no very distant date the first condition of the gigantic work towards which imperialist Germany aspires.

France is in danger because of all the old reasons which still exist and are aggravated



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every day, and also for new reasons of which no one had warned her, and which she had to be told.

The author is certainly entitled to the laurels of the prophet so far as his predictions of war are concerned. The accuracy of his arguments must be left for the determination of history.

FRANCE IN DANGER. By Paul Vergnet. Translated by Beatrice Barstow. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1 net.

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BOOKS ABOUT WAR.

Heart's Kindred.

This curious story by Zona Gale may be said to be a presentation of the war problem from the standpoints of the primitive man and the primitive woman. When Lory Moor of the western village of Inch is about to be given in marriage to that repulsive brute, Bunchy Haight, in liquidation of her father's debt, she takes refuge in Inger's cabin because "I didn't know no woman I could tell nor no other decent man." Inger is by no means a saint, but the confidence of the girl is an appeal to his chivalry, and he not only protects her, but accompanies her first to Chicago and then to Washington in search of her relatives. Inger has the war fever. He



Zona Gale, author of "Heart's Kindred." Macmillan Company.

wants, as do most men, to "raise hell" in a legitimate way. At Chicago this strange couple attend a war meeting and listen to impassioned appeals for action in retaliation for the sinking of the *Lusitania*, and Inger is mightily stirred and Lory is mightily perplexed. Lory remembers seeing her father kill a sberiff, and all she can think of is the thousands of European bones under such a horrid shadow. It is the personal equation of the woman. When they reach Washington they attend a peace meeting and hear the speeches of the women of the nations at war. Every one there seems so friendly, and to Inger it seems as though they were all like Lory and him:

Out of a heart suddenly full he spoke the utmost that he could.  
"What a rotten shame," he said, "it'd be to kill any of them."  
She looked up, and saw where he was looking, and her heart leaped with her understanding of him.  
He was trying to think it out.  
"But they can't seem to stop to think of things like that," he said; "not when big things come up."  
"Big things," she cried. "What's big things?"  
"Well—rights—and land—and seaports," said he.  
She laughed, and caught up an end of her



John Maschfield, author of "The Faithful." Macmillan Company.

blue knitted shawl and covered her face, and dropped the shawl with almost a sob.  
"Rights—and land—and seaports!" she said over.  
The three words hung in air, and echoed. And abruptly there came upon him a dozen things that he had heard that night: "We had just three little streets, but they took those. . . ." "There is only one hell worse than we have been through. . . ." "Say, if you like, that Belgium was only a part of what happens in war. . . ." "We have to think of men brutalized and driven to hideous deeds. . . ." "Enough of slaughter. Enough of devastation. Peace—lasting peace!" And then again the words of the Hungarian woman: "I had a shawl on my back, but I had no baby and I don't know where I dropped him."  
"Think of millions of men doing like Dad and that sheriff," the girl said suddenly. "I saw 'em there on the woodshed floor—stark, starin', ravin' mad."  
Lory's viewpoint is always that of the family, the fireside, the baby. All world problems narrow themselves to that shining circle. War to her is no more than a thousand fathers killing a thousand sheriffs and staining with lurid red a thousand cottage floors. In our superior wisdom we may think her viewpoint an inadequate one, but none the less we are disposed to be grateful that it exists. And we are grateful also to the author for enabling us momentarily to gratify it.

HEART'S KINDRED. By Zona Gale. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.35 net.

War and the Breed.

Dr. David Starr Jordan makes war upon war with an admirable energy and persistence. He seems fully persuaded that human hates will disappear as soon as hates are shown to be "bad business," and that nothing more is needed than to prove that the financial and eugenic balance is on the wrong side of the ledger. But we are by no means sure that Dr. Jordan is not slaying the slain. No one except a maniac will now assert that war is profitable to those engaged in it, even to the victors. War is admittedly a calamity, although perhaps not quite so great a calamity as Dr. Jordan would maintain, and practically it has no defenders. We are all of one mind upon that point, and therefore we may be excused for showing a little indifference to statistical tables intended to prove what is already beyond dispute. We do not read treatises against the Ptolemaic system of astronomy. We do not need them. Nor do we need demonstrations that war is "bad business." It appears now that men fight for much the same reason that dogs fight, because they are naturally pugnacious. And pugnacity is not to be cured by statistical tables.

Dr. Jordan bases his argument on the following premiss: "It is apparent that armies demand men above the average in physical efficiency. It is plain that the most energetic and intelligent among these make the best soldiers. It is recognized that those who fight best suffer the most in action, while



Owen Wister, author of "The Pentecost of Colanity." Mccmillan Company.

the demands of battle and camp cut off men in the prime of life from normal parenthood. This leaves the weaker elements of one kind or another to be the fathers of the coming generations. By the law of heredity, like the seed is the harvest, and the future of the race repeats the qualities of those war does not use." Now apart from the fact that the real human values are ethical and not physical, and that ethical and physical values are but slightly related, if at all, there seem to be fallacies in the argument that mitigate its force. It might be pointed out, for example, that it is the weaker among the wounded who die, and that war therefore exercises a certain salutary selective force that tends to well-being. It may further be pointed out that in times of war the death rate among the women at home rises *pari passu* with that of the men in the field, and, once more, it is the weaker ones that are carried off. We see, therefore, a certain tendency to preserve the physically fit even in times of war, while it may also be suggested that the internal economic distress produced by war tends in the same direction by killing the unfit.

None the less Dr. Jordan's book is a most



Edgar Lee Masters, author of "Spoon River Anthology." Macmillan Company.

valuable epitome of the case against war. He deals with the various countries of the world seriatim, showing the results of war upon the human physical stock. Perhaps he is a little over prone to assume that a thing is so because some one has said that it is so and to describe theories as laws of nature, but that is common enough among those who make special pleas even for the best of causes.

WAR AND THE BREED. By David Starr Jordan. Boston: The Beacon Press.

Holland and Belgium.

There seem to be some parts of the earth specially designed by nature for the doing of great deeds, just as there are some epochs in history crowded by great men while other epochs are sterile. In this substantial volume we have the story of some of the red-

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FAMOUS DAYS AND DEEDS IN HOLLAND AND BELGIUM. By Charles Morris. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25 net.

### Inside the Lines.

The war stories increase in number, and here is a quite satisfactory and exciting one of the secret service. The scene is laid immediately before the outbreak of war, and we have a wonderful competition of wits between German and British agents, and in which an American girl throws all her political sympathies to the winds and helps the under dog, which is one of women's ways. The illusion is so far maintained to the end that we are in momentary expectation of seeing the British fleet blown into the air at Gibraltar. The international secret service is evidently made up of very astute persons who seem clever enough to be irresistible un-

til we find that their opponents are just as astute and just as clever. It is a capital story and we will not inquire the extent to which it is apocryphal.

INSIDE THE LINES. By Earl Derr Biggers and Robert Welles Ritchie. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.25 net.

### The Unpopular Review.

"Sentimentalism—Soft and Hard" is the rather striking title that heads off the anonymous contents of the October-December *Unpopular Review* which is just appearing. Prohibition and the war are getting associated in people's thoughts, and take up four articles—"The Real Cause of the War" and "How It Looked in Advance" and national prohibition in two papers showing respectively its relation to representative government and to the church. Other features in a very varied contents are: "Wayland the Feminist," "Confessions of an Anti," "On Reading a Play," "Esthetic Integrity," "Vocational Guidance," "The Conservation of the Private Purse," "A New Essay in the Psychology of Advertising—II," "Labor, Law, and Order," "The Minimum Wage Board and the Union," "Some Heteromantic Writing," and the usual "En Casseroles."

More than 30,000 copies have been quoted of Dr. Cabot's "What Men Live By."



## RECENT FICTION.

## The "Genius."

The quotation marks in the title of Theodore Dreiser's new novel, "The 'Genius,'" signify more than we at first realize; for the hero, Eugene Witla, is a genius only in the cheapest current sense of the word. He transcends other men, not by his vision, but by his dynamic physical powers and appetites. He is rather an impossible ogre whose main interest in life is the devouring of lovely maidens. We are told that he is very charming and very clever, but we only see this indirectly through the reactions of the women who form a beautiful pageant through his life, each one adding some element of



Theodore Dreiser, author of "The Genius."  
John Lane Company.

power to his hungry growth. Indeed, he seems to us rather a poor little stick of a man, and we can not quite understand the eagerness to sacrifice themselves which so quickly possesses his women at the first heckoning.

As a gallery of pictures of beautiful and elemental women this book is unusual, but its seven hundred odd pages, with its tremendously detailed amorous accounts, are rather heavy for the delineation of such a person as Eugene Witla, who is not particularly appealing in strength or in quality as a man or as an artist. Dreiser tells us that Witla is an artist of unusual ability, but Dreiser seems unable to tell us in just where this ability lies, for, as we read of him, Witla's creations and his desires do not seem to overreach those of other men.

We are not told that this is the third of Dreiser's "Trilogy of Desire," of which "The Titan" and "The Financier" have already appeared, but more than the other two is "The 'Genius'" to be termed a tale of desire, for it deals with the sex desire which we so often particularize under the general term. It commences with the schoolboy's calf love for Sylvia, then through his life there are other affairs of varying intensity with Margaret, Ruby, Miriam, Christine, Carlotta, Frieda, and Angela, who becomes his wife and lives a life with him that is sordid in its mental and spiritual atmosphere. Suzanne is the final love-experience of Witla's life, coming at the height of his development and his success. She is lured away from him by her mother, to think things over for a year. During this time Angela dies in child-birth, the final scene of her life being pictured with all the horrible details of a

Cæsarian operation. This is a pathological account which should never have been published as fiction, for it describes an exceptional and morbid case, and the harm which it can do is tremendous. Witla turns finally with rather maudlin despair to the comfort of philosophy, and suddenly we are supposed to see him elevated by the means of his infant daughter to a high plane of wisdom and detachment. We leave him, rather unconvinced that he has been worth the lengthy task of study.

THE "GENIUS." By Theodore Dreiser. New York: The John Lane Company; \$1.50.

## Little Miss Grouch.

We all like to hear of wealthy little girls who show that they are still human by marrying young men who are not wealthy. But little Miss Grouch seems almost too wealthy, and we must confess that we should be rather afraid of a young woman who confesses that she is able to get along on twelve thousand a year "as long as papa pays my principal bills." But the young man called Smith, who meets little Miss Grouch during his maiden voyage to England, magnanimously resolves to overlook the discrepancy in income, and as he seems to be a courageous and in every way a desirable young man we are quite pleased when he snatches the maiden from her more eligible suitors. It is a lively and humorous little story.

LITTLE MISS GROUCH. By Samuel Hopkins Adams. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1 net.

## The Pearl Fishers.

Mr. H. de Vere Stacpoole gives us one of those stories of adventure that are a welcome relief from the sickness of the problem novel. His hero is cast away on a Pacific island which he finds in possession of some



William J. Locke, author of "Jaffery."  
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illicit pearl fishers. He is persuaded to cast in his lot with them, only to discover that he is not to be allowed to reap the profits. In point of fact he is to be murdered. The author sacrifices on the altar of patriotism by making his chief villain a German, but ultimately the hero triumphs over the wiles of his foe and sails away, not only with the pearls, but also with the girl. And it may be said that never before have we learned so much about the mechanism of pearl fishing. We

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is hard to put the book down until you have turned the last page, and it gives the atmosphere of the Flanders campaign and a nurse's life at the front in a manner difficult to obtain from the dispatches of matter-of-fact correspondents. The identity of the author is concealed beneath a nom de plume, but the tale has a very personal ring to it.

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A CHRISTMAS CAROL. By Charles Dickens. Illustrated by Arthur Rackham. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.50 net.

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More directed eloquently against the mental libertinism which has already proved itself the seed of unnumbered ills, with the promise of other ills yet to come, but it is to be feared that it may receive scant attention from those intoxicated by the delusion that their pernicious hysterics are of the nature of thought. There are eight of these essays. Those on "The New Morality" and the "Philosophy of the War" are intended to show the weakness of the current humanitarian and pseudo-evolutionary ideas; while the constructive essays—"Natural Aristocracy," "Academic Leadership," "The Paradox of Oxford," "Justice," "Property and Law," and "Disraeli and Conservatism"—are intended to set forth the true nature of justice and the form of education that makes toward that end.

It is in a certain mental anarchy that the author sees, not indeed the direct cause of the war, but such a preparation of the material that a slight spark was sufficient to set the whole world aflame with the passions of suspicion, hatred, and revenge. War is no more than an extension of the field of an individual mental disorderliness, a contagion of mental anarchy that runs through a nation. For a generation we have preached the gospel of a bastard human liberty which is applied even to the self-restraints of the individual. Impulse has been hailed as divine,



Illustration from "Palace of Fine Arts and Lagoon," by Bernard R. Maybeck. Paul Elder & Co.

it fails to do these very things. It does not adjust, nor does it introduce, the child to a nature that is essentially friendly. It tries to make the child know something rather than become something.

The authors must be left to elaborate their argument for themselves. They give us certain definite examples by way of illustration, and particularly that of Mrs. Johnson's school at Fairhope, Alabama, which has "demonstrated that it is possible for children to lead the same natural lives in schools that they lead in good homes outside of school hours; to progress bodily, mentally, and morally in school without factitious pressure, rewards, examinations, grades, or promotions, while they acquire sufficient control of the conventional tools of learning and of study of books—reading, writing, and figuring—to be able to use them independently." There are important chapters on "Play," "Education Through Industry," and "Democracy and Education." The authors have given us a satisfying book that is alike free from egotism and dogmatism.

SCHOOLS OF TOMORROW. By John Dewey and Evelyn Dewey. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50 net.

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ARISTOCRACY AND JUSTICE. By Paul Elmer More. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.

A new author is introduced to the country this year in Mr. Henry Oyen, with his "The Man Trail," which is being very favorably received. Mr. Oyen was a Chicago newspaper man, a New York magazine man, then returned to the woods of Northern Wisconsin, where he now lives, and in which is laid the scene of "The Man Trail," a story of lumberjacks and their hardy life, with a girl and a "cub" from New York for contrast. It is published by the George H. Doran Company.

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Illustration from "Smuggler's Island," by Clarissa A. Kneeland. Houghton Mifflin Company.

mains that we actually know nothing of any condition of life except the earth life, and therefore that the "holy earth" deserves our worship. Other worldliness may be well enough in its place, but so long as we are on this world it would be well to cultivate the veneration that results in service.

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DEAL WOODS. By Latta Griswold. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

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WATER BABIES. By Charles Kingsley. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

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monopolies. But he thinks that greater powers should be given to the commission, and among such powers are the following:

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thor is daring enough to carry us across the border of life, and these scenes are perhaps the most artistically powerful of all. It is a play of extraordinary pathos and beauty, but while it gives us a new realization of the horrors of war it leaves us still perplexed as to the way in which they can be avoided.

ACROSS THE BORDER. By Beulah Marie Dix. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; 80 cents net.

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Dan Beard, author of "Boys' Book of Bugs, Butterflies, and Beetles." J. B. Lippincott Company.

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THE CASE OF AMERICAN DRAMA. By Thomas H. Dickinson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50 net.



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Leona Dalrymple, author of "The Lovable Meddler." Reilly & Britton.

the insight that it gives into the racing world.

THE WINNER. By William Winter. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

## The Lovable Meddler.

Readers who enjoyed Leona Dalrymple's novel, "Diane of the Green Van," will find equal pleasure in her latest effort, which lives up to its name and introduces some very lovable people whom we are glad to know. It is romance pure and simple, and delightful romance, it must be said. There is a kindly old Scotch doctor as the central figure, quaintly philosophic, yet possessed of

a determination which asserts itself when necessary. However, the love interest is most often to the fore. We are introduced to a home where unpleasant conditions which need not be enlarged upon have forced the mother to become the breadwinner. The husband and father is hopeless, a poor stick who dreams and paints, but his best efforts are mere daubs. The old doctor takes a hand in his Scotch nephew's love-making and his schemes make Cupid's path a perplexing one. Larry and his irrepressible chums are amusing and add appreciably to the story as it unfolds. Miss Dalrymple has written a book which is thoroughly enjoyable.

THE LOVABLE MEDDLER. By Leona Dalrymple. Chicago: Reilly & Britton; \$1.35 net.

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A MAN'S HEARTH. By Eleanor M. Ingram. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25 net.

## The Coming Back of Laurence Averil.

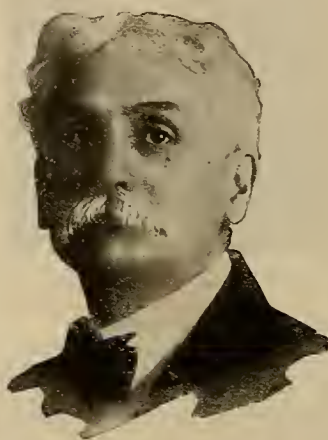
When young Laurence Averil did come back he was a thoroughgoing ruffian, reeking of vile tobacco smoke, bad liquor—and the sea. Maurice Drake, who has written other virulent novels, takes his hero, fresh from an English college and plants him on a deep-sea trawler, where it is a case of the survival of the fittest. Evidently the author knows his fishermen and his sea, and it may be said his story is red-blooded enough to suit the most exacting. Averil decides to rule aboard the filthy trawler, whose first mate is a huge, hulking brute as well as a

murderer, and one finds considerable satisfaction in the thorough manner in which he succeeds. How he tames the mate is a tale in itself. Two years of this life reduces the once mild-mannered collegian almost to the level of the mate, now nicely tamed. Truly Averil is not a pretty character, but he is a strong one—a dominating man. Once more ashore, he tires of his sailor ways, falls in love, engages in a little stock transaction to clear his dead father's name, and—secretly, of course—to aid the girl he is trying so hard to win. The climax comes with his wild rush to Iceland in quest of valuable ore. Mr. Drake leaves his hero in a fair way to become regenerated through love. He has furnished a vigorous tale for an idle half-day or a train journey.

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Will N. Harben, author of "The Inner Law." Harper & Brothers.

they are invariably worsted by the noble white man from the northern lands. Mexico just now seems to have troubles enough of her own and she might well be spared the melodrama based upon racial ideas forty years ago and psychological ideas forty weeks old and already decrepit.

HEART OF THE SUNSET. By Rex Beach. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.35 net.

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JOHN M. SYNGE: A Few Personal Recollections, with biographical notes. By John Masfield. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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ROBERT BROWNING: HOW TO KNOW HIM. By William Lyon Phelps, M. A., Ph. D. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.50 net.

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actually make. That he continued to go on fishing excursions and to be a skilled angler, that he went fox-hunting trusting only to his horse, that he persisted in every one of his ordinary avocations except those actually prohibited by his loss, such as reading, and that

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he eventually became one of the most successful postmasters-general that Great Britain has ever had, is surely one of the most striking examples of mental power and of a dominance over fate of which history gives

vancement of justice, while his physical disability won for him a sympathy that he was quick to turn to the advantage of others. Probably no other man of his day left so deep an impression on the minds of his countrymen or gave so high an example of courage that regards calamity as no more than a challenge. The author has done her biographical work not only with literary skill, but with a discernment that adds largely to its charm.

A BEACON FOR THE BLIND: BEING A LIFE OF HENRY FAWCETT. By Winifred Holt. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.50 net.

To speak of a book as unusual seems trite, but it is the only description which fits "Little Verses and Big Names," just published by the George H. Doran Company. Among the contributors are President Wilson, James Whitcomb Riley, Arnold Bennett, Cardinal Gibbons, James J. Hill, General Goethals, Robert W. Chambers, Mrs. Vernon Castle, William Faversham, John Galsworthy, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Margaret Deland, Oscar S. Straus, Jacob H. Schiff, Princess Troubetzkoy, Owen Wister, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, John Philip Sousa, Lyman J. Gage, David Starr Jordan, Nazimova, Mrs. Fiske, Billy Sunday, Gene Stratton-Porter, H. J. Heinz, and many others of equal fame. Illustrations in color and black and white by Charles Dana Gibson, Clarence F. Underwood, Howard Chandler Christy, Peter Newell, R. L. Goldberg, and others. A year ago the women in charge of the funds to provide care for poor children decided to get the most famous Americans to contribute to a book for children, all proceeds to go to the fund. But so many of the contributors have written about children rather than for children that the book, which has just been completed under the title "Little Verses and Big Names," has a wide appeal for all members of the family—an appeal in itself, quite apart from its value in supporting a great cause.



Rex Beach, author of "Heart of the Sunset." Harper & Brothers.

us any example. It is interesting to note that Fawcett was first attracted to Miss Millicent Garrett, whom he afterwards married, by overhearing her say after the assassination of Abraham Lincoln that "it would have been better if every crowned head in Europe had been shot than Lincoln." The indication was a reliable one, for no one ever found in a wife a more perfect complement than Fawcett.

Of Fawcett's political life the book must be allowed to speak for itself. His was a career of undeviating support of every cause that made for human liberty and for the ad-

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## The Working Class.

Chesterton somewhere asks us why, with the wrecks of old civilizations all around us, we should suppose that there is anything particularly immortal about ours. Mr. Crapsey seems to ask the same question. It is a peculiarity of the human mind to suppose that its own epoch necessarily marks a sort of finality in human progress and that evolution must henceforth be no more than a kind of extension or development of present systems. None the less, says the author, we should be foolish to blind ourselves to the fact that nature works, in a sense, by reversals, like a pendulum and that there are even now signs that what we believe to be the sheet anchors of civilization may be torn up and society set adrift to find other moorings.

It is not, for example, a ruling of nature, nor a law of God, that society shall be on a

workers, and no one will then take from society more than he gives to it. Mr. Crapsey's hook is a disquieting one, but perhaps it is well for us that we should be disquieted whenever the facts seem to demand it.

THE RISE OF THE WORKING CLASS. By Algeron Sidney Crapsey. New York: The Century Company: \$1.30 net.

## Canada Blackie.

There is a very general belief that our prison system is in need of reform, but events have not always tended to confidence in the reformer. Indeed there are some penal establishments that seem to have been reduced almost to a state of anarchy by the conviction of amateurs that nothing more than a few kind words are needed for the conversion of the convict.

And so we may consider this story of Canada Blackie as interesting and pathetic, but at the same time unconvincing. Canada Blackie, from being a desperado, became, relatively speaking, a saint and the trusted friend of the authorities. Therefore, says the author in effect, all convicts are potential Canada Blackies. But are they? Some men are potential musicians, and, under proper training, the genius of music can be evoked from them. But we do not argue from this that the genius of music can be evoked from all men. The principle of *ex uno disce omnes* must be applied with caution, and nowhere with more caution than to the convict. At the same time we may agree that kindness is a powerful solvent, and that inasmuch as no one was ever the worse for it and very many have been the better for its application, it should certainly be included in the armory of reform.

THE STORY OF CANADA BLACKIE. By Anne P. L. Field. With introduction by Thomas Mott Osborne. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1 net.

## In Times Like These.

Nellie L. McClung writes so brilliant a plea for the legal equality of the sexes that we are apt to overlook her faults of logic, and they are many. Also she misstates her facts, but she does it in so breathless a way, so to speak, that we are carried off our feet. For example, she tells us the story of Queen Victoria pointing to the Bible as the source of England's greatness, although Queen Victoria denied the truth of the story. She protests against the inequality of the laws as against women, but there is no recognition of



Betsey and five husky Orphans decorate the dining-room

Illustration from "Dear Enemy," by Jean Webster. The Century Company.

the fact that in most of the states there is a gross legal inequality as against men. She tranquilly assumes that woman's influence in government would prevent war, whereas there is not the slightest evidence in support of such a belief, and a good deal of evidence that women are far more warlike than men. A few years ago the vast majority of the human race were governed absolutely by two women—Queen Victoria and the Empress of China, but it was not a peaceful time. At the present moment the most fashionable of all feminine costumes are military costumes, while reliable observers tell us that the most vindictive and irreconcilable element in Europe is the feminine element. And of course Mrs. McClung tells us that men wish women to be their toys and their comforters, and nothing else, which is surely one of the silliest assertions ever made, and one that is contradicted by half the homes in the world. Furthermore, it may be suggested to Mrs. McClung that women are paid less than men for the same work because they do not usually regard their work as a career, but as a stop gap, and consequently they have no commercial ambitions. Misstatements bristle upon every page. For example, we are told that the "dainty, fuzzy-haired, simpering dolly" has a better matrimonial chance than

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IN TIMES LIKE THESE. By Nellie L. McClung. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1 net.

## Woman and Home.

If Orison Swett Marden were to write less he might think more. Some thirty volumes already stand to his credit, if such a word may rightly be used, and apparently the mills are still busy with a product which bears every mark of unintelligent mechanism. That a million of his books have been sold is a melancholy comment on the intellectual rapidity of the day, and this in spite of a certain commonplace benevolence, of a certain sonorous utterance of truisms that may not be wholly without a value.

This particular volume is just what we should expect, a medley of ridiculous assertions, unproved and unprovable theories solemnly enunciated as demonstrated fact, and appeals to the many hysterics that follow each other with such bewildering rapidity. Eugenism, of course, is Dr. Marden's "long suit." If we can breed good horses and cows

by stockyard methods—including incest—why can we not breed good human beings? Apparently it has not occurred to Dr. Marden that stockyard values are not also human values and that virtues are not inherited. Dr. Marden's hook is a good example of the ignorances, assumptions, and hysterics that now pass muster for thought.

WOMAN AND HOME. By Orison Swett Marden. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.25 net.

When Charles B. Towns, author of "Habits That Handicap" and head of the well-known Towns Hospital, first began his practice in curing drug victims, he had great difficulty in securing patients in order to prove the efficacy of his cure. His claim to have discovered a cure for drugs was reverberating through the New York underworld, but though speculation was lively, volunteers were timid. Finally, not knowing what else to do, Towns actually kidnapped a race-track tout and put him through the treatment against his will. "When I get out of here and tell the boys what you've been doing to me," threatened the tout, "your life won't be worth twenty cents. They'll croak you in a minute." But five days later the tout told his friends quite another story. He sent, not gunmen to kill, but confidence men to be healed, four of them. Towns had squared himself with the underworld as much by his courage as by his skill.

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## Classified Fall Publications.

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Tad and Ili's Father, an appreciation of Lincoln, by F. Lauriston Bullard, with frontispiece, 50 cents net; Little, Brown & Co.  
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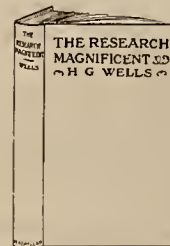
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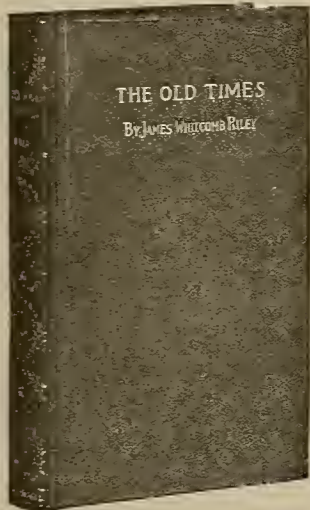
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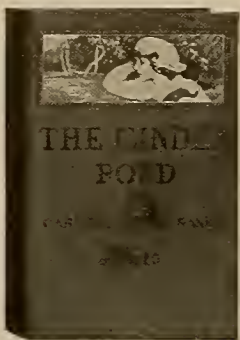
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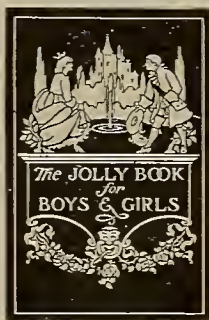
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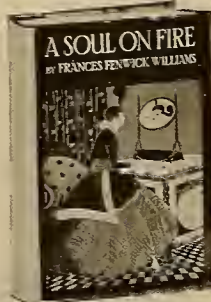
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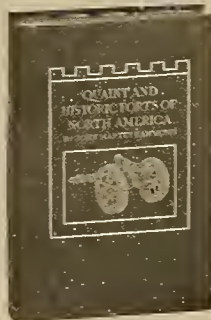
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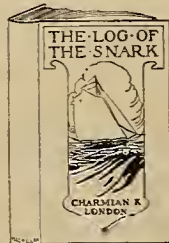
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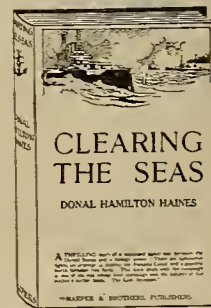
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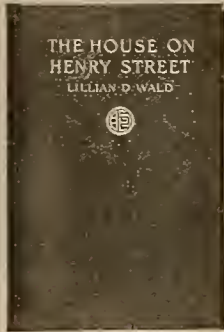
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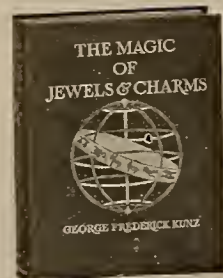
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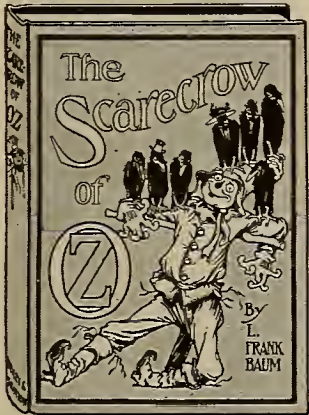
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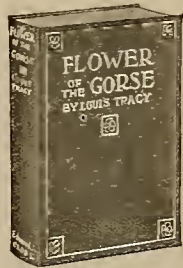
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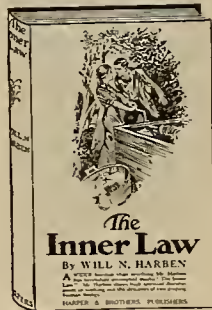


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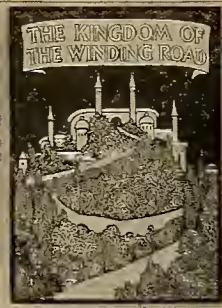
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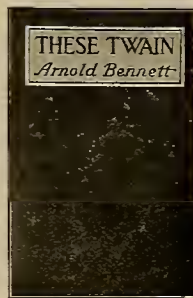
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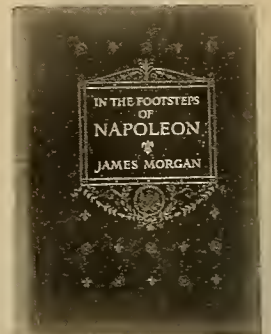
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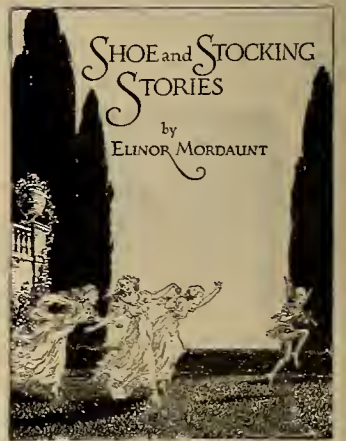


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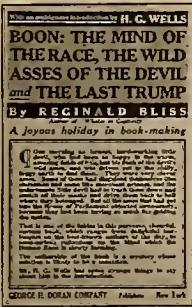
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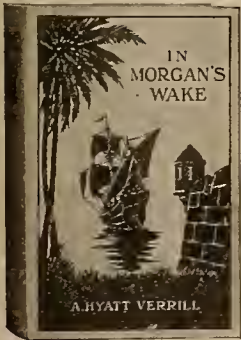
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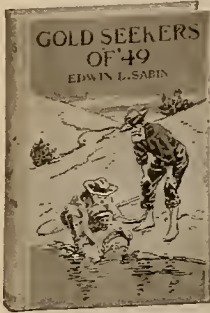
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The Strange Story of Mr. Dog and Mr. Bear, illus., \$1 net; Century Company.

The Trail Boys of the Plains, by Jay Winthrop Allen, illus., \$1 net; Dodd, Mead & Co.

The Toy Shop Book, by Ada Van Stone Harris and Mrs. C. T. Waldo, illus. in color, \$1.25 net; Charles Scribner's Sons.

The White Caravan, by W. E. Cule, illus. in color; E. P. Dutton & Co.

The Wishing Fairies, by Madge A. Bigham, illus. in color, 75 cents net; Dodd, Mead & Co.

Trench-Mates in France, by J. S. Zerbe, illus., \$1 net; Harper & Brothers.

True Stories of Great Americans, new vols.: William Penn, by Rupert S. Hoadland; Benjamin Franklin, by E. Lawrence Dudley; Davy Crockett, by William C. Sprague; Christopher Columbus, by Mildred Stapley; Thomas A. Edison, by Francis Rolt-Wheeler; each illus., per vol., 50 cents net; Macmillan Company.

Tommy and the Wishing-Stone, by Thornton W. Burgess, illus., \$1 net; Century Company.

Two American Boys in the War Zone, by L. Worthington Green, illus., \$1 net; Houghton Mifflin Company.

Under Fire, by H. Bedford Jones; Howell Company.

Ver Beck's Bears in Mother Goose Land, rhymes from Mother Goose, with new rhymes by Hanna Rion and illus. in color, etc., by Frank Ver Beck, \$2 net; George H. Doran Company.

Water Babies, by Charles Kingsley, illus. in color, etc., by W. Heath Robinson, \$2 net; Houghton Mifflin Company.

Winona of the Camp Fire, by Margaret Wildmer, illus. in color, \$1.25 net; J. B. Lippincott Company.

Who's Who in the Land of Nod, by Sarah Sanderson Vanderbilt, illus., \$1 net; Houghton Mifflin Company.

Wonderland Series, 6 titles, illus. in color, etc., each 25 cents net; Frederick A. Stokes Company.

HOLIDAY GIFT BOOKS.

A Handbook of Gastronomy, by Jean Antbelme Brillat-Savarin, illus. reproduced in photogravure from engravings by "Bertall," Charles Albert Vicomte d'Arnoult, in the first French ed., limited ed., \$7.50 net; Houghton Mifflin Company.

Beautiful Gardens in America, and the effect of climate in various sections, by Louise Shilton, illus. in color, etc., \$5 net; Charles Scribner's Sons.

Billyboy, by John Luther Long, illus. in color, etc., by Jessie Willcox Smith, popular ed., 50 cents net; Dodd, Mead & Co.

Black Beauty, by Anna Sewell, new holiday ed., illus. in color, etc., \$2.50 net; E. P. Dutton & Co.

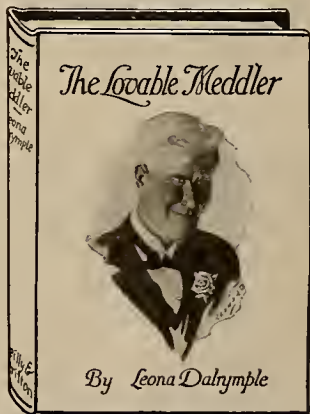
Captain Loxley's Little Dog, by the author of "Where's Master?" illus., 50 cents net; George H. Doran Company.

Chats on Military Curios, by Stanley C. Johnson, illus., \$2 net; Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Christmas Carol, by Charles Dickens, illus. in color, etc., by Arthur Rackham, \$1.50 net; J. B. Lippincott Company.

Collected Verse of Rudyard Kipling, holiday ed., \$5 net; Doubleday, Page & Co.

Constantinople Old and New, by H. G. Dwight, illus. from photographs, \$5 net; Charles Scribner's Sons.



Cover Design from Reilly & Britton.

Cupid's Capers, by Lillian Gardner, illus., 75 cents net; E. P. Dutton & Co.

Dr. Holmes's Boston, edited by Caroline Ticknor, limited ed., illus., \$6 net; Houghton Mifflin Company.

French Memories of Eighteenth-Century America, by Charles H. Sherrill, illus., \$2 net; Charles Scribner's Sons.

Golden Book of the Beautiful Life, compiled by May Byron, illus., \$1.50 net; George H. Doran Company.

Heart's Content, by Ralph Henry Barbour, illus. in color, \$1.50 net; J. B. Lippincott Company.

Hero Tales and Legends of the Rhine, by Lewis Spence, illus. in color, etc., \$3 net; Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Hero Tales and Legends of the Serbians, by Woislav M. Petrovitch, illus. in color, \$3 net; Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Highways and Byways of New England, written and illus. by Clifton Johnson, \$1.50 net; Macmillan Company.

Historic Virginia Homes and Churches, by Robert A. Lancaster, Jr., illus. in photogravure, etc., \$7.50 net; J. B. Lippincott Company.

"Horse Sense," poems, by Walt Mason, decorated, \$1.25 net; A. C. McClurg & Co.

Knickerbocker's History of New York, by Washington Irving, illus. by Maxfield Parrish, cheaper ed., \$2 net; Dodd, Mead & Co.

Love in a Mist, by Judith Lytton; E. P. Dutton & Co.

Montaigne's Essay on Friendship, trans. by Louis How, limited ed., \$4 net; Houghton Mifflin Company.

Old Boston Museum Days, by Kate Ryan, illus. from photographs, \$1.50 net; Little, Brown & Co.

Old Concord, by Allen French, illus. by Lester G. Hornby, \$3 net; Little, Brown & Co.

Old Seaport Towns of New England, by Edwin M. Bacon, illus. by John A. Seaford, \$2.50 net; Dodd, Mead & Co.

Quaint and Historic Ports of North America, by John Martin Hammond, illus. in photogravure, etc., \$5 net; J. B. Lippincott Company.

Quilts and Their Story, by Marie D. Webster, illus. in color, etc., \$5 net; Doubleday, Page & Co.

Our American Wonderlands, a seeing-America-first book, by George Wharton James, illus., \$2 net; A. C. McClurg & Co.

Riley Songs of Friendship, Deer Creek ed., illus., \$1.25 net; Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Stately Homes of California, by Porter Garnett, with Introduction by Bruce Porter, illus. from photographs, \$2.50 net; Little, Brown & Co.

The Architecture of Colonial America, by H. Donaldson Eberlein, illus., \$2.50 net; Little, Brown & Co.



The Colour of Paris, historic, personal, and local, edited by Lucien Descaves, illus. in color by Yoshio Markino, \$3 net; Dodd, Mead & Co.

The Dream of Gerontius, by Cardinal Newman, with special introduction and illus. in black and white by Miss Langdale, \$1 net; John Lane Company.

The Folly of the Three Wise Men, by Edgar Whittaker Work, illus., 75 cents net; George H. Doran Company.

The Fountains of Papal Rome, by Mrs. Charles MacVeagh, illus. by Rudolph Ruzicka, \$2.50 net; Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Glad Hand, and other grips of life, by Humphrey J. Desmond, 50 cents net; A. C. McClurg & Co.

The Humbler Poets, a collection of newspaper and periodical verse, 1870 to 1885, compiled by Slason Thompson, India paper ed., \$2.75 net; A. C. McClurg & Co.

The Little Red Doe, by Chauncey J. Hawkins, illus., \$1 net; Little, Brown & Co.

The Log of the Ark, by "Noah," illus. by "Ham," \$1 net; E. P. Dutton & Co.

The Log of the Snark, by Herman K. London, illus., \$2.50 net; Macmillan Company.

The Marionettes' Calendar, 1916, rhymes by Stephen Leacock and drawings by A. H. Fish, 75 cents net; John Lane Company.

The Marionettes' Engagement Book, rhymes by Stephen Leacock and drawings by A. H. Fish, 75 cents net; John Lane Company.

The Myth Series, new vols.: The Myths of Ancient Egypt, by Lewis Spence; The Golden Age of Myth and Legend, by Thomas Bulfinch, edited by George Godfrey; each illus., per vol., \$2.50 net; Frederick A. Stokes Company.

The Old Soldier's Story, by James Whitcomb Riley, uniform ed., \$1.25 net; Bobbs-Merrill Company.

The One I Knew Best of All, a memory of the mind of a child, by Frances Hodgson Burnett, new ed., with Foreword by the author and illus. by R. B. Birch, \$1.25 net; Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Song of the Cardinal, by Gene Stratton-Porter, new holiday ed., illus. in color, etc., \$1.35 net; Doubleday, Page & Co.

The Seventh Christmas, a story, by Coningsby Dawson, illus., 50 cents net; Henry Holt & Co.

The Story of Our Bible, how it grew to be what it is, by Harold B. Hunting, illus. in color, etc., \$1.50 net; Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Story of Wellesley, by Florence Converse, illus. by Norman Irving Black, \$2 net; Little, Brown & Co.

The Syrian Shepherd's Psalm, with introduction by Jules Guerin, new ed., illus. in color, \$1 net; Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Through the Grand Canyon from Wyoming to Mexico, by Ellsworth L. Kolh, with Preface by Owen Wister, new ed., with additional illustrations, \$2.25 net; Macmillan Company.

We Discover New England, by Louise Closser Hale, illus. by Walter Hale, \$2 net; Dodd, Mead & Co.

Works of James Whitcomb Riley, new thin-paper limp-leather ed., 6 vols., illus., per set, \$9 net; Bobbs-Merrill Company.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

A Handbook of Weaves, by G. H. Oelser, trans. and revised by Samuel S. Dale, illus., \$5 net; Macmillan Company.

America's Best Funny Stories, Vol. I, Men and Things, illus., \$1.35 net; Harper & Brothers.

A Sketch of English Legal History, by Frederic W. Maitland, LL. D., and Francis C. Montague, M. A., edited by James F. Colby, \$1.25 net; G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Buck Parvin and the Movies, by Charles E. Van Loan, \$1.25 net; George H. Doran Company.

Card Tricks, without sleight-of-hand or apparatus, by L. Widdop, illus., 35 cents net; J. B. Lippincott Company.

Chips That Pass in the Night, by Drury Underwood; Howell Company.

Culture by Conversation, by Robert Waters, cheaper ed., \$1 net; Dodd, Mead & Co.

Gridiron Nights, the origin and development of the Gridiron Club, by Arthur Wallace Dunn, illus., \$3 net; Frederick A. Stokes Company.

How to Write for the "Movies," a text-book for amateurs, by Louella O. Parsons, \$1 net; A. C. McClurg & Co.

Ivory and the Elephant, by George F. Kunz, Ph. D., illus., \$5 net; Doubleday, Page & Co.

Lantern Making, by H. A. Rankin, illus.; E. P. Dutton & Co.

Moviegrins, by J. J. White; Howell Company.

Our Boyhood Thrills, and other cartoons, 60 cents net; George H. Doran Company.

Peg Along, by George L. Walton, \$1 net; J. B. Lippincott Company.

Popular Stories of Ancient Egypt, by G. Maspero, D. C. L., third ed., \$3.50 net; G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Practical Books, comprising: Laundry Work for Home and School, by L. Wetenhall; Scissors Stories, or Picture Cutting for Little People, by J. E. Tolson; Knitting without Specimens, by Ellen P. Claydon and C. A. Claydon; each illus., per vol., \$1 net; E. P. Dutton & Co.

Practical Stage Directing for Amateurs, by Gilford Shaw; E. P. Dutton & Co.

Rifles and Ammunition, by H. Ommundsen and Ernest H. Robinson, \$5 net; Funk & Wagnalls Company.

Royalton, a game of auction bridge whist, by G. M. B. Hawley, 75 cents net; Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Sailing Ships and Their Story, by E. Kehle Chatterton, new and cheaper ed., illus., \$1.50 net; J. B. Lippincott Company.

Simple Art Applied to Handwork, by H. A. Rankin and F. H. Brown, illus.; E. P. Dutton & Co.

Spies and Secret Service, by Hamil Grant, illus., \$2.50 net; Frederick A. Stokes Company.

The Building of the Panama Canal, by George W. Goethals, U. S. A., illus. in color, etc., \$3.50 net; Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Gypsy's Parson, his experiences and adventures, by G. Hall, illus., \$2.50 net; J. B. Lippincott Company.

The Magic of Jewels and Charms, by George Frederick Kunz, illus. in color, etc., \$5 net; J. B. Lippincott Company.

The Making of an American's Library, by Arthur E. Bostwick, \$1 net; Little, Brown & Co.

The School of Arms, by Ascut R. Hope, \$1.50 net; E. P. Dutton & Co.

The Scout Law in Practice, by Arthur A. Carey, 50 cents net; Little, Brown & Co.

The Torrens System, its simplicity, serviceability, and success, by A. Guyot Cameron, \$1 net; Houghton Mifflin Company.

Under the Red Cross Flag, at home and abroad, by Mabel T. Boardman, illus., \$1.50 net; J. B. Lippincott Company.

You Should Worry, by Ward Macauley; Howell Company.

#### NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE RIDOLE OF THE BEAST. By Josiah Nicholas Kidd. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net. A book of verse.

BABBLE O' GREEN FIELDS. By Mark Wayne Williams. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net. A book of verse.

THE RISE OF DENNIS HATHNAUGHT. By James Philip McCarthy. New York: The Writers' Publishing Company.

Life of the common people across the ages as set down in the great books of the world.

IN THE GREAT WILD NORTH. By D. Lange. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1 net.

A book for boys.

THEISM AND HUMANISM. By the Rt. Hon. Arthur James Balfour. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.75 net.

A philosophical discussion.

HOW TO LIVE. By Irving Fisher and Eugene Lyman Fisk, M. D. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company; \$1 net.

Rules for healthful living based on modern science.

THE HEALTH-CARE OF THE GROWING CHILD. By Louis Fischer, M. D. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company; \$1.25 net.

A book adapted as a guide to the mother and nurse.

MEMORIES AND ANECDOTES. By Kate Sanborn. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.75 net.

The retrospect of a woman.



Illustration from "The Coming Back of Laurence Averil," by Maurice Drake.  
Edward J. Clade.

LOT & CO. By Will Levington Comfort. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

PLASHER'S MEAD. By Compton Mackenzie. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

OVER PARADISE RIDGE. By Maria Thompson Daviess. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1 net.

A novel.

H. R. By Edwin Lefevre. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

GERMANY IN DEFEAT. By Charles de Souza and Haldane Macfall. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2 net.

A strategic history of the war.

IS THERE A SHAKESPEARE PROBLEM? By G. G. Greenwood, M. P. New York: John Lane Company; \$4.50 net.

With a reply to Mr. J. M. Robertson and Mr. Andrew Lang.

WAR LETTERS FROM THE LIVING DEAD MAN. Written down by Elsa Barker. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$1.25 net.

A sequel to "Letters from a Living Dead Man."



Illustration from "George Washington—Farmer," by Paul L. Hagarth.  
Bobbs-Merrill Company.

THE ANACREONTIC. Translated into English verse by Judson France Davidson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.75 net.

With an essay, notes, and additional poems by the translator.

HEMPFIELD. By David Grayson. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

UNDER THE RED CROSS FLAG AT HOME AND ABROAD. By Mabel T. Boardman. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.50 net.

A historical sketch of the Red Cross work.

IMPERIAL JAPANESE POEMS OF THE MEIJI ERA. Translated from the Japanese by Frank Alanson Lombard.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF AFRICAN LANGUAGES. By Carl Meinhof. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.75 net.

A translation by A. Werner.

VAGRANT MEMORIES. By William Winter. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$3 net.

Being the personal recollections of the author.

A GRADUATED RUSSIAN READER. By Henry Riola. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.75 net.

With a vocabulary of Russian words.

AMERICAN IDEALS. By Clayton Sedgwick Cooper. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1 net.

Published in the American Books Series.

STEVE YEAGER. By William MacLeod Raine. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

THE LUSITANIA'S LAST VOYAGE. By Charles E. Lauriat, Jr. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1 net.

A narrative of the torpedoing and sinking of the "Lusitania" as told by a survivor.

A VAGABOND VOYAGE THROUGH BRITANNY. By Mrs. Lewis Chase. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$2 net.

An account of an inland voyage.

THE MASTER OF THE OLD WORLD. By Jules Verne. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1 net.

A tale of mystery and marvel.

A MAN'S HEARTH. By Eleanor M. Ingram. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

SEVEN SHORT PLAYS. By Lady Gregory. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50 net.

Plays of Ireland.

TWO AMERICAN BOYS IN THE WAR ZONE. By L. Worthington Green. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1 net.

A book for boys.

OUT OF DOORS. By Emerson Hough. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A handbook for the fisherman, camper, and hunter.

THE RECITER'S TREASURY OF IRISH VERSE AND PROSE. Compiled and edited by Alfred Percival Graves and Guy Pertwee. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50 net.

A selected series of extracts from the Irish writers of the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth centuries.

WHAT IS A CHRISTIAN? By John Walker Powell. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1 net.

A discussion of the relation of the world of today to the religion of Christ.

THE LAW-BREAKERS. By Ridgwell Cullum. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

SIGNS IS SIGNS. By Royal Dixon. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.; \$1 net.

A story in negro dialect.

HERMENEUTIC INTERPRETATION OF THE ORIGIN OF THE SOCIAL STATE OF MAN AND OF THE DESTINY OF THE AFRICAN RACE. By Fabre d'Olivet. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$3.50 net.

A translation of "L'histoire Philosophique du Genre Humain" done into English by Nayán Louise Redfield.

THE STIRRUP LATCH. By Sidney McCall. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

BACK TO SHAKESPEARE. By Herbert Morse. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2 net.

An appeal for the study of Shakespeare.

SUNLIT DAYS. Compiled by Florence Hohart Perin. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1 net.

Selections from modern authors.

THE LONELINESS OF CHRIST. By Robert Keahle. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; 75 cents net.

A series of meditations.

DICK DEREUX. By David Tod Gilliam. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company; \$1.35 net.

A story of the Civil War.

DEMOCRACY AND THE NATIONS. By Dr. James A. Macdonald. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.35 net.

A Canadian view.

THE BOY SCOUTS OF SNOW-SHOE LOOGE. By Rupert Sargent Holland. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25 net.

A book for boys.

CARD TRICKS. By L. Widdop. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; 35 cents net.

An explanation of card tricks executed without sleight-of-hand or apparatus.

HEROES AND HEROINES OF FICTION. By William S. Walsh. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$3 net.

Famous characters and famous names—classical, mediæval, and legendary—classified, analyzed, and criticized.

THE MAN FROM THE BITTER ROOTS. By Caroline Lockhart. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

THE STORY OF THE BIBLE. By Eugene Stock. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; 75 cents net.

For the use of young people in studying the Bible.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL. By Charles Dickens. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.50 net.

With illustrations by Arthur Rackham.

THE IRISH ABROAD. By Elliot O'Donnell. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50 net.

A record of the achievements of wanderers from Ireland.

RETICENCE IN LITERATURE. By Arthur Waugh. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25 net.

Sketches and impressions.

RELIGION AND REALITY. By James Henry Tuckwell. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.75 net.

A study in the philosophy of mysticism.

THE HOUSE THAT WAS. By Benjamin R. C. Low. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25 net.

A book of verse.

MY YEAR OF THE GREAT WAR. By Frederick Palmer. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.50 net.

The war from the viewpoint of an eye-witness.

STORIES ITALY. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$3.50 net.

A book of travel and romance.

MY ADVENTURES AS A SPY. By Lieutenant-General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, K. C. B. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1 net.

The accomplishments and dangerous situations which have been part of the author's life as an official "intelligence agent" of the British government.

BRITISH COAL TRADE. By H. Stanley Jevons. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.25 net.

A complete survey of the coal trade problems.



LITERARY NOTES.

Briefer Reviews.

"The Boy Scouts of Snowshoe Lodge," by Rupert Sargent Holland (J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25 net), is a winter yarn for boys and contains all the skating, sledding, snowshoeing, trapping, and other winter sports that any right-minded boy can wish for.

The George H. Doran Company has published "National Floodmarks," edited by Mark Sullivan and consisting of selected editorials that have appeared from time to time in the columns of *Collier's*. The *Collier* editorials are well known and Mr. Sullivan has selected some of the best among them. The price is \$1.50 net.

In "Card Tricks Without Sleight-of-Hand or Apparatus" are collected and explained a number of fascinating card tricks that can be performed at an ordinary party, with an ordinary pack of cards, and without any extraordinary skill. The author is L. Widdop and the publishers are the J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, 35 cents.

"Sailing Ships and Their Story," by E. Koble Chatterton (J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.50 net), is a full and complete history of sailing ships from early Egyptian times to the present, written by a man who is at no pains to hide his passionate devotion to the sea. There is nothing left to be desired in the way of plans, pictures, bibliography, and index, while the letterpress bears every mark of a literary enthusiasm.

Horace Holley is the author of an impressive little book entitled "The Social Principle," inspired by the problems of the war. Mr. Holley argues that the war is no more than the externalization of a great change in human consciousness, the finger on the dial that points to the dawn of a new era. "The Social Principle" is published by Laurence J. Gomme, 2 East Twenty-Ninth Street, New York. Price, 75 cents net.

No one writes better stories for boys than Edwin S. Sabin, who has now added to the Trail Blazers Series by a story of the California gold days and the rush of the newly discovered diggings of '49. Mr. Sabin entitles his story the "Gold Seekers of '49," and it is full of adventures that are none the less novel for being of the most approved kind. It is published by the J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, \$1.25 net.

Two new volumes have been added to the True Stories of Great Americans Series, now in course of issue by the Macmillan Company. They are "Benjamin Franklin," by E. Lawrence Dudley, and "William Penn," by Rupert Sargent Holland. This series is marked by the real historical spirit and is free from the indiscriminating panegyric so often thought to be suited to the young. The authors have done their work with sobriety and sincerity.

Mr. John D. Barry's third volume on the Exposition may be confidently recommended to those who wish to identify what is artistically valuable and to know why it is valuable. The little book is entitled "The Palace of Fine Arts and the French and Italian Pavilions," and it deals with its topics from many points of view, biographical as well as artistic, and always interestingly. It is published by the H. S. Crocker Company. Price, 50 cents.

We are not usually impressed by books on optimism, being of the opinion that optimism generally consists of the sturdy assertion of the things that are not so. But since there are those who like these adventitious aids to states of consciousness it is well that they should be supplied in so attractive a form as "Sunlit Days," by Florence Hobart Perin (Little, Brown & Co.; \$1 net). Mrs. Perin has selected much of the best from the world's poetry and at the foot of each page she gives us a prayer. It is a neat and attractive little volume.

The Macmillan Company has published a volume by Harry H. Moore entitled "Keeping in Condition" and sub-titled "A Handbook on Training for Older Boys." It contains plenty of sensible advice on diet, exercise, self-control, and sex, and seems to be an admirable blending of frankness and restraint. Of course the Jukes family is made to do its usual duty of illustrating the power of heredity. But we suspect that there would have been no Jukes family if its descendants had been removed from their evil environment. Its lessons in heredity are of a very nebulous kind. The price of the book is 75 cents.

As sweet and sad a little tale as ever was penned is bound between the covers of "When Hannah Var Eight Year Old." It is the story told by a little Swedish girl, who relates her reason for coming to America. But above all stands out the heroic grandeur of the mother who faced death with a smile on her lips. Little Hannah at the tender age which gives the book its title was left to care

for the little sisters, Olga and Hilda, and the baby Jens. And with wonderful bravery did she carry out her task. One can read the quaint little story in a quiet quarter of an hour, and a lump will arise in the throat in doing it. It is written by Katherine Peabody Girling and published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company.

The Funk & Wagnalls Company has published a book on hygiene by Irving Fisher, Ph. D., the chairman of the Hygiene Reference Board of the Life Extension Institute. It is entitled "How to Live" and it is somewhat more scientific and technical than the works usually furnished for popular use. Its various chapters are devoted to "Air," "Food," "Poisons," "Activity," "Hygiene in General," and "Supplementary Notes on Special Subjects," such as food, alcohol, and tobacco. The sections on eugenics seem to be the usual compound of theories stated as laws, unverified guesses, and scientific superstitions. The price is \$1 net.

Among the almost innumerable books on the maladies of children is one by Dr. Louis Fischer, just published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company (\$1.25 net). It is entitled "The Health-Care of the Growing Child" and it is described as "a practical treatise dealing with the prevention of disease; the development and growth of the body, gymnastics, nutrition, and special forms of diet for weak children; catarrhal, communicable, and systemic diseases; also skin affections, miscellaneous diseases, diseases of the nervous system; emergencies and accidents, etc. This book is adapted as a guide to the mother and nurse and offers suitable advice until the physician can be reached."

Gossip of Books and Authors.

The latest book of verse by Gilbert K. Chesterton is "Wine, Woman, and Song," which has recently been published in England. The John Lane Company, who control the book rights of "The Flying Inn," announce that it is hardly likely that these poems will be issued separately in this country for the present, at any rate.

E. P. Dutton & Co. are issuing an English translation of the history of Tacitus by George Gilbery Ramsay.

"Moonbeams from the Larger Lunacy," by Stephen Leacock, is by far the best work he has done. While the humor is as droll as that of the "Nonsense Novels" or "Behind the Beyond," it is more subtle and satisfying. It was recently published by the John Lane Company.

"Crainquebille, Putois, Riquet, and Other Profitable Tales," by Anatole France, is a famous book, ably translated by Winifred Stephens, and contains many of the great French writer's best-known stories.

The church and stage mingle in the announcement from Henry Holt & Co. that they are baying to send to press the third editions of Dean Hodges's "Saints and Heroes to the End of the Middle Ages," and George Middleton's "Embers and Other One-Act Plays."

On November 13th—today—Henry Holt & Co. expect to issue "Costumes and Scenery for Amateurs," by Constance D'Arcy Mackay, a book supplementing her "How to Produce Children's Plays." It is thought this will be the most complete book of its kind available.

"Johnny Appleseed," Eleanor Atkinson's recently-published story of "the patron saint of American orchards," has just been placed on the Pupils' Reading Circle of Indiana. This is the first state thus to honor the memory of her gentle pioneer.

All lovers of Booth Tarkington's "Penrod" will be interested to know that Doubleday, Page & Co. have just issued this book in a handsome leather edition.

One of the most widely discussed books of verse of the day is Lincoln Colcord's long narrative poem, "Vision of War." Its subject matter, no less than its form and treatment, have proved the consternation of critics. It is published by the Macmillan Company.

Percy MacKaye has written two unusual little books, both of which were published the week of October 27th. One is entitled "A Substitute for War," the other "The New Citizenship." "A Substitute for War" is really an answer to those who have maintained that the purification of the nations is possible only through warfare. The Macmillan Company is the publisher.

"The Life and Letters of John Hay," by William Roscoe Thayer, which was recently published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, is in its fourth printing.

Miss Mabel Boardman, chairman of the national relief board of the Red Cross, has written a book entitled "Under the Red Cross," which has just been published by the J. B. Lippincott Company. The royalties will be devoted absolutely to the Red Cross endowment fund. The book is of national con-

cern, for the great relief organization is under national auspices. Miss Boardman pays a tribute to the splendid part which California has played in Red Cross work.

The Houghton Mifflin Company, publishers of Dr. Hugo Munsterberg's "Psychology and Industrial Efficiency," report a re-order on the book from the London firm of Constable & Co.

"Ten Great Adventurers," a book for younger readers, by Kate Dickinson Sweetser, has just been published by the Harpers.

W. E. Cule's "The White Caravan" is to be published by E. P. Dutton & Co. Kind-hearted, sunny-headed, little Ben, and the sympathetic, comprehending master of "The White Caravan" are friends that any youngster would be happy to call his own. The story of how little Ben is rescued from his enemies is told in a way to hold a child's interest with pleasant excitement.

One of the important subjects to be considered by Congress when it meets will be credits to farmers. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company has in press for immediate publication a timely and important work on this subject, entitled "Land Credits, the Farmer's Friend," by the Honorable Dick T. Morgan, member of Congress from Oklahoma.

Mrs. T. P. O'Connor, who combines Tay Pay's own suave wit, which has made him the most successful of Irish politicians, with her own Southern charm, has written a new book in which she introduces her best-beloved dog-friends—and in the friendship of dogs she has all her life, ever since she was a child on a Texan ranch, found amusement and comfort.

Australian readers are evidently not devoting all their attention to newspaper accounts of their troops at the front, if one can judge by an unusually large order for novels recently cabled to a New York publishing house. Among the books they ask for are Zane Grey's new novel, "The Rainbow Trail," and his earlier books, "The Lone Star Ranger" and "The Light of Western Stars"; Rupert Hughes's "Empty Pockets," and "The Inner Law," by Will N. Harben.

"The Little Shepherd of Bargain Row," by Howard McKent Barnes, comes from the Reilly & Britton press as lively a tale as has been seen this long while. In dialogue, in action, in clean-cut comedy, it is a thoroughly enjoyable story. The scene of "The Little Shepherd" is largely laid in a large jewelry store of New York City, but while business is the background, all the way through the romance is kept at the front. The heroine has a prime faculty for making things move.

Henry S. Canby, whose book, "College Sons and College Fathers," recently published by the Harpers, was born in Wilmington, Delaware in 1878. He is assistant professor of English at Yale University, of which college he is a graduate, and is assistant editor of the *Yale Review*. He has written several books on English composition, and has contributed short stories and critical essays to well-known periodicals. Professor Canby makes his home at New Haven.

Kate Ryan, for many years one of the favorite actresses who made famous the Boston Museum Stock Company, has written in "Old Boston Museum Days" one of the most delightful and readable books of the season. Her personal recollection of William Warren, Mrs. Vincent, Annie Clarke, Charles Barron, and other noted actors of that day, as well as the younger generation of players who

owed their subsequent success to the Boston Museum, bring these favorites vividly to mind. Miss Ryan also recalls the famous stars who played annual engagements supported by the stock company—Booth, Boucicault, Lester Wallack, Mansfield, Fanny Davenport, Modjeska, Janauschek, and others. The book is fully illustrated. Little, Brown & Co. are the publishers.

"Deal Woods," published by the Macmillan Company, is the fourth of Mr. Griswold's Deal stories, a series which has met with the hearty approbation of boy readers and of many of their elders. Mr. Griswold writes of preparatory school life as one who knows it thoroughly. In "Deal Woods" are reflected the vigor, the excitement, the love of contest, and the appreciation of nature which have characterized its predecessors.

"David Copperfield" is still the most widely read novel in the English language, and Josephine Dodge Daskam Bacon, commenting on that fact, declares that "If the women of America read more Dickens and less Bergson it would be a fine thing for them. Dickens is better for them than Bergson. If they read Dickens it would be a good thing for them and for everything that is theirs."

The Metropolitan Museum of Art at New York has suffered three financial blows from the war, for the contributions of art patrons are smaller, there is no chance of the city's annual gift of \$200,000 being increased and the membership of the institution has fallen off by more than a thousand.

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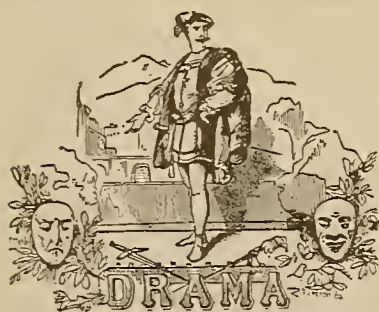
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### THE PORTMANTEAU THEATRE.

We in San Francisco are accustomed to wait long and long for the stage successes of the East to come our way. We have learned to possess our souls in patience, but we enjoy it all the more when, occasionally, very, very occasionally, we have the opportunity to give a first verdict. It looks as if we may have that opportunity during one of the earlier months of 1916, for Mr. Stuart Walker, director of the Portmanteau Theatre—its name is enlightening—who has been on this Coast for a vacation period during our Exposition year, intends, if his business manager has not already bound him down to Eastern contracts, to start his 1916 tour in California, no doubt in San Francisco.

Mr. Walker belongs to that class of young playwrights who look forward to and who are assisting in the advancement of the new era in the scenic presentation of drama, long since started and now steadily progressing. The time is ripe for it, and for fresh thoughts and ideas in playwrighting. Theatre managers show the state of uncertainty they are in by the frequent revival of old plays. The public loves the theatre too ardently to go back on it, but they know as well as anybody that these revivals are merely stop-gaps. The war, too, is going to make a difference. After we have been facing for a long year the spectacle of almost a whole world in struggle, suffering, and anguish, after we have been realizing the pit of horrors to which humanity can descend, we want to have our thoughts turned toward something wholesome, gentle, and healing. The man whose heart is oppressed by the spectacle of human woe does not seek oblivion in a Gaboriau novel.

This young author-producer, who had, during his years in college, demonstrated to his mates his talent for unique and original ideas in stage production, captured the suffrage of a number of New York leading critics, theatre managers, typical first-nighters, and a residue of the general public, who saw his ideas demonstrated at the Christodora Settlement House in New York during a brief season of drama engineered there under his direction and with some of his own plays for the dramatic vehicles. In order to meet the difficulties of bringing out plays of fantasy and imaginative appeal in a bare hall Mr. Walker invented the Portmanteau Theatre, which is a complete theatrical stage of a portable nature, designed primarily for use in homes, schools, colleges, club auditoriums, and settlement houses, and which can be set up by a competent crew in three hours. The inventor, recognizing the strong desire of the public to be in closer touch with the personages on the stage, brings his scene very close to them by lowering his stage floor to within a few steps of the level of the auditorium. He has a shallow fore-stage, separated by a couple of steps from the larger main stage, and provided with back-grounded side extensions, which further opportunity for increased stage space and stage exits and variety of scenic effect. However, such details as the fire-proofing of all the material, including the velvet curtains, the completeness of the whole installation, which includes a "dimmer-bank" or complete electric apparatus for stage lighting, the curved cycloramic backgrounds which permit of beautiful atmospheric and lighting effects—all these are of a practical nature, less interesting to the general public than are details concerning the kind of appeal made by the Stuart Walker entertainments. This young author has struck out in a new line. He writes charming little plays that defy all previous rules of dramaturgy. They appeal to the child that is in the heart of all of us, for he is at once dramatist, storyteller, and poet. His fancy is singularly fresh, simple, and sincere, his ideas untrammelled and daringly simple in their originality. He has a peculiar felicity of phrase, because he partakes, too, of the nature of a musician. He is aware of the pleasure felt by those that have ears to hear and the taste to approve in certain happy conjunctions of sounds, and ministers to it roguishly in "The Trimplet," partly with the music of the refrains and partly by the names he chooses for his characters, which caress the ear by their euphony and at the same time bring names used in a pretentious romance. For Mr. Walker is a humorist, *sui generis*, and by his gift of humor he is

going to capture his public. It is rather a curious collection of gifts. In his soul he is a poet, and to be a poet means often to be lonely, but while he has something of the vision of the seer, they are singularly pleasing, kindly, and cheering pictures that he garners and places before the spectator. He has as playful a fancy as Barrie, and the simplicity of Maeterlinck, but, after all, he frightens us by no cloudy depths of mysticism, no brain provocations of symbolism. Possessing the soul of the poet and the artist, he must avail himself at times of these two inevitable accompaniments of poetry, but they are so felicitously intertwined with a sort of tender drollery, a simple but enchanting homeliness of dialogue, and a quaintly loving attitude toward humanity that one can but bathe his tired spirit in the springtime charm of these little plays and ask for more. Theatrical producers in ordinary understand this, and have sought to make business arrangements with Mr. Walker, who, fortunately, being a man of many sides, practical as well as poetic, mechanically as well as artistically gifted, and backed up by the practical usefulness of his "Portmanteau Theatre" which travels around with him, and can be set up in any auditorium, from a theatre to a church harem, desires that his little plays should be suitably presented. For they belong to "the little theatre" class of drama. We have no "little theatre" in San Francisco, and, so far as I know, no prospect of one. However, the "Portmanteau Theatre" can easily remedy that omission, since it can so speedily transform an ordinary hall or lecture room into a playhouse.

In his settings and decorations, which are designed by a group of gifted young artists who have, with ample ability and full faith, pledged their talent to the advancement of this novel and beautiful enterprise, Mr. Walker aims to give the imagination, so long neglected by the adherents of tediously minute realism, an opportunity for play. For six years Mr. Walker was a Belasco play reader, stage manager, and understudy, and he does full justice to the practical value of his experience. But one can realize his real originality in the fact that he emerged from this experience entirely un-Belascoized. On the contrary, he had a strong revulsion in the opposite direction. His idea of stage decoration and setting, following out the Gordon Craig theory, is the imaginative value of suggestion, although so admirable is the working usefulness of his portable theatre that he can, if he will, set up in it an entirely realistic play. But in such plays as "The Trimplet" the delicate and beautiful fantasy requires appropriate treatment. An admirable effect is gained by showing the merest suggestion of a daisy-mead. And an artistic system of lights does the rest.

Mr. Walker's own plays appeal to the child that survives even in some worldly hearts. They are dedicated to "youth, to imagination, to the eternal spirit of play." They are "plays for young people—from seven to seventy," and no doubt may not please the weary old worldlings of twenty-one who expurgate the drama for their mothers and go to see everything themselves. But even the stout, heavy-jowled t. b. m. who crams himself full of cocktails and a six-course dinner and goes to the play only to find it flat unless there is a heavy of uncovered, screaming chorus girls and a select assortment of *double entendres* in evidence—yes, even he has still some lingering possibilities. Men of that type have been hardly treated, and many of them, when they saw "Peter Pan," found, strangely enough, that something left over from the fresh heart of boyhood still survived.

So it was at the Christodora Gymnasium performances, when wary theatre managers, on the look-out for new material, took note that stout, shiny-pated old worldlings hung anxiously on the fortunes of the queen in "Six who pass while the lentils boil," and relaxed with a sigh of relief when the legal punishment decreed for stepping on a royal toe was safely done away with. This play is so full of playful fancy, of delicate humor, of the charm of acted story, that I believe that even the constitutional window-shopper, with a soul apparently no higher than her high-heeled boots, that even she might be unable to resist its appeal. But then "Six who pass" was written for all ages; and all become children who follow its fancies with delight.

In accordance with his method of adhering to the eternal fitness of things Mr. Walker has a carefully selected company, unmarked by the withering blight of Broadway, who, like the staff of artists that have designed costume and scenery, are full of enthusiasm for his ideas and of zeal and intelligence in carrying them out. They are impatient for the tour to begin, for the enthusiastic endorsement given to the enterprise by the New York audiences who saw the initial performances already alluded to assure them of success. Critics, journalists, and magazine writers generally wrote numerous articles on the subject, and it is next door to certain that, when the public becomes well acquainted with Mr. Walker's work, he is going to be a

very prominent figure in the world of literature and of artistic drama.

As I have said, Mr. Walker, who, by the way, never dreams of calling himself a poet, is not of the order of those who tread the heights, lonely and apart, but walks in warm and sunny valleys where humanity works and plays. It is humanity he loves and understands, its love of pretty fancies, of laughter, of play. To this he intends to minister, and it is for that reason he brings his stage so close to the audience. Among the plays in his list there is one, "Six Games," by Anna Hampstead Branch, in which the audience participates in the games. In another an earnest little boy in the audience interrupts occasionally to demand a definition of the "hard words." And a confirmed theatre-goer has but to uote with what childlike eagerness and fresh enjoyment an audience, when it is bidden, abandons itself to some form of playful participation, as sometimes happens in the lighter form of stage entertainment.

For the rest, we have something to look forward to; something rare, fine, distinctive, and distinguished; and yet, as sweet, refreshing, and simple as the fairy tale told around the evening fire, before the children are put to bed.

### MISS BEATRICE IRWIN.

All kinds of people come our way during this Exposition year. We have even had a specimen of the drawing-room yearner, such as they used to listen to at social soirees held in London drawing-rooms during the period when Gilbert wrote "Patience." I did not realize that the type still survived, Hindu mahatmas seeming to have supplanted it during these later years.

Yet Miss Beatrice Irwin, author of "The Pagan Trinity" and "The New Science of Color," certainly seems to belong, root and branch, to the long extinct fraternity of aesthetes. Miss Irwin writes poetry, brief, euphonious rhapsodies in the form of sonnets, on beauty and art—in French, by the way—which she recites impassionedly. They have been commended by no less an authority than Richard Le Gallienne, but, while he and others express a warm appreciation of the talent of the young lady, I have an idea that she is a little behind the age in her way of advancing her ideas. In an account of her first meeting with Rodin she describes herself as plunged in such a trance of self-forgetful ecstasy while contemplating one of his masterpieces as to be oblivious of the presence of the master. While ecstatically gazing at and summing up for our delectation the points of one of the pieces of Rodin statuary grouped around her, Miss Irwin, with a single sweep of her prettily rounded hand and arm, wiped away a tear. I am afraid we are rather nearer the soil out here than the habitués of London drawing-rooms and Parisian ateliers, for I noticed that the audience felt sardonic about the tear, and listened with polite skepticism to the young lady's description of the waves of color which she declared she saw while contemplating the Rodin head of John the Baptist. For her theory is that the eloquence of art expresses itself in terms of color, that color is divided into three kinds—"recuperative, sedative, and

stimulant"—and that the initiated, when they gaze upon a fine work of art which utters its message to their souls, see these waves of color, visible, if not corporeal. Rather transcendently far-fetched and utterly utter, is it not?

Yet the Exposition has so kindled our sense of the beauty of color, and the exhibition in the Fine Arts Palace has so opened our eyes and our understanding to the new science of light as applied to the painting of pictures that we season-ticket sisterhood were only too anxious for any enlightenment. At any rate, I shall read—or try to—a book or so by Miss Irwin, who is a pretty, refined-looking girl with delicate features, and who succeeds in taking herself in, if she doesn't us. She is high-strung, of a dramatic temperament, and no doubt believes what she says. And, in any case, we are indebted to her for a new sensation, for I am quite sure we stay-at-homes neither saw nor heard her like before.

### THE ORPHEUM.

It is an awful jump from aestheticism to vaudeville, but it must be made. For the business goes merrily on, and how they succeed in packing their theatres any fuller than they were before the Exposition crowd came remains a standing conundrum.

At the Orpheum Houdini is their principal drawing card—Houdini, with Carolina White as a good second. Houdini is a confident, cheerful citizen who is so absolutely sure that he is going to escape in the prescribed thirty-second from his iron-clamped, locked-up, water-immersed cage that he inspires the spectator with equal confidence. I found myself as sure of it as of death and taxes, and I am afraid that I thereby lost the thrill of excitement. However, the audience did not, getting out of the act, I fancy, all they bargained for. Houdini, although he invites men from the audience to sit on the stage, has no confederates among them. He relies on his staff of assistants, cheerfully admits to trickery in his affair with the needles, and merrily defies us to catch him in the act. I noticed, by the way, that the men who were invited to the stage inspected objects in the most perfunctory manner, and examined nothing. I wondered why they didn't scrutinize one lone needle, to find if they were self-threaders or what mechanical pickiness they might be up to. But they didn't.

Carolina White is a tall, resplendent being with black hair, a smooth white skin, and pecks of jewels. Her skin is so white and smooth and encarnated, her hair so trigly reefed close to her small head and so immaculately marcelled and filleted, her lovely complexion so skillfully tinted, her teeth so white, her eyes so enlarged and rayed with charcoal eyelashes, and she is so set off with lace and glitter, and smooth white curves and graduated rose tints that she seems like a particularly well-made wax figure. Oh yes, and she sings; a good voice, too, big, pure soprano quality, but not a teaspoonful of feeling to it. Her beauty is soulless, and so is her song.

A pretty dancing act by the nice, attractive young family trio of Gardiners—by the way, why didn't little sister Gardiner have her

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drapery ends rounded instead of pointed, in the rose dance, so as to suggest rose-petals instead of flames?—a lot of amusing character songs by Willie Weston, the "Novelty Clintons" act, which included some extraordinarily light, graceful, and difficult jumping—these made up the best of the programme.

The Bison City Four is well-named. They bellow like bisons in search of prairie grass. But though their act smells too much of heer and whisky, the men have the spirits of four capering boys, and are rather forgivable.

Mabelle Lewis is kitchiness in every respect save her physiognomy, and her partner is quite the usual thing. The humor of "Our Boh," I imagine, requires that one be a male with several cocktails aboard to appreciate its peculiarly daunting brand of humor.

### THE PANTAGES THEATRE.

Really, at Pantages they have a comedy pair not on sentimental terms, and the man of which does not chant rhythmically at the prescribed point while he evolves a dancing step and girdles the lady's waist with his arms, "I want to marry ye-oo!" These were Arthur Manzer and Maybelle Palmer, who hit on something a little different and did successfully what they set out to do.

I suppose the Countess von Dornum is scheduled as one of the chief attractions this week. The countess makes a very high flight into the ether of imagination when she calls herself "the Tetrizini of vaudeville." Her alleged voice issues with considerable difficulty and signs of stress and strain, her alleged countessship would excite the doubts of an infant-in-arms, her pink confectionery conservatory and her Greek-draped harpists are the real drawing card, and her trombone soloist belongs in a comedy sketch. It looks, on the whole, as if the countess had more money to spend than discretion in laying it out. In fact, away with dissembling! Let us say it right out: the countess should be speedily and ruthlessly suppressed.

A dancing novelty by the Harris Brothers, the Van Der Koors in a successful slap-stick comedy skit, a rather better than the usual Pantages playlet called "The Sheriff," with six peachlets and "a pair" in a music-comedy turn, round out a bill, which, by the way, mercifully let us off from the usual Charlie Chaplinisms in the motion pictures, showing

us, instead, a series of interesting views of the opening of winter flowers in bloom. In this I discovered that hastening the processes of nature—even though only pictorially—has a tendency to deprive the flowers of beauty. They looked unpleasantly alive in their growth movements, the cluster of bud-headed, cyclamen stems resembling, oddly enough, nothing so much as a nest of slowly moving serpents.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

### FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"On Trial" Continues at the Columbia.

The best evidence of the success achieved by "On Trial" at the Columbia Theatre is the immense attendance and the universal expressions of satisfaction in having seen what has been advertised and has fulfilled the announcements that it is the biggest hit in years. Certain it is that not in the memory of theatre-goers of the past couple of generations has a play so forcibly hit the public of America. Cohan and Harris have seen to it that every part in the extensive production is well handled, hence the completeness and perfection of the performance, which runs smoothly and keeps the auditor fairly riveted to his seat. The story of the play is told in a most unique manner and all laws of playwrighting have been successfully upset by the author, who has achieved a positive triumph. The final week begins with the performance on Sunday night, November 14th. There will be matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

"A Pair of Sixes" at the Cort.

"A Pair of Sixes," the Edward Peple farce, will be the Cort's attraction for a single week only, beginning Sunday night, November 14th. Through its previous visit "A Pair of Sixes" is well known here for its mirth-provoking powers, for it made the same happy impression as it has all over the country. It originally ran for an entire year at the Longacre Theatre, New York.

The plot deals with two partners who disagree as to the method of conducting a prosperous patent medicine business. After much squabbling and irritation their lawyer is called in to solve the difficulty, and, when all other methods fail, suggests that they play a show-down poker hand to see which of the two partners will have control of the business, as well as the direction of the other's affairs for a year. A pair of sixes wins, and the winner obtains the services of his partner as a butler in his household for a year, under the iron-clad agreement by which not a word of explanation may be made to others. It may be imagined what exasperatingly funny situations could come of this, and the playwright has taken full advantage of his whimsically funny pivotal notion.

Oscar Figman is the featured member of the cast, and has a part that is a scream as the partner who did not hold a pair of sixes. Kate Guyon, Jack Raffael, Rita Carlyle, George Leffingwell, Ethel Wilson, Richard Earle, Hilda Graham, and other clever folk are in the company which Producer Frazee has assembled.

Tonight will see the final performance of "So Long Letty," the merry Morosco "comedy with music."

"The Bird of Paradise," Richard Walton Tully's most popular play, comes to the Cort on Sunday, November 21st.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

Next week will be the last of Houdini, the Genius of Escape, who is proving one of the great sensations of vaudeville. There will also be a new show which will include several of the best hits of the present theatrical season.

Tom Barry's romance of yesterday, "A Breath of Old Virginia," with Genevieve Cliff and a clever cast, is sure to prove a success. It is the first comedy of the "switchback" variety presented in vaudeville—that is, a dramatic device of visualizing a story as it is being enacted in the minds of the characters. "A Breath of Old Virginia" is a story of the South telling of the absolute loyalty of a Southern belle for the man who sacrifices himself for her at a Federal prison camp in 1861. As the girl relates the story to a Northern suitor the scene dissolves and the incident in question is shown. When the story is finished the characters and scene of the play proper come back and a most unusual finale is presented.

Mazie King as a toe dancer has few equals. The dance known in this country as "The Capital Stairs Dance" and in London as the "Escalade Dance" is Miss King's creation. Her present vaudeville offering consists of doing all the modern dances upon her toes. She is assisted by Ted Doner.

Sherman, Van, and Hyman are three talented young men who successfully entertain with melodious noise.

Russell Mack and Blanche Vincent, a talented and versatile young couple, call their effort "Song Sketches at the Piano."

Robert L. Dailey and his company in the successful comedy, "Our Boh," and the Bison

City Four in new selections will be pleasant incidents of the bill.

Dainty Marie, the Venus of the Air, and one of the most symmetrical women, who is as clever as she is attractive, will be a special feature of this most enjoyable entertainment. She sings and dances bewitchingly, and on a flying trapeze is the personification of grace, nonchalance, and skill.

Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre.

Hardeen, the "King of Handcuffs," is the topline attraction on the new bill at the Pantages opening on Sunday afternoon. This is the first visit to the Pacific Coast of the mysterious Hardeen in several years, but he will be remembered by vaudeville followers as the man that created a sensation on his last tour by being thrown from a ferryboat into the waters while shackled with a dozen or more handcuffs. Hardeen is a hrober of the "elusive Houdini," and many of his tricks are patterned after the baffling feats of the former.

Irene West and her eight "Royal Hawaiians" in native songs, dances, and music are a big feature of the new programme. The scenic stage setting of the production is a reproduction of the famous volcano at Hawaii.

Howard and Field and their singing and dancing dining-car minstrels are a star specialty. The little company of funmakers have one of the best comedy offerings that has played the circuit in months.

Alexander Patty and company have an unique act, styled "The Upside Down Man," in which Patty does odd stunts, like playing the violin while standing on his head, and juggling different articles while in the same posture.

The Longworths present a dainty musical act called "Bits of Mirth and Melody," introducing a novelty in singing to the accompaniment of moving pictures, which is billed as "Desperate Desmond."

Mabel Johnston, lady ventriloquist, and the Florence Sisters, dancers, are other acts.

"The Bird of Paradise" Returning.

Richard Walton Tully's most popular play, "The Bird of Paradise," is due for a return engagement at the Cort Theatre, beginning Sunday, November 21st. It will be remembered what a success was achieved by this delightful Hawaiian romance on its previous two visits. This time the leading part of Luana is played by Carlotta Monterey, a new "discovery," and a charming young actress. Oliver Morosco promises the same elaborate production as before.

"The Battle Cry of Peace."

"The Battle Cry of Peace," at present being shown at the Vitagraph Theatre, New York, in its third month, is hailed as one of the greatest motion pictures ever shown. This patriotic photo-spectacle has been termed a call to arms against war, and has been written by F. Stuart Blackton, who took as his base Hudson Maxim's "Defenseless America." He has utilized the facts and statistics contained in the Maxim hook and around them he built an absorbing story. Thousands upon thousands of National Guardsmen, eight thousand G. A. R. men, five thousand horses, aeroplanes, sea-pelicans, Zeppelins, dreadnoughts, battleships, cruisers, torpedo boats, and many other instruments of war have been utilized. An orchestra of twenty will be heard in conjunction with the picture each afternoon and night during the engagement which will be played at the Columbia Theatre commencing Sunday, November 21st. Orchestra seats at night will be 75 cents and \$1, balcony seats 50 cents. The afternoon prices will be 25 cents and 50 cents. The advance sale of seats commences this morning.

### THE MUSIC SEASON.

Composers' Day at Festival Hall.

One of the most interesting concerts of the Exposition period will take place at Festival Hall this Sunday afternoon at half-past two, when the Exposition Orchestra of eighty musicians will play a programme made up entirely of works by San Francisco composers. For several weeks past Paul Stein-dorff, Herman Perley, and John Manning, a committee chosen by the music department of the Exposition, have been busy with manuscripts submitted by local musicians, and from the long list a particularly attractive bouquet of compositions has been culled.

The first number of the afternoon will be "Rosa," an overture by Philip I. Jacoby and conducted by Herman Perley, after which each selection will be conducted by the composer in person. The numbers will include "Papillonage," by Earl Sbarp; the Andante to "Cherry," by Fr. W. Warnke-Mueller; the "Jig" from "St. Patrick of Tiara," by Wallace A. Sabin; the Introduction to "Perseus," Theodore Vogt's music-drama written for the Bohemian Grove jinks of 1905; a "Lullaby" and "Madrigale Rustico," by Dominico Brescia; "Lamia," by Frederick Zeeb; a

movement from "Suite Orientale," by Herman S. Heller, and the Intermezzo from "Maimundus," by Ulderico Marcelli.

Mrs. M. E. Blanchard, mezzo-soprano, will sing "Lines of Francesca," by Albert Elkus; Harold Pracht, haritone, will be heard in "Brahma," by Mrs. Mary Carr-Moore, and Lowell Redfield, baritone, will sing a song by Axel Raul Wachmeister, "Awake, My Beloved." The song composers will conduct their works.

Great interest is manifested in this concert and there is a large demand for seats at the Exposition ticket office, 343 Powell Street.

The Innisfail String Quartet.

The Innisfail String Quartet, organized by Mrs. J. B. Caserly, a music lover of taste and opinion, and whose standards are substantially high, with no other motive than that of providing good music for San Francisco, will give the second of its series of concerts at Sorosis Club Hall, 536 Sutter Street, on the evening of Tuesday, November 23d, at 8:30 o'clock sharp. The following programme has been prepared:

Quartet, E flat major, op. 74.....Beethoven  
Quartet No. 2, D major.....Borodin  
Quartet, op. 10.....Debussy

Seats are on sale now at the box-offices of Sherman, Clay & Co. and Kohler & Chase.

The third concert of the season by the San Francisco Quintet Club will be given at the hall room of the Hotel St. Francis on Thursday night, December 9th. The programme will include the Debussy String Quartet, No. 1, Brandis-Buys Quintet, and Brahms Piano Quartet, op. 26.

### FESTIVAL HALL EXPOSITION GROUNDS ORGAN RECITAL by EDWIN H. LEMARE Daily at Noon-10c

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in TWO CONCERTS  
TUESDAY EVENINGS  
Nov. 23 Dec. 7  
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## VANITY FAIR.

An Eastern newspaper is very much alarmed because a number of women of St. Louis, Missouri, interrupted a public meeting with a sort of demonstration in favor of polygamy. What are we coming to, asks the indignant scribe, when such an incident is possible at a time when our glorious civilization, etc. There is no need to reproduce the hysterical formulas which are kept in type in all well-conducted newspaper offices. Indeed we may question the wisdom of noting anything that emanates from a mind capable of describing any modern civilization as glorious. Civilizations may be powerful. They may be wonderful. They may even be awful, and they usually are. But to describe a civilization as glorious seems to indicate a mental and linguistic impotence that is staggering.

Now we are not at all sure that we do not admire these women of St. Louis, not because they favor polygamy, but because they have the courage to say so. Of course we are assuming that the incident actually occurred, which, on second thoughts, seems unlikely, seeing that it was reported in a daily newspaper. But if it did occur, then we are strongly disposed to applaud the women for their recognition that there is not a single characterization of modern civilization, or indeed of anything else, that will necessarily endure, or indeed that is likely to endure.

It is one of the peculiarities of narrow minds to suppose that the particular age in which they happen to live is in some special sense the goal or the climax to which evolution has been moving. They are always living in a crisis or at a turning point. The particular moment in time and space that they happen to occupy is always the exact centre of a balance for which all past ages have been preparing and upon which all future ages depend. The happiness of the coming humanities always depends upon the particular futility in which they happen to be interested. They can not conceive of the possibility that Nature at any moment and in some frolicsome mood may utterly smash all our "hulwarks" and "cornerstones" and "established principles" and "fundamental conceptions" about which we love to prate, and say: "Please begin all over again. Yes, from the very beginning. And try to do better this time." Nature has done this many times already. Suppose some one had told Julius Caesar that the barbarians were about to hammer at the gates of Rome and that its vast social system was doomed. How he would have laughed. But it happened. And it has probably happened so often that even myth has forgotten it. We have no reason to suppose that the human race has made any permanent attainments or that there is a single human institution that has any more immortality about it than an autumn leaf on the tree.

And so it is quite upon the cards that polygamy will return, however abhorrent the idea may seem to us. Anything is possible after the action of so many European clergymen, who are quick to pronounce something very much like the abrogation of what we are used to consider as the most elementary of moral laws the moment a militant patriotism seems to demand it. These clerics have, of course, veiled their admonitions in diplomatic phrases, but what they actually amount to is an exhortation to have babies, legally if possible, but to have babies. The supposedly divine command, so we are told in effect, is all very well in times of peace or when there are no Germans or Englishmen to be killed, but of course the Almighty will be willing to concede a point when the supply of men to kill the Germans or Englishmen seems to be threatened. Heaven forbid that we should be harsh, but we are quite unable to interpret what may be called the clerical baby agitation in any other way. The very same dignitaries who, a few years ago, would have morally crushed the young woman who had loved not wisely but too well, are now ready to pronounce their benediction on that same young woman who has compensated for her error by the production of a potential soldier.

What guarantee have we, then, that there is anything fixed, stable, or immutable when we see the most fundamental of all fundamental moral concepts thus quietly pushed into a corner for the convenience of military needs. Indeed we hear already of polygamy in Europe as one of the possible proprieties that lie ahead of that distracted continent. Such suggestions are in the form of hadinage, but they have a very real meaning behind them.

And even here in America we may suspect that our monogamous principles are often theoretical rather than practical. There seems no radical difference between the having of three or four wives in succession through the benevolent intercession of the divorce court and having the same number of wives simultaneously. To drive tandem or four abreast can hardly be said to be a matter of fundamental conviction. There was some point to the contention of the celebrated Oriental who

recently visited America and who was taken to task for the polygamous habits of his country. He said: "In my country we have our wives all together. In your country you have them one after the other. What is the difference?"

Therefore the women of St. Louis may be commended, not for their defense of polygamy, but for their recognition that there is no such thing as finality in human affairs, that there is no human institution that is immortal, no cornerstone that may not be rooted up. There was a certain fine philosophy about the old Sultan who adopted as his motto the tremendous words, "Even this shall pass away." For assuredly time brings all things to doom.

The Austrian nobility usually marry those of their own rank, with the result that nearly all the families of the aristocracy are related. Princess Karl, whose mother and father together had fifteen brothers and nine sisters, told a correspondent of *Chambers's Journal* that at the last court ball there were more than a hundred of her first cousins and that one winter at Ahazia she had not spoken during a whole week of halls and parties to any one who was not connected either directly or remotely with her own or Prince Karl's family.

It was thought that the barriers of caste would be broken down if the Archduke Franz Ferdinand should succeed his uncle, the emperor; for if hismorganatic wife, Countess Chotek (created Duchess of Hohenberg by the emperor), became empress, despite his solemn oath to the contrary, the present rules as to birth could hardly be enforced. If they were so relaxed as to permit a lady not of royal birth to become Empress of Austria, they would be relaxed for all those who now suffer exclusion from court for lack of princely blood. Princess Karl, although she is very broad-minded, could admit no variation of this rule. "In Austria," she said, "it is what you are horn that counts, not what you become."

When I ventured to point out that this sentiment belonged to the middle ages, says the writer, her reply showed me the unchangeable point of view of the Austrian aristocrats. It is not mere vulgar glorying in pride of birth; it is the acceptance of a fact that to them is as necessary and natural as the coming of night and day. "I was horn Durchlaucht" (that is, Serene Highness); "I have married a Durchlaucht; my children are Durchlaughts. How can I possibly recognize Countess Chotek as empress? Durchlaughts do not make oheissance to countesses no matter whom they may marry. Countesses can not be made empresses in Austria."

"But they can be made queens in Hungary," I ventured, "and the archduke would be King of Hungary as well as Emperor of Austria."

"It is different in Hungary," the princess replied quickly. "The wife of the King of Hungary is his queen, even if she were a beggar girl."

"Then if the Duchess of Hohenberg had been Queen of Hungary you would have made oheissance to her as queen?"

"Certainly," was the immediate answer.

"Then why not as empress?" I asked.

"In Hungary the Countess Chotek would be queen. It is only in Hungary that I would make oheissance to her. In Austria she could never be anything save the Countess Chotek, because she was horn Countess Chotek. One does not make oheissance to countesses, even if they marry archdukes who become emperors," she repeated.

The murder at Sarajevo made it impossible to put this question to the test, but the Princess Karl gave the point of view of the Austrian nobility in a nutshell.

Peter Thelussen, a London merchant, died in 1797, leaving a fortune of £700,000. By his will £100,000 went to his wife and children. The rest of his fortune was committed to trustees, with the stipulation that it should be allowed to accumulate during the lives of the sons and grandsons. When they were all dead, the fortune was to go to the oldest living great grandson; or if there should be no great grandson, it should go to the government and be applied on the national debt. The will was contested, but the heirs were unable to break it. The last grandson died in 1859, and the fortune was delivered to Charles Thelussen, the oldest living great-grandson. At the time the will was made experts figured out that the fortune would amount to something like £1,900,000 by the time it should be turned over to the great-grandson, but the expenses of litigation and administration had been so great that he received only about the amount of the original fortune, £700,000.

In the earlier days of gas-lighting the gas producers regarded coal-tar as a great nuisance, and surreptitiously got rid of it. Then the great discovery was made that all the hues of the rainbow dwelt in this dirty-looking stuff which men despised and threw away.



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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A beautiful young lady approached the ticket window at a Pennsylvania country station and in a voice like the rippling of a brook asked the agent: "What is the fare to the fair?" To which the thick-headed agent replied: "Same as to the homely, madam."

Down the mountains of Kentucky came an extremely tall and lank homesteader. At the first liquid emporium palace he set such a pace that a stranger whom he had invited to drink with him asked: "Are you not afraid that all this whisky will get to your head?" "No, sah," replied the other. "This heah lickin's too weak to climb."

After suffering a long time with toothache the young colored girl got up her courage enough to go to the dentist. The moment he touched the tooth she began to scream. "Look here," he said, "you mustn't yell like that. Don't you know I'm a 'painless dentist'?" "Well, mebbe yo' is painless, sah," she said, "but ah aint."

An advance agent for a theatrical production due shortly in San Francisco was speaking to a newspaper man with reference to the wonderful powers of the leading woman. "Do you know," he said, enthusiastically, "that in New York when she appeared as the dying mother in the last act an insurance man, who had, not a week before, written her a policy for \$10,000, actually fainted in the theatre."

The manager of a factory recently engaged a new man and gave instructions to the foreman to instruct him in his duties. A few days afterward the manager inquired whether the new man was progressing with his work. The foreman, who had not agreed very well with the man in question, exclaimed angrily: "Progressing! There's been a lot of progress. I have taught him everything I know and he is still an ignorant fool."

A negro truck driver backed his wagon into the space allotted to a rival transfer concern at a railway freight depot in Dallas, Texas. "Hey, dar, niggah!" yelled the driver on whose territory the other had transgressed. "I'll knock yo' outa yo' house an' home ef yo' don't hack up!" "It's got no home," retorted the offending driver. "Now what yo' gonna do 'bout dat?" "I'll dig yo' one, niggah—I'll dig yo' one!"

A policeman, with more than usual avoirdupois and expanse of shoe leather, had just passed a little terrace house, with a bit of garden in front, when a little hoy ran after him. "Helloa, kiddie," said the copper, genially; "what can I do for you?" "Mother sent me out," answered the youngster, "to ask you if you would mind walking up and down our path for a minute or two. It's just been graveled, and we aint got a roller."

Having wearied of its streets being used as farmyards, cowpaths, and other symbols of simple rusticity, a Minnesota village council ordered the town marshal to insert an official warning notice in the local weekly. He whetted his pencil and the next issue of the paper contained his effort: "I have been instructed by the Village Council to enforce the Ordinance against chickens running at large and riding bicycles on the sidewalk—Harry Shells, Village Marshal."

A member of the business staff of Robert Mantell, the actor, tells of a conversation he overheard "in front" on the occasion of Mr. Mantell's production of "Hamlet" in a Western town. "Oh, Harry," said the young woman. "I think it's an awful shame to drown Ophelia and kill Hamlet. They ought to have been married." Whereupon Harry heaved a sigh and looked earnestly at his companion. "I aint great on tragedy," said he, "hut that's how I'd fix it."

A Scottish prison chaplain, recently appointed, entered one of the cells on his first round of inspection and thus addressed a

prisoner who occupied it. "Well, my man, do you know who I am?" "No, nor I dinna care!" was the nonchalant reply. "Well, I'm your new chaplain." "Oh, ye are? Then I hae heard o' ye before." "And what did you hear?" returned the chaplain, his curiosity getting the better of his dignity. "Weel, I heard that the last twa kirks ye were in ye preached them baith empty; hut I can say ye willna find it quite sae easy to do the same wi' this one."

In times gone by a wreck was the great event on the Cornish coast, and the entire countryside turned out in an endeavor to procure a portion of whatever came ashore. In one parish church, in the midst of Sunday service, a head was thrust in at the door and a hoarse voice croaked: "A wreck! A wreck!" The congregation stirred uneasily; a man half rose, then another; in a moment there was a stampede for the door. "Halt!" rang out a stentorian voice from the pulpit; then, to the clerk: "Anthony, shut that door!" The congregation was well trained; it knew its vicar. Man, woman, and child, for children took no small part in the business of wrecking, stopped in their tracks; the door clanged shut. Blandly the parson elbowed his way from the pulpit. At the door he turned his hand on the latch: "Now, my dear brethren, now we shall all start fair."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Beauty and Bloom.

A scientist contemporaneous  
Found that beauty was not subcutaneous.  
"Alas!" sighed the sage,  
"It speaks bad for the age—  
Her bloom is entirely extraneous."—Life.

A Pile of Slats?

CHAPTER I.

Adolphus Oomph was seven feet  
And fourteen inches high.  
From which you might deduce that Ad  
Was quite a lofty guy.

Your keen deduction is correct;  
When all was said and done  
Adolph was altitudinous  
And was an only son.

In other words his parents bad  
No other boys but he,  
And so he grew to be quite large  
As we have told to thee.

When Oomph—we use his maiden name—  
Had gathered eighteen years  
His parents sent him off to school  
With many sighs and tears.

We'll leave him now at school, we will,  
Intent on baving fun,  
And start another chapter, for  
This winds up Chapter One.

CHAPTER II.

The football coach saw Mr. Oomph  
And stole a bappy smile;  
"Come here," he said to Mr. Oomph,  
"Come over here awhile.

"And have you ever played football?  
You haven't? Aint it sad?  
But never mind, you start today,  
And don't forget it, lad."

He started in that very day,  
The football coach was right.  
He started in that very day,  
Before that very night.

They put him on the second team,  
Which was to play the first.  
You needn't read the rest of this  
Unless for blood you thirst.

So you insist? Oh, very well,  
We'll ease the tale to you.  
But you will have to wait a chap',  
This winds up Chapter Two.

CHAPTER III.

They put him on the second team  
(See Chapter Two, verse three),  
Which was to play the champion squad,  
Oh, that such things should be!

For when the champion fullback came  
A-snorting down the line,  
Who should be standing in his way  
But our sweet eglantine.

Our sweetly coy Adolphus Oomph—  
The fullback hove in view—  
He hit Adolphus in the slats  
And broke him right in two.

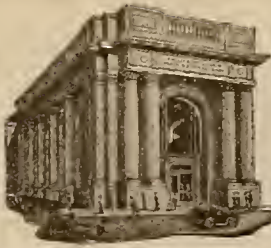
That night they gathered up the halves  
And shipped them on a train,  
Poor, ruined, disappointed Oomph,  
Now broken up in twain.

His parents met the pieces at  
The train that fatal day,  
They stuck the parts together  
And they knew him right away.

And then they dug a seven-foot grave  
And fourteen inches more,  
And put him in and filled it up,  
For they were awful sore.

You wonder why they were so sore?  
He was their only son,  
And he is broke in two and gone  
And now they aint got none.

Period.  
—J. P. McEvoy, in Chicago Herald.



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Number of Depositors..... 66,965  
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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Miss Amy Bassett has announced her engagement to Mr. Robert E. Clarke of Manila. Miss Bassett is a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Bassett. She is a sister of Mr. Harvey Bassett of this city. The wedding will take place the latter part of December.

The wedding of Miss Eugenie Masten and Mr. John Rupert Mason took place Monday evening at Trinity Church. Following the ceremony a reception was held at the home on Washington Street of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph M. Masten. Miss Katherine Masten was her sister's flower girl and Miss Jean Miller of San Diego was the maid of honor. The bridesmaids were the Messrs. Marian Stovel, Leah Deckett, and Ruth Perkins. Mr. Gilbert Rech of Chicago was the best man and the ushers were the Messrs. Chester Skaggs, Charles W. Gibson, Jr., and Lieutenant E. A. Lofquist, U. S. N. Upon their return from their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Mason will reside in this city.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen were the complimented guests Saturday at a luncheon given by Senator James D. Phelan at his country home at Saratoga.

Mrs. William Greer Hitchcock was hostess Tuesday afternoon at a bridge party at her home in Burlingame. The affair was for the benefit of the American War Relief Fund.

Mrs. John Hayes Hammond gave a dinner at the Massachusetts building Saturday evening in honor of Miss Helen Keller.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker entertained a number of friends Sunday at a luncheon at their home in Burlingame.

Mr. Homer Curran was host recently at a theatre and supper party in honor of Miss Gertrude Hopkins and Miss Beatrice Nickel.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Keyes entertained a number of friends Wednesday evening at a dinner preceding the dance given by the Wednesday Evening Club at the California Club Hall.

The Misses May and Fannie Friedlander were hostesses Thursday at a luncheon at their home on Pacific Avenue in honor of Mrs. Allen Lewis of Portland.

Mrs. George Dixon was the guest of honor Friday afternoon at a reception given by Mrs. C. W. Doe at her home on Jackson Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Bradford Clifton have issued invitations to a theatre and supper party Tuesday evening, November 23d, in honor of Miss Helen Wright and her fiancé, Mr. Thomas Hawkins.

Mme. Elsa Ruegger-Lichtenstein and Mr. Edmund Lichtenstein entertained a large number of friends at their new residence on Seventeenth Avenue and Lake Street on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Herbert Crosby was hostess Thursday afternoon at an informal bridge-tea at her home at the Presidio.

Judge William Bailey Lamar and Mrs. Lamar will be the complimented guests Saturday afternoon, November 27th, at a tea to be given by Mrs. Clara Darling at the Century Club.

Miss Marian Crocker gave a tea at her home on Laguna Street Sunday, when a score of friends enjoyed her hospitality.

Mrs. Clarence Cary entertained a coterie of friends Friday evening at a dinner at the Burlingame Club.

Mrs. Ruth Merrill Hammond and her fiancé, Mr. William Devereux, were the guests of honor Friday evening at a dinner-dance given by Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bates at the Bohemian Club.

Mrs. Alexander Russell was hostess Tuesday afternoon at a tea at her home on the Ocean Boulevard in honor of Mrs. Charles Stanton, who will leave shortly for Chicago, where she will reside.

Mrs. Edward Eyre entertained a coterie of friends Thursday afternoon at a tea at her home on Buchanan Street.

Miss Ruth Welsh was the complimented guest Thursday at a luncheon given by Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall at her home on Jackson Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Drown gave a dinner Tuesday evening at their home on Washington Street. The affair was in honor of Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Calhoun of St. Louis.

Miss Theresa Harrison was hostess Wednesday afternoon at an informal bridge-tea at her home on Washington Street.

Mrs. John P. Jones of Santa Monica was the guest of honor Thursday afternoon at a tea given by her sister, Mrs. George Bucknall, at her home on Green Street.

Mrs. Herbert Baker was hostess Thursday afternoon at a tea in honor of Miss Elena Brewer, whose wedding to Mr. Spencer Grant will take place November 30th.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Swinnerton gave a dinner at their home on Franklin Street Wednesday

evening, when a dozen friends enjoyed their hospitality.

Miss Helen Johnson was hostess Saturday afternoon at a tea at the home on Buchanan Street of her parents, Dr. James Ward and Mrs. Ward. The affair was in honor of Miss Linda Bryan and Miss Helen Wright.

Senator James D. Phelan was the complimented guest Thursday evening at a dinner given by Mayor James Rolph, Jr., and Mrs. Rolph at their home on San Jose Avenue.

Mrs. William A. Brewer entertained a number of friends Thursday at a luncheon at the Town and Country Club in honor of Mrs. John Codman of Boston.

Mrs. Frank Havens gave a musicale at her home in Piedmont Saturday afternoon, when a hundred guests enjoyed her hospitality. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Havens's niece, Miss Henrietta Cady, who is their house guest.

Mrs. Millen Griffith was hostess Wednesday afternoon at a tea in honor of Miss Marguerite Amoss, whose engagement to Mrs. Griffith's brother, Mr. Loyall McLaren, has recently been announced.

Miss Charlotte Tuttle entertained a large number of friends Friday evening at a dinner at her home on Pacific Avenue. The affair was in honor of Miss Ruth Winslow and Mr. Algernon Gibson, who will be married Wednesday evening, November 17th. Accompanied by her guests, Miss Tuttle later attended the supper-dance at the Hotel St. Francis.

Miss Elena Eyre was the complimented guest Thursday at a luncheon given by Miss Emily Tubbs at her home on Jackson Street.

Miss Lucille Johns was hostess Tuesday afternoon at bridge-tea at her home on California Street in honor of Miss Helen Wright.

Mrs. Edgar Preston was hostess recently at a tea at her apartment on Powell Street.

The home in San Mateo of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Bromfield has been brightened by the advent of a son, Mrs. Bromfield was formerly Miss Lorine Knowles of San Jose.

The home in Santa Rosa of Mr. and Mrs. Clark Van Fleet has been brightened by the advent of a daughter.

Charity Ball to Aid Orphans.

The fifth annual charity ball for the benefit of the orphans of the Humane Bureau will be held in Scottish Rite Hall on Friday evening, November 19th. Tickets may be purchased at the Palace, St. Francis, Fairmont, or from the patronesses. Boxes may be secured from Mrs. J. A. Folger, 2889 Pacific Avenue; telephone West 763. Reservations for tables may be made at Wheeler & Hayward's, 1561 Bush Street. The Catholic Humane Bureau works in cooperation with the juvenile court and mainly concerns itself with children who are regularly committed to it by the juvenile court. These include foundlings, orphans, half-orphans, homeless, abandoned, neglected, and ill-treated children, over whom the society acquires guardianship. Over 900 children are now in its care.

Madame Johanna Gadske Coming.

Mme. Johanna Gadske has arranged to visit San Francisco before the close of the Exposition, and will give two concerts while in this city under the direction of Manager Will L. Greenbaum. These events will take place at the Cort Theatre on Thursday afternoon, December 2d, and Sunday afternoon, December 5th. Mme. Gadske's visit will be a very short one, as her duties at the Metropolitan are such that she must return immediately to New York. As only two recitals are to be given here, Manager Greenbaum invites mail orders for the Gadske concerts at once.

An Interesting Concert Announced.

Musical and society circles are manifesting interest in the concert recital announced by Miss Helen Petre, soprano; Frank Carroll Giffen, tenor, and Kajetan Attl, harpist, to take place in the Colonial hall room of the Hotel St. Francis Monday evening, November 22d, at half-past eight. Each of these artists is well known in San Francisco and they have a host of friends who are preparing for a musical treat in the programme which has been prepared.

"Why do you want to get divorced?" "Because I'm married."—Buffalo Courier.

The Late Mrs. Spencer C. Buckbee.

It is not easy to speak of Emma Durbrow Buckbee in phrases at once restrained and sufficient. Character was the keynote in Mrs. Buckbee's symphony of life; yet her personality was not more marked by character than by the graces of understanding and temperament. She had an intuitive power of comprehension. She had a delicate yet infallible sense of values. She had humor in subtle and sympathetic forms. She had infinite charm of spirit and of manner. And, with all and above all, she had that richest of human gifts, an abundant endowment of the pure gold of common sense.

There was in Mrs. Buckbee's character a dominating force of conscientiousness, illustrated alike in the orderliness of her life and in the conditions attending her death. Her summons came with shocking suddenness. She passed out without a moment's warning; yet she left behind not one duty unperformed, not one obligation unfulfilled. If there had been given her months of preparation for going she could not in the adjustment of her relationships, large or small, have been more ready.

Mrs. Buckbee was born in San Francisco and the period of her life was contemporaneous with the movements under which San Francisco's domestic centre of gravity was transferred from Rincon Hill to the regions favored of the newer generation. Something of the solidity, something of the conservatism and reserve of the old as distinguished from the new San Francisco was reflected in Mrs. Buckbee's personal attitude. Respect for tradition, the obligations of inherited relationships, held always a firm hold upon her mind and a guiding authority in the activities of her life.

In her propensities and habits Mrs. Buckbee was far removed from that which in modern phrase is styled woman's activities. For the publicities of life she cared only to avoid them. Yet there was within her consciousness a profound sense of social responsibility. It took the form of personal attention, courteous or beneficent as occasion might require, to obligations growing out of domestic history or neighborly sympathy. Thus without parade of charitable activities Mrs. Buckbee was yet the most charitable of women. Where she gave, and she gave generously of her means, she gave also a higher value—with her giving, she gave herself.

I will not speak of the more intimate and tender relationships sustained by Mrs. Buckbee from childhood to the end of her life. As she gave, so there was given to her in plenitude understanding, sympathy, affection. To those who claimed her friendship she was the most steadfast of friends, the most discreet of confidantes, the wisest of counsellors. To those who held toward her relationships yet nearer and dearer she was inexpressibly precious.

Death, ere thou hast slain another,  
Fair and wise and good as she,  
Time shall throw a dart at thee!

NOVEMBER, 1915.

A. H.

Lady Gregory, Under Auspices Drama League.

Lady Gregory, dramatist, essayist, and interpreter of the folklore of Ireland, is to speak in San Francisco next Tuesday evening under the auspices of the Drama League. Native Sons' Auditorium has been secured, and the hour set is 8:30. As the founder of the Abbey Theatre, she has done more, perhaps, than any other influence to foster the national spirit in Irish life and literature and to bring their legend and folklore within the reach of all, as a source of inspiration.

Arthur Nikisch remains the most-sought-after prima donna conductor in Germany. Even now he is unable to accept all the engagements offered him. Both Munich and Vienna have invited him to conduct series of symphony concerts, but his regular duties with the Gewandhaus Orchestra in Leipzig and as conductor of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra's subscription concerts in Berlin throughout the winter and a similar series it gives in Hamburg, in addition to special engagements he has already accepted elsewhere, make it impossible for him to make time for the Bavarian and Austrian capitals.

Manager Will Greenbaum announces that Maud Powell will reach this city early next month, and on the afternoons of December 12th and 14th will be heard in concert at the Cort Theatre.

Position Wanted.

American lady, knowledge nursing, forty-five, widow San Francisco lawyer, desires position—secretary, companion, nurse, chaperon, or entire charge household. Eight years in present position. Excellent letters. Free December. Mrs. Henderson, 323 Riverside Drive, New York.

Young matron, having to go East shortly, would like to act as traveling companion in exchange for expenses. Exceptional references. Address Box 15, the Argonaut.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lowden have come from the East to visit the Exposition and are guests at the Fairmont Hotel. Mrs. Lowden is a sister of Mrs. Francis Carolan.

Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, who has been spending the past six weeks in New York, will arrive Monday and will go directly to her home in Burlingame.

Mrs. William G. Irwin has returned to her residence in this city after having spent the summer in Burlingame.

Miss Marian Crocker is home again after having spent a month with friends in New York and Boston.

Mrs. G. F. Ashton returned a few days ago

DELINQUENT SALE NOTICE.

THE LUTHER BURBANK COMPANY

Location of Principal Place of Business, San Francisco, California.

Notice—There is delinquent upon the following described stock on account of assessment levied on the 15th day of September, 1915, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective stockholders, as follows:

| Name.                      | No. of Certificate. | No. of Shares. | Amount. |
|----------------------------|---------------------|----------------|---------|
| G. L. Ayers.....           | 513                 | 87             | \$87.00 |
| Geo. O. Barnes.....        | 121                 | 25             | 25.00   |
| Geo. O. Barnes.....        | 122                 | 15             | 15.00   |
| Miss L. Bell.....          | 529                 | 200            | 200.00  |
| W. S. Bliss.....           | 466                 | 222            | 222.00  |
| Howard Brush.....          | 453                 | 8              | 8.00    |
| F. M. Cerini.....          | 128                 | 20             | 4.00    |
| F. M. Cerini.....          | 317                 | 2              | 2.00    |
| F. M. Cerini.....          | 357                 | 26             | 26.00   |
| Jesse N. Cole.....         | 491                 | 50             | 50.00   |
| Jesse N. Cole.....         | 492                 | 50             | 50.00   |
| Jesse N. Cole.....         | 493                 | 50             | 50.00   |
| Jesse N. Cole.....         | 494                 | 50             | 50.00   |
| Jesse N. Cole.....         | 495                 | 50             | 50.00   |
| Jesse N. Cole.....         | 496                 | 50             | 50.00   |
| Jesse N. Cole.....         | 497                 | 30             | 30.00   |
| Jesse N. Cole.....         | 511                 | 17             | 17.00   |
| Jesse N. Cole.....         | 512                 | 13             | 13.00   |
| J. Y. Eccleston.....       | 134                 | 20             | 20.00   |
| J. Y. Eccleston.....       | 338                 | 24             | 24.00   |
| J. Y. Eccleston.....       | 377                 | 364            | 364.00  |
| J. Y. Eccleston.....       | 464                 | 100            | 100.00  |
| Miss L. C. Hayercroft..... | 463                 | 418            | 418.00  |
| I. W. Hellman, Jr.....     | 420                 | 100            | 100.00  |
| I. W. Hellman, Jr.....     | 421                 | 100            | 100.00  |
| I. W. Hellman, Jr.....     | 422                 | 100            | 100.00  |
| I. W. Hellman, Jr.....     | 423                 | 100            | 100.00  |
| I. W. Hellman, Jr.....     | 424                 | 72             | 72.00   |
| R. J. Hough.....           | 98                  | 10             | 10.00   |
| R. J. Hough.....           | 145                 | 50             | 50.00   |
| R. J. Hough.....           | 187                 | 50             | 50.00   |
| R. J. Hough.....           | 189                 | 100            | 100.00  |
| R. J. Hough.....           | 192                 | 1              | 1.00    |
| R. J. Hough.....           | 254                 | 100            | 100.00  |
| R. J. Hough.....           | 255                 | 100            | 100.00  |
| R. J. Hough.....           | 484                 | 240            | 240.00  |
| R. J. Hough.....           | 489                 | 100            | 100.00  |
| W. J. Hough.....           | 518                 | 100            | 100.00  |
| W. J. Hough.....           | 519                 | 430            | 430.00  |
| Jesse I. Jewell.....       | 110                 | 40             | 40.00   |
| Jesse I. Jewell.....       | 212                 | 8              | 8.00    |
| Jesse I. Jewell.....       | 275                 | 40             | 40.00   |
| Jesse I. Jewell.....       | 303                 | 6              | 6.00    |
| Jesse I. Jewell.....       | 371                 | 94             | 94.00   |
| Emily L. Lackey.....       | 163                 | 20             | 20.00   |
| Emily L. Lackey.....       | 164                 | 4              | 4.00    |
| Emily L. Lackey.....       | 310                 | 2              | 2.00    |
| Emily L. Lackey.....       | 386                 | 26             | 26.00   |
| Ida M. Lackey.....         | 262                 | 8              | 8.00    |
| Ida M. Lackey.....         | 311                 | 1              | 1.00    |
| Ida M. Lackey.....         | 403                 | 9              | 9.00    |
| Mason-McDuffie Co.....     | 501                 | 10             | 10.00   |
| Mason-McDuffie Co.....     | 502                 | 20             | 20.00   |
| Mrs. Leota M. Nagle.....   | 451                 | 4              | 4.00    |
| Mrs. Anita Nathansen.....  | 487                 | 5              | 5.00    |
| J. C. Nathansen.....       | 445                 | 20             | 20.00   |
| J. C. Nathansen.....       | 488                 | 3              | 3.00    |
| Mrs. L. N. Ostwald.....    | 242                 | 60             | 60.00   |
| Mrs. L. N. Ostwald.....    | 336                 | 4              | 4.00    |
| Mrs. L. N. Ostwald.....    | 400                 | 64             | 64.00   |
| I. Peterson.....           | 503                 | 6              | 6.00    |
| T. J. Proctor.....         | 193                 | 5              | 5.00    |
| T. J. Proctor.....         | 395                 | 7              | 7.00    |
| Arthur E. Reynolds.....    | 427                 | 10             | 10.00   |
| Elizabeth F. Reynolds..... | 233                 | 20             | 20.00   |
| Elizabeth F. Reynolds..... | 319                 | 1              | 1.00    |
| Elizabeth F. Reynolds..... | 399                 | 21             | 21.00   |
| Elizabeth F. Reynolds..... | 477                 | 10             | 10.00   |
| J. F. Reynolds.....        | 185                 | 100            | 100.00  |
| J. F. Reynolds.....        | 429                 | 100            | 100.00  |
| V. Reynolds.....           | 231                 | 33             | 33.00   |
| V. Reynolds.....           | 235                 | 10             | 10.00   |
| V. Reynolds.....           | 334                 | 3              | 3.00    |
| V. Reynolds.....           | 398                 | 46             | 46.00   |
| J. Hood Smith.....         | 94                  | 40             | 40.00   |
| J. Hood Smith.....         | 126                 | 8              | 8.00    |
| J. Hood Smith.....         | 327                 | 3              | 3.00    |
| J. Hood Smith.....         | 364                 | 51             | 51.00   |
| W. Garner Smith.....       | 141                 | 100            | 100.00  |
| W. Garner Smith.....       | 196                 | 600            | 600.00  |
| W. Garner Smith.....       | 199                 | 200            | 200.00  |
| W. Garner Smith.....       | 524                 | 500            | 500.00  |
| W. Garner Smith.....       | 525                 | 512            | 512.00  |

And in accordance with law and an order of the Board of Directors, made on the 15th day of September, 1915, so many shares of each parcel of stock as may be necessary will be sold at public auction at the office of the Company in the north-east corner room on the second floor of the Burbank Building, which is located at the southwest corner of Market and Beale Streets, San Francisco, California, on the 8th day of November, 1915, at ten o'clock a. m., to pay said delinquent assessments thereon, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

I. M. BRAYER,

Assistant Secretary and Acting Secretary of The Luther Burbank Company.

Office of the Company, Burbank Building, Market and Beale Streets, San Francisco, California.

NOTICE OF POSTPONEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that by order of the directors of The Luther Burbank Company the time of the delinquent sale of stock of said Company, under Assessment levied September 15, 1915, has been extended to November 22d, 1915; and said sale will be held on said last-named day at 10 o'clock a. m. in the northeast corner room on the second floor of the Burbank Building, south-east corner of Market and Beale Streets, San Francisco, California.

I. M. BRAYER,

Assistant and Acting Secretary of The Luther Burbank Company.

Dated November 8th, 1915.

from Sacramento, where she has been visiting her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. John T. Pigott.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Chanslor have returned to this city to reside and are settled in a home on Laurel Street near Clay.

Mrs. Joseph D. Redding arrived a few days ago from New York and is a guest at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight will come to town next week and will spend the winter at Stanford Court.

Mrs. John Codman of Boston has taken a house in Boston with her two daughters, who are attending the university.

Mrs. William S. Porter and her son, Mr. Hugh Porter, will reside at the Bellevue Hotel until their departure for the East, where they are planning to go later for a visit. They have recently returned from Southern California.

Mrs. Charles McIntosh Keeney left Monday for New York, where she will spend the holidays with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Tomlinson.

Mr. Algernon Gibson arrived a few days ago from Oxnard and is visiting his aunt, Mrs. Charles Tuttle, at her home on Pacific Avenue. Mr. Gibson will remain in this city until after his wedding, which will take place Wednesday, when he will be married to Miss Ruth Winslow.

Mrs. Henry E. Bothin has gone to New York for a brief visit, expecting to return before Thanksgiving.

Miss Hannah Hohart has come from the East to spend the winter with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Lilley, who have rented the home on Steiner Street of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin.

Mr. Henry T. Scott has returned from a few weeks' visit in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Calhoun of St. Louis are among recent visitors to the Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Bromfield and their children have returned from a visit in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. D. K. Boettcher have come from Denver to spend a few weeks in this city. They have joined Miss Ruth Boettcher at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. Ira Pierce and Mrs. Cyrus Walker, who have spent the summer in Maine, have returned to their homes in this city. They have been spending the past month in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch are expected home soon from New York, where they have been spending the past two months.

Mrs. Anita Mirtum of Santa Barbara has recently been visiting friends in Woodside.

Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Jackling and a party of friends will soon leave New York for a cruise to Florida. They will visit Cuba and the Bermudas.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Hoxie and their daughter, Miss Isabelle Hoxie, have returned to their home in New York after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Moore.

Mrs. Allen Lewis is here from Portland, visiting her sister, Mrs. George D. Boyd, in San Rafael, and Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor, in Piedmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman E. Mack and their daughters will depart the last week in November for their home in Buffalo. Mr. Mack is chairman of the New York state commission.

Mrs. Bernard Ford has returned to Burlingame after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. George Nickel at Gilroy, where she was joined by her husband, who remained over the week-end.

Mrs. Allen Messer and Mrs. Reginald Brook are here from London to visit their mother, Mrs. Samuel Holladay. Mrs. Messer, who was formerly Miss Louise Holladay, and Mrs. Brook who was Miss Ruth Holladay, have resided in England many years. They are sisters of Mr. E. Burke Holladay.

Dr. and Mrs. Hamilton Alexander Rice have returned to Philadelphia after spending a week visiting the Exposition.

Judge W. C. Van Fleet, Mrs. Van Fleet, and Miss Julia Van Fleet have been spending the past week in Los Angeles.

Miss Ruth Winslow has returned from Los Angeles, where she went to attend the wedding of Miss Daphne Drake and Mr. Sayre McNeal, who were married Wednesday.

Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Miss Marian Baker, and Mr. Livingston Baker are established at Stanford Court for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Felton Elkins will spend the winter in Montecito, where they have rented a house.

Mrs. Frederick Funston has departed for San Antonio Texas, where she will join General Funston, who has been on the border for several months.

Colonel J. N. Pickering, U. S. A., has returned to San Francisco after an absence of more than a year.

Major K. J. Hampton, former quartermaster at the Presidio, will return February 1st from the Philippines, having been ordered back to the Western Department. Upon his arrival he will report to Major-General J. Franklin Bell, U. S. A.

Lieutenant-Colonel Henry S. T. Harris, Medical Corps, who is stationed at Fort D. A. Russell, Wyoming, has been appointed surgeon for the Western Department and will assume his duties as soon as relieved by Major E. A. Fuller.

Lieutenant James L. Collins, formerly aide-de-camp to Brigadier-General John J. Pershing, has been relieved from further detached duty and will join the Eleventh Cavalry.

The home of Dr. George Lyman and Mrs. Lyman has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. Lyman, who was formerly Miss Dorothy Van Sicklen, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Van Sicklen of Alameda.

Secretary, young woman, desiring change, private party or business. Ten years' experience, steadily employed. Best recommendations from present employer. Address "Secretary," Box 20, The Argonaut.

THE CITY IN GENERAL.

At Tuesday's election only three of the nine men endorsed by the Municipal Conference ticket for the board of supervisors and pledged to the support of the policies of Mayor Rolph were elected. They were Edward J. Brandon, J. Emmet Hayden, and Oscar Hocks. John C. Kortick, personal appointee on the board of Mayor Rolph, was fourth on the winning list, giving the mayor four new votes only with which to work in the board. The five other successful candidates for office were Edward I. Wolfe, Joseph Mulvihill, Richard J. Welch, Joseph F. Lehaney, and J. D. Hynes. Timothy I. Fitzpatrick was elected police judge over Edwin G. Bath, and John Ginty was returned to office as assessor.

Lotta Crabtree, stage favorite of the early days of San Francisco, was the guest of honor Tuesday at the Exposition. An impressive programme was rendered in Festival Hall, which was crowded with enthusiasts. Many pioneer men and women who had known her in the long ago were present to greet her. Last Saturday night Miss Crabtree was given a great open-air ovation at Lotta's Fountain, Market and Kearny Streets. The streets were blocked with the thousands who had gathered to cheer her. An interesting programme was rendered. Miss Crabtree came from her home in Boston to visit the scenes of her former triumphs.

Mayor Rolph last Saturday vetoed the resolution passed by the board of supervisors providing for the sale of the entire \$43,875,000 issue of Hetch Hetchy water bonds within the next five years.

Thomas Williams, for years the master mind hack of horse-racing in this state, died last Saturday at his home in Oakland from heart and pulmonary trouble. He was fifty-six years of age. The funeral was held on Monday. In 1888 he was made president of the Blood Horse Association, which became the California Jockey Club in 1890. From that time until his passing "Tom" Williams was the directing head of the club. In the days when Tanforan, Ingleside, and, later, Emeryville were the gathering places of followers of horseracing he was a conspicuous figure.

Fire, believed to have been due to crossed circuit wires, destroyed the Auditorium at Page and Fillmore Streets early last Sunday afternoon. Funeral services for Dennis Mulcahy, hoseman of Engine 21, smothered to death in the burning structure, were held at 9 o'clock on Wednesday morning at Sacred Heart Church.

The Tina Lerner Concerts.

Tina Lerner will be heard in this city under the management of Will L. Greenbaum during the week of November 21st. On Sunday afternoon of that date she will give an exceptional programme of concerted music with the Exposition Orchestra in Festival Hall, which will be reminiscent in its importance to the memorable concerts given under Greenbaum's management by Kreisler and Ysaye with orchestras in the Greek Theatre. Like these it will be a Tina Lerner concert, and not a symphony concert with Miss Lerner as soloist. The artist, accompanied by Max Bendix and his men, will render the Chopin Concerto in F minor, which though one of the most beautiful of all of Chopin's works, has not been given in this city for over thirty years, and the Grieg A minor Concerto. The orchestra will play the overture "Sakuntala," a minuet by Bolzoni, and Volkmann's waltz from "Serenade No. 2."

Tickets for this concert will be ready on Monday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, the Exposition box-office at 343 Powell Street, and at Festival Hall. The prices will range from 50 cents to \$1.50. Mail orders should be sent to Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Besides this orchestral concert Tina Lerner will give two delightful piano recitals at Scottish Rite Auditorium, the dates being Friday afternoon, November 26th, and Sunday afternoon, November 28th. These concerts will start at 3 o'clock.

Musical Association Selects Soloists.

At a meeting of the music committee of the Musical Association of San Francisco, which maintains the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, on Tuesday afternoon, with E. S. Heller as acting chairman, and J. B. Casserly as acting secretary, it was decided to engage Louis Persinger, concertmaster of the orchestra, as soloist at the concert of Friday afternoon, January 14, 1916, and Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the Russian pianist, as soloist at the concert of Friday afternoon, February 4, 1916.

Mr. Persinger has for several years been recognized as one of America's most gifted artists. As a concert artist he made an enviable reputation in Berlin, Hamburg, Munich,



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Leipzig, Dresden, and Breslau, and has appeared as soloist with the leading symphony orchestras of America.

Ossip Gabrilowitsch is a musician by instinct as well as by education, a composer and pianist of the very highest type.

The sale of season tickets for the regular subscribers of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra will open Monday morning, November 15th, and will close Saturday, December 11, 1915. Seats will be allotted new subscribers after the orders for guarantors and regular subscribers have been filled, orders for new subscribers being given preference in the order of their receipt. Any seats allotted guarantors and subscribers and not taken up before December 3, 1915, will be placed on public sale.

Tickets and full information in regard to the season's concerts may be secured at the offices of the Musical Association, 711-712 Head building.

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

*Pessimist*—Is he prosperous? *Optimist*—Is he? Why, he owes twice what he owns.—*Judge*.

"Why did she leave her husband?" "He lost all his money." "How?" "She spent it."—*Boston Transcript*.

*Clergyman (to rustic)*—How is it I haven't seen you at church lately? *Rustic*—Because I aint been.—*Stray Stories*.

"Do you believe in luck?" "Of course I do. Aren't the other fellows getting it all the time?"—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Pa, what's a symposium?" "It's a sort of meeting, my boy, so called because a lot of simps usually pose at 'em."—*Baltimore American*.

"Does your employer give you any kind of a stipend for your week's work?" "Not much he don't. He pays me reg'lar wages."—*Baltimore American*.

"It's burning in the fourth story, chief, but the stream can only reach the second." "Then we must wait until the fire gets down to the second story."—*Meggendorfer Blätter (Munich)*.

*Excited Lady*—Why don't you interfere to stop that dog-fight? *Bystander*—I was just a-goin' to, mum; but you kin calm y'r fears now. My dog is on top at last, mum.—*Buffalo Courier*.

*Mrs. Henpeck*—Those who are unlucky in love are said to be lucky at cards. *Henpeck*—If you'd let me out nights, dear, I think it would be a good thing for me to play poker.—*Puck*.

"Rafferty," said Mr. Dolan, "are ye wan o' them people that never know when they're whipped?" "I am not. But I take nobody's wor-r-d fer it ixcept the docthor's after I come to."—*Life*.

*Mr. Bragg*—I object to being called a "gay Lothario." Of course, I am not engaged to any particular girl, but— *Miss Snappe*—Of course you're not. If she were particular, you couldn't be.—*Boston Transcript*.

"A rich woman misses much in life." "As to how?" "She can't run out to the back fence when she gets hold of a choice bit of gossip. She has to get up a tea or reception, and by that time the news is stale."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

*Broad*—By the way, old man, do you remember borrowing \$10 from me six months ago? *Short*—Yes. *Broad*—But you said you only wanted it for a short time. *Short*—And I wanted the truth. I didn't keep it twenty minutes.—*New York Sun*.

"Yes, sir," said the trust magnate, proudly, "I am the architect of my own fortune." "Well," rejoined the friendly critic, "all I've got to say is that it's a lucky thing for you there were no building inspectors around when you were constructing it."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

"Well, Dinah, I hear you are married." "Yassum," said the former cook, "I've done got me a man now." "Is he a good provider?" "Yassum. He's a mighty good provider, but I've powerful skeered he's gwine ter git kitched at it."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"Are you sure you thoroughly understand that question you attempted to decide?" "No," replied Senator Sorghum; "but I fancy I expressed myself in terms sufficiently obscure to prevent anybody else from taking enough interest to call me down."—*Washington Star*.

"Old top, I have been assigned to ask you to join our Society for the Consideration of Cosmic Forces." "Gee, that sounds terrific to a low-brow like me. What is the object of your society?" "I dunno. I suppose to give a banquet every now and then."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Well, Dinah, how are you and your new husband getting along?" "Firs' rate, Miss Betty. I been 'grecably 'sprised in dat man." "Does he treat you all right?" "Yessum. He sho do, and I aint had ter hit 'im but one time. I never seed er nigger learn as quick as he do."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"Isn't that a Bougureau?" asked Mrs. Oldcastle as they stopped for a moment to look at the new pictures. "Oh, my, no," replied her hostess, Mrs. Nurich; "it's a lion. But I told Josiah when he brought it home that it looked a good deal more like one of them things you mention."—*Chicago Tribune*.

"I never hear of Walker, the pedestrian, any more. What's become of him?" "He's working for a real estate concern, establishing records between the houses they sell and the station. When they tell a man a house is ten minutes' walk from the station they are in a position to prove it."—*New York Times*.

"Isn't this awful!" exclaimed Mrs. Gabb as she looked up from her newspaper. "Isn't

what awful?" demanded Mr. Gabb. "Why, here's a woman who complains that the insane asylum is filled with bugs," replied Mrs. Gabb. "Well," growled Mr. Gabb, "what's the blame place for, anyway?"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"You say this speech you are preparing will be the turning point of your career?" "Yes," replied Senator Sorghum, "this speech will be the effort of my life. It will decide whether I will have to keep depending on politics for a living or whether I can go on

the lecture platform and make some money."—*Washington Star*.

"There's a church near," said the cottager to his paying guest; "not that ever puts my nose in it." "Anything matter with the vicar?" "Well, it's this: I sold the old vicar milk and eggs and butter and cheese, and seeing as he patronized I patronized 'im. But this new chap 's own cow and 'ens. 'If that's your game I thought, 'we'll 'ave 'ome-grown religion too.'"—*Tit-Bits*.

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## THIRTY-NINTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### The Outlook for Wilson.

"Of one thing I am cock-sure," remarked a life-long friend of the President's, something more than a year ago, after a friendly visitation at the White House; "it is that Mr. Wilson will not be a candidate for a second term unless he is convinced that he can be elected. He is very much of a man, is Woodrow Wilson, in many ways, but he is not the stuff martyrs are made of. He is not a man to take chances. He never leaps until he thinks he sees where he is going to alight. Take it from me, he will not venture upon a campaign for reelection if there shall be in his mind serious doubt about the outcome."

In view of this practically authoritative presentment of the state of Mr. Wilson's mind and of the fact that he is now a busy candidate, it may be taken for granted that the President is self-convinced that he can be re-elected. But it may here be remarked parenthetically that the presidency is not the best of vantage grounds for the study of political conditions. First of all, a President is surrounded by circumstances and conditions suggestive of personal strength. He is the centre of

the organized forces of the nation. His hand is on the throttle so to speak. Automatically there comes to be impressed upon his consciousness a sense of his individual potentialities. Then he is naturally surrounded by sympathetic minds in his own household. The members of his official family and his political intimates are all eager to construe incidents and circumstances in the most favorable light. Even political opponents when they come into the executive presence are wont to speak in amiable phrases. Thus in the very nature of things a President lives in an atmosphere conducive to hopeful views. Perhaps Mr. Wilson even to a greater degree than most Presidents is subject to these influences. He is not a mixer; he knows not the trick of easy social give and take. If he has one close personal friend—one who may deal plainly with him void of offense or irritation—nobody knows his name. Mr. Wilson therefore has only three sources of information: (1) his official entourage, (2) the newspapers, and (3) reports of elections as they come in from time to time.

Beyond a doubt Mr. Wilson gathers from his political and personal associates suggestions highly favorable to his political fortunes. From the newspapers he may easily get the idea that his personal popularity, somewhat dimmed by incidents relative to Mexico and by some other events of last year, has revived under his successes in diplomatic dealings with the warring powers of Europe. Such criticism as comes to him through press comment may easily be construed as having its inspiration in partisan bias and therefore, regarded as reflecting public sentiment, be held of small account. Election returns are not so easily susceptible of interpretation in line with the President's natural desires. Even the most enthusiastic admirer of the Democratic party and of its official head can hardly fail to read in the election returns of two weeks ago the collapse of Bull-Mooseism with the return of its component factors to their original party affiliation. In other words it should be plain to the President, as to everybody else, that the Republicanism of the country, divided by the issues and personalities involved in the contest of 1912, tends to reorganization. None the less, since Mr. Wilson is now plainly aiming at another candidacy, we may assume that in his own judgment the balance of all the considerations tends to his advantage. Accepting the theory that he would not seek reelection while holding any doubt as to the outcome, then it is plain that in Mr. Wilson's own judgment his reelection next year seems an assurance.

A brief study of the returns of the election of 1912 will help to an understanding of the basic party conditions in the United States. There were cast in that election a total of 15,036,542 votes for six presidential candidates. Eliminating the minor candidates, there were cast for Wilson, Roosevelt, and Taft a total of 13,897,482 votes, of which for Wilson there were 6,293,019, for Roosevelt 4,119,507, for Taft 3,484,956. Thus it will be seen that Wilson's vote, while sufficient to elect under the plurality principle, was shy of the combined vote of Roosevelt and Taft to the extent of 1,311,454. The significance of these facts is obvious. Taking Wilson as representing the normal Democratic strength and Roosevelt and Taft together as representing the normal Republican strength, the advantage is with the latter to the extent of 1,311,454 votes. These figures are of course discounted in Democratic calculations. Not all, they say, of the 4,119,507 votes cast for the Bull-Moose ticket were Republican votes; many were the votes of Democrats who temporarily abandoned their party under the enthusiasms inspired by the candidacy of Mr. Roosevelt. Again, not all of the Republicans who

voted for Roosevelt in 1912 will return to the old allegiance in 1916. Many, still distrustful of Republicanism, will vote for Wilson in preference to any Republican candidate. By these arguments—and they are not without speciousness and force—Democratic calculators contrive to their own satisfaction to qualify the record of 1912.

The Democratic party enters the campaign of 1916 under some circumstances of obvious advantage. It has control of the government in all its branches, which goes automatically for something in the way of popular favor. The prestige of possession is of itself a calculable political quantity. Then there is the advantage connected with interests more or less directly associated with governmental dealings. A party in power has an advantage comparable with that of regularly organized forces as contrasted with militia. It has always the support of an active and paid service in contrast with a volunteer and unpaid service. Then in the present instance, and as related personally to Mr. Wilson, there is the striking record of a sustained peace while all the rest of the world, practically speaking, is in the throes of war. It may and will be argued that in the record as related to Mexico there are as many motives for chagrin as for satisfaction; that in our diplomatic dealings with Europe we have been favored amazingly by the element of luck. But these suggestions, however they may affect the knowing and the thoughtful, must in the popular mind yield before the outstanding fact that while other countries are destroying their manhood and burdening the air with wailings, our own presents a contrast of peace, prosperity, and general happiness.

But there is another side to the picture: If thus far we have successfully blundered through in our diplomatic dealings with Europe, we have still to remember that the end is not yet. Any day there may arise new complications in connection with which we may not fare so fortunately. Then at any time there may come an end of the war, bringing with it in connection with settlements and readjustments, responsibilities the gravest. There remains, too, the Mexican situation with its continued irritations and its augmenting hazards. Already we are far enough along in our experience with the Carranza government to know that in this newest of our adventures we have made another colossal mistake. The situation today as respects Mexico is precisely what it was two years ago, plus the momentum of wrong policies, plus the blame of repeated misadventures, plus a growing account of irritations. So much for our foreign relations.

The domestic situation is likewise full of difficulties. It is now seen, even by those responsible for it, that the tariff changes brought into effect under the Wilson administration are destroying many important industries. War orders from Europe have served to counterbalance the loss as figured by aggregates, but not to compensate many whose interest and livelihood are dependent upon the policies which sustain the even course of industry. The national chest, too, is empty, despite the imposition of "war taxes" in a time of profound peace; and it is certain that before the current fiscal year is done the national treasury, under one pretext or another and through one device or another, will be forced to resort to borrowing. And what is worse, in its relation to practical politics, there will have to be imposition of new taxes. The income tax is to be modified in two ways, first by lowering the exemption limit, second by increasing the rate. Then various schemes of taxation old and new are proposed, including a bothersome and vexatious system of stamp taxes, etc. These impositions are bound to press annoyingly upon the country. They will tend to aggravate whatever grievances are felt toward the Administration. And they will in the nature of things



inspire new grievances. It is an old truth that it is not given to man—or to government—to tax and to please. And the Administration is in the way of seeing the practical working of this principle.

Attempt will be made to justify the new taxes as necessary under the Administration scheme of preparedness. Something indeed may be said on this account. But the costs of preparedness, however great they may be, will not swallow up the increased revenues which the government requires under its various forms of mistaken and extravagant policy. The public will not fail to discover the "joker." There will be many—very many—to see the inefficiencies of the Wilson administration and to resent them. The list is a long one, and it includes among other things that stupendous mistake under which, through a low political bargain with labor unionism, we have driven the American flag from the seas, forcing American enterprise to abandon a brave fight in which have been involved both the interest and the dignity of the country.

Nor is Mr. Wilson free from troubles in his own party. Mr. Bryan, to whom he really owes the presidency, has now multiplied motives of dislike and enmity. The smooth phrases which marked his abandonment of official life a few months back deceived nobody. Despite his professions of friendship, Mr. Bryan left Mr. Wilson in anger and resentment. In his mind there was the bitter reflection that he had been cajoled and befooled, made to exhibit himself in the pitiful attitude of a led horse, compromised in his position before the country, and shamed in the face of his record and his pretensions. Everybody who knew anything knew that a time would come when Mr. Bryan would reveal the bitterness of spirit in which he left the Department of State. The time has come sooner than anybody expected. A few days back Mr. Bryan publicly set forth his views in opposition to the President's policy of preparedness. He has taken the positive step of setting himself against the President. Does anybody imagine that it will be long before Mr. Bryan will be at it hammer-and-tongs in opposition all down the line of the Wilson policies? And let it be borne in mind that however discredited Mr. Bryan may be as an administrator, however futile his record in office, he still remains a potent force in the great Middle West. That which the extreme East and the Pacific Coast stigmatize as the braying of a wild ass of the desert is still heard and heeded in twelve states of the Union as the voice of wisdom and of righteousness. Mr. Bryan is in many phases of his character and of his activities a ridiculous figure, but if he shall seriously set himself to the task of thwarting the plans of Mr. Wilson for reëlection—and he is likely to do this precise thing—he will prove a veritable dragon in Wilson's path.

As the *Argonaut* regards the situation, viewing it by-and-large, Mr. Wilson's hopes of reëlection rest upon four legs: (1) continuance of the European war or the development of such relations to the settlement to follow it as may inspire the country with the sense of a danger of swapping horses in midstream; (2) success of the Carranza adjustment, or in lieu of it the adoption of a positive and inspiring policy tending towards enforcement of peace in Mexico; (3) an arrangement tending to reclaim the friendship of Mr. Bryan, thus maintaining peace within the party; (4) the possibility of a new breach in the Republican party in continuance of the movement led by Mr. Roosevelt in 1912.

It's a large order. That Mr. Wilson will be able to fill it the *Argonaut* gravely doubts. When we remember that Wilson's vote in 1912 was nearly a million and a half shy of a majority; when we note the collapse of Bull-Mooseism and the closing up in solid form of the Republican party; when we reflect upon the failures of Democratic administration and observe an empty Treasury, the growing impositions of taxes; when we think of the hazards involved in the European and Mexican situations; when we see the bitterness of Mr. Bryan and recall the enmity of Speaker Clark—when we face all these conditions—the outlook for Mr. Wilson appears not wholly bright.

#### A Farce.

The daily newspapers are going through the farce of a noisy appeal for one or both of the national conventions next year. It hardly needs to be said that

the project is ridiculous. It would be supreme folly for either of the great parties to hold its convention here, and nobody knows it better than those who are making this foolish and futile agitation. Political conventions ought to be held at central and convenient places, to the end of the convenience of the greatest number. A convention so placed as to call for a large expenditure of time and money on the part of those who attend it means a convention of proxies. In the present state of our politics neither party can afford an experiment of this kind. All the talk about bringing one or both of the conventions here next year is just so much cheap "bunc." It ought not to be done and it will not be done.

#### The "Pork Barrel" and the Garrison Project.

If there be one thing more than any other under the ban of popular opinion it is the "Pork Barrel." Every newspaper in the land cries out against it. Every party condemns it. Every large figure in politics speaks of it contemptuously. Yet in practice, after all is said and done, the Pork Barrel remains a prime motive of political action. All parties, all candidates, all political players make use of it. Mr. Bryan adroitly plays the Pork Barrel when he points out to the down-trodden farmer that the money which the Administration proposes to spend on military preparedness might better be used in building roads for rural districts. Secretary Garrison gets the Pork Barrel into his scheme for military expansion. Read over his statement made public last week and it will be observed that there is in it juicy pork for everybody. Note his remark that "no existing army post is to be abandoned."

Mr. Garrison might have gone further to point out that the maintenance of existing small military posts implies logically the creation of other small posts. As time passes we shall find these little "hitching posts" in every state. Under the Continental Army scheme it will be necessary to maintain mobilization points and supply depots in all the states and in every geographical centre. At these places there must be maintained some regular troops to aid in training the Continentals for their two months a year. In other words, we are going back to the old system of a scattered army, depending for the training of officers in higher command on the big forces to be brought together two months each year.

Mr. Garrison is asking no money this year for army post construction. But next year, if his plan goes through, he will present a demand very respectable at the point of size. And the moment he asks for appropriations the Pork Barrel statesmen will get in. "Why should the boys from my district be sent three hundred miles away for training?" Congressman Cornlossel will ask. "We ought to have a post right tu hum."

This aspect of the programme is not lost on congressional statesmen. Mr. Garrison has seen to it that the possibilities of the scheme shall be duly impressed where it will do good. Members of Congress realize what the project means under the Pork-Barrel principle, and Mr. Garrison's proposals gain some strength on this score.

#### "Preparedness" a Difficult Issue.

Mr. Garrison is going to need all the strength he can get to carry through his preparedness project. If the testimony of members of Congress now arriving at Washington in considerable numbers goes for anything there is a strong back-water movement with respect to this issue the country over. Letters received at Washington opposing any increase whatever in national defenses far outnumber those favoring the Garrison scheme. Anywhere two hundred miles from either coast public sentiment as reflected in the correspondence of members of Congress is against any increase in the military establishment. The Bryan idea is much stronger than it has been believed to be. In the big cities and at Washington preparedness—with a big P—is favored. But in the smaller towns and in the country districts it appears to be regarded as a scheme to spend money and to increase taxes rather than as a real necessity.

Even the President is in a tepid state of mind with regard to this issue. A few days back—November 7th, to be accurate—General Sherwood (representative of the Toledo, Ohio, district in Congress) told the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* that "President Wilson is not strongly in favor of this war preparedness programme.

He has endorsed it because he believes the people want it. But if organized labor protests against it the President will not give it warm support." In this statement General Sherwood has said openly what many have been saying in private at Washington. Mr. Bryan is industriously circulating the report that the President is not cordially for preparedness and that he will switch again if there shall come a demonstration of popular sentiment against the defense programme.

Mr. Bryan is pursuing his campaign of opposition to the preparedness project in varied ways. In a now-is-the-time-to-subscribe circular letter to the patrons of his newspaper, the *Commoner*, sent out a few days ago, he says:

A Democratic President must be elected in 1916 and he must have a Democratic Senate and a Democratic House to support him. In the meantime a new special interest has entered the arena and demands control of the taxing power. The manufacturers of munitions, the preparers of preparedness, are now trying to lash the country into a panic over the prospect of war. Their subsidized papers are clamoring for big appropriations. There has not been in fifty years a time when there has been less reason for fear from attack from without, and yet the country is urged to embark on a career of frenzied preparedness which will provoke instead of prevent war. The President is desirous of carrying out the wishes of the people, and it remains for the people to inform him of their wishes directly or through their senators and members of Congress.

For once it appears that Mr. Bryan has told the truth about the President. More and more it becomes apparent that Mr. Wilson's heart is not in this campaign. It is to be remembered that at first he had no sympathy at all with it and that he only came around to it under the conviction that it had the support of public sentiment. Even then Mr. Garrison had to modify his programme. Probably the President did not ask him to do it. But Mr. Garrison is a man of practical judgment. He easily comprehended the President's mind and he understands the value of compromises. He is putting forward, not what he thinks the country ought to have, but just a little more than he thinks the country will stand for. Probably no man knows better that a thoroughgoing project of preparedness would be overwhelmingly rejected.

#### Triplets in Mattoon.

The White House has issued a formal denial of a certain reckless statement emanating from Mattoon, Illinois, to the effect that the President had sent three checks for \$25 each to the mother of triplets recently born in that throbbing centre of commerce and the fine arts. The President made no such donation, and if we may interpret the diplomatic phraseology of the White House bulletin we may infer that he has no intention to do so. Virtue, says the bulletin in effect, should be its own reward. Energy, perseverance, and skill are now, and always have been, among the national assets, and it would be invidious to single out some special manifestation for pecuniary reward. The President wishes to congratulate the mother of the Mattoon triplets, and has sent a letter to that effect, but it would be improper to assume that a devotion to duty, an aptitude to affairs, or an industry in their accomplishment are so exceptional as to demand a special recognition from the national executive.

It is of course well that the White House should thus lightly dismiss a situation that might easily grow to formidable dimensions, and that a few well-chosen phrases should thus skillfully evade the deeper aspects of a perplexing problem. This is no time either for innovations or for the revival of questions upon which the wisest men have disagreed. We all know the portentous results that followed our early efforts to foster our infant industries. Those efforts were sincere, but they produced an agitation that was sometimes heated and that ought now and forever to be set at rest. Indeed we believed that it had been set at rest, but now comes this insidious effort from Mattoon to revive it, and to demand not only protection, but positively a subsidy for what may be an infant industry at the moment, but one that may easily grow to unforeseen dimensions. The President is to be congratulated on avoiding those small beginnings from which the greatest evils may so readily flow. On the eve of a presidential election this would be a most inauspicious time to pay heed to any kind of popular clamor for the fostering of infant industries. Indeed it is a most ill-omened phrase.

We have neither the space nor inclination to consider this matter from the many points of view that



resent themselves. It is a matter for the legislator, the economist, and the sociologist. If it be argued that the Mattoon situation can not properly be considered as coming within the tariff discussion, being rather of the nature of an export than an import, we are by no means sure that it would not be regarded as a subsidy, and therefore likely to create a dangerous precedent. This is merely one of the perils that may clearly be discerned on the path and from which the White House diplomacy has momentarily saved us. Of course there are others.

But a pecuniary grant would in any case have been difficult to defend without information that seems unattainable. If it were bestowed as a charity it would be liable to censure as indiscriminate alms-giving. If it were viewed in the light of a reward we should have to consider its effect upon other mothers, whose efforts might have been just as strenuous, whose ambitions might have been just as high, but who had missed a full achievement only by some of those fortuitous circumstances that no human skill can control. Can we afford to create class distinctions of this kind, or to discourage honest toil merely because it has failed to reach the highest goal? Are we sure that we can precisely measure the elements of skill and chance that contribute to such events as these, and ought we to bestow our rewards without some definite assessment of merit as opposed to luck? It is a matter of delicacy. It demands no ordinary caution. It bristles with difficulties and doubts of all sorts and it is therefore well that the President should have restrained his natural impulse to endow these triplets with his personal check and that he should have had a wise foresight of the tremendous constitutional and legal questions that might so easily spring even from an act of precipitate benevolence.

#### Editorial Notes.

Booker Washington, dead at Tuskegee, was a true helper of men. His philosophy for the negro race was summed up in a single sentence: "It is vastly more important to men of black skin that they shall have a chance to earn their living, than to buy seats in an opera-house." Washington believed that any man or group of men who would make themselves vital contributors to the life of a community will ultimately attain public respect. His educational scheme was founded upon these ideas. It did not seek to inspire negro youth with political or social ambitions. Rather its aim was that of industrial efficiency through discipline and technical skill. His programme was essentially constructive, essentially non-political. What it has done for the negro race during the past twenty-five years does not need to be told.

Washington's own contribution to the work at Tuskegee was first the plan, then the finding of money to sustain it. He had the address and the kind of persistency which win money from the rich for beneficent purposes. He was perhaps the most successful solicitor of funds the country has ever known. For more than twenty years he has ranged up and down the country setting forth his purposes at Tuskegee, exploiting the effects of his work, and through these appeals winning financial support. The great establishment at Tuskegee, now liberally endowed, is a monument to his industry, his powers of exposition, and of his absolute devotion to a great cause. Ten years ago or more Mr. Andrew Carnegie made direct provision of a fund of \$100,000 for Washington's personal benefit. At the time it was predicted that being thus removed from the possibilities of individual necessity Washington's energies in behalf of Tuskegee would suffer a decline. But not so. Up to the day of his death he gave to the Institute the same unwearying devotion that he had given it in his own days of poverty.

It is not too much to say of Booker Washington that the example of his Tuskegee school affected profoundly the educational fashion of the country. Twenty years ago a distinguished man wrote to a famous college president asking if he knew where a white boy might get precisely the training afforded to colored youth at Tuskegee. The inquiry startled the educational world in the sense that it exhibited the practical deficiencies of our system. The effect of it was to stimulate the industrial and vocational idea throughout the country. It is probably due to Booker Washington that today many of our public schools are

combining practical training and industrial discipline with scholasticism.

The latest bulletin recording the activities of the Caminetti family represents young Anthony as an attorney in appeals before old Anthony. Under any circumstances this would be an impropriety. Under the special circumstances it comes close up to the line of scandal. We think the public in general would be very much obliged to the Caminetti family, father, mother, and son inclusive, if they would find some quiet way of life removed from the public eye.

#### THE THEATRE OF WAR.

There is a certain curious agreement among the military experts as to the meaning of the Balkan campaign, an agreement that would be rather suspicious but for the fact that the German Emperor himself is among them. It is well to be cautious in accepting newspaper reports of the emperor's speeches, but this particular report comes from a German newspaper and there is no inherent reason to doubt its authenticity. The emperor is reported to have said to his army in Belgium: "Important results are depending in the Balkans, where our troops and those of our courageous allies are bringing glory upon themselves. It is on the western front, however, that all eyes are turned, and the necessity of success here is paramount." Now we may believe that the emperor actually said this without assuming it to be a definite and calculated military judgment. It is the sort of thing that would stimulate an army and arouse it to a full sense of responsibility. It does not necessarily mean that the emperor had assigned the Balkans to a position of secondary importance.

But, curiously enough, both Hilaire Belloc and Major Moraht say the same thing, although not exactly in the same way. Belloc describes the Serbian campaign as having a political rather than a military significance. It was intended, he says, to throw the plans of the Allies into disarray and possibly to produce discord among them. Envious eyes have been turned upon the Balkans, and already some of the Allied powers have been making an imaginative and prospective partition of the spoils of war before the war had been won. By suddenly throwing the Balkans into the middle of the arena it might be possible not only to arouse jealousies, but also to give Germany another opportunity to profit by her railroad system and so to accomplish once more the supposedly impossible feat of being in two places at the same time. Mr. Belloc's sympathies are, of course, anti-German, but he says, in effect, precisely what the emperor said, that the final issues of the war will be determined in the west and that the centre of military gravity has not actually shifted. *Nous verrons.*

But Major Moraht's utterances are still more illuminating, because we may believe that to a certain extent they are inspired. He says that the value of the Serbian campaign lies in its moral rather than its military effect, and that it will be useful "to the policies of the Central Powers and to the idea of conquest which animates us." The word used by Major Moraht is "Siegesidee," and it is a word of some importance. It means that the Serbian campaign was dictated by the necessity for victories and that Serbia seemed to be the only point where victories might be won. The deadlock in the west was unmistakable, but with a general trend against the invaders. In Russia the situation was even worse, seeing that the bulletins had nothing but Russian attacks to record. Indeed Major Moraht explicitly stated that the eastern and western campaigns must now be regarded as defensive. Some point must be found at which the tide could be turned and that point seemed to be the Balkans. And certainly the tide in the Balkans has flowed steadily but very slowly in favor of Germany. There has been no rush or drive, but the German armies have advanced southward and the bulletins of success have once more appeared and they have been justified. The "Siegesidee" has been stimulated and encouraged, and this, says Major Moraht, was a part of the plan.

But to speak of an attack upon Suez or Egypt as an imminent possibility is merely absurd. It is so fatally easy to travel by map and it is even easier to travel by newspaper headlines. It is now some weeks since the taking of Belgrade, and the German forces have advanced some thirty or forty miles. But suppose that they had crossed Bulgaria and reached Constantinople. Suppose that they had crushed all resistance and had established their lines of communication safe from all attack. They would then be about one thousand miles from Egypt, and the Sinai desert would lie between them and their destination. Their armies would have to be supplied from Germany, not only with every personal necessity, but with thousands of tons of ammunition for the great guns that also would have to be transported across the desert. And at the end of their journey they would find an enemy strongly entrenched after months of preparation and with unlimited supplies coming easily from all points of the compass. There is no doubt that Germany can do anything that is at all a military possibility, but an immediate attack upon Egypt is not a military possibility, and it would not be a military possibility even if the German forces were now in Constantinople. We may be sure that the German leaders have no such ideas. Their utmost hope is that their successes in the Balkans may fan the flames of disaffection in Egypt and that Mohammedan

uprisings may prove an embarrassment to the British in Egypt and to the Italians in Tripoli.

The situation in Greece seems to be resolving itself into a struggle between the king and Venizelos, or perhaps it might be more accurate to say between the queen and Venizelos. The queen is a sister of the German Emperor, and ever since the war began we have been hearing sensational stories of domestic discord in the royal family. The personal attitude of the king is a matter of conjecture, but the vacillations of Greek policy seem to show that he is of the spineless variety that never moves except in response to an external pressure. Venizelos resigned the premiership on October 5th, although the Chamber had voted its confidence in him by a large majority. His place was taken by M. Zaimis, who must have been well aware that he could hold his position only just so long as it might please Venizelos that he should do so. Venizelos quickly showed his power, for in less than a month an adverse vote compelled his rival to resign. For a moment it looked as though Venizelos must return to office, and this would of course have been equivalent to a war upon Germany. But the king avoided the alternative by a dissolution of the Chamber, a maneuver that practically places him in a position of absolutism until the new Chamber can be elected, that is to say for a period of several weeks.

Greece is in an extraordinarily difficult position, and there can be no doubt that it would be best for her to preserve her neutrality if she can possibly do so. If she should enter the war she would inevitably be attacked, and even though she should choose the winning side she could hardly be compensated for the destruction that would certainly be visited upon her. If she should strike on the side of the Allies she would be liable to invasion from Bulgaria, and if Germany should ultimately be victorious it would be the prelude to her practical extermination as an independent kingdom. And if she should go to war against the Allies she would have to reckon with a force of a quarter of a million French and British who may be said to be already in occupation of the country and whose ships would devastate her coast line and sweep up her innumerable islands like herring into a fish-net. Moreover, it is to be remembered that Greece can not feed herself. There is no country in the world so dependent on her imports as Greece. A blockade of two weeks would starve her. It is evident that the majority of her people are strongly in favor of the Allies and they are led by the strongest of her statesmen. The king has not only to consider the probable results of intervention upon either side, but he may also reflect upon the fact that his non-intervention or his choice of the unpopular side might easily mean revolution. Indeed there are passages in the speech recently made by Venizelos that may easily be interpreted as a threat of revolution. But so long as the king is able to keep his country neutral he will probably be able to avoid revolution, and we may believe that this is what he is sincerely anxious to do.

German diplomacy has of course been successful everywhere in the Balkans, and this not so much because it has been astute as because the diplomacy of Great Britain has been stupid. Great Britain continued to pay suit to Bulgaria long after Bulgaria's policy had been unchangeably decided. She not only paid suit to Bulgaria when the time for words had passed, but she did it in such a way as to offend other Balkan States and to lead to the impression that Bulgaria occupied a particularly warm spot in her heart. Sir Edward Grey, speaking in the House of Commons immediately before Bulgaria's final action, said: "Not only is there no hostility in this country to Bulgaria, but there is traditional warm feeling of sympathy with the Bulgarian people." And this at a time when King Ferdinand was counting the hours until he should draw the sword against Great Britain. What more natural than that the German party in Greece should seize upon this speech as evidence that England was merely using Greece for her own purposes and that the Bulgarian friendship would outweigh all other considerations. But Great Britain seems to be now resolved to make good her mistake. She is pouring troops into Salonika, and by this time there must be enough British and French on the spot, not only to conduct operations against the Bulgarians around Veles and Strumitza, but also to furnish some sort of guaranty to Greece that she will be adequately protected in any move friendly to the Allies that she may make. At the same time it would be rash to predict what King Constantine will do in the leisure afforded him by a dissolution of the Chamber. It would be rash to predict what any man will do who is subjected to domestic pressure such as this. The argument of the German party is simple and easy to understand. Germany, they say, is certain to win, and she will then be generous to her friends and vengeful to her enemies. On the other hand we can imagine Venizelos as saying that Germany is not certain to win, and that since the tide of war is now flowing southward toward Greece it would be well for her to join forces with British, French, and Serbs and drive it back.

Criticism of the British army is now so frequent that we may note with some interest the references contained in the only volume on the strategy of the war that has so far been issued. It is entitled "Germany in Defeat," and its authors are Count Charles de Souza and Major Haldane Macfall. The British retreat from Mons, say the authors, was due to the blundering of a French general, who should have held his pivot on the Meuse and so have prevented the pivoting movement that was so nearly fatal to Sir John French. The commentators say: "The battle opened very favorably for the British. The troops, after their enthusiastic reception at



Boulogne and all along the marches thence, were full of fire and felt that they could beat any enemy. The Germans, of course, animated now with a special and peculiar hatred of England, felt just as anxious to meet them. Thus the encounter was bound to be a formidable one, with the advantage distinctly on the side of the English, since they were carefully entrenched and not yet outnumbered. Besides, their tactics and their high standard of musketry must have been something of a surprise to the Germans, who were easily mown down by the hundred before they themselves could inflict serious losses in return—indeed, when they did so, it was mainly with shell, not with rifle fire. In fact, Sir John French's infantry was doing such execution in the serried ranks of their enemies that it was a pleasure to go on, so that when Sir John French suddenly received in the late afternoon the message from General Joffre, advising him of the Fifth French army's retirement, and of the number of German corps west of Charleroi, whose presence was now becoming a danger, he felt aggrieved, and even incredulous as to the second part of the message. To see victory within your grasp and to have to turn your back upon it through no fault of your own is a most painful and dramatic situation, savoring of the tragic." Elsewhere the authors say that if the French had had such a trio of men as Sir John French, Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, and Sir Douglas Haig to whom the fate of an army could well be entrusted the battles of Mons and Charleroi would have been great and decisive victories.

Practically the whole credit for the victory at the Marne is given by the authors to General Foch, whose supreme strategy saved the day for the Allies. This is acknowledged by the *Bulletin des Armées* on December 5, 1914, which says: "If they (the Germans) had pierced us between Sézanne and Mailly (where the Seventh Army stood) the situation would have been reversed to their (the Germans') advantage." This means that if the Germans had succeeded in driving back or piercing through the Seventh French Army under General Foch in the centre the Sixth Army would eventually have been defeated, and the British and the Fifth French Army would have been involved in the disaster; and then it would have been that Paris would have been attacked, and Joffre's left wing, cut off from the centre, would have been driven back and invested in the capital. Germany, say the authors, would thus have won the war.

A New York *Evening Post* correspondent with the French in the north of France writes: "A most significant feature of the present advance, however, is the activity of the air fleet in damaging the railway communications at vital spots away behind the German lines. There can be no doubt that this is handicapping their movements very seriously, the more so as our aviators are keeping at it, and are practically making daily raids. In this way the Germans will be prevented from rushing strong reinforcements from one part of their line to another, as they were in the habit of doing. Many people used to criticize our air fleet for not adopting these tactics long ago, but their hour had not come, and by displaying their methods before the time was ripe for putting them into general execution they would have given the enemy full opportunity for evolving plans either for defense or for more rapid repair arrangements along his railway lines. As it is, our aeroplanes are able to fly very low, so as to make quite sure of their aim."

The Manchester *Guardian* purports to narrate truthfully an incident witnessed the day before the last great attack in France by an officer who now lies wounded in London. A board was hoisted in the German trenches bearing the inscription, "The English are Fools." No one wasted a bullet on such poor abuse. The board went down and reappeared with the addition, "The French are Fools." It was ignored by the British. Then the board came up again with a third line, "We are Fools." A lively interest was now awakened in the board. On its last appearance it bore the inscription, "Why not all go home?"

SIDNEY CORYN.  
SAN FRANCISCO, November 17, 1915.

While the "pitch-lake" of Trinidad, a surface of a mile and a half across of pure asphaltum, is perhaps the most remarkable occurrence of this mineral in nature, still the lake of Bermudez, which covers 1000 acres in the state of Monagas, Venezuela, is fast equaling the first in commercial importance. As an indication of the value of Venezuelan bitumen it may be noted that this special variety is used to protect the tunnels of the New York subway from moisture. Asphalt as paving is the commonest commercial use of the mineral today, and yet its successful employment in the field of road-making is of comparatively recent date. The first compressed rock asphalt roadway was laid in Paris in 1854, while it was 1876 before the first similar type of road-making was used on Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington.

The total number of deer reported killed during the open season this year in California was 8699. When the fact is considered that only a portion of the deer killed in each county is reported, it is possible that the actual kill for 1914 must exceed 12,000. Could deer be sold on the market, each would bring an average price of \$25. Hence the yearly crop of deer in California is worth approximately \$300,000.

United States imports of art objects, measured over the past few years, have averaged about \$40,000,000 annually. In what are known as boom years importations have gone as high as \$50,000,000.

## THE VENUS OF PARIS.

Her Discovery of the Secret of Eternal Youth.

The Comtesse de l'Île d'Or was, perhaps, the most beautiful woman in Paris. She had everything to make her life happy. Her husband adored her and trusted her implicitly. He gave her a freedom that he knew she would not abuse, and he took a pride in her social triumphs. She had few enemies. Her manners were sweet and pleasing, and her position was far too secure for any jealousy on her own part. She was not vain—the really beautiful are seldom so; and if her triumphs were necessary to her life as the air of heaven, at least they were brilliant and great. She made the art of being beautiful her whole study. It became to her an absorbing interest, and admiration was to her as food and drink. Nature had lavishly dowered her with charms. Her eyes, blue as the sea, were the inspiration of the young poets of the capital; her lips were ideal, it was said; her teeth were perfect, and her head the head of a goddess. Small wonder, perhaps, that she should devote her soul to the worship of herself. Every one encouraged her. The very people knew her, and as she drove she heard sometimes their words: "V'là la belle comtesse! V'là Vénus de Paris!"

On her thirtieth birthday a great terror came into her life, and would not be stilled. Night and day it haunted her. It came to her like a spectre, and stood forever before her, and sometimes it sat like ice upon her heart.

A well-known figure in Parisian society of the time was a certain veteran, the Maréchal Boutigny.

He was grim and sinister. He spoke often to Mme. la Comtesse of the great beauty of his own day, the famous Aurélie de Frontignac.

"She is dead, is she not?" said she, one night.

"To the world, Mme. la Comtesse."

"She lives, then! She must be seventy."

Madame shuddered. A certain pallor took her face and M. le Maréchal gave his grim laugh.

"Without doubt," he said.

"She was very beautiful?" she asked later, seeming fascinated by the subject.

He saw once more the whiteness of her face, and he smiled. She shuddered again. M. le Maréchal seemed in league with the devil that haunted her.

"Yes, madame," he said.

There was silence; and then she persisted:

"More beautiful than I?"

"Nay, that were impossible!" he said, with grim gallantry.

The cold fear at her heart goaded her on.

"As beautiful?"

"Mme. la Comtesse will pardon her," he said; "Aurélié de Frontignac was as beautiful."

She moved away then, and sought out an old woman, the Duchesse d'Avignon. This lady was eighty, and her memory was fresh and true.

She received the countess with open arms and a ready compliment.

"Flatteuse," said the countess, playfully, "I do not deserve that. You must have seen women fairer than I—Aurélié de Frontignac, for example."

"Ah, she was beautiful!" cried the old woman; "yes, my dear, you have had one rival within my memory."

Then the countess knew what she wished to know, and she passed on to her husband: "I am a little tired, Jules. I wish to go home!"

In a certain village called Arbisson, not many miles from Paris, stood a big square house within walls. The great gates were kept firmly barred, and all communication with the outside world was carried on through a little side door. In the neglected garden, Old World flowers managed to grow in rich disorder. The golden marigolds had sown themselves till in the course of years they had become a flaming sea, whose warm yellow was only heightened in tone by contrast with the paler tint of the huge sunflowers that stood like sentinels above. Ivies and creepers grew on the house itself, and wild convolvulus bound the trees.

The people of the village had long since lost their curiosity as to the woman who lived her lonely life within those walls. Thirty years ago the house had been suddenly bought, and a lady and two servants had taken up their abode there, and had since lived quietly on. For ten years the lady had never left the grounds. Old Pierre Roget, the notary, had happened to be passing when the occupants arrived, and the word had gone round that the lady was very beautiful—"Comme un rêve," he had said.

But at the end of those ten years it was a faded and gray-haired woman who began to take her solitary walks. The notary had gone to his rest, and his words were forgotten.

Though not far from Paris, this village knew little of the life of the great city, and faces that were known in the capital, as the bust on a penny is known, might pass through the street of Arbisson unrecognized. Still the curé said that the single visitor who, perhaps once in a year or two, called at the old house and was admitted, was, he thought, the famous Maréchal Boutigny, of whom they had all heard. The servants told nothing, and madame was a heretic, and did not attend mass, so that the curé had no more claim to admittance

to her house than any of the other inhabitants of the village, and could boast no more knowledge of her than they. He could only surmise that she was some one of importance who wished to hide herself from the world.

There arrived one day in Arbisson a very smart carriage. The coachman drove through the village looking about him as one who seeks landmarks, and finally drew up before the gates of the old house. Here the occupant of the carriage, a lady closely veiled and in a long cloak, alighted. She sought the little door in the wall, and rang, and after an interval she was admitted.

It was the Comtesse de l'Île d'Or who followed the attendant up through the burning marigolds to the house. She looked round her as she went, and marvelled at the blaze of color. There were poppies that looked like a field of blood. Grass stood up greenly from the neglected paths, and daisies flecked the lawn with white. Two great dogs came bounding toward her, and rubbed themselves affectionately against her skirts. The countess stooped and caressed them.

Now she was near the house. The front door stood open, and from some inner room came the sound of a piano. It was being very exquisitely played. She entered the house. There was a big, square hall, bare and comfortless, and leading from it were many doors. It was from one of these that the music came, but something had attracted the notice of the countess, and she paused. An easel stood in the middle of the stone floor, and upon it a picture. It was the portrait of a woman. Her glowing beauty seemed to live. Mme. la Comtesse recognized a face more fair, it might be than her own.

"Your mistress?" she said to the attendant. She spoke in a low voice, and with reverence, as one who speaks before a shrine.

"Yes, madame, my mistress, as she was five-and-thirty years ago."

The countess said no more. She stood for some moments before the painting in silence, and then she made a sign that she was ready. The woman led her to the door, which she opened, and then she withdrew.

In the last few minutes the countess had grown deadly pale. She found herself in a large and well-furnished room, with three windows that looked out upon the flaming sea of marigolds. A lady rose from the piano as her visitor entered. The countess advanced with a chill fear at her heart.

Was it possible that this thin and withered creature had once sat for the portrait that stood in the hall? Could it be that the flesh, once so firm and white was the same as the dry and puckered skin of the face before her—that those were the cheeks that had glowed with health and loveliness—that those dim eyes set in a network of lines were the laughing eyes of the picture?

"I scarcely know how to explain my visit," the countess said, in an uncertain voice; "I greatly wished to see you, who have also been called the Venus of Paris."

"Once," said the old woman.

There was a pause.

"And my mantle has fallen on you," she added, half in question. "I have heard of you," she went on, after a few moments; "and I expected you. The Maréchal Boutigny had written. Look at me. You are very beautiful. But not more beautiful than was I. See my hands. They were once white and soft as your own, and this poor neck was round and full like yours. Beauty counted for more in my day than in yours, and I had my lovers by the score—"

There were tears in the old woman's eyes, and her voice shook.

"You are believed to be dead," said the countess.

"That was my wish," replied Aurélié de Frontignac. "my day was over."

The Countess de l'Île d'Or paused once more before the picture in the hall, and tried to trace in the exquisite features some likeness to the face she had just seen. A film was before her eyes, and she could see only the haggard face of the old woman. Through the fresh beauty of the painting the withered and faded face seemed to look out at her. She could see now where the lines had been destined to weave their grim network round the eyes. She could trace the gradual falling-in of the cheeks, the puckering of the fair skin. She turned away and passed through the open door. She did not see now the flaring blaze of marigolds and poppies. She followed the attendant through their flames as one who walks in a dream.

The countess stood before her mirror and looked at her beautiful face. The spectre came and stood beside her, and the reflection underwent a hideous change. The freshness seemed slowly to fade from the skin and the mouth fell in a little and grew hard and set. Then the chin and the nose seemed to advance, and hollows formed themselves in the cheeks. The forehead was no longer smooth. The two faint lines had deepened to furrows. And the eyes! Her own eyes grown eager and wild, gazed out at her from wrinkled wells.

She looked again. There was only her own young face, but could she not trace even now the beginning of these horrors? A shuddering went over her.



She reviewed the miserable weapons with which she might wage her war against these grisly foes—the *norphia* needle, the rouge-pot, the *blanc de perle*, the golden dye, and she shuddered again. There remained one other weapon.

She chose, of course, according to domestically inconvenient, but time-honored precedent, the night of a ball. She moved about among her guests, radiant and the embodiment of youth and perfect beauty. Her conversation sparkled with witty retort and ready jest. The *maréchal* came up to her with old-fashioned gallantry and paid her a grim compliment.

She laughed back at him.  
"I have seen Aurélie de Frontignac," she said.  
"Then you have seen what remains of the most beautiful woman of her day."

"I believe you," said the countess.  
"She did well to bury herself?" he asked.  
"She did well," replied the countess; "but I shall do better."

The *maréchal* searched her face.  
"You have discovered the Elixir of Life?" he asked.  
"The secret of eternal youth," she answered.

\* \* \* \* \*  
You know the end of this type of story.  
They found her dead the next day, and the *Maréchal Boutigny* understood.  
RICHARD PRYCE.

## HIS WIFE'S JEWELS.

The Widower Learns Their Value and Sees a Great Light.

M. Lautin was the head clerk in the employ of the minister of the interior.

One evening he attended a *soirée* at the house of his vice-principal, and there met a young girl, with whom he fell desperately in love at first sight.

Her father, a country physician, had died some months before, and soon after she and her mother took up their abode in Paris, where they visited frequently among their acquaintances, *madame* hoping thereby to secure a favorable *parti* for her daughter. They were poor and honorable, quiet and unassuming in their manners.

The young girl was an absolute type of the virtuous woman, to whom every sensible young man dreams of one day confiding his heart and happiness.

Her simple beauty had the charm of angelic modesty, and the imperceptible smile which constantly hovered about her lips seemed to be the reflection of a pure and lovely soul.

Her praises resounded on every side. People never tired of repeating: "Happy the man who wins her love! He could not find a better wife!"

Now, M. Lautin enjoyed a snug little income of three thousand five hundred francs, and thinking he could assume the responsibilities of a husband, proposed to this model young girl and was accepted.

He was unspeakably happy with her; she governed his household with an economy so clever that they seemed to live in luxury. She lavished the most delicate attentions on her husband, coaxed and fondled him; and the charm of her presence was so great that six years after his marriage M. Lautin discovered that he loved his wife even far more than during the first days of their honeymoon.

He only felt inclined to blame in her two faults: her love of the theatre and a taste for false jewelry.

Her friends (she was acquainted with some officers' wives) frequently procured for her a box at the theatre, often for the first representations of every new play; and her husband was obliged to accompany her, whether he willed or not, to these amusements, which bored him excessively after his day's labor at the office.

After a time M. Lautin begged his wife to request some lady of her acquaintance to accompany her.

She was at first opposed to such an arrangement; but after much persuasion on his part she finally consented, to the infinite delight of her husband.

Now, with her love for the theatre, came also the desire to decorate her person. True, her costumes remained as before, simple and of the most correct taste; but she soon began to adorn her ears with huge rhinestones, which glittered and sparkled like real diamonds. Around her neck she wore strings of false pearls and on her arms bracelets of imitation gold.

Her husband frequently remonstrated with her, saying:

"My dear, as you can not afford to buy real diamonds, you ought to appear adorned with your beauty and modesty alone, which are the rarest ornaments of your sex."

But she would smile sweetly and say:  
"What can I do? I am so fond of jewelry. It is my only weakness. We can not change our natures."

Then she would roll around her fingers the pearl necklaces, hold up the bright gems for her husband's admiration, saying:

"Look! are they not lovely? One would swear they were real."

M. Lautin would then answer smilingly:  
"You have Bohemian tastes, my dear."

Often of an evening, when they were enjoying a tête-à-tête by the fireside, she would place on the tea-table the leather box containing the "trash," as M. Lautin called it. She would examine the false gems

with a passionate attention, as though they were in some way connected with a deep and secret joy; and she often persisted in passing a necklace around her husband's neck, and laughing heartily, would exclaim: "How droll you look!" Then she would throw herself in his arms and kiss him affectionately.

One evening, in winter, she attended the opera, and on her return was chilled through and through. The next morning she coughed, and eight days later she died of inflammation of the lungs.

M. Lautin's despair was so great that his hair became white in one month. He wept unceasingly; his heart was lacerated with grief, and his mind haunted by the remembrance, the smile, the voice—by every charm of his beautiful, dead wife.

Time, the healer, did not assuage his grief. Often, during office hours, while his colleagues were discussing the topics of the day, his eyes would suddenly fill with tears, and he would give vent to his grief in heartrending sobs.

Everything in his wife's room remained as before her decease; and here he was wont to seclude himself daily and think of her who had been his treasure—the joy of his existence.

But life soon became a struggle. His income, which in the hands of his wife covered all household expenses, was now no longer sufficient for his own immediate wants; and he wondered how she could have managed to buy such excellent wine and rare delicacies, which he could no longer procure with his modest resources.

He incurred some debts and was soon reduced to absolute poverty. One morning, finding himself without a cent in his pocket, he resolved to sell something, and immediately the thought occurred to him of disposing of his wife's paste jewels; for he cherished in his heart a sort of rancor against the false gems which had always irritated him in the past.

The very sight of them spoiled somewhat the remembrance of his lost darling.

To the last days of her life she had continued to make purchases; bringing home new gems almost every evening. He decided to sell the heavy necklace which she seemed to prefer and which, he thought, ought to be worth about six or seven francs; for although paste, it was, nevertheless, of very fine workmanship.

He put it in his pocket and started out in search of a jeweler's shop. He entered the first one he saw, feeling a little ashamed to expose his misery, and also to offer such a worthless article for sale.

"Sir," said he to the merchant, "I would like to know what this is worth."

The man took the necklace, examined it, called his clerk and made some remarks in an undertone; he then put the ornament back on the counter, and looked at it from a distance to judge of the effect.

M. Lautin was annoyed by all those ceremonies, and was on the point of saying: "Oh! I know well enough it is not worth anything," when the jeweler said: "Sir, that necklace is worth from twelve to fifteen thousand francs; but I could not buy it unless you tell me whence it comes."

The widower opened his eyes wide and remained gaping, not comprehending the merchant's meaning. Finally he stammered: "You say—Are you sure?"

The other replied dryly: "You can search elsewhere and see if any one will offer you more. I consider it worth fifteen thousand, at the most. Come back here if you can not do better."

M. Lautin, beside himself with astonishment, took up the necklace and left the store. He wished time for reflection.

Once outside he felt inclined to laugh, and said to himself: "The fool! Oh, the fool! Had I only taken him at his word! That jeweler can not distinguish real diamonds from paste."

A few minutes after he entered another store in the Rue de la Paix. As soon as the proprietor glanced at the necklace he cried out:

"Ah, parbleu! I know it well; it was bought here."

M. Lautin was disturbed, and asked:  
"How much is it worth?"

"Well, I sold it for twenty thousand francs. I am willing to take it back for eighteen thousand when you inform me, according to our legal formality, how it came to be in your possession."

This time M. Lautin was dumfounded. He replied:  
"But—but—examine it well. Until this moment I was under the impression that it was—paste."

The jeweler asked:  
"What is your name, sir?"

"Lautin; I am in the employ of the minister of the interior. I live at No. 16 Rue des Martyrs."

The merchant looked through his books, found the entry, and said: "The necklace was sent to Mme. Lautin's address, 16 Rue des Martyrs, July 20, 1876."

The two men looked into each other's eyes—the widower speechless with astonishment, the jeweler scenting a thief. The latter broke the silence.

"Will you leave this necklace here for twenty-four hours?" said he; "I will give you a receipt."

M. Lautin answered, hastily: "Yes, certainly." Then, putting the ticket in his pocket, he left the store.

He wandered aimlessly through the streets, his mind in a state of dreadful confusion. He tried to reason, to understand. His wife could not afford to purchase

such a costly ornament. Certainly not. But, then, it must have been a present—a present!—a present from whom? Why was it given her?

He stopped and remained standing in the middle of the street. A horrible doubt entered his mind—she? Then all the other gems must have been presents, too! The earth seemed to tremble beneath him, the tree before him was falling; throwing up his arms, he fell to the ground unconscious. He recovered his senses in a pharmacy into which pedestrians had borne him. He gave orders to be taken to his home. When he arrived he shut himself up in his room and wept until nightfall. Finally, overcome with fatigue, he threw himself on the bed, where he passed an uneasy, restless night.

The following morning he arose and prepared to go to the office. It was hard to work after such shocks. He sent a letter to his employer requesting to be excused. Then he remembered that he had to return to the jeweler's. He did not like the idea; but he could not leave the necklace with that man. He dressed and went out.

It was a lovely day; a clear blue sky smiled on the busy city below. Men of leisure were strolling about with their hands in their pockets.

M. Lautin, observing them, said to himself: "The rich, indeed, are happy. With money it is possible to forget even the deepest sorrow. One can go where one pleases, and in travel find that distraction which is the surest cure for grief. Oh, if I were only rich!"

He perceived that he was hungry, but his pocket was empty. He again remembered the necklace. Eighteen thousand francs! Eighteen thousand francs! What a sum!

He soon arrived in the Rue de la Paix, opposite the jeweler's. Eighteen thousand francs! Twenty times he resolved to go in, but shame kept him back.

He was hungry, however—very hungry, and not a cent in his pocket. He decided quickly, ran across the street in order not to have time for reflection, and rushed into the store.

The proprietor immediately came forward and politely offered him a chair; the clerks glanced at him knowingly.

"I have made inquiries, M. Lautin," said the jeweler, "and if you are still resolved to dispose of the gems, I am ready to pay you the price I offered."

"Certainly, sir," stammered M. Lautin.

Whereupon the proprietor took from a drawer eighteen large bills, counted and handed them to M. Lautin, who signed a receipt and with trembling hand put the money into his pocket.

As he was about to leave the store he turned toward the merchant, who still wore the same knowing smile, and lowering his eyes, said:

"I have—I have other gems which I have received from the same source. Will you buy them also?"

The merchant bowed: "Certainly, sir." One of the clerks left the store to avoid laughing outright, another pressed his handkerchief to his mouth.

M. Lautin said, gravely: "I will bring them to you."

An hour later he returned with the gems.

The large diamond ear-rings were worth twenty thousand francs; the bracelets, thirty-five thousand; the rings, sixteen thousand; a set of emeralds and sapphires, fourteen thousand; a gold chain with solitaire pendant, forty thousand—making the sum of one hundred and forty-three thousand francs.

The jeweler remarked, jokingly:  
"The lady invested all her savings in precious stones."

M. Lautin replied, seriously:  
"It is only another way of investing one's money."

That day he lunched at Voisin's and drank wine worth twenty francs a bottle. Then he hired a carriage and made a tour of the Bois. He gazed at the various turnouts with a kind of disdain, and could hardly refrain from crying out to the occupants:

"I, too, am rich!—I am worth two hundred thousand francs."

Suddenly he thought of his employer. He drove up to the bureau, entered gayly, saying:

"Sir, I have come to resign my position; I have just inherited three hundred thousand francs."

He shook hands with his former colleagues, and confided to them some of his projects for the future; he then went off to dine at the *Café Anglais*.

He seated himself beside a gentleman of aristocratic bearing, and during the meal informed the latter confidentially that he had just inherited a fortune of four hundred thousand francs.

For the first time in his life he was not bored at the theatre, and spent the remainder of the night in dissipation.

Six months afterward he married again. His second wife was a very virtuous woman, but with a violent temper. She caused him much sorrow.—Translated from the French by Alton Brown.

Transcausia and Ciscausia, part of the Russian Empire, covering an area of 180,603 square miles, share with India the first rank in the world's production of manganese, and are exceeded only by the United States in the production of mineral oil. Its average crop of cereals exceeds the combined crops of western and eastern Siberia. The vast forests of this district as yet remained unexploited. These two districts a population of 12,000,000.



## INDIVIDUALITIES.

T. St. John Gaffney, who recently resigned as American consul-general at Munich, has been decorated by King Ludwig of Bavaria with the medal of honor, which is bestowed on civilians for voluntary services in nursing the sick.

The Swedish government has decided to distribute the Nobel prizes this year as follows: Physics, Thomas A. Edison and Nikolai Tesla; literature, Romain Rolland (French), Hendrick Pontoppidan-Troels Lund (Dane), and Verner von Heidenstam (Swede); chemistry, Professor Theodore Svedberg.

Kasei Ushijima, on whom the Emperor of Japan has just conferred the decoration of the Order of the Rising Sun, fifth class, as the most successful Japanese in California, has for twenty years been known as George Shima. In the state he is known as the "Potato King," having risen from poverty to affluence through his success in handling extensive potato crops.

The Emperor of Japan has conferred the rank and title of Sonin on Edmund Weld, Jr., a Brookfield, Connecticut, educator, in recognition of his work in promoting industrial training in the schools of Japan. The rank is said to be among the highest that may be conferred upon a foreigner by the Mikado. Mr. Weld has just been promoted to have supervision of industrial training in the schools of the empire.

Dr. Wellington Koo, who has just been appointed Chinese minister to this country, in succession to Kai Fu-Shah, was until his appointment, minister to Mexico, Peru, and Cuba. Dr. Koo was an under secretary in the Chinese Foreign Office until recently, and as such was a member of a diplomatic commission which conducted the negotiations in Peking with the Japanese minister. He speaks English perfectly, and is a graduate of Columbia University, where he received his doctorate.

Henry Bruer, whose position may be called chief efficiency engineer of New York City, which spends \$200,000,000 a year, is a native of Missouri, has devoted ten years to work of this nature, and is only thirty-three years of age. He studied for two years at Cornell, received his Ph. D. from the University of Chicago, and then studied law at Harvard and the New York Law School. In 1911 he made a survey of ten commission-governed cities in this country, and the following year surveyed six German cities.

Major-General Sir Charles Munro, succeeding General Ian Hamilton in command of the Eastern Mediterranean British forces, comes to his new post at the age of fifty-five. His latest service has been in the position of commandant of the school of musketry at Hythe, England. He entered the army with the rank of captain in 1879 and in the years that followed gained distinguished honors and rapid promotion. His first activity was on the northwest frontier of India. He served in South Africa in 1899-1900, gaining during this time the award of the queen's medal with three clasps and promotion to lieutenant-colonel. He commanded the Thirteenth Infantry Brigade of Dublin from 1907 to 1912.

Admiral von Holtzendorff, recently announced as the new head of the German naval staff, is former commander of the German high seas fleet and one of the big men of the navy. Emperor William gave him command of the high seas fleet at the outset of the dreadnought era, when the advent of the all-big gun type of battleship made Germany a dangerous rival of Great Britain, and he retained that command until just before the war began, when he was succeeded by Admiral von Ingenohl, who gave way in turn last spring to Admiral von Pohl. The new chief of the naval staff, with his bushy, snow-white beard, his square, thick-set frame, and his frank, positive manner, is a typical sea dog.

Dr. Cuthbert Christy, traveler, explorer, and authority on sleeping sickness, has returned to England after three years spent in the Congo on behalf of the Belgian government. In a portion of the Ituri he is said to have discovered a small tribe not hitherto known to whites. Dr. Christy is the assistant lecturer in the school of tropical medicine at Liverpool. He was a member of the first commission sent to Uganda in 1902, and since that time has spent years in travel and study in various parts of Africa. Among his well-known books are, "The Epidemiology and Etiology of Sleeping Sickness in Equatorial East Africa," and "The African Rubber Industry and Funturia Elastica." For recreation he turns to shooting, fishing, ornithology, and general field natural history.

Major-General Sir Bryan Thomas Mahon, who has taken command of the British forces in Serbia, where the eyes of the world are now focused, has commanded the Eighth (Lucknow) Division, India, since 1909. He is an Irishman, a native of Galway, and has devoted himself to the army. He served in India until 1889, and then in turn took a most active part in the Egyptian campaign, the Dongola expedition, Khartoum expedition, Kordofan expedition, and the capture of Rafia. Promotion and medals were awarded him, and when the Boer war began in earnest he was transferred to that field of action. Perhaps his most notable

worthy service there was the relief of Mafeking. He was twice mentioned in dispatches and received the Queen's Medal. Since 1904 he has been military governor of Kordofan.

Dr. Cary T. Grayson, the President's physician, is a Virginian, thirty-seven years of age, and a navy man. He entered the navy as a paymaster and resigned a year later to enter the medical school of the University of Virginia. He was assigned as the physician to the White House in the last few months of the Taft administration, and has been there ever since. He has had seven years of sea duty and has traveled in nearly every clime. He has an attractive, non-assertive personality, is a daring cross-country rider, and enjoys a fox-hunt.

Early in the life of the human race, or during the Paleolithic, or Stone Age, at least, the horse appears to have been quite unknown as a beast of burden, though it is doubtful if the race at that period of existence traveled far from home or was possessed of any plethora of this world's goods requiring means of transportation. Probably the Stone Age man knew nothing of the joys of a brisk gallop at morn or in the gathering shades of eve, and at best his horse was physically small and mean-looking. On the other hand the horse of that period appears to have been on the list of "game," and was largely used as food. To this day remains of feasts of the Stone Age man are to be found in some parts of England. Kirkdale Cave and Kent's Cavern may be especially mentioned. On some of the bones which have come to light there pictures of their victims have been inscribed—doubtless the work of an artist feeling at peace with all the world after an exceptionally good lunch. Wild horses were abundant in Belgium and France in those good old days. At one station of these ancient people—that at Solutre in France—great numbers of flint instruments and enormous quantities of bones of horses and reindeer have been found. Horses seem to have been the easiest to secure, judging from the fact that their bones at this particular station formed a huge rampart, estimated to contain the remains of about 400,000 animals, the long bones of which had all been broken for their marrow. Came the Neolithic Age and found the horse the slave of man—no longer an animal whose chief purpose seemed to be the furnishing of food for man, the conqueror. Also by this time the horse had become a valuable ally in war. This war-horse was very small, probably dun-colored, and unquestionably shaggy-haired. It bore a close likeness, in fact, to the present-day wild horse of the Gobi Desert known as Prejwalsky's horse, which may, indeed, be regarded as the descendant of these ancient horses. Horses of this type prevailed all over Europe at this time. They were used by the Digynnae of the Danube, and by the Ancient Britons of Caesar's time as chariot-horses. "At the first onset," it is written, "they drove the cars in all directions, hurled their javelins, and by the din and clatter of horses and wheels commonly threw the ranks of the enemy into disorder, and, making their way amongst the squadrons of the enemy's cavalry, leaped down from their chariots and fought on foot. The charioteers then withdrew, little by little, out of the fight, and placed their chariots in such a way that if they were hard pressed they could readily retreat to their own side. Thus in battle they afforded the mobility of cavalry with the steadiness of infantry. Daily practice enabled them to pull up their horses at full speed when on a steep slope . . . or to run out on the pole and stand on the yoke, and to get nimbly back again into the chariot." With the introduction of cavalry in the late Iron Age came larger horses, but their use for this purpose seems to have been restricted to isolated areas. There is no doubt that the West German tribes, as late as the campaign of Caesar in Gaul, used only the shaggy pony. It is said in cavalry actions they held it disgraceful and slothful to use any kind of a saddle, and instead of charging in squadrons they dismounted and fought on foot. In East Prussia a different condition prevailed. There the sturdy sons acquired their knowledge of horsemanship and use of the arrow from the Masuren, who lived in what is now Poland and the region around Warsaw. As far as England is concerned, the art of riding seems to have been introduced by the Normans. The Saxons seem to have been but indifferent horsemen.

The divide between the Hudson Bay and Mississippi River drainage basins shows the poor drainage of the glaciated prairies and the delicate balance between drainage systems. Though Sheyenne and James rivers, the two principal streams of this region, flow in nearly parallel sources for 180 miles, and the relief of the land between them is generally not more than twenty feet, yet the Sheyenne ultimately discharges into Hudson Bay and the James into the Gulf of Mexico.

Although it is only during relatively recent years that the silo has been introduced among American farmers, its history dates back to the mists of antiquity. Some idea of its growth may be had from the fact that nearly 31,000 silos were built in 1913.

The largest paper mill in Sweden, considered to be one of the world's foremost in point of technical perfection, has just been finished in the town of Hallsta.

## CURRENT VERSE.

## The Tavern of the Bees.

Here's the tavern of the bees,  
Here the butterflies, that swing  
Velvet cloaks, and to the breeze  
Whisper soft conspiracies.  
Pledge their Lord, the Fairy King:  
Here the hotspur hornets bring  
Fiery word, and drink away  
Heat and hurry of the day.

Here the merchant bee, his gold  
On his thigh, falls fast asleep,  
And the armored beetle bold,  
Like an errant-knight of old,  
Feasts and tipples pottles-deep:  
While the friar crickets keep  
Creaking low a drinking-song,  
Like an Ave, all day long.

Here the baron bumblebee,  
Grumbling in his drowsy cup,  
Half forgets his knavery:  
Dragon-flies sip swaggeringly,  
Cavaliers who stop to sup:  
To whose boast come whining up  
Gnats, the thieves, that tap the tuns  
Of the honeyed musk that runs.

Here the jeweled wasp, that goes  
On his swift highwayman way,  
Seeks a moment of repose,  
Drains his cup of wine-of-rose,  
Sheathes his dagger for the day:  
And the moth, in downy gray,  
Like some lady of the gloom,  
Slips into a perfumed room.

When the darkness cometh on,  
Round the tavern, golden green,  
Fireflies flit with torches wan,  
Looking if the guests be gone,  
Linkboys of the Fairy Queen:  
Lighting her who rides unseen,  
To her elfin sweet-pea bower,  
Where she rests a scented hour.

—From "The Poet and Nature and the Morning Road," by  
Madison Cawein.

## The Drum.

My Ned has gone, he's gone away, he's gone away for good;  
He's called, he's killed.  
Him and his drum lies in the rain, lies in the rain where  
they was stood.

Where they was stilled.  
He was my soldier boy, my Ned,  
Between these breasts he'd lay his head.  
But now he's killed.

My soldier's gone. His head lies now between two naked  
stones.

His drum is broke.  
There's none to mourn him in the rain, only the rooks which  
watch his bones:

Which watch and croak.  
His great red hand is wasted bare,  
That tapped his drum, that touched my hair.  
Hark! Not a stroke.

But what is this beside my heart, beside my heart that  
sounds?

Tap tap, tap tap!

Oh, what is this that beats within, like drummers beating  
bounds

Rap upon rap?

What wonder have I felt and heard?

Is it the wing-beats of a bird?

Tap tap, tap tap!

My hoy is gone, yet near my heart another boy lies now.

Though he be dumb,

He thumps my heart like soldiers thump, he thumps a tow-  
row-tow,

To say he's come.

A drummer hoy, all gayly dres't,

Will yet again be at my breast.

Hark! There's his drum!

—A. Neil Lyons, in the Clarion.

## A Little Green Isle.

There's a little green isle, with the pine-tops above, in a  
little Canadian wild;  
There's a sky all a-smile, like the glory of love that illumines  
the face of a child;  
There's a boat on the shore, that is poised as a bird ere it  
flutters away to its nest—  
But a touch of the oar, but a whispering word, and it flies  
to the region of rest.

Oh, the trees over there have a different green from the  
trees in the cities of men,  
And the mantle they wear is the garb of a queen where an  
Eden arises again.

Oh, the wilderness rose has a different hue and the balsam  
a different balm—  
There a land of repose gently beckons to you from a heavenly  
haven of calm.

When the cares of the day lie a load on the heart, when the  
soul is a-weary of sin,  
Then I paddle away to a region apart where no sorrow of  
old enters in.

There the velvety grass greets the faltering feet that are  
hurt by the highway they tread,  
And the zephyrs that pass me are laden with sweet, with the  
perfume of pines overhead.

Little boat on the shore, I am coming, and then I shall sun-  
der the shackles of care;  
With a hand on the oar, I shall guide you again to the  
little loved isle over there.

And I pray, at the last, when the wanderings end, that the  
heavens as tenderly smile—  
When the river is passed, that we come, little friend, to a  
haven as fair as the isle.

—Douglas Malloch, in American Lumberman.

After spending more than \$300,000 during the last two years in an effort to exterminate citrus canker, the citrus growers of Florida announce that the industry is doomed unless they can secure aid from the United States government. It is deemed necessary to destroy all groves in which infected trees are found, and compensate the owners for their destruction.



# THE NEW RUSSIA.

Alan Lethbridge Writes a Reliable and Comprehensive Work on the Russian Empire.

The newly-awakened interest in Russia and the Russians has called forth a mass of books. Most of them are valueless and many are worse, since they are calculated to give an utterly false impression. It is a relief and a pleasure, therefore, to find in Mr. Alan Lethbridge's work, "The New Russia," a reliable book which not only treats the subject from the standpoint of a careful and intelligent observer, but also from that of a writer whose insight has given him a sympathetic understanding of the Russian people.

"The New Russia" is a well-written book of observation and travel in northern Russia and western Siberia, and the word "new" in the title refers to the fact that regions described are on the threshold of development. Northern Russia is a land of wonderful possibilities and Mr. Lethbridge is the first foreigner to deal with it in an adequate manner.

The war and the transportation problems it has brought to Russia as regards her foreign commerce have attracted attention to Archangel, and Mr. Lethbridge's chapters upon this northern outlet and upon the venerable Solovetsk Monastery on an island in the White Sea are timely and interesting. Likewise his first-hand information concerning Kola Bay, which can be kept open the year round, and the railroad projects now approaching completion which will make it possible to ship ammunition and other supplies into Russia throughout the winter, throws additional light upon Russia's war problems. Excellent maps enable the reader to get a clear idea of what is planned to solve various transportation problems in northern Russia and bring the great natural resources to market.

The author, accompanied by his wife, visited nearly all the towns of northern Russia and western Siberia, mingled with all classes of the population, and gathered a mass of pertinent and valuable information. Naturally there were many discomforts—discomforts that in the case of less patient and less interested travelers might easily have left them with an unpleasant impression of the country. But not so with the Lethbridges. Discomforts were forgotten in appreciation of warm hospitality and kindly attention, and in the appreciation of the charm of the Russian character, of high or low, of prince or peasant.

To the student of commerce the book should be of real value. While the description of Russian and Siberian trade is particularly directed to the attention of the English, to whom is pointed out the methods whereby the Germans have hitherto obtained a practical monopoly, this information and its lesson are equally wholesome for American study and reflection.

To the author, the abolition of vodka in Russia is a measure the importance of which can hardly be overestimated. Russia has a great future and her freedom from the curse of vodka will make her progress by leaps and bounds. The war has also brought about a better understanding between the Tsar and his people, greater efficiency in organization and administration, and the waking up of Russia herself to her commercial and industrial possibilities.

Mr. Lethbridge's book should dispel many ideas concerning the climate, the soil, the people, and the products of these northern regions. Of equal importance should be his clear-sighted observations of political agitation and its treatment, a subject on which Americans waste a large amount of emotional sympathy, being taken in by such writers as Kennan and by escaped criminals posing as political martyrs. In this light the author's stories of "politicals" with whom he came in contact are especially interesting:

There are quite a number of politicals, i. e., offenders of the political type, who are sent for a longer or shorter period to Archangel and its neighboring villages. With the exception that their wings are effectively clipped as far as doing mischief is concerned, and that money is scarce with them, they have nothing of which to complain. In England one hears wonderful stories of the suffering these folk endure in the sacred cause of justice. And since, moreover, they drift over to England when possible, where they receive a warm welcome at the hands of a certain section of the tender-hearted public who have preconceived ideas of their own ancient Russia and her administration, these refugees manage to place their own case before the eyes of the world.

For the other side there is no apologist, and hence it is not surprising that the true facts of the entire question are not shown in their proper perspective.

Of the adherents of the consistently destructive policy it is difficult to write patiently. To use plain, unvarnished English, they are blatantly mischievous and no one can blame any administrative measures of which they make themselves the victims. Prating of the rights of the individual and of the injustice of governments, they make it their life's mission to sow discord, stir up discontent, and incite to violence. They stand for the negation of every moral principle framed by religion, let alone ethics, since the creation of man, clothing this negation in a garment of hypocritical "Comradeship."

In connection with the subject of revolutionary agitation in Russia he tells a number of illustrative stories, one of which is so typical of a class that it deserves repetition:

A case in point: The daughter of a well-to-do timber merchant at Archangel, a pretty and, until then, well-balanced girl with a delightful home and doting parents, suddenly embraced this cause. She discarded the amenities of the life of one in her station, and began to associate with the bargees on the Dvina and the riffraff always to be met with in sea or river ports. While preaching her crusade of "Freedom," she traveled with these people by land and

water, and the burden of her song was, approximately, "Away with your masters, my comrades! Destroy, ruin, burn, and then you will be free."

Glorious and magnificent humbug!

At first she was not taken very seriously, but when she left inflammatory pamphlets at her father's and her uncle's mills, recommending a rising against the managements and, in so many words, suggesting the destruction of the properties, thereby imperiling lives, it was realized that the danger zone had been entered. Imprisoned for some months at Petrograd, through high influence she was released and immediately started upon her evil courses with increased vehemence. Again she was placed under control, and there can be little doubt that her fate will be exile to Siberia for a long term of years. Meantime her mother has died of a broken heart, her father has become a changed man, and her relatives have disowned her. Incidentally I would add that the mills in question are owned by the most considerate employers of labor in Northern Russia, and that the girl's whole attitude, besides being inconceivably foolish, was based upon some disordered and diseased jumble of philosophic theses, which were supposed to prove that crime alone could offer a cure for the troubles and unrest inseparable from any movement in the body social, and common to all countries in all ages. It is this attitude of destruction which well-meaning foreigners not only tolerate, but tacitly encourage, owing to their being misinformed as to local conditions and ignorant of the actual facts.

THE NEW RUSSIA: FROM THE WHITE SEA TO THE SIBERIAN STEPPE. By Alan Lethbridge. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$5 net.

## A LIFE OF JOHN HAY.

A Biography of the American Statesman Is Written by William Roscoe Thayer.

William Roscoe Thayer has performed a real public service in writing an intelligent and comprehensive life of John Hay. America has produced few men in whom were combined such attributes as were possessed by Hay. He was statesman, poet, journalist, novelist, biographer, humorist, and diplomat—and above all he was a patriot of inspiring type. He worked unceasingly for his country's good. It is well to have a record of his activities set forth as a guide-post.

Hay was the descendant of pioneers who had helped extend the frontiers of the United States. Born in Salem, Indiana, October 8, 1838, he was the son of a country doctor, who, in 1841, removed with his family to Warsaw, Illinois. There John Hay spent his youth, attending the public schools. When he was seventeen years old he was sent to Brown University at Providence, Rhode Island. He made a brilliant college record. Returning to Warsaw, he spent a few months studying law, then entered the law offices of his uncle in Springfield, Illinois. The adjoining offices were occupied by Abraham Lincoln, who made his losing campaign against Douglas shortly after young Hay went to Springfield. When Lincoln was nominated for the presidency Hay threw himself with ardor into the campaign. When Lincoln was elected he chose for his presidential secretary John G. Nicolay of Springfield, who had served in that capacity during the campaign. Nicolay found that he needed an assistant, and with Lincoln's consent chose Hay. So Hay, a mere youth, found himself in Washington taking an active and intimate part in governmental affairs during the nation's greatest crisis. How well he acquitted himself and to what heights he rose is told most entertainingly by his biographer.

Shortly after arriving in Washington Hay became acquainted with Carl Schurz, whose picturesque career made a strong impression on him:

So Schurz fascinated him; but the person who dominated him from his first day in the White House was Lincoln. At the outset the President's homeliness, which was, in fact, primal simplicity, must have amused him; for Hay had a keen eye for social distinctions and was already well versed in the lore of manners which opens doors that neither birth, wealth, nor genius can unlock. That the former rail-splitter should occupy a position in which, among his other functions, he was head of the official society of the capital of the nation, must have tickled Hay's sense of the comic. But soon Lincoln's great qualities—his patience and love of justice, his readiness to listen, his fortitude—impressed the young secretary. Lincoln's supreme naturalness, too, could not be resisted by any one who looked below the surface. Hay loved humor, and here was Nature's master humorist of that age; Hay loved wit, and here was a mind of singular penetration and clearness, which saw right to the heart of principles and could state them in language that a child understood. One by one, the best minds in Washington came into contact with Lincoln; he met them fairly and seldom failed to expose their fallacy, if there were one, or to uphold his own decision, if he approved it, by a phrase or story not to be forgotten. The speeches of famous orators at the Capitol have faded; Lincoln's remain.

Considerable space is devoted to General George B. McClellan and the controversy over his handling of the troops. The author is anti-McClellan, and quotes much from Tay to show the infinite patience that Lincoln employed in dealing with this egotistical and incompetent officer. Here is an anecdote that shows the quality of the general and of the President:

I wish here to record what I consider a portent of evil to come. The President, Governor Seward, and I went over to McClellan's home tonight. The servant at the door said the general was at the wedding of Colonel Wheaton at General Buell's and would soon return. We went in, and after we had waited about an hour, McClellan came in, and without paying particular attention to the porter who told him the President was waiting to see him, went upstairs, passing the door of the room where the President and Secretary of State were seated. They waited about half an hour, and sent once more a servant to tell the general they were there; and the answer came that the general had gone to bed.

I never recall this unparalleled insolence of epaulettes

without comment. It is the first indication I have yet seen of the threatened supremacy of the military authorities. Coming home, I spoke to the President about the matter, but he seemed not to have noticed it specially, saying it were better at this time not to be making points of etiquette and personal dignity.

Hay's White House experience—an experience that would have been too high a test for many a seasoned diplomat and politician—left him well equipped for his subsequent career:

Hay was twenty-seven years old when the Civil War ended, bequeathing to him the memory of an astonishing experience which had called into play all his talents except the literary. In knowledge of the world, in acquaintance with men, in trial by the most daunting modern forms of ordeal, he had little to learn. He had kept his head and his temper, and his capacity to take adverse fate ironically, almost blithely. But except to the professional soldier, war offers no permanent career; and the war, which ripened Hay, left him with his fortune still unmade.

To have been Lincoln's private secretary during four years was privilege enough for one lifetime, but the recollection of it would neither feed nor clothe him; and Hay, with a constitutional inability to make money, found himself almost as poor when he quitted Washington in 1865 as when he went there with Lincoln in 1861. A few parcels of unprofitable land in Florida and an undeveloped vineyard in Warsaw represented the savings from his meager salary. Gladly, therefore, he accepted the post of secretary of legation at Paris, which promised him an immediate living wage and a much-needed change of scene. Perhaps it might lead to something better.

Hay's life in Paris gave him an opportunity to exercise his high literary gifts. Young, keen of eye and of brain, and equipped with an unusual perception of the humorous and the picturesque, he found much to interest him. He attended a reception given by Napoleon Third, and wrote a remarkably graphic description of that emperor:

Short and stocky, he moves with a queer, sidelong gait, like a gouty crab; a man so wooden looking that you would expect his voice to come rasping out like a watchman's rattle. A complexion like crude tallow—marked for Death, whenever Death wants him—to be taken sometime in half an hour, or left, neglected by the Skeleton King for years, perhaps, if properly coddled. The mustache and imperial which the world knows, but ragged and hristly, concealing the mouth entirely, is moving a little nervously as the lips twitch. Eyes sleepily watchful—furtive—stealthy, rather ignoble; like servants looking out of dirty windows and saying "nobody at home," and lying as they say it. And withal a wonderful phlegm. He stands there as still and impassive as if carved in oak for a ship's figurehead. He looks not unlike one of those rude, inartistic statues. His legs are too short—his body too long. He never looks well hut on a throne or on a horse, as kings ought.

Shifted to Vienna, Hay encountered a society, a method of life, and an attitude toward existence diametrically opposite to anything he had ever known. He wrote much regarding his impressions. It will be seen by this example that he had unusual talent for vivid description:

Monks in dozen with shaved heads, the first honest shaved heads I have ever seen, all sorts of ecclesiastical supes with candles, that flickered in the wind and went out. Some lit them conscientiously and shaded them with their hands. Others marched on stolidly, careless of appearance, with shameless black wicks. Six expensive-looking fellows carried a heavily embroidered haldaquin; six more lighted them with gorgeous red lamps. Under the haldaquin walked a very pompous party, who from time to time stopped the procession and made a remark or so in an unknown tongue; upon which the whole procession and the majority of the bystanders ducked, heat their breasts and moaned as if in severe indigestion. A smell of incense filled the air, which to me always has an odor of good company. I do not know why. I took off my hat with the rest, and was grateful for the incense and the music. I believe Austria is the only country on earth where the priests wear top boots. . . . It gives them a remarkably rakish and knowing air. They feel their oats more plainly here than anywhere in the world.

Here is an interesting side-light on a personality which tantalizes an eager public with its sustained privacy. We quote from a letter of Hay's:

Rudyard Kipling has been here for a day or two. How a man can keep up so intense an intellectual life without going to Bedlam is amazing. He rattled off the frame-work of about forty stories while he was with us. One day I was, as an ignorant layman will, abusing the sun-myths, and happened to say I expected to see "Mary had a little lamb" become one. He instantly jumped upon it, and as fast as his tongue could wag, he elaborated the myth. It was better than anything Andrew Lang ever wrote. He was very bright and pleasant, entertained himself and all the rest of us, and made Clarence very happy.

Of Hay's capabilities as Secretary of State, Mr. Thayer remarks:

When John Hay went to his desk as Secretary of State, on October 1, 1898, he found many important matters pressing for an issue. With most of these, his year and a half in London had made him acquainted. He had the advantage of knowing the leaders of public life in Washington and in England, and he was generally regarded as a man, not only of singular personal attractiveness, but also of keen intelligence and unblemished uprightness. If he had little taste for the routine work of office, still he performed it conscientiously. His health, never robust, became more and more precarious under the strain put upon it by questions of vast moment, by opposition which he thought factious, and by a tragic sorrow. More than once he was on the verge of breaking down, but he held, duty-true, to his task, until he had spent his last ounce of strength in the service. Then he died.

The public, little aware of his trials, and observing chiefly the carrying out of brilliant policies, enjoyed a comfortable sense of security that while he was Secretary of State the national honor and safety were assured.

John Hay's biography is one of the big books of the year, for the man's importance and for the book's sheer interest—human and literary, as well as historical.

THE LIFE OF JOHN HAY. By William Roscoe Thayer. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, '88.



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## My Childhood.

The latest work by Maxim Gorky to be translated into English—"My Childhood"—will hardly enhance the reputation of the author, but it will tend to confirm the popular impression that all modern Russian writers are morbid. It purports to be an account of the author's early days spent in his grandfather's home after the death of his father. It is possible, of course, that it really tells the tale of his upbringing, but it is such a dreary series of brutal, sordid pictures that one wonders how he survived the ordeal with his reason.

Numerous characters, his relatives and his grandfather's workmen, flit through the pages in a series of drunken quarrels and petty intrigues until the whole conveys the idea of a sodden brutality that is infinitely depressing. Death seems a welcome relief from a dull and meaningless existence.

The only redeeming feature of the book is Gorky's picture of his strong-minded and vigorous old grandmother, who beneath a rough and vulgar exterior has a warm heart and really cares much for him.

Undoubtedly there are such families in Russia and the pictures of the effects of vodka in such surroundings are not overdrawn. But it is not a fair treatment of life in the lower-class Russian family, where amid squalid surroundings there are to be found nearly always kindness, charity, and deep religious feeling. There is everywhere among Russian peasants a sort of crude idealism that goes far to outweigh their ignorance and poverty. The experiences of Stephen Graham in his life among the peasants is a good antidote for the depressing sketches written by Gorky in a pessimistic mood, sketches whose literary style is hardly an excuse for their reproduction.

MY CHILDHOOD. By Maxim Gorky. New York: The Century Company; \$2 net.

## The War Strategy.

Probably there will be dozens of volumes on the strategy of the war and on every one of its greater battles, but in the meantime this book by Count Charles de Souza and Major Haldane Macfall holds the field. Certainly it will satisfy those who wish to know not only that battles were lost and won, but how they were lost and won, the methods and the plans by which great armies were moved across the face of the country, and the military hopes that went forward to triumph or defeat.

The authors are writing from the Allied point of view, and therefore we may apply whatever discount we please to their opinions. But the value of the book is not in its opinions, but in its narrative. Germany, say the authors, was defeated at the Marne and she has been defeated ever since. It was at the Marne that her whole plan of campaign was foiled and the credit for the victory at the Marne must be given to Foch for his successful attack upon the centre. It was at Fère Champenoise that the fiercest fighting took place, and it was there that the Prussian Guards sustained their second and almost final overthrow.

The authors believe that the taking of Paris was not in the German plan of cam-

paign until the French armies had been destroyed. Paris was enormously strong and only one extremity of the German army could reach it. A full army and a formidable garrison were ready for any emergency. The first thing was to annihilate the French armies in the field, and it is only by keeping this objective steadily in mind that the strategy of the campaign can be understood.

The book must be read to be appreciated, but it may be said that it is a clear and distinct military narrative, easily understood by the layman and illuminated by twenty maps showing the position of the armies during the crowded days of last summer.

GERMANY IN DEFEAT. By Count Charles de Souza and Major Haldane Macfall. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2 net.

## A Boy's Will.

No matter how nobly a man may grow in the ways of fineness, there is always something we miss of the child he was, some promise of splendor unfulfilled. Robert Frost's "A Boy's Will" appears to be juvenile, but there is in it an elfin beauty, a sweet attitude of wonder at the ways of a world yet new to the young poet, which we miss in his more mature later work. Perhaps we are mistaken and this is merely the revelation of another aspect of Mr. Frost's versatile muse. It may be that these dreams of a boy are wholly the creations of a sensitive artist who is even greater than we find him within the limitations of his more crudely expressed "North of Boston." But as we study the two volumes together it seems to us that "A Boy's Will" is the misty early vision of the youth to which the world will not attend until it is arrested by the later message which follows the new style of form—or formlessness—in verse.

He writes of gray Pan coming out of the woods to look at the young world which has outgrown the need of him. Pan tosses away his pipes—

They were pipes of pagan mirth,  
And the world has found new terms of worth.  
He laid him down on the sun-burned earth  
And raveled a flower and looked away—  
Play? Play?—What should he play?

It's a queer little world that will not stand still, but a man must make the best of its exigencies if he wants to grow along with it, even if he have a poet's heart. So Frost closes his idyl of song:

And the dead leaves lie huddled and still,  
No longer blown hither and thither;  
The last lone aster is gone;  
The flowers of the witch-hazel wither;  
The heart is still aching to seek,  
But the feet question "Whither?"

Ah, when to the heart of man  
Was it ever less than a treason  
To go with the drift of things,  
To yield with a grace to reason,  
And how and accept the end  
Of a love or a season?

There is a message in Frost's latest volume, but those few old-fashioned ones among us who are conventional enough to demand the sheer loveliness of welded and finished thought and form, with smooth rhymes and rhythms, will find delight in "A Boy's Will."

A BOY'S WILL. By Robert Frost. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; 75 cents net.

## Briefer Reviews.

The latest addition to the Dorothy Dainty volumes is "Dorothy Dainty at Crestville," by Amy Brooks. It is published by the Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company (\$1).

Margaret Warner Morley has given us a pleasant little volume of fairy lore for children under the title of "The Apple-Tree Sprite," just published by A. C. McClurg & Co. (\$1.10). It is well written and the illustrations are good.

Ralph Henry Barbour has already filled a long shelf with books for boys. Now comes another volume from his pen with seven complete stories, mainly of the football variety. It is entitled "Danforth Plays the Game," and it is published by D. Appleton & Co. Price, \$1.25 net.

"The Story of the Bible," by Eugene Stock (E. P. Dutton & Co.; 75 cents net), is an account of the origin of the biblical books which is written with some erudition, but that is marred by theological bias. For example, we are told that "we are quite sure now that the Holy Spirit guided the church to choose rightly which books to put into the Canon and which to leave out." How absurd.

## Gossip of Books and Authors.

A work called "Our American Wonderlands" is on the press for immediate publication by A. C. McClurg & Co. It is written by George Wharton James, who has given recently over a thousand lectures on this subject to audiences aggregating over a quarter of a million of people.

Harper & Brothers announce that they have taken over from Duffield & Co. all the rights to the books of Kate Dickinson Sweetser formerly published by them. These are as

follows: "Ten Boys from History," "Ten Girls from History," "Ten Boys from Dickens," "Boys and Girls from Thackeray," "Boys and Girls from Eliot." As Harper & Brothers already publish Miss Sweetser's other volumes: "Ten Boys from Dickens," "Book of Indian Braves," and "Ten Great Adventures," they have now, by this writer, a well-rounded-out list of books to initiate pleasantly younger readers into history and literature.

Henry Oyen, whose creditable début in novel writing is "The Man Trail" (Doran), was born in a small town on the fringe of the big woods of Wisconsin. He lived among the men who had won the North from the wilderness. Before he was eighteen he had hunted, trapped, and paddled over the wildest parts of the great Lake Superior timber region. But at twenty he was a newspaperman in Chicago.

Some time this month the Houghton Mifflin Company will publish the Life of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, the most notable and picturesque figure Canada has ever produced. As this is not the first biography of Lord Strathcona the publishers wish to give out the following information regarding the author and his work: Beckles Willson, the authorized biographer of Strathcona, was born in Montreal in 1869. Since manhood he has lived in the United States, England, France, and Germany. His first book was published in 1891, and was a study of the American negro question.

Arthur Holmes, dean of the general faculty in the Pennsylvania State College, has studied backward and feeble-minded children in the clinic and laboratory as well as in the home and school, and is recognized as one of the first authorities in America on arrested development. He has written "Backward Children" to help parents, teachers, and all who are striving to help slow boys and girls and reclaim the mentally arrested. It is published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Miss Helen Nicolay, daughter of Lincoln's famous secretary and biographer, herself a trained writer of humanized history, has now undertaken, in a serial to run in the *Century Magazine* under the general title "Our Nation in the Building," to make the early days of the nation live again. The first installment, to appear in the December number, will consist, it is announced, of two chapters, "An Idol's Successor" and "Democrat or Imperialist?" picturing John Adams and Thomas Jefferson in the White House and rapidly summarizing in a gossipy, graphic style the main events and the social aspect of their administrations.

How the Federal, state, county, and city governments in the country are spending the people's money, where it comes from, and what the people get for it is concisely told in Dr. Carl C. Plehn's book, "Government Finance in the United States," just published by A. C. McClurg & Co. Dr. Plehn is a member of the faculty of the University of California.

Dodd, Mead & Co., publishers of the various works of the late Henri Fabre, have prepared a little illustrated booklet describing the life and work of this wonderful man, and they will be glad to send a copy entirely free of charge to those sending in a request.

A year ago the first of a tetralogy of novels by the Dutch author, Louis Couperus, under the title of "Small Souls," was published in this country. Now comes the second of the series, "The Later Life," published by Dodd, Mead & Co., largely a con-

## The White House

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tinuation of the fortunes of characters introduced in the first book. This author, although widely read and admired at home, is only now coming into his own in this country.

What probably breaks all records for sudden popularity of a book is the simultaneous popularity of "I Accuse" in America, England, and Holland. The George H. Doran Company, publishers, announce that it has already gone into six edition in this country.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

The New World.

The writer who has a political or social welfare message is seldom able to sing it. Propaganda smothers melody and makes rhythm halt. Witter Bynner has proved himself an exception to this rule. In "The New World" he has produced a poem of pleading for broader humanity that is filled with beauty of phrase and line. Some of it fairly dances through the pages. Celia, the death of Celia, the belief that she lives almost visibly in death, form the underlying strain of the poem, which, in conversations between Celia and the poet, breathes the spirit of the brotherhood of man and exalted faith in the success of Democracy in America through the aliens who come to make it their home and their hope.

The spirit of the poem is exemplified in the following extract:

Once when we broke a loaf of bread  
And shared the honey, Celia said:  
"To share all beauty as the interchanging dust,  
To be akin and kind and to entrust  
All men to one another for their good,  
Is to have heard and understood,  
And carried to the common enemy  
In you and me,  
The ultimatum of Democracy."

"But to what goal?" I wondered. And I heard her happy speech:  
"It is my faith that God is our own dream  
Of perfect understanding of the soul.  
It is my passion that, alike through me  
And every member of eternity,  
The source of God is sending the same stream.  
It is my peace that when my life is whole,  
God's life shall be completed and supreme."

And once when I had made complaint  
About America, she warned me: "Be not faint  
Of heart, but hold to see the soul's advance.  
The chances are not far nor few. . . .  
Face beauty," Celia said, "then beauty faces you."

"I shall not lose, nor you,"  
I said to Celia. Over the world the morning dew  
Moved like a hymn and sang to us: "Go now,  
fulfill

Your destiny and joy;  
Each in the other, both in that Italian boy,  
And he in you, like flowers in a hill!"  
. . . She was the nearness of imperfect God  
On whom in her perfection was at work.  
Lest I should shrink  
My share, I asked her for His blessing and His  
nod—  
And His breath was in her shining hair like the  
wind in golden-rod.

"But, Celia, Celia, tell me what to be,"  
I asked, "and what to do,  
To keep your faith in me,  
To witness mine in you!"  
She answered: "Dare to see  
In every man and woman everywhere  
The making of us two.  
See none that we can spare  
From the creation of our soul.  
Swear to be whole.  
Let not your faith abate.  
But establish it in persons and exalt it in the  
state."

In every way this poem is a notable piece of work. It maintains its beauty of style through its hundreds of lines, never, even in its dialogue—always difficult in verse—dropping from its high plane. It is one of the best things produced in America in many years. Whitman in theme, it is not in the least sense an imitation. And it is full of the melody that Whitman lacks.

THE NEW WORLD. By Witter Bynner. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; 60 cents net.

Ancient Egypt.

Mrs. C. H. W. Johns has rendered a service to Egyptology by this fine translation of Maspero's great work in French, which has now reached a fourth edition. It is practically a collection of Egyptian fiction, but this would be a mere curiosity if it were not for the substantial introduction, which may be said almost to be a history of Egypt, as well as the notes which are so far from being merely perfunctory, as such notes often are, that they may be said to be so many treatises in themselves and by the most competent of hands.

An arresting feature of many of these stories is their similarity to the stories of today. At last we know the origin of Ali Baba's device of hiding men in jars for his own nefarious purposes, for practically the same story appears here. There are other narratives that have reappeared from age to age and that were evidently born in Egypt, unless we may suppose a source still more ancient. Most of these stories are well worth reading for themselves, but they are still more valuable as supplying a link in the history of the human inventive imagination. Author and translator may alike be congratulated on a useful piece of work, and one that seems to play its part in the unification of historical epochs.

POPULAR STORIES OF ANCIENT EGYPT. By Sir G. Maspero, K. C. B., D. C. L. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$3.50 net.

New Books Received.

A MECHANISTIC VIEW OF WAR AND PEACE. By George W. C. C. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

War as the surgeon sees it.

THE BANNER OF THE BULL. By Rafael Sabatini. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25 net.

Three episodes in the career of Cesare Borgia.

THE PIXIE IN THE HOUSE. By Laura Rountree Smith. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1 net.

For small children.

DRINK AND BE SOBER. By Vance Thompson. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; \$1 net.

By the author of "Eat and Grow Thin."

OPERA SYNOPSIS. By J. W. McSpadden. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1 net.

A handbook for the opera-goer.

THE BENT TWIG. By Dorothy Canfield. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

HISTORY OF ARIZONA. By Thomas Edwin Farish. In two volumes. Published at Phoenix, Arizona.

Printed and published by direction of the second legislature of the State of Arizona.

DANTE AND OTHER WAXING CLASSICS. By Albert Mordell. Philadelphia: Acropolis Publishing Company.

Critical examinations of famous classics.

FOR BETTER RELATIONS WITH OUR LATIN-AMERICAN NEIGHBORS. By Robert Bacon.

Published in the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace Series.

THE BRONZE EAGLE. By Baroness Orczy. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.35 net.

A historical novel.

ODE ON THE EXPOSITION. By George Sterling. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson.

On the opening of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, February, 1915.

YOSEMITE. By George Sterling. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson.

An ode.

A MARRIAGE CYCLE. By Alice Freeman Palmer. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.

A book of verse.

PRISONERS OF WAR. By Everett T. Tomlinson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.35 net.

A story of the Civil War.

MY GROWING GARDEN. By J. Horace McFarland. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2 net.

A practical handbook on gardening.

THE FAMOUS CITIES OF IRELAND. By Stephen Gwyn. New York: The Macmillan Company.

With illustrations by Hugh Thomson.

THE EXECUTIVE AND HIS CONTROL OF MEN. By Enoch Burton Gowin. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

A study in personal efficiency.

THE WAYS OF WOMAN. By Ida M. Tarbell. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Essays on the activities and responsibilities of women.

CHAINED LIGHTNING. By Ralph Graham Taber. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

A story of adventure in Mexico.

THE ROCKY ROAD TO DUBLIN. By James Stephens. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1 net.

A book of verse.

INVENTORS AND MONEY-MAKERS. By F. W. Taussig, Ph. D., LL. B., Litt. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1 net.

Lectures on some relations between economics and psychology, delivered at Brown University.

THE NEW CITIZENSHIP. By Percy Mackaye. New York: The Macmillan Company; 50 cents net.

A civic ritual devised for places of public meeting in America.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR WAR. By Percy Mackaye. New York: The Macmillan Company; 50 cents net.

An answer to those who have maintained that the spiritual purification of a nation is possible only through warfare.

THE PROBLEM OF KNOWLEDGE. By Douglas Clyde Macintosh, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.50 net.

An exposition and critique of recent and contemporary doctrines.

OBLIVION. By Ivan Goncharov. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

A novel translated from the Russian by C. J. Hogarth.

FRANCE AT WAR. By Rudyard Kipling. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; 50 cents net.

A survey of the situation in France.

KIPLING'S INDIA. By Arley Munson. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.50 net.

A description of those places in India which have served as a background for Kipling's songs and stories.

ECONOMIC PRINCIPLES. By Frank A. Fetter, Ph. D., LL. D. New York: The Century Company; \$1.75 net.

A study of so-called practical questions.

HANDBOOK FOR CHINA. By Carl Crow. Published by the author; \$1.50 net.

A guide-book with maps, plans, and numerous illustrations.

ACRES OF DIAMONDS. By Russell H. Conwell. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1 net.

With an autobiographical note, and the life and achievements of the author by Robert Shackleton.

TREASURE ISLAND. By Robert Louis Stevenson. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.50 net.

A new edition, with illustrations and decorations by Louis Rhead.

TEN GREAT ADVENTURERS. By Kate Dickinson Sweetser. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.50 net.

Tales of hardships and heroism of great explorers and seamen.

OLD FAVORITES.

Balboa.

With restless step of discontent,  
Day after day, he fretting went  
Along the old accustomed ways  
That led to careful length of days.

But far beyond the fragrant shade  
Of orange groves his glances strayed  
To where the white horizon line  
Caught from the sea its silvery shine.

He knew the taste of that salt spray,  
He knew the wind that blew that way;  
Ah, once again to mount and ride  
Upon that pulsing ocean tide,—

To find new lands of virgin gold,  
To wrest them from the savage hold,  
To conquer with the sword and brain  
Fresh fields and fair for royal Spain!

This was the dream of wild desire  
That set his gallant heart on fire,  
And stirred with feverish discontent  
That soul for nobler issues meant.

Sometimes his children's laughter brought  
A thrill that checked his restless thought;  
Sometimes a voice more tender yet  
Would soothe the fever and the fret.

Thus day by day, until one day  
Came news that in the harbour lay  
A ship bound outward to explore  
The treasures of that western shore.

Which bold adventurers as yet  
Had failed to conquer or forget;  
"Yet where they failed, and failing, died,  
My will shall conquer!" Balboa cried.

But when on Darien's shore he stepped,  
And fast and far his vision swept,  
He saw before him, white and still,  
The Andes mocking at his will.

Then like a flint he set his face;  
Let others falter from their place,  
His hand and foot, his sturdy soul  
Should seek and gain that distant goal!

With speech like this he fired the land,  
And gathered to his bold command,  
A troop of twenty-score or more,  
To follow where he led before. . . .

But like a sweeping wind of flame  
A conqueror through all he came;  
A savage fell beneath his hand,  
Or led him on to seek the land,

That richer yet for golden gain  
Stretched out beyond the mountain chain.  
Step after step of rough ascent  
They followed, followed, worn and spent

Until at length they came to where  
The last peak lifted near and fair;  
Then Balboa turned and waved aside  
His panting troops. "Rest here," he cried,

"And wait for me." And with a tread  
Of trembling haste, he quickly sped  
Along the trackless height, alone  
To seek to reach, his mountain throne.

Step after step he mounted swift;  
The wind blew down a cloudy drift;  
From some strange source he seemed to hear  
The music of another sphere.

Step after step; the cloud-winds blew  
Their hindling mists, then through and through  
Sun-cleft, they broke, and all alone  
He stood upon his mountain throne.

Before him spread no paltry lands,  
To wrest with spoils, from savage hands;  
But, fresh and fair, an unknown world  
Of mighty sea and shore unfurled

Its wondrous scroll beneath the skies.  
Ah, what to this the flimsy prize  
Of gold and lands for which he came  
With hot ambition's sordid aim!

Silent he stood with streaming eyes  
In that first moment of surprise,  
Then on the mountain-top he hent,  
The conqueror of a continent.

In wordless ecstasy of prayer,—  
Forgetting in that moment there  
With Nature's God brought face to face,  
All vain dreams of pomp and place.

Thus to a world, a world was given,  
Where lesser men had vainly striven  
And striving died,—this gallant soul  
Divinely guided, reached the goal.

—Nora Perry.

De Profundis.

The waves were beating along the shore,  
And the wind swept by with a dismal moan,  
As I entered the silent house once more  
And groped my way to her room alone.

I had seen the pageant and heard the prayer,  
And had watched the priest in the solemn rite,  
But I could not think that my love was there,  
Robbed for the tomb in her garments of white.

And I sought her chamber with one sole thought,  
To find my love with her gentle face;  
I could see the pictures her hand had wrought,  
And her bird still hung in its wonted place.

A knotted scarf, and the fillet which bound  
Her hair, lay there with its glittering pin;  
I opened the leaves of a book and found  
A rose I had given her pressed therein.

And I said she will surely come if I call—  
She is only waiting to hear her name;  
And I breathed the one she loved best of all,  
But the way was dark and she never came.

I was dazed and dumb, and my eyes were dry,  
And I watched and watched till the break of dawn,  
Then the rain of my tears fell fast, and I  
Knew well that the life of my life was gone.

—From "The Wooing of the Rose and Other Poems," by Lucius Harwood Foote.

A Study of Sir Edward Grey.

Just what Sir Edward Grey's character is and what his diplomatic career has been that England should have won such bitter enemies in the world and lost so many friends since the war began will be explained, it is said, in an article by Arthur Bullard in the December *Century Magazine*. The history of British foreign politics, the types of statesmen responsible for in the past, the outstanding diplomatic arrangements of Grey's career and how they served to embitter Germany, the "control of the sea" question, and the question of British interference with our cotton trade, are stated to be some of the problems discussed in Mr. Bullard's article, which will justify in some minds the patriotic attack of Bernard Shaw upon the foreign secretary.

DELINQUENT SALE NOTICE.

THE LUTHER BURBANK COMPANY

Location of Principal Place of Business, San Francisco, California.

Notice—There is delinquent upon the following described stock on account of assessment levied on the 15th day of September, 1915, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective stockholders, as follows:

| Name.                 | No. of Certificate. | Shares. | Amount. |
|-----------------------|---------------------|---------|---------|
| G. L. Ayers           | 513                 | 87      | \$57.00 |
| Geo. O. Barnes        | 121                 | 25      | 25.00   |
| Geo. O. Barnes        | 122                 | 15      | 15.00   |
| Miss C. L. Bell       | 520                 | 200     | 200.00  |
| W. S. Bliss           | 466                 | 222     | 222.00  |
| Howard Brush          | 453                 | 8       | 8.00    |
| F. M. Cerini          | 128                 | 20      | 20.00   |
| F. M. Cerini          | 160                 | 4       | 4.00    |
| F. M. Cerini          | 317                 | 2       | 2.00    |
| F. M. Cerini          | 317                 | 25      | 25.00   |
| Jesse N. Cole         | 491                 | 50      | 50.00   |
| Jesse N. Cole         | 492                 | 50      | 50.00   |
| Jesse N. Cole         | 493                 | 50      | 50.00   |
| Jesse N. Cole         | 494                 | 50      | 50.00   |
| Jesse N. Cole         | 495                 | 50      | 50.00   |
| Jesse N. Cole         | 496                 | 50      | 50.00   |
| Jesse N. Cole         | 497                 | 30      | 30.00   |
| Jesse N. Cole         | 511                 | 17      | 17.00   |
| Jesse N. Cole         | 512                 | 13      | 13.00   |
| J. Y. Eccleston       | 134                 | 20      | 20.00   |
| J. Y. Eccleston       | 338                 | 24      | 24.00   |
| J. Y. Eccleston       | 377                 | 364     | 364.00  |
| J. Y. Eccleston       | 464                 | 100     | 100.00  |
| Miss L. C. Haycraft   | 463                 | 418     | 418.00  |
| I. W. Hellman, Jr.    | 420                 | 100     | 100.00  |
| I. W. Hellman, Jr.    | 421                 | 100     | 100.00  |
| I. W. Hellman, Jr.    | 422                 | 100     | 100.00  |
| I. W. Hellman, Jr.    | 423                 | 100     | 100.00  |
| I. W. Hellman, Jr.    | 424                 | 72      | 72.00   |
| R. J. Hough           | 98                  | 10      | 10.00   |
| R. J. Hough           | 145                 | 50      | 50.00   |
| R. J. Hough           | 187                 | 50      | 50.00   |
| R. J. Hough           | 189                 | 100     | 100.00  |
| R. J. Hough           | 192                 | 1       | 1.00    |
| R. J. Hough           | 254                 | 100     | 100.00  |
| R. J. Hough           | 255                 | 100     | 100.00  |
| R. J. Hough           | 484                 | 240     | 240.00  |
| R. J. Hough           | 489                 | 100     | 100.00  |
| W. J. Hough           | 518                 | 100     | 100.00  |
| W. J. Hough           | 519                 | 480     | 480.00  |
| Jesse I. Jewell       | 110                 | 40      | 40.00   |
| Jesse I. Jewell       | 212                 | 8       | 8.00    |
| Jesse I. Jewell       | 275                 | 40      | 40.00   |
| Jesse I. Jewell       | 303                 | 6       | 6.00    |
| Jesse I. Jewell       | 371                 | 94      | 94.00   |
| Emily L. Lackey       | 163                 | 20      | 20.00   |
| Emily L. Lackey       | 164                 | 4       | 4.00    |
| Emily L. Lackey       | 310                 | 2       | 2.00    |
| Emily L. Lackey       | 386                 | 26      | 26.00   |
| Ida M. Lackey         | 262                 | 8       | 8.00    |
| Ida M. Lackey         | 311                 | 1       | 1.00    |
| Ida M. Lackey         | 403                 | 9       | 9.00    |
| Mason-McDuffie Co.    | 501                 | 1       | 1.00    |
| Mason-McDuffie Co.    | 502                 | 20      | 20.00   |
| Mrs. Leota M. Nagle   | 451                 | 4       | 4.00    |
| Mrs. Anita Nathansen  | 487                 | 5       | 5.00    |
| J. C. Nathansen       | 445                 | 20      | 20.00   |
| J. C. Nathansen       | 488                 | 3       | 3.00    |
| Mrs. L. N. Ostwald    | 242                 | 60      | 60.00   |
| Mrs. L. N. Ostwald    | 336                 | 4       | 4.00    |
| Mrs. L. N. Ostwald    | 400                 | 64      | 64.00   |
| I. Peterson           | 503                 | 6       | 6.00    |
| I. Peterson           | 505                 | 8       | 8.00    |
| T. J. Proctor         | 193                 | 5       | 5.00    |
| T. J. Proctor         | 395                 | 7       | 7.00    |
| Arthur E. Reynolds    | 427                 | 10      | 10.00   |
| Elizabeth F. Reynolds | 233                 | 20      | 20.00   |
| Elizabeth F. Reynolds | 319                 | 1       | 1.00    |
| Elizabeth F. Reynolds | 399                 | 21      | 21.00   |
| Elizabeth F. Reynolds | 477                 | 10      | 10.00   |
| J. F. Reynolds        | 185                 | 100     | 100.00  |
| J. F. Reynolds        | 429                 | 100     | 100.00  |
| V. Reynolds           | 231                 | 33      | 33.00   |
| V. Reynolds           | 285                 | 10      | 10.00   |
| V. Reynolds           | 334                 | 3       | 3.00    |
| V. Reynolds           | 398                 | 46      | 46.00   |
| J. Hood Smith         | 94                  | 40      | 40.00   |
| J. Hood Smith         | 126                 | 8       | 8.00    |
| J. Hood Smith         | 327                 | 3       | 3.00    |
| J. Hood Smith         | 364                 | 51      | 51.00   |
| W. Garner Smith       | 141                 | 100     | 100.00  |
| W. Garner Smith       | 196                 | 600     | 600.00  |
| W. Garner Smith       | 199                 | 200     | 200.00  |
| W. Garner Smith       | 524                 | 500     | 500.00  |
| W. Garner Smith       | 525                 | 512     | 512.00  |

And in accordance with law and an order of the Board of Directors, made on the 15th day of September, 1915, so many shares of each parcel of stock as may be necessary will be sold at public auction at the office of the Company in the northeast corner room on the second floor of the Burbank Building, which is located at the southwest corner of Market and Beale Streets, San Francisco, California, on the 8th day of November, 1915, at ten o'clock a. m., to pay said delinquent assessments thereon, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

I. M. BRAY, Assistant Secretary and Acting Secretary of The Luther Burbank Company.

Office of the Company, Burbank Building, Market and Beale Streets, San Francisco, California.

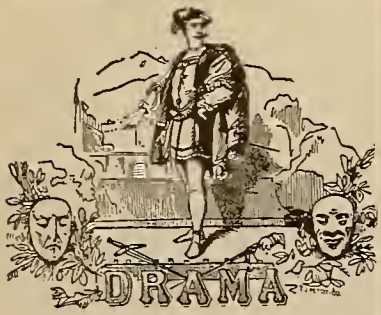
NOTICE OF POSTPONEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that by order of the directors of The Luther Burbank Company the time of the delinquent sale of stock of said Company, under Assessment levied September 15, 1915, has been extended to November 22d, 1915; and said sale will be held on said last-named day at 10 o'clock a. m. in the northeast corner room on the second floor of the Burbank Building, southeast corner of Market and Beale Streets, San Francisco, California.

I. M. BRAY, Assistant and Acting Secretary of The Luther Burbank Company.

Dated November 8th, 1915.





"A PAIR OF SIXES."

Let me see; that sounds kind of familiar. Didn't we have it out here before? Yes, we did. No, we didn't. Or, yes, now come to think of it, we did.

And thus we place the status of "A Pair of Sixes."

Edward Peple, author of "The Prince Chap," if I am not mistaken, is the author. The sentimental comedy in "The Prince Chap" made a big hit. Mr. Peple knows his public. And, similarly, he has hit it off in "A Pair of Sixes." The piece is farce; lively, rattling, American, superficial, yet original farce. There is no night-prowling husband, no easily-deceived wife, no interfering mother-in-law, no taxi girl in the giddiest of costumes stirring up marital jealousies. Nothing borrowed from the French. The spirit of the whole thing is purely American, and by that alone the author made an excellent start.

The quarrelsome partners, the aspect of a business office as seen through the atmosphere of lively farce, also greatly tickled the average male theatre-goer under his more risible ribs. People like more and more to see on the stage a reflection, either exaggeratedly comic, prettily sentimental, or seriously dramatic, of the life that is lived around them. That is, I mean, the average supporter of the drama, who is fairly young, has either a wife or a sweetheart, and is the usual newspaper-reading, card-playing, Sunday-excursioning citizen. For such as he "A Pair of Sixes" is written. All its jokes, its situations, its farcical exaggerations, its high spirits, are aimed straight at him, and infallibly reach their aim. The theatre resounded with his laughter, and that of his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts.

In fact, "A Pair of Sixes" went gayly through its paces with the *elan* of something entirely new and fresh.

Oscar Figman is the bright particular star of the company—a different one from the first—and easily fills the public eye by the success of his farcical impersonation of the rebellious butler-by-wager, T. Boggs Johns. He has, or seems to have, which is almost as good, any quantity of animal spirits and a complete mastery—almost too complete—of all the quick, comic changes in expression, gesture, and attitude which keep an audience on the roar. His peculiar line of feature and long-legged proportions lend themselves with facility to the farcical idea, but I do not believe that they can ever be more auspiciously placed than when he first burst upon our view as the old professor of Greek in "Madame Sherry."

George Leffingwell commenced rather badly, and, in the first act, gave some very primary effects in facial expression when he tried to convey the growing dismay of the discontented partner during the drawing up of the contract. But in the middle and last acts he contributed his share to the farcical humor of the situations and rather made one wonder why he couldn't do better in the beginning.

The company, generally speaking, is only mediocre. Richard Earle, as the lawyer, is too unctuous, and did not succeed in making it sufficiently plain that he coveted T. Boggs Johns' sweetheart for his own. The rôle of Coddles, the maid-of-all-work, is considered highly humorous and gives opportunity for pronouncedly burlesque effects, of which Rita Carlyle took fullest opportunity. There is, however, a strain in its humor that is distinctly disagreeable, that sort of childlike unconscious brutality which one sees, occasionally, in the American farce.

Two pretty girls, who have been chosen for their distinctness of speech, their vivacity of manner, and their ability to carry off pretty clothes with saucy American grace and style, were only fairly good in the rôles of the wife and the sweetheart of the two partners. The vivacity of both of them was rather over-insistent, and each was incapable of any of the finer shades which can enhance the enjoyment even of farcical humor. Miss Florence Cole's great act was to take the stage in a series of little runs. She wanted to be perky and "cute," and this ambition rather overshadowed her appreciation of the fact that there was acting to do. In fact, both these young actresses and the very neatly-shod girl who played the rôle of the stenographer were much more occupied with the

externals than the individual essence of the characters portrayed.

The standards of acting of the company in general suffer, I should judge, from prolonged road work, which always has a tendency to induce mechanical playing. It evidently is almost impossible to prevent this, it is so unconscious on the part of the offenders, and I have an idea that the average stage director, being in the atmosphere, may not always be aware of it. It is, in effect, nature's defense when human abilities are delivered over to the deadening effect of monotonous repetition. It is like the callousness of a great doctor who is forced to make himself oblivious of the tide of misery drearily awaiting his attention in his waiting rooms. In fact, there is an unnaturalness about long runs which perforce takes freshness and spontaneity out of the players. Even with Oscar Figman, artist though he is in his line, one could see some such effect. And then we must not forget that "A Pair of Sixes" has the kind of gauzy humor that gives much more pleasure to the public than to the performers.

#### A SPOT-LIGHT FASHION SHOW.

Three thousand people in the regular seats, with a crowd of many hundreds additional sitting either on the floor or on the steps of Festival Hall, and with additional scores outside awaiting their chance of admission, testified, last week, to the lively interest felt by the fairly average citizen in a fashion show. Yes, I use the word citizen advisedly, for it looked as if almost half, if not quite half, the crowd there were men. And what a soulful interest these presumably sterner and more brain-weighted males took in the show! How eagerly they scrutinized the pretty mannequins going slowly through their paces on the stage and extending their arms widely so that every good point of the garments on display might be seen.

I was surprised and puzzled by this widespread masculine interest. The crowd-in-ordinary was largely drawn, of course, by the magic of a free show. The show was only pretty girls and pretty clothes, but that, apparently, was enough. The girls pea-cocked to and fro across the brilliantly lighted stage to the rhythm of good music. They were young and had been chosen for good looks and fine shapes. They were not girls of the stage, for they did not know how to walk with the trained grace of the stage figurante. But the simple-hearted multitude, entranced by the joy of the occasion and the exhilaration of the spectacle of youth and beauty showing itself off in garments fabricated for the purpose of heightening feminine beauty, said that they were "wonderful!" and they really believed it.

But the men! the men whose proud pose it has been to stand on a far-off height, looking condescendingly down with lofty indulgence on the weak-minded sisterhood that rallies to bargain counters and workshops fallals and millinery, and white spats, and fluffy ruffles; those unashamed and openly interested men, what did they there?

A little investigation and inquiry revealed that they liked to watch the pretty girls "all dressed up like a sore finger." Furthermore, they coyly admitted to a keen interest in inspecting their beauties in the announced bathing-suit display. And indeed the whole thousand plus burst into chorales of delighted anticipation when the printed bulletin on the stage conveyed the announcement that the display following would be girls in swimming suits, or, perhaps, as I ought to put it, swimming suits outside of girls. Some, of course, expressed themselves as being shocked, but it was quite plain that they were enjoying the sensation. A little pushing inquiry developed that the men liked to know just what was the prevailing fashion in women's clothes, "just to be in the know"; and a proportion admitted that they were interested because, as they paid the bills for the pretties of their womenkind, they felt a proportionally keener personal desire to learn just what is the latest. And then they fell back on that best of all reasons—it was "a free show."

The management of the Exposition, sticking to its consistent policy, had, of course, encouraged the Fashion Show enterprise because it increased the gate receipts. But the success of the affair is but another indication of the big drawing power the chorus-girl brigade is to men. If they will rally in such numbers merely to see non-performing pretty girls on parade in good clothes, no wonder musical comedy, with song, dance, light sentiment, lighter jokes, and spectacle will draw them to fill even the ordinarily empty back rows in the high-priced theatres. And really, when you come to think it over, it includes a really pretty sentiment: the male idealism of womanly youth and beauty.

#### A PEOPLE'S PLEASURE PALACE!

The world adores beauty. Only too often a banal substitute is ignorantly admired, but the deep, devout worship of the multitude is only given to genuine beauty that utters to

each one its individual message. The transcendentalists need not arrogate to themselves the special privilege of appreciating what is rare, and fine, and surpassingly beautiful in architectural art. The ability to discriminate is often inherent in untrained judgments. The beauty of the human countenance is instinctively recognized by all. The humblest and poorest of our San Franciscans whose hovels are on the heights often have the same love and personal affection for the ever-changing prospect, whose points they appreciate and discuss, as do the millionaires who pay big money for elevated sites for their palaces. The plain people have loved the Exposition, and are carrying away cheap pictorial souvenirs of the beauty-spots with the same ardor as those who are investing in costly gift-boks bound in gold-tooled covers.

We in San Francisco have had a feast the like of which we shall never forget. We have found new joys in life. Many have discovered, to their surprise, that we have a climate favorable to outdoor pleasures. They have realized the simple and wholesome enjoyment of eating meals out of doors. We can beat Paris, city of lead-colored winter days, in that respect. Many have improved in health by the outdoor exercise of sprinting all over the Fair grounds, or by the rest and relaxation of dawdling, on sunny Sunday mornings, down at the Exposition waterfront, keeping an idle, entertained eye on waterside life. Others have realized almost for the first time the surpassing loveliness of our blue California sky lending a background of calm yet vivid beauty to the domes and towers of the Exposition. They have seen it from the heights smiling through the great arch, and have laughed with the laughing little cloudlets as the various hirdmen sailed their air-crafts over that calm blue sea aloft. In feasting their eyes on the pure and perfect architectural line they have learned to lift up their eyes to the hills. They have felt that rest of the spirit that comes from looking upon outlines, proportions, and colors of perfect beauty. It was a part of daily life, and they took it as their right. What have we known of this before?

And is all this to be swept away with the Fair? Not immediately, it seems, since the Exposition directors will allow the Fine Arts Palace, the California building, and the Marina and Yacht Harbor, together with the Column of Progress and other of the statuary in the grounds to remain for a time. And that being the case, why doesn't some enterprising syndicate try for a five-year lease of the Food Products building, so conveniently adjacent to all these attractions, and have a People's Palace enterprise? They would have there already at hand a huge extent of flooring for skating, and dancing, and for an indoor café. There would be an auditorium or so for the movies and other forms of entertainment. They might even retain the Court of the Four Seasons, the nearest of the three popular inner courts, with its picturesque pool mirroring the beauties surrounding it. The gardens are already there, the trees flourishing, and in those sunny precincts people could continue to have the *al fresco* entertainments they have learned to love. It has been a revelation to discover how popular the band concerts have been. Thousands of people have devoted a large section of each

day to staying at the various band concourse stands listening to the music, many of them going home to dine and returning in the evening. And San Franciscans are now looking ruefully at each other and exclaiming, "What are we going to do with ourselves?"

Of course I know we are all talking a lot of twaddle about the preservation of perishable Expository architecture, which is already showing signs of wear. But since these beauties will last some years yet, since they are so strongly entrenched in the people's affections, since we have never quite become used to our rich, if only temporary, possessions and still can them fondly o'er, since the denuded land will probably lie idle for some time to come and the buildings referred to are already there, it does seem as if it were wasteful to sweep this all away at once and as if there were lucrative possibilities in such a scheme, despite such expenses as permanent roofing and enclosing of the grounds. Is it all a pipe-dream? Sit down on me hard, you doubter with facts and figures. I am in a suitably meek and lowly frame of mind as to the practicalities. I only thought, please sir, that I would mention such a scheme in a desperate hope that there might be something in it, and that the suggestion, like winged seeds, would blow to the ears of amusement purveyors.

I referred, a few paragraphs back, to the worship of beauty. I shouldn't wonder if our plain citizens have learned that it takes artists to minister to it. It is possible that even men who planned some of the freak architecture of the Zone have realized that it has proved to be rather difficult to draw many of the sight-seers away from those places in the Fair ground that were haunts of beauty and delight to the grotesque ugliness of the Zone. Now, if our amusement purveyors materialized, if they carefully distrusted their own judgment and engaged a local artist or so to preserve the eternal art unities in laying out their grounds, if they enclosed them with Mr. McLaren's walls of living green, if they kept up a reasonable standard in music, and completely barred out roughness and toughness from what should be a pleasure place for families, it seems as if there might be some little prestige for San Francisco in having a place with such a setting. On a very modest and economical scale there might be some copying of the ideas for entertaining the crowd that proved to be most popular during the Exposition year. Folk dances and spectacles, water carnivals, outdoor operettas, all were gotten up by San Franciscans, and could be gotten up again.

The world is going to be much poorer for half a century to come, with so many lives and valuable possessions destroyed by the war. And World's Fairs are frightfully wasteful affairs. Think of spending two million dollars on a building that was to have only ten months' tenure of existence. I doubt if similar profuse expenditure will happen again in our time. Seattle knew better, and did wisely in stipulating that the palaces for her fair should be built to be permanent, and used subsequently for university buildings. Now that it is too late we are realizing that the California building might have been constructed with similar foresight and used later for county exhibits. And there, by the

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way, would be another drawing card adjacent to our People's Palace. And perhaps, also, a picture gallery in the Fine Arts Palace, although army people do not seem to believe it possible.

After a few years we will, of course, have nothing left to tell the tale. But, in the meantime, let us hope that destiny will take a hand and give us a few years more of pleasure in just one little corner of our Exposition; a pleasure that would not fade, because we would know so well that what was ministering to it must pass away; for it is the same old human nature that always particularly prizes blessings brightening as they take their flight.

VAGUE SCHEMES.

The air is full of rumors of projects for the temporary continuance of the present collection in the Palace of Fine Arts; for the preservation of the palace itself; for the purchase of pictures toward securing a collection to be owned by the city. And in the meantime we are informed from one quarter that the government could not allow a collection of other than a military nature to be housed on a military reservation; from another that, on the contrary, such a procedure is entirely feasible. We hear from one source that the money that is being promised to zealous collectors is to be expended toward preserving the Fine Arts Palace; from another that it is to be used in the purchase of pictures. From one quarter we learn that such pictures are to be housed in the Fine Arts Palace after the present collection is removed; from another, in a hall in the Civic Auditorium; from still another that quarters have yet to be found. We are told that such a club woman, or such a club, or such a society of artists is heading this or that movement. And, in the meantime, a lot of people who would be warmly interested in any project toward securing a fine art collection for the city, and who are only too willing to pay their dole, are holding back waiting for something definite to develop.

Would it not be a good idea for all these various movements to coalesce, to appoint a committee to find out at once and definitely what the government will allow in regard to the Palace of Fine Arts, and sinking all thoughts of self-glorification, find a compe-

tent head to guide and direct their confused endeavors?

This community has had an art awakening, and never will it be more eager and anxious than at the present moment to contribute money toward the securing of treasures of art. Only it feels a very natural desire that a definite plan should be formulated and that some person or persons who are entirely competent to deal with the question should be acting as leaders and executors.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"The Battle Cry of Peace" at the Columbia.

It is said that "The Battle Cry of Peace," which comes to the Columbia Theatre for an exclusive engagement commencing with Sunday matinee, November 21st, is the most sensational motion-picture hit ever shown in this country. It has been running for the past three months at the Vitagraph Theatre, New York, to crowded houses.

"The Battle Cry of Peace" deals with a subject which is today nearest the heart of every American citizen—the problem of America's unpreparedness. It portrays the defenseless condition of our country, the consequences to which this condition may lead, and the way to avoid these consequences. The picture shows the city of New York being attacked by a powerful foreign foe, and the havoc wrought by the immense mortars and guns of the attacking ships and armies is shown with terrific effect. Thousands of National Guardsmen, G. A. R. veterans, thousands of horses and supernumeraries, and every conceivable type of instrument of war is brought into action. The New York *American* in speaking of this picture said, "It is the greatest war drama ever filmed," and the New York *Journal* said, "It is the 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' of pictures."

Many of America's foremost men appear in the picture and their sayings find as much approval from the big audiences as do the scenes of the play and the big spectacular features of the attacks.

"The Bird of Paradise" Returning.

Commencing Sunday evening, November 21st, Oliver Morosco will offer Richard Walton Tully's Hawaiian romance, "The Bird of Paradise." This will be the third visit of this popular play.

Mr. Tully has woven a story of intrigue and love, dealing with life in the Islands. Luana, a little Hawaiian princess, meets an American doctor, who has come to the Islands to discover the bacteria of leprosy. They fall in love and eventually marry. From that time on the little brown-skinned maiden's troubles start, and she learns, like many of her sisters before her, that marriages between the dark-skinned race and the white are not lasting. Her doctor husband finally casts her off and she returns to her people and gives herself as a human sacrifice to appease the wrath of the volcano, Mt. Kiluea. On the other hand, Mr. Tully shows that through the pure influence of an American girl a drunken beachcomber is lifted out of the mire and goes forth and accomplishes what the American physician had come to the Islands for.

Mr. Morosco will introduce a new-comer in the leading rôle of Luana this season in Miss Carlotta Monterey, a native of California, who will make her first appearance upon any stage in her native state. She will be supported by Hooper L. Atchley as Dr. Wilson, Jane Haven as Diana, the American girl, Richard Gordon as \$10,000 Dean, Robert Morris as Captain Hatch, the Yankee trader, James Nelson as the high priest, Laura Adams as the foster-mother, John Burton as the missionary, Fanny Yantis as the missionary's wife, and a score of others, including the quintet of native Hawaiian singers and players.

A holiday matinee will be given Thursday (Thanksgiving Day).

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum offers for next week a bright, joyous, merry, and entertaining bill which will have Eddie Foy and the Seven Little Foys as its headline attraction. As capable a comedian as Foy is, he will have to look sharp, for he is in serious danger of having his stellar rights encroached upon from seven different sources, those being the Seven Little Foys, his sons and daughters. Foy has now a complete theatrical company, and quite a large one at that, without the difficulty of arranging salaries which confronts the man who engages players. This season the Foys are presenting one of the quaintest and most mirth-provoking acts in vaudeville.

The Five Annapolis Boys are entertainers who are credited with having the best solo voices of any quintet before the public. They are Frank Thorndyke, Fred Barnes, Harry Webster, Joe Gallagher, and Wilbur Levering. "On a Cruise to the Land of Harmony" is the title of the nautical operetta which these five men present. All their numbers have

been well chosen, including some of the good old songs that will never lose their popularity.

Ben Beyer and company will present a cycling novelty in which clever wheelmanship and good comedy are combined. Beyer is a marvel with any kind of bicycle and also a comedian of great ability.

Olga is a discovery. She is an attractive girl who appropriately styles herself "the Modern Dancing Violinist," for she plays a violin while dancing with marvelous skill and vivacity.

Mazie King, assisted by Ted Doner; Sherman, Van, and Hyman; Russell Mack and Blanche Vincent; Dainty Marie, "the Venus of the Air," and "A Breath of Old Virginia," with Genevieve Cliff and company, are the other attractions.

"The Broadway Review" at the Pantages.

"The Broadway Review," the latest of J. C. Frazee's rollicking musical hits, will be the stellar attraction on the new eight-act show opening at the Pantages at Sunday's matinee. There are ten people in the cast, with Billy Batchelor as the featured comedian. Don Adams, Jack Cahill, and Don Romine are the other principals in the cast. Excerpts from all of the late big New York successes are shown in a whirlwind fashion by the cast.

Ed Vinton and his remarkable dog, "Buster," are one of the special features of the show. "Buster" was conceded by Dr. Albert Abrams of this city to be one of the most intelligent canines in existence. Dr. Abrams gave the canine a test on his last visit here to show the action of the dog's brain on a highly sensitized plate, the result showing a wonderful standard. The tricks that "Buster" does are different from the ordinary vaudeville dog performer. In fact he does everything that the canine actor does not perform.

Alexander and Scott, that duo of fashion-plate comedians, in their delightful singing skit, "From Virginia," are the other added feature. The two men, one garbed in genteel female attire, represent the top mark in burnt cork impersonation.

Charles King, Virginia Thornton, and company will be seen in Charles Farrell's virile dramatic episode, "The Greater Price," with a theme of capital versus labor.

Lottie Horner, for several seasons leading soubrette with Kolb and Dill, will appear with L. E. Rosebrook in songs. Al Prince and Helen Deerie in pert patter, and Wills and Hassau, acrobats, will round out the programme.

THE MUSIC SEASON.

Tina Lerner Day at Festival Hall.

This Sunday afternoon, November 21st, will be Tina Lerner Day at Festival Hall. The young Russian virtuoso will play a programme of piano music with orchestral setting, assisted by the entire Exposition Orchestra of eighty players under Max Bendix.

She will play two of the great master-works for piano and orchestra, viz, the "Concerto" in F minor by Chopin, a work that is fraught with the exquisite beauty of the Polish master's waltzes and nocturnes, but which is probably the most difficult composition from his pen. It will be followed by the romantic "Concerto" in A minor, by Eduard Grieg.

The orchestra's contributions to the programme will be Goldmark's Oriental overture, "Sakuntala," and two charming works for string orchestra by Bolzoni and Volkmann.

Tickets are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, the Exposition ticket office on Powell Street, and at Festival Hall, and music students should remember that for \$1 they can secure admission to the Exposition and a reserved seat at the Tina Lerner concert.

Concert Recital in St. Francis Hotel.

A very unusual and attractive programme has been prepared for the concert recital to be given by Miss Helen Petre, soprano; Mr. Frank Carroll Giffen, tenor, and Mr. Kajetan Attl, harpist, in the Colonial ballroom of the Hotel St. Francis next Monday evening, November 22d, at half-past eight.

The three artists are very well known in San Francisco, where they have often appeared during the past few years. Miss Petre, who studied under Mme. Mathilde Marchesi in Paris, Lindemann in Berlin, Scognimiglia in Rome, and Victor Maurel in London, has sung in many of the important continental cities and twice, by royal command, before King George. Mr. Giffen is especially known as a lieder singer, and Mr. Attl is the harpist of the Exposition and San Francisco Symphony Orchestras.

Among other numbers Miss Petre will sing the aria from "Louise," "Se tu m'ami," by Pergolesi; "The Violet," by Mozart; "Floods of Spring," by Rachmaninoff; songs by Sibelius, Bemberg, and Brahms, and "Le Songe," the dramatic story of Iphigenia en Tauride, by Gluck.

Mr. Giffen's first group will include songs

by Caccini, Scarlatti, Pergolesi, Martini, and Weckerlin, and later in the evening he will be heard in "Todessehnen," by Brahms; "Das Wandern" and "Wohin?" by Schubert, and four songs by Robert Schumann. His last group will include a Scotch folk-song, a song from the French Crusades, two Hungarian folk-songs, and numbers by Hatton and Reynaldo Hahn.

Mr. Attl will play Smetana's Symphonic Poem for the harp, the Marionette dance by Tedschky, a Mazurka by Ed. Schuecker, and some Bohemian folk-songs, arranged by himself.

Mr. Gyula Ormay will be the accompanist of the evening, and Mr. Herbert Riley, 'cellist, will also assist.

Second Concert by Innisfail Quartet.

With the full understanding that there is to be a deficit, Mrs. J. B. Casserly, who organized and maintains the Innisfail String Quartet, announces the second concert of the quartet for next Tuesday evening at 8:30 o'clock sharp, at Sorosis Club Hall, 536 Sutter Street. At this concert the programme will contain the quartets E flat major of Beethoven, D major of Borodin, and the beautifully expressive Debussy quartet.

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## VANITY FAIR.

Amélie Rives, otherwise known as the Princess Troubetzkoy, will probably find herself in trouble with the ladies who urge us to follow them into the realms of the higher life. For Amélie Rives has not only written a problem novel—and it ought to be illegal to write problem novels—but she has aggravated her offense by a general discussion of the respective morals of men and women in which she says that women are just as bad as men.

We say advisedly that the problem novel ought to be illegal, not because it makes us sick, but because it secures a verdict on the strength of manufactured evidence so plausibly presented that it is not seen to be manufactured. Now it is evident that you can prove anything if only you are allowed to construct your own testimony, and this, of course, is what is done by the novelist. Instead of examining the facts in order to reach a theory, the novelist evolves a theory and then arranges the facts to sustain it. She fills her stage with characters who do weird and amazing things and then invites you to regard her stage as the wide, wide world. Whereas it is nothing of the sort. It is only a stage occupied by actor folk.

The new novel, which is called "Shadows of Flames," is about divorce. Its heroine marries a drug fiend, and after he is satisfactorily but grewsomely dead she varies her experience by marrying a drunkard. Eventually she divorces the drunkard, but, curiously enough, not because of his little failing, but because he accuses her of infidelity. She knows that he himself is unfaithful, but apparently she will condone everything—infidelity, drugs, alcohol, and even Sabbath-breaking, but there can be no pardon for an impeachment of her own virtue. A woman, says the author, never actually forgives infidelity. She may seem to do so, but there are a good many things that a woman seems to do, but does not actually do. And we may say that our own experience confirms this judgment.

Now it seems to us that the author has wholly failed to see the real problem of her own story. And the real problem is not what a woman ought to do with a drunken husband, or a drug-taking husband, but rather how she came to have such a husband at all, and still more how she came to have two of him in succession. Her taste in husbands was certainly not a high one, since it may be taken as an axiom that there are very few alcoholic or drug inebriates who do not show early premonitory evidences of what they are to become. It may be a fortunate thing for men in general that the feminine standard for husbands is not an exacting one, since otherwise there would be very few marriages at all, but when a woman marries two such monstrosities as these the problem seems to be not so much one of divorce as of feminine intelligence.

But the princess, not content with the writing of a novel, has expressed her general opinion on divorce to an inquisitive reporter. Most people, it may be noted, are almost pathetically willing to express an opinion about divorce, and it is always a quite positive opinion. But Amélie Rives presents the question from quite a new angle, at least it seems a new angle to our inexperienced minds. She says that divorces are numerous wherever the divorce laws are liberal, as in America, and at a first glance this seems to indicate a need for greater stringency. But let us not be too quick, for the lady has something more to say. Divorce, it seems, is a substitute for infidelity and actually it has no bearing on the ethics of the situation. If divorce is easy it will be obtained. If it is not easy it will be dispensed with. But what may be called the net results will be the same. The lady, being a lady, resorts to a certain directness of expression from which this column is debarred, but she says in effect that divorce laws have nothing to do with such changes of affiliation to which modern civilization is so prone. If those changes can be effected through the mediation of the divorce court, well and good. But they will be effected just the same.

And then the princess was asked a question that produced what we must consider as an indiscreet reply. "Do you think," said the reporter, "that the fault is more often the man's or the woman's?" And the princess answered: "I should say that Adam and Eve are equally guilty in this respect. It would require a census-taker from a higher sphere to give the exact tabulation of such male and female offenders, and I believe that the result would be even then six for Eve and half a dozen for Adam."

Now this is flat heresy. It is a deliberate controversy of all that we have learned about the exceeding purity of women and the resolution with which they uphold the banner of marital fidelity. If Amélie Rives is speaking the words of truth and soberness then we already have the single standard, and it is not a particularly high one.

It would be extremely interesting if we could but look ahead for a few centuries and see the outcome of this eternal wrangle

about divorce. Presumably it will lead to something, but what? Indeed, it has led to something already. It has led to polygamy as a legalized institution in the eyes, for example, of Roman Catholics, who believe that marriages are indissoluble, and that any man who has been married to more than one living woman is a polygamist. It has led to the conviction amongst very large numbers of people, perhaps of the majority of people, that marriage is a civil rite and that religion has no more to do with it than with a bank partnership. And unless there is some recession from this conviction, which is not likely, there are other steps which are coming clearly into view. The law will still further relax its control over marriage, regarding it more and more as a private alliance which may be begun or ended at pleasure and with which there should be no external interference. That those steps have not already been taken is due less to the survival of a belief in the sanctity of marriage than to the prevailing mania for regulation. Marriage is still controlled by the law, not because it is marriage, but because it is a human institution and because we are still in that embryonic stage of social evolution when we allow nothing whatsoever to escape the attention of the legislator, the inspector, and the policeman.

Lemberg, taken and retaken within a year, stands alone for the names under which it has been known in the course of its history. During its lifetime it has had at least twenty-seven different appellations. According to a Polish authority, the ancient Ruthenian names for Lwów were Lwow, Lwiw, Lwihrad, Lwihorod, Ilwiv; the Germans called it Lemberg, Lemberg, Lemberg, Loewenburg; the Latin and pseudo Latin names include Lemburga, Lamburga, Leontopolis, Leone, Livivia, Leopolda; in the thirteenth century it was known to the Greeks as Lithon and Lifbada. The patriarchs of Constantinople, Alexandria, and Jerusalem referred to it as Leovios and Leontopolis; the Turks call it in their books Illi, Ilbo, Ilibot, Ilibow, Ilbadir; the Armenians gave to it the name of Ilof; the Russians have lately baptized it Lwów. The real name of the city, it is asserted, is the Polish one of Lwow, which literally translated means Lion City.

Arturo Toscanini, having severed connections with the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, will conduct opera at the Teatro Costanzi of Rome, and also some of the symphony concerts at the Augusteo in that city, the only regular series of symphony concerts in Italy, the coming season. The season of benefit opera, which he has just directed at La Scala in Milan, has been extremely successful both artistically and financially. Caruso's own countrymen have seldom had so extended an opportunity to hear the celebrated tenor and he was splendidly received.

Granville Barker and Percy Burton have brought over especially from England the original London lion who appeared in Bernard Shaw's "Androcles and the Lion." The lion's name in private life is Edward Sillward, and he is said to be the most famous animal impersonator on the other side of the Atlantic.

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line in the world**

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Motive Power and Safety-First Appliances,  
San Francisco Exposition, 1915**



STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An old woman was put in the witness box to tell what she knew about the annihilation of a prize pig by a motor-car. Being sworn, she was asked if she had seen the car kill the pig in question. "I seed it." "Then," said counsel, "tell the court in as few words as possible just how it occurred." "Yes, sir. It jest tooted and tuck him."

Mike Reagan applied to Mrs. Stone for position as chauffeur and gave the name of a friend as reference. Mrs. Stone sought the friend and asked: "Mr. Brady, your neighbor, Michael Reagan, has applied to me for a place as chauffeur. Is he a steady man?" "Steady!" cried Brady. "Indade, mum! If he wuz anny steddier he'd be dead!"

An angry man entered the water office and fiercely announced to the clerk: "Sir, you can send up and take your old gas metre out of my house." "This is not the gas office." "It isn't?" "No, sir; this is the water office." "Oh, it is! Well, then send a man up to my house at once and turn the water off! I'm not going to walk a mile and a half for nothing."

The ocean liner was rolling like a chip, but as usual in such instances one passenger was aggressively, disgustingly healthy. "Sick, eh?" he remarked to a pale-green person who was leaning on the rail. The pale-green person regarded the healthy one with all the scorn he could muster. "Sick nothing!" he snorted weakly. "I'm just hanging over the front of the boat to see how the captain cranks it!"

A Liverpool curate was teaching his Sunday-school class the Creed. The boys sat in the same order every Sunday, and of course only learned that part of the Creed which came to them. One Sunday a boy was absent, and the boy who was sitting in his place hesitated for a moment when it came to his turn to say a piece, and then said, "Well, I believe in the Life Everlasting. 'Im as believes what comes afore aint 'ere."

William Collier and a couple of actors were dining in a hotel café when Collier directed his companions' attention to a very dapper-looking man with a suspiciously red nose that had just passed. "A very prominent member of the Larchmont Yacht Club," announced Collier, with a grave air. "Is that so?" asked one of the players, who, as Collier knows, always evinces a strong interest in the doings of society. "What is his official capacity?" "About three gallons, I think," said Collier.

Harold Hilton, the golfer, tells a story of a Scotch caddie who always wore a "deer-stalker" cap with the flap tied tightly down over his ears. One day somebody noticed that the flaps were up, and he naturally asked the reason for the change. "I hinna had them doon since ma accident," replied the caddie. "Accident!" exclaimed the golfer; "what accident? I haven't heard about it." "Ah, weel," the caddie explained, "ye see, a gentleman offert me a drink out o' his whusky flask, an' I didna hear him."

Amos Drover, a young Eastern preacher who was staying at a clergy house, was in the habit of retiring to his room for an hour or more each day to practice pulpit oratory. At such times he filled the house with sounds of fervor and pathos, and emptied it of almost everything else. A well-known bishop happened to be visiting a friend in this house one day when the budding orator was holding forth. "Gracious me!" exclaimed the bishop, starting up in assumed terror; "pray what might that be?" "Sit down, bishop," his friend replied. "That's only young Drover practicing what he preaches."

There are a lot of four-flushers who go through life without learning that four-flushing is a fine art. Such are henceath contempt. But one has some admiration for those few who have mastered the game. "If a man called me a liar," asserted one of such, "I'd sail in and lick him if he weighed 300 pounds." "Well, you big bluff," answered one who was tired of listening, "I call you, right here and now. You're a liar." "Bluff yourself," came back the artist, without a minute's hesitation. "You don't weigh more than 150, and you know what I said."

A traveling salesman heard of a circus in a place down the Mississippi River. The steamboat had left and there was no rig to be had. He went to the river, where he found a ducky sitting in a skiff. "Tbat your boat?" he asked the ducky. "Yassuh." "Want to hire it out?" "Yassuh." "How much for the afternoon? I want to go to the circus." "'Bout fo' bits, suh." "All right. Can you row?" "What's dat?" "Can you row?" "No, boss, I can't do nuthin' like

dat." "Well, confound it, get in the stern there. You can do that, can't you?" "Yassuh." Whereupon the drummer took the oars, and after he had rowed about two miles against the current was tuckered out. Throwing down the oars, he exclaimed: "I can't pull this boat another inch. I don't care if I never get to that circus. You are a fine boatman not to be able to row." The negro gazed at the salesman with increasing intelligence. "Does yo' mean yo' wanted me to pull them oars, boss?" "Sure I do. I asked you if you could row and you said you couldn't." "'Deed, boss," said the ducky, "I thought yo' done ast me could I roah—roah laik a lion."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Prospects Bright.

Note the doctor's smiling visage,  
See the nurse's happy smile,  
As they bustle and they hustle,  
Humming gayly all the while.  
Bandages are placed quite handy,  
Anesthetics are near by,  
Splints and instruments are ready,  
Arnica is also nigh.  
Why, you ask, these preparations?  
Why this joy amidst such gloom?  
Simple answer—foothall's coming,  
And their business soon will boom.  
—Leslie's Weekly.

She Wanted to Know.

We sailed upon the water blue,  
One almost cloudless day,  
And in the boat there were but two  
As we passed down the bay.  
  
And, as the wind was dead ahead,  
At half a gale or more,  
I took a reef or two and said:  
"I think I'll hug the shore."

Her eyes then quickly sought my own,  
Then, with a roguish grin,  
She said, in half-reproachful tone,  
"Well, where do I come in?"  
—Store Topics.

Ancestors.

If you could see your ancestors  
All standing in a row,  
Would you be proud of them or not,  
Or don't you really know?  
Some strange discoveries are made  
In climbing family trees,  
And some of them, you know, do not  
Particularly please.  
  
If you could see your ancestors  
All standing in a row,  
There might be some of them, perhaps,  
You wouldn't care to know.  
But here's another question, which  
Requires a different view—  
If you could meet your ancestors,  
Would they be proud of you?  
—Somerville Journal.

Notice of Hearing of Application for Voluntary Dissolution of Corporation

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 69,719.

In the Matter of the Application of HORN & CO., HANFORD BRANCH, for its voluntary dissolution.

Notice is hereby given that the application of HORN & CO., HANFORD BRANCH, a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, praying for the voluntary dissolution of said corporation, has been filed in the above-entitled court and will be heard on the 21st day of December, 1915, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Court Room of Department 3 of said Superior Court, in the Temporary City Hall, No. 1231 Market Street, San Francisco, California.

Dated November 15th, 1915.

(Superior Court Seal)  
HARRY I. MULCREVY,  
County Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH,  
Deputy Clerk.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 69,720.

In the Matter of the Application of HORN & CO., SAN JOSE BRANCH, for its voluntary dissolution.

Notice is hereby given that the application of HORN & CO., SAN JOSE BRANCH, a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, praying for the voluntary dissolution of said corporation, has been filed in the above-entitled court and will be heard on the 21st day of December, 1915, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Court Room of Department 3 of said Superior Court, in the Temporary City Hall, No. 1231 Market Street, San Francisco, California.

Dated November 15th, 1915.

(Superior Court Seal)  
HARRY I. MULCREVY,  
County Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH,  
Deputy Clerk.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 69,721.

In the Matter of the Application of HORN & CO., BAKERSFIELD BRANCH, for its voluntary dissolution.

Notice is hereby given that the application of HORN & CO., BAKERSFIELD BRANCH, a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, praying for the voluntary dissolution of said corporation, has been filed in the above-entitled court and will be heard on the 21st day of December, 1915, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Court Room of Department 3 of said Superior Court, in the Temporary City Hall, No. 1231 Market Street, San Francisco, California.

Dated November 15th, 1915.

(Superior Court Seal)  
HARRY I. MULCREVY,  
County Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH,  
Deputy Clerk.



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JUNE 30th, 1915:

Assets.....\$90,321,843.04  
Deposits..... 57,362,899.35  
Capital actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000.00  
Reserve and Contingent Funds..... 1,958,433.69  
Employees' Pension Fund..... 199,164.12  
Number of Depositors..... 66,965  
For the 6 months ending June 30th, 1915, a dividend to depositors of 4 per cent per annum was declared. Open Saturday Evenings 6 to 8.

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| Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic) and Argonaut..... | 4.30   |
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| Woman's Home Companion and Argonaut.....                    | 4.75   |
| Youth's Companion and Argonaut.....                         | 5.50   |



## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The wedding of Miss Margaret Martin and Mr. Lorrain Mackey took place on Wednesday evening, November 17th, at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. T. T. C. Gregory, at Menlo Park. Only relatives attended. Miss Martin is the daughter of Mrs. W. O. H. Martin of Reno, Nevada. Mr. Mackey is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Spoor Mackey of Brookline, Massachusetts, and is a resident of this city. Upon their return from their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Mackey will make San Francisco their home.

From London comes the announcement of the wedding of Mrs. Caroline Mills Fletcher to Captain Gilbert Hawkins, H. M. A., which took place October 17th and was a very quiet affair. The young couple will reside in London until Captain Hawkins is ordered to the front.

Mrs. George Pillsbury was the complimented guest Monday afternoon at a tea given by her sister, Mrs. Philip Van Horne Lansdale, at her home on Broadway.

The Republic of Guatemala has issued invitations to a dinner and ball which will be given in the California building at the Exposition on Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. John Drum entertained a number of friends Wednesday evening at a dinner at their home on Broadway.

Miss Linda Bryan was hostess Tuesday afternoon at a tea at her home on Vallejo Street.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope gave a dinner at their home in Burlingame Saturday evening, when a score of friends enjoyed their hospitality.

Miss Marian Zeile entertained a number of friends Monday at a luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis in honor of her cousin, Mrs. J. Cheever Cowdin, who with her husband will leave shortly for New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Green were host and hostess Monday evening at a dinner in honor of the Chinese commissioner-general, M. Chi Chen and Mme. Chi Chen.

Mrs. Horatio Livermore entertained a number of friends Saturday afternoon at a tea at her home on Vallejo Street in honor of the authoress, Mrs. Anne Hegan Rice.

Miss Emily Timlow was the guest of honor Saturday at a matinee and tea party given by Mrs. Edward J. McCutcheon.

Miss Beatrice Nickel was hostess Friday at a luncheon at her home on Laguna Street in honor of Miss Elena Eyre.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Pillsbury entertained a number of friends Tuesday evening at a dinner at their home on Pacific Avenue in honor of Major George Pillsbury, U. S. A., and Mrs. Pillsbury.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hays Hammond were the complimented guests Friday evening at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker at the Fairmont Hotel.

Miss Leslie Miller was hostess Friday evening at an informal dance at her home on Pacific Avenue. The affair was in honor of Miss Ruth Winslow and Mr. Algernon Gibson, who were the complimented guests Monday evening at a dinner and bridge party given by Miss Marian Crocker at her home on Laguna Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Eyre entertained a number of friends Friday evening at the Charity Ball at Scottish Rite Hall. Others who were hosts and hostesses at this affair were Mr. and Mrs. William Greer Hitchcock, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, and Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Macomber.

Mrs. John P. Jones was the guest of honor Thursday afternoon at a tea given by the Misses Lloyd and Hildreth Meiere.

Miss Linda Bryan was the complimented guest Monday at a luncheon given by Miss Marie Louise Tyson at the Town and Country Club.

Miss Edith Trenor was hostess Tuesday afternoon at a tea at her home on Pacific Avenue. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Lawrence Austin of New York.

Mrs. Stephen Nerney entertained a coterie of friends Wednesday afternoon at a tea at her home on Bush Street.

Miss Helen Wright was the guest of honor Tuesday at a luncheon given by Miss Emily Du Bois at the Colonial Hotel.

Mrs. Homer S. King gave a luncheon at her home on Broadway Wednesday, when a score of friends enjoyed her hospitality. The affair was in honor of Mrs. John Hays Hammond, Mrs. John P. Jones, and Mrs. Horace Hill.

Mrs. Henry H. Webb of New York was the complimented guest Saturday at a luncheon given by Mrs. Irving M. Scott at the Francisco Club.

Mrs. William Bailey Lamar entertained a large number of friends Thursday at a luncheon at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of Mrs. H. S. Breckenridge.

Miss Alice Griffith was hostess Thursday evening

at a dance at her home on Pacific Avenue. The affair was in honor of Miss Marguerite Amoss and her fiancé, Mr. Loyal McLaren.

Mrs. Benjamin Ide Wheeler was hostess at a luncheon Friday, when a coterie of friends enjoyed her hospitality.

The Misses Cora and Fredericka Otis gave a luncheon at their home on Broadway Thursday, when a score of friends enjoyed their hospitality.

Miss Marian Baker was the guest of honor Friday at a luncheon given by Miss Dorothy Baker at the Town and Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles N. Felton were host and hostess Saturday evening at a dinner at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen were the complimented guests Tuesday evening at a dinner given by Mrs. Phoebe Hearst at her home in Pleasanton.

Mrs. C. Edward Holmes entertained a number of friends Tuesday at a luncheon at the Town and Country Club in honor of Mrs. David Dugose Gaillard.

Captain George T. Perkins, U. S. A., was host Friday evening at a dinner at his home at the Presidio in honor of Colonel Stephen M. Foote, U. S. A., and Mrs. Foote, who will leave shortly for their new post in Charleston, South Carolina. Mrs. Foote was the complimented guest Tuesday at a luncheon given by Mrs. F. H. Allen at her home at Fort Scott.

Mrs. Frank T. Hines was the guest of honor Wednesday at a luncheon given by Mrs. William A. Covington at her home at Fort Scott. The affair was in the nature of a farewell, as Mrs. Hines left the following day with her husband, Captain Hines, U. S. A., for Fortress Monroe, Virginia, where they will be stationed for the next two years.

Mrs. Thomas Reese was hostess Thursday at a luncheon at her home on Locust Street.

Mrs. Mary Turner was hostess Wednesday evening at a dinner at her home at Mare Island.

Mrs. U. R. Webb entertained a coterie of friends Saturday afternoon at a bridge-tee at her home at Mare Island. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Lloyd S. Shapley, who will leave shortly with her husband, Lieutenant Shapley, U. S. N., for Bremerton, where they will be stationed.

Mrs. Charles N. Fiske gave a bridge-tee at her home at Mare Island recently, when a score of friends enjoyed her hospitality. The affair was in honor of Mrs. George Brown and Mrs. H. C. Curl.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. John Codman of Boston, who is receiving many social attentions, is established in Berkeley with her two daughters, who are attending the university.

Mr. Mackenzie Gordon has returned from New York after an absence of several weeks.

Mrs. Harry MacFarlane of Honolulu has recently been visiting her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. James Dunn, at their home in Alameda.

Mrs. Lawrence Austin, who was formerly Miss Roma Paxton of this city, is here for a brief visit with her relatives. Since her marriage she has resided in Pelham Manor, New York.

Mrs. F. M. Angellotti and her daughter, Miss Marion Angellotti, will spend the coming year abroad.

After a visit to the Exposition Mr. and Mrs. David R. Calhoun have gone to Southern California, where they will spend several days en route to their home in St. Louis.

Miss Marie Louise Black has returned from Pleyto, where she spent a week with Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford.

After an absence of two months in New York Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson has returned to her home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Elliot Rogers are here from Santa Barbara for a visit to the Exposition and are guests at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Allen Messer and Mrs. Reginald Brook have arrived from London and are established at the Hotel Bellevue. They were the guests over the week-end of Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott in Burlingame. Mrs. Messer and Mrs. Brook will be remembered as Miss Louise Holladay and Miss Ruth Holladay. They are the daughters of Mrs. Holladay and the late Mr. Samuel W. Holladay of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. William Henry Pool will come to California within a few weeks to superintend the building of a country home in Menlo Park, where they anticipate spending each summer. Since her marriage, Mrs. Pool, who was formerly Miss Isabelle Sprague, has resided in Virginia.

Mrs. Thomas Scott Brooke is here from Portland with her two children and is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Carter Pitkin Pomeroy, at their home on Clay Street. Mrs. Brooke was formerly Miss Christine Pomeroy.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Lilley of San Rafael have rented the home on Steiner Street of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin for the winter season. Mrs.

Lilley's sister and niece, Mrs. Hannah Neil Hobart and Miss Hannah Hobart, are with her at present, but Mrs. Hobart will soon return East to join the younger members of the family, Miss Ruth Hobart and Master Walter Hobart, who are attending schools.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy M. Pike have moved into their residence on Pacific Avenue and Buchanan Street. The house, which was Mrs. Pike's former home, has been remodeled.

Mr. Edgar Carolan of New York is visiting his mother, Mrs. James Carolan, at her home on Jackson Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman McLaren have recently moved from Jackson Street to Sacramento Street, where they are occupying the former home of Mrs. McLaren's parents.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Black, who have resided for many years in Berkeley, will make Los Angeles their future home.

Mr. and Mrs. Milo M. Potter and their daughter, Miss Nina Jones, arrived a few days ago from Santa Barbara and are at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Frances Jolliffe has arrived in New York, where she will visit friends before going to Washington to remain during the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Chanslor have returned to this city to reside and are occupying a home on Laurel Street near Clay.

Mrs. Lewis B. McCormick and her daughter, Mrs. M. B. Salisbury, have arrived from Salt Lake City for an indefinite visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Upham have returned to their home in Mill Valley after a visit with Mrs. Upham's parents, Dr. Alexander Warner and Mrs. Warner.

Judge William Carey Van Fleet, Mrs. Van Fleet, and Miss Julia Van Fleet have returned from a week's visit in Los Angeles.

Lieutenant Stockman Bendel, U. S. A., has arrived from Nogales, Arizona, where he is doing border duty, and will remain in this city until after his wedding December 1st to Miss Hazel Holm.

Major George Pillsbury, U. S. A., and Mrs. Pillsbury, of New London, Connecticut, have been spending the past week with Mrs. Pillsbury's sister, Mrs. Philip Van Horne Lansdale, at her home on Broadway. Mrs. Pillsbury was formerly Miss Bertha Sidney Smith.

Lieutenant Frank Vossler, U. S. N., has been ordered to the Atlantic coast after a two years' station near this city. He will be attached to the U. S. S. Nevada.

Colonel John T. Knight, U. S. A., Mrs. Knight, and their daughter, Miss Marguerite Knight, are expected to arrive in February from the Philippines, where they have been for several months.

Mrs. Horace L. Hill, Sr., has returned to New York, having been called by the illness of her father, Mr. Robert H. Sterling.

Mr. Harold Chase has returned to Santa Barbara after a visit with Mr. John Hartigan.

Mrs. William G. Irwin has closed her country home in Burlingame and is occupying her residence on Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope have opened their town house for the winter season, and moved up last week from Burlingame.

Mrs. Charles Blyth and Miss Mary Donohoe have returned from Los Angeles, where they were among the bridal attendants at the Drake-MacNeil wedding, Wednesday, November 10th.

Mr. and Mrs. John R. Yale have arrived from the East and will be here until the close of the Exposition. Mr. Yale is vice-chairman of the New York State commission.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Hans Wollman has been brightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. Wollman was formerly Miss Edith Lowe.

## Guatemala's Celebration to be Distinctive.

To indicate his gratitude at having received the only grand prize awarded to coffee—the coffee of Guatemala—President Cabrera of the Republic of Guatemala has set aside Saturday, November 20th, as the day for a celebration of exceptional scope and interest at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. It will be appropriately called "Guatemala Coffee Day." The plan was endorsed some time ago by the coffee planters' association of the lower-coast republic, with the result that Mr. Adolfo Stahl, leading banker of Guatemala and resident of San Francisco, was commissioned by President Cabrera to arrange the celebration, which will be memorable among Exposition events. No other country at the Exposition has yet arranged for such an elaborate entertainment.

Particularly distinctive of the celebrating republic will be the souvenirs, consisting of 50,000 boxes of the finest roasted Guatemala coffee, which will be distributed free to the public visiting the pavilion during the afternoon, and also during the evening between the hours of 9 and 10 o'clock in the Court of Abundance, where a special band will enliven the occasion.

In the afternoon, from 1:30 to 5:30, coffee will be served in a tent adjoining the Guatemala pavilion, and during the day a tree commemorating the republic will be planted. A reception in the pavilion will follow to invited guests and refreshments will be served. Two Marimba bands will be heard, one having just arrived from Guatemala, accompanied with orchestral instruments.

Invitations have been issued to the dinner and ball to be given in the California building in the evening, at which the Marimba bands will play, and both functions promise to be unusually brilliant affairs, as President Cabrera has given carte blanche to his official representative. At one minute past midnight the guests will stand and drink

a toast in honor of the birthday of President Cabrera. A buffet supper will follow, but the dance will continue until dawn. A special display of fireworks will be witnessed during the evening.

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

The Union Iron Works has decided to spend more than \$1,000,000 in enlarging the plant, owing to greatly increased business. The company has now decided to enlarge the 450-foot drydock at Hunters Point to 1000 feet instead of building a new dock and apply the money saved by this change in the plans to the construction of the floating drydock and new ways for construction purposes. The Union Iron Works now has contracts to build ten steamships and has other contracts in sight that assure operation at full capacity for an indefinite period.

Dr. John E. Gardner has resigned as Chinese inspector and interpreter at this port, after a term of service covering many years.

More than a dozen vessels are now building in the East for this port, and the first ones will be taking to the water by January 1st. Among the first to come off will be three for the Shell Oil Company of California. A 15,000-ton oil carrier for the Standard Oil Company is building at Newport News. Nine new vessels will be divided between the American Hawaiian Steamship Company, the Luckenbach Company, and the Atlantic, Gulf, and Pacific Company. The latter will be a new entrant in the Pacific commercial field.

While the board of education is on record as in favor of the proposed school survey it was decided last Tuesday by the members not to contribute toward defraying the cost of this work.

A new steamship service between San Francisco and Central American ports is announced by W. R. Grace & Co.

The new Grace service begins next month with the sailing from here of the steamer *Melville Dollar* for Champerico, San Salvador. The *Columbia*, the *St. Helens*, and *Alvarado* will follow in January. The sailings will be fortnightly. In addition to the above steamers there will be the *Cuzco* and the *Cacique* sailing with passengers, mail, and express only for South America and way ports.

As the result of a competition under the direction of the Beaux Arts Society, the prize offered by the San Francisco Society of Architects for the best plans for an ideal treatment for the foot of Market Street has been awarded to Ernest Weihe of the atelier of Arthur Brown, Jr. The plans of six contestants received favorable attention by the committee of the Beaux Arts Society which was to award the \$50 prize, but only those of young Weihe and Ernest Coxhead were found to offer any practical solution of the traffic problem.

Louise K. Thomson of Los Angeles is not the daughter of the late John M. Keith, oil millionaire, according to decision by Judge Coffey on Wednesday.

The life of Mrs. Francis J. Carolan has been threatened by the Black Hand. Letters which Mrs. Carolan received in the last few days in her home in Burlingame, the Crossways, were turned over to Chief of Police White by her Wednesday. Special guard will be kept over her home until the author of the letters is under arrest. Mrs. Carolan is warned in the letters, on pain of death, not to go any further in the prosecution of Antonio Fodero, whose arrest she caused on the night of October 30th, after she had seen him in his machine strike and kill a motorcyclist and then speed away.

Hillsborough's road and improvement bonds have been sold to the Anglo and London Paris National Bank, which paid a premium of \$1273 on a \$40,000 issue. There were fourteen bidders. The highest bid was accepted after the matter had received the approval of City Trustee Henry T. Scott, chairman of the town's finance committee. The bonds bear interest at the rate of five per cent.

NOTES OF THE EXPOSITION.

During the first week's racing Thomas Murphy with his string of five horses won \$18,021 in nine races, seven being firsts. Charley de Ryer was second with purses amounting to \$7750, and William Durfee third with \$6420.

Albert Tirman, commissioner-general from France to the Exposition, has returned to San Francisco to represent his native country at the French pavilion during the closing days. He left here a month ago for a brief visit to Paris. During his absence France has been without an official representative.

In the goat show principal honors were carried off by William Riddell & Sons of Monmouth, Oregon, and Mrs. M. Armer of Kingston, New Mexico. The Riddell exhibits won eight out of ten classes.

With official and military escort, the Liberty Bell was taken from the Exposition on Thursday of last week and placed upon the special train which left Third and Townsend Street railroad station at noon. The parade was one of the longest and most imposing that has yet filed through the Exposition grounds.

A carload of prize-winning poultry has arrived in San Francisco from the Ohio State University for exhibition at the poultry show. The shipment is in charge of Professor F. S. Jacoby of Columbus, Ohio.

It is now definitely announced that the portion of the Exposition site west of the California building, now occupied by state and foreign buildings, will be utilized by the United States War Department as a parade ground, and the buildings will be leveled as soon as possible after the Exposition closes.

Mrs. Jules Louis Bret is now the matron in the Massachusetts building, having taken charge early in the week.

Members of the National Society of Children of the American Revolution, which is composed of boys and girls under legal age who are direct lineal descendants of men or women participating in the American Revolution, were honored with special ceremonies in the Massachusetts building at the Exposition at 4:15 o'clock last Monday afternoon. Mrs. Daniel Lothrop of Washington, D. C., the founder of the society, presided as chairman of the exercises and received an Exposition bronze commemorative medal.

The annual reunion of the Sierra Club will be held today, 200 members participating.

The Tina Lerner Recital.

Tina Lerner will give two recitals of piano music at the Scottish Rite Auditorium under the direction of Will L. Greenbaum. The first of these events will be next Friday afternoon, November 26th, at 3 o'clock, when the programme will include Chopin's "Sonata" in B minor, Schumann's "Papillons," Scriabine's "Poems," the Paganini-Liszt "Variations," and numbers by Borodine, Brahms, Weber, Liadow, and Tschaiakowsky.

The second and last Lerner concert is announced for Sunday afternoon, November 28th. The programme will include the "Prelude, Fugue, and Variations," by Cesar Franck, two numbers from Debussy's "Suite Bergamasque," a group of five Chopin gems, six famous Concert Etudes by Liszt, Henselt-Godowsky, Chopin-Rosenthal, and Scriabine, and the first public performance here of Liszt's "Concerto Pathetique" for two pianos, with Mr. Vladimir Shavitch assisting artist. Tickets are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's.

The Gadski Concerts.

Mme. Gadski will be heard at the Cort Theatre in two quite unusually fine programmes, assisted by Mr. Paul Eisler as pianist and accompanist.

To accommodate many out-of-town music lovers the first concert will be given on Thursday afternoon, December 2d, at the Cort Theatre. The diva will sing first a group of Schubert songs, followed by a group by Robert Franz. Then will follow a series of gems by Hugo Wolff, Eugen Hailie, Richard Strauss, Liszt, and Brahms. The third part of the programme will consist of songs in English, the composers being Saar, Paul Eisler, Gilmor, and Bohm.

The programme will close with two Wagnerian numbers, "Spring Song" from "Die Walkure" and the scene from Act I of "Tristan und Isolde."

The farewell concert will be given Sunday afternoon, December 5th, and there will be a group of songs by Schumann, Schubert, Brahms, and Franz. In English Mme. Gadski will sing numbers by MacDowell, Eisler, and Henschel, and on this occasion her Wagnerian excerpts will consist of the "Aria" from "Tannhauser" and the "Liebestod" from "Tristan und Isolde."

Mr. Paul Eisler will be heard in important piano solos at each Gadski concert.

Mail orders for these concerts may now be sent to Will L. Grenebaum at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, and the sale of seats will open Monday, November 29th.

Berkeley Musical Association Concert.

The first concert of the sixth season of the Berkeley Musical Association will be given on Tuesday evening, November 30th, in Harmon Gymnasium. The artists will be Mme. Johanna Gadski, the dramatic soprano from the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York, and Mr. Paul Eisler at the piano. Members will be admitted only on presentation of properly numbered coupon of the season ticket. The doors will be open at 7:45 p. m., instead of 7:30. The concert is to begin at 8:15 o'clock. After that time the doors will be opened only between the numbers on the programme.

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RESOURCES

|  |                        |
|--|------------------------|
| Loans and Discounts.....                       | \$17,441,770.14        |
| U. S. Bonds to secure circulation at par.....  | 2,500,000.00           |
| Other U. S. Bonds at par.....                  | 100,000.00             |
| Other Bonds.....                               | 3,489,280.34           |
| Other Assets.....                              | 400,381.31             |
| Customers' Liability on Letters of Credit..... | 968,755.73             |
| Cash and Sight Exchange.....                   | 21,282,629.36          |
|  | <u>\$46,182,816.88</u> |

LIABILITIES

|  |                        |
|--|------------------------|
| Capital Stock.....                           | \$ 4,000,000.00        |
| Surplus.....                                 | 1,500,000.00           |
| Undivided Profits.....                       | 389,544.24             |
| Circulation.....                             | 2,500,000.00           |
| Letters of Credit, Domestic and Foreign..... | 968,755.73             |
| Deposits.....                                | <u>36,824,516.91</u>   |
|  | <u>\$46,182,816.88</u> |

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Strong Interest in the Symphony Orchestra.

The sale of season tickets to subscribers for the ten Friday afternoon symphony concerts of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra continues until December 11th at the offices of the manager, Frank W. Healy, 711-712 Head building, 209 Post Street.

The demand for season tickets is greater this season than for any previous season of the orchestra and the board of governors of the Musical Association of San Francisco, which maintains the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, suggests to those wishing to enjoy these concerts in the most desirable seats that it is inadvisable to longer defer the purchase of season tickets.

Louis Persinger, the concert-master, a violinist of lofty attainments, will be the assisting artist at the concert of Friday afternoon, January 14th, and Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the Russian pianist, will be the assisting artist at the concert of February 4th. Other selections will be made from the list of those preëminent in their respective fields.

Alfred Hertz, the new conductor, finds ready for the work in hand an orchestra capable of coping with the most exacting programmes.

The programme for the first concert will include the Brahms Symphony, No. 2, in D major, which Felix Weingartner declares "a masterly worked-out piece of music of inflexible, austere character, which corresponds exactly with my idea of a great symphony and which is also most skillfully orchestrated."

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"What did de white folks put Brudder Smugg in jail for, sah?" "Trigonometry, sah. He done had free wives."—*Judge*.

"What makes you so sure that the old Roman senators were honest?" "Simple enough—togas didn't have pockets."—*Puck*.

*Little Girl*—A loaf, please. *Shopkeeper*—Bread's gone up a ha'penny this morning. *Little Girl*—Well, give me one of yesterday's. —*London Punch*.

*Mrs. Tarr*—Sistah Sobstock has jest got a divorce from her husband. *Mrs. Wornbat*—Don't say? How much ammonia did de eote done grant her?—*Puck*.

*Dignified Stranger* (at news-stand)—Which of these papers is the most highly respectable? *Newsman*—This one, I guess. Nobody buys it.—*New York Weekly*.

"Why do you write articles on how cheaply people can live if they try?" "In the hope of getting enough money to avoid baving to live that way."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

"I'm afraid, Johnny," said the Sunday-school teacher, rather severely, "that I will never meet you in heaven." "Why? What you been doin'?"—*Ashland Press*.

"There are things more valuable than money," ruminated the philosopher. "Sure," retorted the iconoclast. "That's the reason I need money to buy them."—*New York Times*.

"Is your husband an optimist?" "Well," replied the tired-looking woman, "he's an optimist in hoping for the best, but a good deal of a pessimist in working for it."—*Washington Star*.

"The Allies don't appear to be making much headway in the Gallipoli." "I suppose not," agreed Mrs. Nurich. "But, then, those savages must be terribly hard to convert."—*Buffalo Express*.

*First Surgeon*—I'm really too busy to operate on him. But I suppose I ought to. *Second Surgeon*—Is it necessary? *First Surgeon*—Well, no, but I don't want to establish a precedent.—*Life*.

"The Bible tells us we should love our neighbors," said the good deacon. "Yes, but the Bible was written before our neighbors lived so close," replied the mere man.—*Philadelphia Record*.

*First Chauffeur*—Bill's been a chauffeur ten years and never run over nobody yet. *Second Chauffeur*—Well, Bill's an absent-minded cuss. He's always thinking of something else.—*New York Globe*.

*Waitress*—Ummmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm. *Experienced guest*—Ummmmmmmmmm. *Waitress*—What did you say, sir? *Experienced Guest*—Same as you did. Bring 'em along.—*Good News*.

*Caller*—How perfectly devoted you are to your husband! *Young Wife*—Yes, I am trying to pet and spoil him, so that if I die, and he marries again, no other woman can live with him.—*New York Times*.

*Mr. Isaacs*—I sell you dot eot at a great sacrifice. *Customer*—But you say that of all your goods. How do you make a living? *Mr. Isaacs*—Mein freint, I makes a schmall profit on de paper and string.—*Judge*.

"What are your daughters studying now?" "Nothing," replied Mr. Cumrox. "They've learned all about music, painting, an' literature. All they've got left to learn is not to bother people with them."—*Washington Star*.

*Builder*—I've just caught that man Brown hanging about smoking during working hours, so I gave him his four days' wages and told him to clear out. *Foreman*—Good 'eavens, guv'nor! That's the feller I fired yesterday. —*Punch*.

"Ever feel the call of the wild?" asked the first clerk. "Lots of times," answered the second clerk. "What do you do?" "Ob, I usually go out and dodge a few automobiles. The feeling soon wears off."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

*The Patient*—What! You refuse to allow my claim? You told me when I was insured that I'd get something if I was sick, didn't you? *Agent*—Well, you must have gotten something or you wouldn't be sick, would you?—*Puck*.

*Guest*—I'm glad there's a rope here in case of fire; but what is the idea of putting a Bible in the room in such a prominent position? *Bellboy*—Dat am intended foh use, seh, in case the fire am too far advanced foh you to make yoh escape, sah.—*Puck*.

"So you're going to leave us, Mary?" "Yes, mum. I've got to." "And do you want me to give you a letter of recommendation?" "It aint necessary, mum. The man I'm going to work for is willin' to take chances. I'm leavin' to get married."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Could yo' all len' me a grindstone?" asked Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "Yes; but whut

yo' want wif a grindstone? Yo' got no axe." "No; ner I aint got no wood to chop yit, ner no chicken an' cohnbread to cook over de fire. But you got to do one thing at a time in dis life, an' I jes natchelly has to stah somewhere."—*Washington Star*.

*Mrs. Willis*—Did your church give basket dinners to the poor members on Thanksgiving? *Mrs. Gillis*—Yes; but we spent so much on the baskets that we had no money left to buy things to put in them. *Mrs. Willis*—Then your work was wasted? *Mrs.*

*Gillis*—Oh, no. We took them around to the Christian Science Church.—*Life*.

*Young Guide*—Jimmy, I've struck the softest suap you ever see. Dis here ole man is deaf and blind, an' he hires me to take him to prayer-meetin' every night, an' he don't know no better than to give me a dollar to put in de poor-box afore we leaves de house. So what does I do but walk de old guy down to de t' eater, an' I buys two tickets, an' he sits t'rough de whole performance, an' he don't know no difference.—*Life*.

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# The Argonaut.

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## THIRTY-NINTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### A Half-Cooked Issue.

Preparedness, regarded as a politico-legislative issue, is in curious shape. Instinctively and sentimentally the President has little sympathy with it. But a national campaign is on-coming and having by various devices tried out public sentiment, or what he regarded as such, Mr. Wilson adopted preparedness as a personal issue. Then came evidence that the try-out of public opinion had not been sufficiently thoroughgoing. Exposed sea-coast regions are for preparedness. Interior parts of the country are against it. Then the President's party is not of one mind with respect to the issue, even after it was stamped with the presidential approval. Mr. Kitchin, Democratic House leader, stands openly opposed to any large expenditure of national funds on military account. Mr. Bryan appears in a furious antagonism to the President's suggestions and proposing a warfare both in Congress and throughout the country against preparedness. Neither can be criticised from the party standpoint, since the President himself has declared that the issue is not a party one.

In the meantime preparedness is only a name. Cer-

tain concrete suggestions on the part of the Secretaries of War and Navy have had the President's approval, but not in terms definite or final. The presidential plan, though announced, is not yet formulated. The country waits with interest, wondering how far and in what manner Mr. Wilson will go and in what measure he will be able to command the support of his party and of the country.

One thing is certain, namely, that nobody is in a state to swallow whole any project of national defense. Whatever shall finally be proposed will be viewed critically by men of all parties. That the President, temperamentally little disposed to accept counsel, will be able to outline a project generally satisfactory, is we think more than doubtful. Already it is understood that he has given offense to military experts and it is plainly in evidence that he has not satisfied the party doctors, as in the case of Mr. Bryan. That he will be able to command anything like cordial Republican support is hardly believable. On the whole the outlook from the presidential point of view seems a difficult one.

The country is for preparedness, if anybody can provide a rational scheme not in conflict with our national ideals, not too costly, not bedaubed with the tar of personal and party motives. Mr. Wilson's project, so far as it is understood, does not meet these stipulations. Before it can be made acceptable to the country it will require a good deal of patching, some pruning, and a frank submission in all its parts to the court of public opinion.

### Properly Rebuked.

The President quite deserved the slap-in-the-face deftly given him by the governor of Utah in connection with the Hillstrom case. There was no more reason why Mr. Wilson should have interested himself in this particular instance than in any one of the many other murder cases the country over. The obvious fact is that it was "good politics" for the President to throw a sop to organized labor as represented by his friend and adviser, Mr. Gompers. It was of a piece with the calculation which led the President two years ago to revive the measure exempting organized labor from certain operations of law, previously vetoed by President Taft. Likewise it was of a piece with the President's support of Secretary Wilson's extravagant—if not treasonable—outgivings and of the tacit administrative approval given the report of the so-called Industrial Commission. It is one of many circumstances which exhibit the political bond between President Wilson and the masters of organized labor.

There was no reasonable doubt as to Hillstrom's guilt. It had been determined by judge and jury. The conviction had been confirmed by the Board of Pardons of Utah and by Governor Spry himself acting independently. There had been long delay at the request of the President made in October last rather impudently "for the sake of humanity." Then came action in Hillstrom's behalf on the part of the American Federation of Labor, followed, upon the eve of the day appointed for execution, by a second request on the part of the President for delay. Governor Spry met the situation promptly and with spirit. Replying to Mr. Wilson's request he said:

Forty-six days after the granting of the respite and at the eleventh hour, you, as President, without stating any reasons therefor, again wired, urging a thorough reconsideration of the case because of its importance and the justice and advisability of such a course.

Your interference in the case may have elevated it to an undue importance and the receipt of thousands of threatening letters demanding the release of Hillstrom, regardless of his guilt or innocence, may attach a peculiar importance to it, but the case is important in Utah only as establishing after a fair and impartial trial the guilt of one of the perpetrators of one of the most atrocious murders ever committed in this state. \* \* \* As to your suggestion that justice requires

further consideration of the case, I earnestly submit that the imputation contained not only in your message to me, but also in your message to the president of the American Federation of Labor, that this convict has not had justice in the courts of this state is not justified. \* \* \* No fair-minded person acquainted with the record has any doubt of Hillstrom's guilt. \* \* \* I am fully convinced that your request must be based on a misconception of the facts or that there is some reason of an international nature that you have not disclosed. \* \* \* Mindful of the obligations of my oath of office to see that the laws are enforced, I can not and will not lend myself or my office to such interference.

This is plain talk, but not too plain. It emphasizes the point, as no doubt it was intended to do, that an American State is truly sovereign within the limits of its powers, and not subject to guardianship at the hands of the President of the United States. It is neither more nor less than a sharp rebuke to impertinence, none the less marked because emanating from the highest dignitary of the government.

This passage between President and Governor recalls an incident of twenty-five years or more ago in which the actors were President Cleveland and Governor Pennoyer of Oregon. At a time when anti-Chinese sentiment was high in the states of the Pacific Coast President Cleveland took it upon himself to address counsels of caution to several Coast governors, including Pennoyer. The assumption of overlordship involved in this suggestion did not strike Governor Pennoyer of Oregon pleasantly. His reply, addressed to the President at Washington, was: "You mind your business and I will mind mine." The rebuke was sharp and perhaps a bit vulgar. But it rang the bell; and it was distinctly salutary. Public opinion sustained the Governor, and from that time until now no President has ventured to interfere directly in matters definitely within the jurisdiction of state authority. President Wilson went too far in the Hillstrom matter. Governor Spry commands the respect of the country for a retort in very much better temper than that of Governor Pennoyer, but equally effective. It will be a long time before Mr. Wilson or any other President will assume to give directions to the Governor of a state in a matter clearly within state jurisdiction.

### The Issue of Human Life.

There came into the world last week at Chicago a child of such abnormal physical organization that nature, left to its own courses, quickly terminated its life. It was the opinion of certain doctors called into consultation that a simple operation of surgery might have kept the child alive, but under conditions of physical helplessness and of mental idiocy. The alternatives were put before the authorities of the family, including the mother, and it was determined to allow nature to take its course. Within a few hours the child died a natural death.

The incident, we fancy, is not a very unusual one. But ordinarily such matters are not exploited. Neither those most closely involved nor the physicians associated with such cases commonly court publicity. The immediate instance, we suspect, is exceptional only in the sense that the facts were reported promptly and without reservation. A sensational press has done the rest. And perhaps it has not done badly in emphasizing an issue which time out of mind has been under discussion among physicians and others who give thought to the more serious affairs of human life.

It hardly needs to be said that life under conditions of serious deformity or of idiocy, still less of both together, is a burden rather than a boon. No rational person could consent to be responsible for a career of ineffective suffering. In charity we relieve dumb brutes beyond any zest of living of the burden of life. But the spirit of mercy stays its hand in dealing with humankind. Not only do we withhold the boon of death, but we aggravate the sufferings of those dearest to us by prolonging artificial



the period of hopeless and agonized life. It has become a principle in the code of the physician to drag out human life by any and every possible means, even though it may be only to extend a period of futile agony. Thus do we pay tribute to the superstitious horror of death created for its own purposes by the medieval church and bred into us as a continuing inheritance of terror through successive generations.

There can be but one common-sense view of the Chicago incident. It was infinitely better that a child born to physical and mental deformity should pass out of life rather than live a mere animated nonentity incapable of any sensation save that of animal suffering. Nature, always prompt to correct her own mistakes, enforced the decree of death. But science has learned to thwart nature. As in the immediate instance it might have cherished deformity and imbecility, so in ten thousand others it preserves life against the decree of nature. Annually science saves tens of thousands who unaided by artificial devices would pass out. We applaud science for its achievements. Yet among the thoughtful it has long been a question if the race is not suffering in its vitalities and efficiencies because of these very achievements. Is it good for the race that the man rescued by science from disease or deformity, but still bearing in his system the effects of an exorcised distemper, shall become a parent? Nature says no. Nature would eliminate the weakling, leaving the perpetuation of the race to the hardier and more fit. Science thwarts nature by preserving the unfit along with the fit and passing on their infirmities in more or less modified form to future generations. Is the human race, regarded merely as a race, really better for the modern developments of sanitation, medication, surgery? There are those, among them many thoughtful men, who think not. Probably the physical and ultimately the mental energies of the race would stand upon a higher level if nature's hard rule which decrees elimination of the weak, the distempered, the maimed were permitted to control the destinies of individual life.

But no matter what philosophy may have to say, the fact remains that under our traditions, and subject to the conventions established among men, the child born in Chicago last week had definitely a right to life under the aids which science might have provided. It was a tremendous assumption on the part of the physicians and parents under which the death of this child was decreed. Let us consent that in the immediate instance it was better so. Still is it a safe rule to allow unauthorized and legally irresponsible persons to determine whether a human creature shall live or die? We undertake to say that the issue is too momentous to be submitted to irresponsible judgment and to individual caprice. If it is right, and we believe it is, that in certain conditions and emergencies the privilege of life should rest upon human judgment, then the development of such judgment ought to be reserved to constituted authority. It should not be sufficient for a doctor or two or three, without special authorization, even with the consent and approval of parents, to decree the death of any human creature. Instances of human selfishness and of human ruthlessness are so many as to give solemn warning of wrongs possible to occur under a system yielding to unauthorized persons the issue of life or death. If human society shall accept the rule, as we believe it ought, that physical and mental deformities shall be subjected to the rule of nature, then there should be established some sort of tribunal with authority to determine the issue. Cases like that of the child born at Chicago might easily be subjected to a conference of physicians so authorized as to leave no doubt of its competence or its discretion. Without such authoritative supervision chances of injustice are too great, especially when the conditions are favorable to secrecy. Helpless infancy even more than maturity is entitled to the conventional and legal safeguards which protect the right to live.

#### The Case of Burkitt.

In the business of governing this great and glorious republic it becomes necessary from time to time to make a goat of somebody. One of the times is at hand. And Mr. Daniel C. Roper, First Assistant Postmaster-General, and by no means a bad sort, is the immediate victim. It has happened all on account of one George Burkitt, for six years first assistant postmaster at Winnetka, Illinois. It appears that Mr. Burkitt, who is not a Democrat, was heard by the postmaster,

who is a Democrat, to say that President Wilson should have waited longer after the death of his wife before engaging himself to marry Mrs. Galt. It was a clear case of *lèse majesté*. Mr. Burkitt, albeit under the protection of the civil service rules, was dismissed for "disloyalty." The Postoffice Department at Washington, through the First Assistant Postmaster-General Roper as aforesaid, sustained the dismissal. Then the Chicago *Tribune*, a wicked newspaper which does not admire the President, printed the story, and in the chaste language common to interior Illinois "hell popped."

Now Mr. Burkitt, being a Republican, was not in good odor in the Winnetka postoffice. The postmaster wanted to "get shut" of him, as they say in Illinois, and the Postoffice Department at Washington was entirely willing. There are plenty of good Democrats waiting around for deputy postmasterships, and it was up to the Democratic postmaster of Winnetka to find an excuse to put Burkitt, officially speaking, out of the way. It was the business of Mr. Roper as First Assistant Postmaster-General to sustain the Winnetka postmaster and so to cooperate with him in abating a nuisance in the form of a Republican assistant postmaster in a place where a Democrat ought to be.

It may be pertinent here to point out that on two occasions since the incoming of the Democratic administration efforts have been made in Congress to take assistant postmasters from under civil service protection, and these attempts have failed only because the majority have lacked the nerve to put the necessary legislation through. Party workers at large are clamoring for these jobs. Several assistant postmasters against whom no charge could be pinned have been got rid of quietly and their places have been taken by Democrats. So when the postmaster at Winnetka fired Mr. Burkitt, Mr. Roper, finding another Republican out of the way, dealt with the matter in the ordinary course of business. He did not refer the matter to the Postmaster-General nor to the White House. Why should he? What was he there for? Why bother the higher-ups with the details of unpleasing but necessary party business? How was Mr. Roper to know that the Chicago *Tribune* was to bawl out the story and that the President was to have his feelings hurt? Other Republicans have been fired and their places given to Democrats for reasons less notable than this. Mr. Roper had nothing to guide him but past performances. He knew that this is a ruthless administration, but that the President must not be bothered with knowledge of the petty details by which results are accomplished. It was just another case of a man who seen his duty and done it.

But to come back to Mr. Burkitt: After Mr. Roper had issued a formal statement to the effect that Burkitt had been dismissed for violating certain rules and regulations; that his service had been inefficient and unsatisfactory; that he was too much interested in outside affairs; that for all these and other aggravating circumstances he was unworthy to be carried on the rolls—after this full and explicit statement—came the Chicago *Tribune* with its exposition of the true facts. Mr. Tumulty, he of the fascinating Irish gray eyes, at once saw the mischief in the business, and without consideration for Mr. Roper's feelings, gave out a statement to the effect that nothing during his administration had so embarrassed the President as this story. Reading Mr. Tumulty's statement one might easily get the impression that Vera Cruz, the failure of his *Lusitania* note, and various other little things apparently had given the President no real uneasiness of mind. Mr. Tumulty said that Mr. Burkitt was to be restored to his job, "if" no other charges stood against him. A little later Mr. Tumulty, after consultation with the President, gave out a further statement to the effect that Burkitt was to be restored without any ifs or ands or howevers about it. Then Mr. Tumulty, in his deft way, permitted the newspaper reporters who hang around the White House offices to say some unpleasant things about Mr. Roper, such as that he is and has always been a natural-born clump, with a habit of going off at half-cock, making a fool of himself, etc. In other words, Mr. Roper who did only what was expected of him under ordinary circumstances, who took the natural course in the matter of firing a Republican to make room for a Democrat, was made the goat.

In the meantime there are a good many people elsewhere than Winnetka, Illinois, who think that as a

matter of taste Mr. Burkitt had the situation dead to rights.

#### Washington Topics.

Aforetime it has been the habit of cabinet officials and bureau chiefs to make up and give out their annual reports prior to the December meeting of Congress. The idea has been to get before Congress and the country detailed statements of facts concerning governmental affairs. Frequently presidential policy as developed in the Annual Message to Congress has not sustained the views and suggestions of subordinate officials. But the latter have had to take this chance. Coming out in November, before the session of Congress, the minor official reports, if we may so style them, have had a fair chance for publicity. They have been sent broadcast throughout the country, and coming at a time when nothing actively is doing at Washington, they have had a good deal of attention from persons seriously interested in governmental affairs. But now President Wilson has let it be understood that he wishes all departmental and bureau reports to be held back until after the delivery of the Annual Message to Congress. He wants to have the first whack at Congress and at the country, and presumably he wants nobody to give out reports or statements of views in any way contradictory of his own. In brief, the President regards himself as the mouthpiece of organized government and wants nothing said or done to minimize the emphasis of his outgivings. It hardly needs to be said that this instruction has taken the heart out of several departmental functionaries who have conceived themselves as having a really important part in the affairs of government.

Official Washington has been a good deal amused at the manner in which Colonel Robert M. Thompson of the Navy League has made Mr. Bryan back down in respect of certain statements critical of the League. Bryan has repeatedly intimated in public addresses and interviews that the League is supported by the "war trust," otherwise the munitions makers, whom he has rather felicitously dubbed "preparers of preparedness." But not until he spoke at Philadelphia some two weeks ago did Mr. Bryan make the statement openly. Then Thompson went after him and demanded retraction on pain of suit for libel. Mr. Bryan took the old course, denying that he had said anything of the sort, and the League has accepted his disclaimer and lets it go at that. However, six Philadelphia newspapers, each obtaining its draft of Bryan's speech through its own reporter, reported his declaration in identical phrases. Either six reporters working independently of each other are mistaken or Mr. Bryan is mistaken.

It is the common belief at Washington that the demand by Mr. Justice Hughes for withdrawal of the petition filed by Nebraska Republicans, placing his name on the primary ballot as a candidate for the Republican nomination for the presidency of the United States, was inspired by his wife. It is understood that Mrs. Hughes definitely and positively objects to her husband becoming a candidate for the presidency. She is, it appears, a very practical woman with no delusions respecting official or other dignities. She has observed that a man elected to the presidency is practically lost to his family. She has observed further that a presidential career is an enormous consumer of vitality and that it tends to cut short a man's period of life. Valuing the real things of life as distinct from artificial dignities, Mrs. Hughes objects to any course on her husband's part calculated to interfere with normal and wholesome interests.

A tentative announcement is out that there will be no New Year's reception at the White House. On Mr. Wilson's first New Year's Day in the White House there was no reception because the family was at Pass Christian. Last year there was no reception because of the recent death of Mrs. Wilson. This year there is to be none because New Year's falls within the honeymoon period. The truth is that Mr. Wilson abominates crowds and makes use of any pretext to avoid them.

Mr. Wilson is seeing more visitors by appointment than formerly. But still he remains in greater seclusion than any President in recent years. Not yet this season has there been a cabinet meeting; nor yet



a meeting with newspaper correspondents. All Washington is wondering if the President will go to the December dinner of the Gridiron Club. When invited he said that he would try to go, which of course means nothing at all. President Harrison, who was presumed to be an icicle, was the first President to attend a Gridiron dinner, where he had probably the best time of his life. He got into the spirit of the thing at once. He handed back all the witticisms with interest, took some shots of his own at the crowd, and made a tremendous hit. Cleveland in his second term was afraid his dignity would be jarred and never would attend. McKinley and Roosevelt were regular attendants during their terms. Roosevelt got a lot of good out of the dinners. Knowing that he could talk freely without being quoted, he used to try out some of his new "policies" in his speeches before the Gridiron Club. If they went well he would announce them formally in course of time; if they went wrong he would forget them. Once he got into a red-hot debate at a Gridiron dinner with Senator Foraker, and the two nearly made it a physical encounter. It was over Roosevelt's treatment of the negro soldiers at Brownsville. The town hummed with gossip about this incident, but little or nothing of it got into the newspapers. Taft was a regular diner at the Gridiron dinners and always carried himself well.

It is a fiction that at Gridiron dinners the members heckle the President and other speakers. Years ago they did heckle some speakers—never the President—but now nothing of that sort happens. Satirical vaudeville stunts, performed by the members, are put on, often directly critical of executive policies, but nothing is said directly to the President or any other guest. Descriptions of these stunts are given to the newspapers, but no word of the speeches is ever given out. And all speeches are delivered without interruption or heckling. Toward the close of the evening, after the stunts are over, it is expected that the President will make some fun at the expense of the members. It is his opportunity to "get back," and Harrison, McKinley, Roosevelt, and Taft left a brilliant record of getting back. Not so in the case of Mr. Wilson. He has attended but one Gridiron dinner, the first given after his inauguration. He made no attempt to meet the occasion in its own spirit, but instead he delivered a long speech of a serious nature, evidently prepared in advance, in which he said not a word about the stunts, much to the disappointment of the members. Since then he has declined all Gridiron occasions with one excuse or another.

#### Editorial Notes.

The suggestion which comes from a neighboring town to the effect that Mr. Lemare be retained by San Francisco to play the great Exposition organ, soon to be reinstalled in the Municipal Auditorium, is worth consideration. Under the policy which employs a "municipal band" it would surely be allowable to engage an organist for popular entertainment in the Auditorium. It would add mightily to the pleasure of music lovers and tend to promote knowledge of and taste for good music among the masses of the people.

A high governmental official under arrest for "speeding" is not an edifying spectacle. Administrators of the law above all men should respect the law. Secretary McAdoo is a chronic offender in petty ways. He has the habit of speeding a motor-car about Washington to the annoyance of the public under the license which local custom accords to executive officials. It's a cheap business and it is one of many things, large and small, which go to prove that Mr. McAdoo despite his official rank is a mighty cheap man.

#### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

##### A Suggestion.

LOS GATOS, CAL., November 21, 1915.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: Having just returned from a visit to the Exposition, where I greatly enjoyed the big organ in Festival Hall as played by Mr. Lemare, the thought occurs to me that it would be a fine thing if such concerts could continue. I have been told that Mr. Lemare would like to remain on this Coast, especially in San Francisco. How fine it would be if he could be engaged to play upon this organ when it is installed in the Civic Auditorium. A series of four concerts a week—says Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays—at the same nominal charge of ten cents would go a long way toward defraying expenses; even toward Mr. Lemare's salary. If he is free to stay here, it would seem to be a golden opportunity for the music-loving city. Mr. Lemare is one of the best organists in the world, as well as a famous

composer. Is there not some way in which it can be arranged to keep him here?

Noon-day concerts on Tuesday and Thursday: at 1 o'clock on Saturday, our short business day, and at 2:30 or 3 on Sundays would give a grand schedule of musical numbers from which people could choose.

G. T. S.

#### THE THEATRE OF WAR.

Events in Greece seemed to show that Dr. E. J. Dillon had facts upon his side when he said long ago that Germany had made a federation of kings in the Balkans and that these kings were pledged either to help Germany or to do nothing to hurt her. Dr. Dillon's Cassandra warnings to Great Britain have been in the air for nearly a year, but as is usually the case with the prophets of evil no one took any notice of them. Dr. Dillon said that the Balkan governments were wholly selfish—it is strange what a horror we have of selfishness—and that they would be guided by nothing except their immediate interests. Treaties, he said, meant nothing to them except as convenient disguises, a very obvious truism that may be recommended to the prayerful attention of Mr. Bryan and others of the same ilk who suppose that the international kingdom of heaven is to be won by signing pieces of paper. Diplomacy, and especially courteous diplomacy, was wasted upon the Balkans, said Dr. Dillon, since they understand nothing except force. They should be treated like brigands who will keep their pledges only at the point of a bayonet. Begin your negotiations, said Dr. Dillon, with a threat and let it be followed quickly with a blow. Germany understood this quite well, and hence her successes. Her armies were on the spot to see to it that her dear friends kept their promises. The Allies also had received promises, but their armies were elsewhere. Dr. Dillon has been saying this kind of thing for a long time, as witness his writings in British magazines, but no one took any particular notice until events showed him to be in the right.

We need not now have any doubt that the King of Greece is pro-German and that he will do everything that he dares to do to help his brother-in-law, the German Emperor. Neither need we have any doubt that the King of Roumania, who is a Hohenzollern, has the same sympathies, and that he, too, will do all that he dares to do in order to aid his kinsman. But how far will their daring take them?

To predict what will happen in the Balkans is to court confusion. Their whole history is a long story of treachery, rapine, and massacre. With a fatal penchant for living in each other's back yards every situation is complicated by the expatriots. Slav, German, Latin, Asiatic, live side by side, severed or united by racial ties, by national patriotism, or by religious observances. Sacred traditions and inherited instincts, perpetually at white heat, either combine with or nullify the political interests of the moment. Pan-Slavism demands the assuagement of national hates, and bitter memories keep those hates alive. Religion refuses to be relegated to the background, seeing that it places its distinctive stamp on garb and speech, on almost every act of daily life. Bulgarians and Turks bristle with hate at sight of each other. The Turk detests the German and fights for him, and he loves the Englishman and fights against him. And over all the Slav people of the south is the shadow of Russia promising them a Slav Empire that shall defy alike the Turk, the German, the Englishman, and the Frenchman. Small wonder that these national edifices should sway so uneasily upon their bases or that they should veer like weathercocks from point to point of the compass as successive waves of conflicting national thought assert themselves. Perhaps Dr. Dillon goes too far when he says that the Balkan States are controlled wholly by selfishness, at least by material selfishness. There is also a selfishness of sentiment, even of romance, and in these Balkan States it is sentiment and romance that play more than their wonted part elsewhere. Here in the West we can form hardly a conception of what national hates mean, nor can we conceive of what it means to hate a man or to despise him because his dress, his house, his habits of eating, proclaim a hostile faith.

As an example of the complications that prevail everywhere in the Balkans and of the mixed motives that must be sorted out and arranged, we may consider the case of Macedonia. Now Macedonia used to belong to Turkey. Released from Turkish rule it was divided between Greece and Serbia, and here we have the beginnings of Bulgarian indignation so far as Macedonia is concerned. Here we have the reason for the determined Bulgarian advance southward. For Bulgaria claims that Macedonia, or at least large parts of it, ought to belong to her, seeing that the majority of the Macedonians are actually Bulgarians. They are not pure Bulgarians. In fact many of them are Bulgarians in sentiment only, but that fact can hardly be considered to invalidate Bulgaria's claims in these democratic days. Macedonia was disposed of without regard to equity, just as every Balkan question has been disposed of. In 1905 there were 1,172,136 Bulgarians in Macedonia, 840,433 Turks, 190,047 Greeks, and 12,000 Albanians. Seven years later, after most of the Turks had emigrated, the Bulgarians formed over eighty-one per cent of the population. Moreover, there are some 250,000 Macedonians in Bulgaria, but in spite of this exodus there are still about 780,000 Bulgarians in Macedonia as against 270,000 Greeks and Serbs. No wonder that Bulgaria should assert a paramount claim over Macedonia or that she should resent a partition of the country that leaves her so much out in the cold. If Bulgaria today is fighting for Germany she is fighting still more for the redress of what she considers to be a burning injustice. It is a supreme feature in the policy of Stambuloff to foster the Bulgarian feeling in Macedonia and so to prepare the way for what seems now to be hap-

pening—a Bulgarian descent into Macedonia and a welcome from the Macedonian people, who consider themselves to be Bulgarians and who wish to live under a Bulgarian government.

Now Greece is in a peculiarly difficult position, and it is not easy to say whether she would give or receive the harder blows in the event of war. The Allied armies are on her northern frontier, that is to say they have the Greeks to their south and east and the Bulgarians and Germans to their north. If operations depended entirely upon the armies their position in case of Greek hostility would be a dangerous one. But operations against Greece would not depend entirely or even mainly on the armies. Greece has an immense coast line and she has hundreds of islands. The Allies have unlimited warships. They could lay the whole Greek coast in ruins and they could bombard Athens itself. Greece has practically no navy at all. Except for German submarines she would be utterly helpless. The Allies could take Salonika and Kavala without the slightest difficulty, and they might even shelter their armies under the guns of their ships. Even if Constantine were certain of German success he would still risk the practical ruin of his country, which would be blockaded as well as bombarded, and perhaps both operations would be equally fatal. Nor must we forget the grave risk of revolution. No one denies that the Greek people under the guidance of Venezelos are pro-Ally, and if the people are pro-Ally it is not likely that the army is pro-German. Revolutions are not easy nowadays in the presence of an army willing to suppress them, and we may suppose that the loyalty of the army is one of the largest questions in the mind of the king. The Greek people are supposed to have a constitutional government and England and France are guarantors of that constitution. It will be noticed that Venezelos has refused to participate in the coming elections on the ground that no matter what sort of a parliament is elected the king will override it in his determination to do what he can for Germany. Now we may be sure that Venezelos is not sulking in his tent. He is probably consolidating his friends, and they are nation wide. A revolution in Greece is among the probabilities if Constantine should persist in his present policies.

The case of Roumania is almost on all fours with that of Greece. The king is pro-German and the people are pro-Ally. But Roumania is in an even more awkward position than Greece. She has Russia immediately to her north and east and she is very much afraid of Russia, and so is Bulgaria. Indeed it is said that the Bulgarians do not know that they are fighting against Russia and the newspapers have been forbidden to say so. Now Roumania asks very reasonably that she shall be amply protected if she draws her sword for Russia. She is willing to allow a large Russian army to cross her territory, but not a small one. She does not wish to be a battle ground, but she would like to be on the side of the winner, but she must be quite sure that the Russian army is big enough to be a winner. We are still entirely in the dark as to what Russia intends to do in the Balkans. There are stories of Russian transports in the Black Sea, but we do not know how many, or indeed if they are there at all. But we may be quite sure that Russia wishes to get them there and will be deterred only by necessity. The Bulgarian coast must be a great temptation to attack, and moreover, a Russian army would be within reach of Adrianople, and the international railroad from Belgrade to Constantinople runs through Adrianople and might be cut there or in that vicinity.

Events in the Balkans are of such dramatic interest that we are likely to overlook operations in other parts of the vast field. The Germans, being successful in the Balkans, are naturally willing that this shall be the focus of attention. The Allies, being unsuccessful there, are equally anxious to show that the really vital points are elsewhere, and that the Balkan struggle is, in a certain sense, a side issue. And it may be said that in this respect the German military experts are for once in agreement with their French and British rivals. With one accord all the experts are united in warning us that the Balkan campaign is important, not so much on its own account, but for its bearing on the mighty battle lines in the east and west.

Now it is obvious that both Russians and French would be quick to take advantage of any weakness in the lines opposing them. There seems to have been no such weakness in the western lines, since the only activity there has been in the way of heavy cannonading. It is evident that the troops for the Balkan campaign have been withdrawn from Russia, since we find a sudden Russian offensive that unerringly tells its own tale. On November 12th we find a bulletin in the *Frankfurt Gazette* which says: "The Russians have begun a general offensive between Riga and Mitau. They have gained a footing in the forest line of German trenches." Two days later we find a communication from General Ruzsky to the *Petrograd Bourse Gazette* which fully bears out the bulletin in the German newspaper. General Ruzsky is in command in the Riga district and is famous as savant as well as soldier. He says: "At Dvinsk we are delivering tremendous blows by our transition to the aggressive. The Germans now surrender readily in whole companies and battalions. This, in my opinion, is an ominous sign. Their men, worn out by privations and the cold, show no trace of their former self-confidence. These are facts, not illusions. The Balkans are a secondary theatre of war. It is not there that the fate of nations will be decided. Even if Germany should operate successfully in the Balkans she will merely make things temporarily easy for herself." On the same day comes an International Service bulletin from South Russia which says: "G. . .



Ivanoff reports that as a result of numerous engagements he has taken in five weeks 130,000 prisoners. In the last of the attacks, at Rudka, he took 6000." It is now evident that the attack on Riga and Dvinsk has failed and that in this neighborhood there is something like a general German retirement. The Russians are now almost within reach of the Tukum-Mita Railroad, which is vital to the German line of communications. The successful defense of Dvinsk is probably due to the fact that the forts are of sand instead of masonry. The Russians pushed out their works in a great half-circle ten miles from the bridgehead and the heavy German shells wasted themselves on the sand redoubts. The Russian successes both north and south are of a striking kind, although they have been overshadowed by events in the Balkans. And the Russians can, of course, afford to wait. Every day's delay brings their reinforcements nearer and increases their supply of munitions. They are also well aware that Germany will need more men, and not fewer, in the Balkans and that to a great extent they must be drawn from the Russian lines. It would be well to watch the bulletins from Russia, because they are almost certain to mark a steady advance. And it is also well to mark the place on the map to which these bulletins relate. It sometimes happens that "the enemy" is reported as being repulsed, whereas the fact that the enemy was there at all is evidence of his antecedent advance.

Copies of the suppressed *Vorwaerts* have now reached America, and the Springfield *Republican* gives us a translation of the passage that was presumably the cause of the suppression. After ironically denying that Prince von Buelow was on a peace mission in Switzerland and that Solf was in Holland for the same purpose, the *Vorwaerts* says: "The others, they tell us, must sue for peace, for we are the victors; but unfortunately the others don't consider themselves vanquished, and no result is reached. The war continues indefinitely because both parties fear to place limits to their demands and speak them out for fear that the announcement of the object for which they are fighting will be interpreted as a sign of weakness. It may go so far that this war will end with the complete exhaustion of all parties, because no one cared to say under what specific conditions it was prepared to end it. If this is to be prevented, then all the governments must at least leave the realm of rhetorical generalities, and confess their concrete programmes, and if, confused by the changing fortunes of war, they are not able any longer to picture to themselves clearly the objects of war, let them open up the floodgates of public discussion. Then we shall soon have clarity and, as we hope, peace." The German newspaper has probably hit the nail on the head. What is needed is a statement of aims and conditions, and we shall probably get it if Germany should be able to point to some striking success, such as the relief of Constantinople.

Perhaps the most interesting part of the suppressed *Vorwaerts* is the comparison of the cost of living before and during the war. In August, 1914, what we may call the irreducible minimum for the average German household was 26.44 marks. In June, 1915, it was 37.36 marks, and this, it may be thought, is not a very formidable increase under such circumstances. But the increase in price, says the *Vorwaerts*, has been accompanied with a decrease in quality, and this is stated as follows, according to a translation in the *Outlook*: "Meat less and poor; breadstuffs, including cheese, not to be enjoyed; about half the normal quantity of butter and eggs used; vegetables of the poorest sort in use; sugar much reduced; cocoa, tea, and marmalade have almost disappeared from the table, even fresh fruit, so necessary for the nourishment of children; potatoes and war bread have become the principal means of nourishment. The result is general under-nourishment. . . . This means not only bad nourishment, but hunger, permanent hunger." It must, of course, be remembered that the *Vorwaerts* has a Socialist ax of its own to grind, and we may therefore apply such discount as discretion may suggest.

SIDNEY CORN.

Known to ranchmen as chinnery, the dwarf oak of the Southwest presents a curious instance of the devious and inscrutable ways of Nature. There the lilliputian of the great oak family covers a great area in the plains of Texas bordering on New Mexico. The trees, it is said, rarely attain a height of twenty inches, and are replicas of their giant brothers in other parts of the country. The acorns which they bear are as large as those of the common burr oak, and present a grotesque appearance hanging from the little limbs of the low-growing shrub or tree. The annual crop of mast is used for fattening hogs. When the acorns are ripe many wild animals and birds flock into the miniature forest to feast on the nuts.

The light-colored Virginia and Turkish tobaccos, from which most cigarettes are made, are much higher in percentage of nicotine, or the narcotic element than that of Havana or Havana seed tobaccos from which cigars are made.

During the year the 658 producing mines in California yielded a total production of gold, silver, copper, lead, and zinc valued at \$25,710,645, and the production of 105 producing mines of Oregon reached a total value of \$1,676,153.

Minnesota, with a production of over \$30,000,000 in creamery butter and more than a million dairy cows, is the leading dairy state of the Union.

## SIR GUIDO, THE CRUSADER.

A Quaint Tale of the Wonderful Days of Long Ago.

Centuries have gone by since the court of the King of England was adorned by two valorous knights named Guido and Tyrius. Many a hard battle had they fought side by side against the enemies of the king, for the sake of the smiles of the fair ladies to whom they had dedicated themselves. After several years of brilliant deeds, of daring and numerous perils, Sir Guido married the lady of his devotions. Happy were the early days of his marriage, for the knight and the lady loved each other greatly. One night Sir Guido saw a vision, as it were an angel of God talking with him, and he was afraid.

Then said the angel, "Why weepest thou, Sir Guido? Arise, put on thy arms, and fight for the holy cross." "Verily, Lord," replied Sir Guido, "much and often have I fought."

"Yes," replied the angel, "much, often, and valiantly hast thou fought for the love of woman; now fight for the love of God, the glory of the holy cross. Contend against God's enemies, as thou hast against those of men."

With these words the vision faded away, and Sir Guido knew that he was called upon to battle in the Holy Land against the infidels. Then he turned to his wife and said:

"Felicia, we must part, but for a time. I am called to the Holy Land, to fight under the banner of the cross."

"Alas! alas! my lord," replied Felicia, clasping her husband in her arms, and weeping hot tears upon his neck; "alas, and wilt thou leave me? Death were to be preferred; then welcome death."

As she spoke she snatched up a dagger that lay beside her, and would have killed herself had not Sir Guido wrenched it from her grasp.

"Felicia," said the knight, "be comforted. I am vowed to go to the Holy Land; bear with it my love: it is but for a time. Be comforted."

"God's will be done," murmured the lady. "Take this ring, and as often as you look upon it, in happiness or in misery, in joy or in woe, think of Felicia."

Sir Guido gathered together his vassals, and his friend, Sir Tyrius, added his to those of Sir Guido, and thus combined, they marched for the Holy Land, and journeyed by land and not by sea, until they came to the borders of Dacia, a Christian country overrun by the infidels.

"Brother," said Sir Guido, "go thou to the King of the country, and with thy good sword rescue his kingdom from the power of the Saracen. I will proceed to the Holy Land, and when the foes of God are vanquished will rejoin you here, and so together we will return to England."

"Even as you wish," said Sir Tyrius. "I will await your return here."

Thus did the friends separate. Sir Guido reached the Holy Land, and fought valiantly against the Saracens. Many and dire were his conflicts with the infidels, but in all of them he bore aloft the cross, and in his hands it never bowed before the crescent. Every one spoke of his deeds of arms, of his charity, and of his kindness; the minstrels made songs of his exploits, and spread his fame over the whole Christian world. Sir Tyrius, too, was successful in Dacia. By his aid the king regained his throne, and the infidels were driven from the kingdom. Rewards and thanks followed his successes; the king regarded him as the preserver of his throne, and considered no rewards too great or too good for the Christian warrior. The rewards of the good are ever sources of envy to the wicked. So was it at the court of the Dacian king. The prosperity of Sir Tyrius was gall and wormwood to a knight of Dacia, Sir Plebeus, who, until the coming of this stranger, had been looked upon as the greatest warrior of the Dacian people. To envy succeeded hatred, to hatred falsehood. Treason, he insinuated, was in the mind of Tyrius; he aspired to the crown which he had recovered from the infidel.

Alas! how easily do we credit falsehood, how readily do we believe that every one is as wicked as ourselves. The king believed the words of Plebeus. He called his preserver before him, charged him with treason, and upbraided him with ingratitude.

"Go," said he, "leave my court. I have honored thee much; I would have honored thee yet more. Now I give thee thy life in return for the valiant blows you struck for me. Go in peace, but in poverty."

"Miserable creature that I am," murmured Sir Tyrius; "whither shall I flee in this my abject poverty?"

Sadly and slowly he wandered on, his eyes cast down, his hands crossed upon his breast. At last he sat down by the wayside.

"Friend," said a tall pilgrim, whose careworn look showed how long he had been journeying, "friend, whence comest thou?"

"Father," replied Tyrius, "I am of Rome; years have I lived in this land, and now I seek another home. Years have passed since my companion parted with me but a few miles from here. He sought the Holy Land, and whether he be dead or alive, I know not."

"Friend," replied the pilgrim, "I am wearied; suffer

me, by the memory of your friend I pray you, suffer me to repose my head on your knees, that I may sleep awhile."

Tyrius pitied the poor pilgrim, and acceded to his request. The pilgrim's cloak was drawn over his face, so that he could distinguish but a portion of his features.

As the pilgrim slept, of a sudden, a weasel, small and white, leapt, from out of his mouth and ran to a neighboring hillside, where it entered a small hole; after a time the creature returned, and appeared to enter into the mouth of the sleeping man. At that moment the pilgrim awoke.

"Friend," said he to Tyrius, "I have dreamed a strange dream. Methought a weasel, small, and white as snow, ran from out my mouth to a hole in yonder hill, and thence returning, reentered my mouth."

"Father," replied Tyrius, "it was no dream; so did it appear to me also, as I sat and watched you. What the weasel did in yonder hill I can not conjecture."

"Come, let us arise and look, peradventure we may find some good treasure."

"Even as I thought," continued the pilgrim, when they entered the hole in the hillside that led to a large cave. "See, a dragon dead, and filled with gold. The treasure he was thus guarding is our own; ay, too, a sword. What do we read on its bright blade: 'By me shall Guido overcome the enemies of Tyrius.'"

"Alas, Guido," said Tyrius, "where art thou, O my friend?"

"Come," said the pilgrim, "we will divide the treasures: to you the pile of gold and jewels; to me this sword."

"To thee the sword of Guido!" exclaimed Tyrius; "nay."

"To me the sword of Guido," said the pilgrim, interrupting the knight in his words, and gradually raising the cowl of his dress from off his face. "Yes, to me, Tyrius."

"Guido, my friend, my brother!" cried the knight, as he looked on the pilgrim's features. "And have we met, my brother! It is enough, O my brother! and the tears came in the eyes of both."

"Courage, courage, Tyrius. Weep not, for I will do battle with your enemy; with this sword will I beat down thy foes. Do you go to your own home and leave me to deal with your traducers."

The friends embraced and parted. Tyrius went to his home with his treasure, and Guido repaired to the Dacian king's palace.

"Who art thou, and from whence?" asked the porter, as Sir Guido knocked at the king's gate.

"A humble pilgrim from the holy sepulchre."

"Enter, father. I crave thy blessing," said the porter, as he knelt before Sir Guido.

"Thou hast it, my son. Peace be on thee and this house. I seek the king."

The king sat at meat, and all his nobles were round him.

"Is the Holy Land at peace?" inquired the king, as the pilgrim entered.

"At peace, my lord; the holy sepulchre is delivered from the infidel."

"Ho, give place. Sit, father; bring wine and bread. Father, hast thou heard of a Christian knight named Guido?"

"Both heard and seen him, my lord; we have eaten of the same bread and shared the same couch."

"What say they of the Christian kings?"

"They say the Dacian king has regained his kingdom and crown by the aid of a brave knight of Rome, whom he promoted to great honor and riches."

"They say true, Sir Pilgrim," said the king, on whose brow an angry spot began to show.

"They further say that thou, O king, hast driven away this good and brave knight, seduced by the malice of one Plebeus, who has poisoned your royal ear with his falsehoods."

"False Pilgrim," cried Plebeus, who stood by the king's chair, "False Pilgrim, thou utterest lies that thou darest not to defend with thy life. That Tyrius was a traitor; he would have dethroned our king."

"Sir Knight," replied Guido, "I have both spoken the truth and dare prove it. If thou art Sir Plebeus and sayest Tyrius was a traitor, go to, thou art a liar, and by the king's leave, I will prove thy falsehood on thy body."

"It is well," said the king. "Let the wager of battle decide the truth, and God defend the right."

"Give me, my lord, such arms as be necessary for the field, and the ordeal of battle shall prove the truth. Save this sword, I have no armor."

"Be it so, as you desire; tomorrow, at noon, we will see this combat. Daughter, to thy care I commit this pilgrim knight. See that he be forthcoming by tomorrow's noon."

It was a bright day when the lists were prepared for the contest. Before the hour appointed drew nigh, all the population of the royal city poured toward the scene of the approaching combat. Some trusted to the known prowess of the Dacian knight; others sided with the pilgrim—speculated upon who he was, and wished him success for the sake of Tyrius.

"Haste thee, haste thee, Sir Pilgrim Knight," said the king's daughter; "thy adversary even now stands in the lists and exclaims, 'False Pilgrim! why tarriest thou?'"

Sir Guido hastened to put on his armor and gird his



sword about him. At noon the king entered the lists, the combatants took oath to the justice of their quarrel, and prepared to engage. Long and arduous was the battle. Guido pressed upon his adversary so fiercely that he thirsted almost to death.

"Good Pilgrim," he said, "if thou wilt courteously permit me to quench my thirst this once, I will do the like to thee, shouldst thou require it of me."

"I consent," replied Guido.

His thirst thus quenched, Plebeus renewed the combat with redoubled animation. At length Guido also thirsted and claimed of his adversary his promise.

"Go to, fool! you shall taste no water but by the strong hand," replied the Dacian.

"By the strong hand, then," rejoined Guido; "be it so."

With these words he made towards the water, guarding himself with his shield. As soon as he gained the edge of the pond he jumped in, drank freely of the water, and rushed out, refreshed and reinvigorated, against his treacherous foe. His prowess and his courage alike deserted the Dacian, and he turned and fled.

At that moment the king threw down his sceptre, and the combat closed for that day.

The king's daughter led the knight to his chamber, bound up his wounds, tended him softly, prepared his evening meal, and smoothed his bed with her own hands. A deep sleep soon came over Sir Guido, for he was wearied with the exertions of the combat.

"My sons," said Plebeus to the seven stout warriors that called him father, "my sons, if tomorrow's sun sees yonder pilgrim in the lists, I die. Never yet did I meet so stout an opponent."

"Fear not, sir," replied they all; "we will take care of the pilgrim."

Sir Guido slept heavily. At midnight his chamber door was carefully opened, and the sons of Plebeus crept into the room.

"He sleeps soundly," whispered the eldest; "how shall we dispose of him? If we slay him here as he sleeps, what are we but dead men on the morrow?"

"Does not the sea flow beneath the window?" asked one of the sons.

"Yes, but if we touch him he will wake."

"Nay, let us take him, bed and all, and throw him into the sea." Sir Guido slept on, and knew not what was plotting against him.

It was midnight, and the moon shone brightly on the sea. A fisherman beneath the wall of the king's palace was casting his nets, when a sudden splash in the water arrested his attention. "Halloa!" said he to himself, "what villainy is this? A bed floating on the sea, and a man on it. Ho, friend! ho, I say! awake, or be drowned!"

"Where am I?" exclaimed Sir Guido, as he awoke with the fisherman's clamor. "Help, friend, I am sinking. I am the pilgrim that fought yesterday in the lists. Thanks, thanks," he continued as he reached the fisherman's boat; "but how got I here?"

"I hardly know. Just now I heard a splash, looked around, and by the moon's light saw you and your bed floating on the water."

"Ah, well! the treachery has failed, good friend. Tomorrow will confound the traitors."

Tomorrow came in fair and bright. Again the people hastened to the lists, eager to see the issue of this wondrous combat. The king was seated, the lists were ready, and the heralds sounded. Then stepped forth Sir Plebeus with his visor up, and a fair and smiling countenance.

"My lord the king," said the Dacian champion, as he bowed before the king's throne, "I demand the combat with the Pilgrim."

"It is well, Sir Plebeus. Ho, herald! go to my daughter and demand of her the Pilgrim Knight."

"The princess is even now coming to the royal presence," replied the herald, as the crowd formed a lane, through which the king's daughter was seen approaching her father's throne with a meek and sorrowful aspect.

"My child," said the Dacian king, "where is the Pilgrim Knight, the champion of Sir Tyrius? We await his coming forth."

"Father, and dear lord," replied the maiden, "I know not whither he is gone; but last night I left him in deep sleep in his chamber, and now neither he nor his bed whereon he slept are to be found."

"Cowardly boaster," exclaimed Sir Plebeus, "dares he not meet me in the list? The coward has fled."

"That is not so, my lord," exclaimed a poor man in the crowd; "he has not fled."

"Ah, how sayest thou?"

"Even now he sleeps at my hut. Last night I found him floating on his bed beneath the palace wall. I took him into my boat, and he is safe."

"Thou hast done well. Summon him to the list. Sir Plebeus, you shall not be disappointed of your combat. See, even now your adversary comes. Now, marshals, arm the stranger."

"Nay, my good lord," said the Dacian knight, "press not on the pilgrim. I pray you, my lord, give him time to recruit his strength."

"Not for a minute, Sir Knight," exclaimed the pilgrim, as he entered the lists and hastened to don his armor; "not for a minute. I have much to reckon with you; remember last night."

The combat was short; each knight struck twice

without fatal effect; the pilgrim's third blow ended the battle, and the Dacian rolled on the ground a headless corpse.

"Sir Pilgrim," said the king, as he knelt before the throne, "God has defended the right. Even now have I been told of the treachery of that senseless corpse, and of the villainy of his sons toward thee; they now are going to their reward—to death. Come, Sir Knight, for thy sake I restore Sir Tyrius, renew his honors, and add to them those which you so steadfastly refuse. One boon I ask, before you leave our court and our kingdom: disclose thy name. Let me and my people know to whom they owe the punishment of a traitor and the defense of their best friend, their former preserver."

"My lord," replied the pilgrim, "my name is not unknown to you. I am the knight of the Holy Land—the Guido of whom men speak."

Loud were the exclamations with which that famous name was hailed by the assembled Dacians, as their king fell on the pilgrim's neck and embraced him as a brother.

Seven years had passed since Guido left his castle and sailed for the Holy Land. Day by day did Felicia minister to the poor, and bestow alms on every applicant with this one request: that they would pray for the safety of her husband, Sir Guido, and that once more before her death she might rejoice in his presence. Felicia stood at her castle gate, and the inner court-yard was filled with her poor pensioners. One by one she accosted them, and bade her almoner give to each his accustomed alms. Her young son ran to his mother's side.

"Mother, dear mother," said the child, as he heard Felicia commend Sir Guido to the prayers of the poor men; "is it not my father for whom you ask these poor people to pray?"

"Yes, my child; seven years have passed since he left me. But a few months had we been married, before God summoned him to the Holy Land, and he took the cross and went against the infidel."

As she spoke to her son Felicia drew nigh to a tall pilgrim, who stood apart from the rest of the poor people. She gave him the alms, and asked of him his prayers for her husband's return. Low bowed the pilgrim his head, but not a word did he speak, as the lady passed onward. Her son followed after Felicia; as he passed the pilgrim he bowed himself forward and embraced the youth.

"God give thee grace," said he, with a trembling voice. "God give thee grace to do His will."

"Thanks, father, for thy blessing," said Felicia. "Can I do aught to reward thy good wishes?"

"Lady," said the pilgrim in a low, stifled voice, "I crave the small hermitage below the Eagle's Rock. There let me live and die."

"Ha!" exclaimed Felicia, "the Eagle's Rock! Art thou of this place, good father, that thou knowest the name so well?"

"I was of thy people once, fair lady; now I am God's poor servant."

"Be it as thou desirest. Go, father, and pray for this house and its long-lost master."

Those who could see the pilgrim's face saw the tears start in his eyes, as he accepted Felicia's gift and turned toward his lonely hermitage. Many years did he live there; many times did he come to the castle-yard, and his companion was Felicia's child, Sir Guido's son. Day after day did he talk to him of adventures of knights in the Holy Land, of those that had fallen fighting for the sepulchre, and those who had passed through the fiery ordeal of that expedition. At last death came upon him.

"Dear boy," said he to Sir Guido's son, "take this ring to thy mother, and bid her, if she would see me ere I die, come hither quickly."

"Mother, dear mother," said the youth, when he entered Felicia's chamber, "the good pilgrim is sorely ill; he sends you this ring, and bids you see him ere he die."

Felicia cast one look upon the ring. "Haste, haste, my child," she exclaimed, "it is my lord's, your father's ring! Come, come to the forest."

Quickly as she rushed to the hermitage, she found but the dead body of her husband.

"Woe, woe is me!" she exclaimed, casting herself on the cold corpse; woe, woe is me! Where are now my alms? My husband asked charity of me, and I knew him not. Thy father talked with thee, my child; he embraced thee, and thou knewest him not.

Oh, Guido, thou didst look upon thy wife, and didst not tremble; thou didst look upon thy child, and kissed him, and blessed him. Alas, alas! my husband!"

Although the Havana or Havana seed tobaccos are low in nicotine, they are high in oil. The settlement in a pipe stem, or the brown stain obtained from blowing tobacco smoke through the meshes of a handkerchief, is not nicotine, as commonly supposed; but is in reality tobacco oil, nicotine only being obtained in extract by an elaborate process of distillation and double distillation. The oil in cigar tobacco prevents the smoke being inhaled as it would cause a strangulation and painful irritation.

The last statistics show that there are 680,000 acres in the United States planted in peanuts.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Dr. Charles W. Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard University, has been awarded, by unanimous vote, the first gold medal of the American Academy of Arts and Letters "as a recognition of special distinction."

M. Skouloudis, the new Grecian premier so largely before the eye of the world of late, is regarded as an able diplomat known chiefly for the part he played in the London peace conference in 1913, after the Balkan war. He was minister of foreign affairs in the Rallis cabinet in 1897.

So far as is known at present the distinction of being the oldest subaltern in the British army belongs to Second Lieutenant J. T. Shaw of the Lancashire Fusiliers. He is now in his fifty-third year, and has thirty-four years of service to his credit. He joined the Highland Light Infantry in 1881, was present at Tel-el-Kebir, and then served on the Northwest frontier, remaining in India until 1900.

Lieutenant-General Sir Archibald James Murray, K. C. B., who has recently been promoted from his post as chief of the general staff of the expeditionary force in France, under Sir John French, to that of chief of the imperial general staff, began his fighting career in Zululand in 1888. Since then he has served through the South African war, where he was dangerously wounded, was mentioned several times in dispatches received both the king's and the queen's medal with several clasps, and the D. S. O. He is honorary colonel of the famous Royal Inniskillings.

Dr. William C. Farabee, head of the University of Pennsylvania's museum Amazon expedition, has sent out his first message from the wilderness in months. Many notable discoveries have been made. The Campo Geral country, heretofore practically unknown to civilization, is described by Dr. Farabee as a "worthless, semi-desert area, hilly and rough." Here the head-hunting Mundurucu Indians were found. Dr. Farabee studied their customs and language, compiling a vocabulary and writing down much of their folklore, which is expected to clear up the relationship of this tribe with the Tupi.

Samuel W. McCall, the newly-elected governor of Massachusetts, has long held public office, though salary has meant little to him, as he is a man of independent means. In his earlier years, however, conditions were quite different. He studied law, practiced his profession, and gave it up to go into newspaper work in Boston. Within a year he was engaged in politics, became a delegate to the Republican National Convention, and later was elected to the Massachusetts House. He served four years, being elected to Congress in 1893, remaining for twenty years, but resigned to make the campaign for the Senate, in which he met with defeat.

Vice-Admiral Camillo Corsi, successor to Admiral Viale as minister of the Italian navy, is a Roman by birth, fifty-five years of age. He carries to his high office a well-balanced experience, both in ministerial and staff work, and in responsible command during actual warfare. He was chief secretary to Admiral Mirabello when that capable officer was minister of the navy during a period of important naval reforms. Early in his career he spent many years in navigation in charge of a schoolship, and during the war with Turkey he had the supervision of the transportation of the Italian troops to Africa, and later was in command of one of the Italian naval squadrons which took possession of several islands in the Ægean.

Dr. Juichi Soyeda, former head of the Japan Industrial Bank, and one of the best-known abroad of Japan's public men, has been appointed president of the Imperial Railway board, in succession to Dr. Sengoku. Dr. Soyeda has had a varied career in thirty years of public life. He returned from Cambridge and Heidelberg universities in 1887 and after occupying minor departmental posts became vice-minister of finance in the short-lived Okuma cabinet of 1898. He was president of the newly-formed Bank of Formosa in 1899, which position he resigned to become president of the Japan Industrial Bank on the establishment of this institution in 1902. He resigned in 1913, and visited America, since when he has been active as writer and speaker.

Major-General William H. Carter, the last veteran of the Civil War on the active list of the army, has just passed into retirement at the age of sixty-five. He had been in command of the Hawaiian department. Henceforth he will live in Washington. General Carter's record is one of the most remarkable in the army. He was twelve years old only when he entered the Union army from Tennessee. He was made a mounted messenger under General Thomas, with the Army of the Cumberland, and saw more active service than many soldiers far his senior. At sixteen he entered West Point, and on graduation saw service in the Indian wars of the Southwest. There he won a medal of honor for saving the lives of several wounded men. He won rapid advancement for efficiency during the Spanish-American war. Much of the credit for the formation of the present General Staff system has been given General Carter.



## INHOSPITABLE ENGLAND.

"Piccadilly" Enumerates Some of the Difficulties That Confront the Traveler in England.

One is inclined to wonder how long it will take to give back to the Englishman the liberties that he enjoyed before the war. Liberties, it may be noticed, are easy to abolish and hard to reinstate. The principle of reinstatement is conceded readily enough, but there is always some good reason why it should not be applied at once.

The traveler accustomed to the England of two years ago will find that all the old personal freedoms have disappeared. Perhaps for the first time in his life he will learn what it means to be under the surveillance of the police. And even if there is no policeman he will be rash to assume that there is no surveillance. The surveillance never stops for a moment and every one lends a hand to the task. If you should land, say at Liverpool, with the ordinarily innocuous hand camera you will find yourself the object of the gravest and most obtrusive suspicions. It would be better to throw that camera overboard while the steamer is still in deep water. Merely to refrain from taking photographs will help you not at all. In some parts of the country it is a crime even to possess a camera or any photographic material whatever. But then why talk about landing at Liverpool with a camera? It can not be done. The customs officers will see to that.

Now there was a time when the British custom-house was a mere ornamental institution so far as passengers were concerned. Its representatives were uniformed grand dukes whose X-Ray vision made it unnecessary to open anything or even to loosen strap or buckle. But those halcyon days have passed. The traveler may easily find that he has suddenly become a criminal whose misdeeds are excusable, if at all, only by the fact that he is a misguided foreigner who knows no better. For how should he be aware that he must neither bring into the country nor take from it any letter or communication intended for another person? This is one of the questions that the customs officer will ask, and if the visitor has any consciousness of guilt in the matter it will be well to own up, for the incriminating missive will certainly be found. We have heard a good deal about the German secret service, but the British have a similar service of their own, and it is by no means inefficient. It has proved on more than one occasion that it is astonishingly well informed as to the nature of communications that have been brought to the country by travelers, and more than one surprised visitor has thought well to fetch forth from some obscure hiding-place a letter the existence of which he supposed was known only to himself, the writer, and Providence. But the troubles of the traveler do not end at the custom-house. Indeed they have only just begun. There are other inquisitive officials who want to inspect his passport and to compare his distinguished features with the photograph that it bears. They want to know where he was born, and why. They are curious as to the reasons that have brought him to England, how long he intends to honor the country by his presence, and where he proposes to go afterwards. When he reaches his hotel there will be another inquisition to the same effect and the police will show a flattering and continuous curiosity as to his itinerary.

As soon as he has fairly established himself in the country he will find that a new set of regulations encompass him around. Perhaps the most thorough way to learn the new laws is to break them. The process is apt to be a painful one, but it is effective. Lessons learned in this way are not soon forgotten. If he drives an automobile he will be tersely reminded that his lamps must be dulled. If he takes a flat or a house he had better be careful to draw his window-shades in the evening, so that no bright light is visible. If he neglects to do this a policeman will remind him. Burning a little rubbish in the back yard will bring some interested observers on the watch for illicit signals. If he should make a note in a pocket memorandum book or write a postcard in a public place there may be some one discourteous enough to insist on seeing what has been written, and with the unreasoning power of the British Empire to back him up. And of course a parcel that might be a camera or that might be a bomb may get its bearer into all kinds of trouble. Anything more mysterious than an umbrella had better be left at home.

The best advice that can be given to the sightseer is that he try to see nothing less conspicuous than the sky overhead unless he is quite sure that the government wishes him to see it. Whatever is at all obscure had better be passed by. And above all, let no questions be asked and no comments made. Perhaps it is not exactly against the law to ask to be informed as to the exact whereabouts of the British navy nor to express the opinion that the British army is not doing its fair share in France. But it is just as well not to do these things. The stranger should try to be inaudible and inconspicuous, but at the same time he should not seem to be trying too hard.

London has never been a particularly cheerful city, and it is positively lugubrious now, and especially after night. There is no illumination anywhere except so far as is absolutely necessary. No electric advertising

signs are allowed, there are no blazing shop-fronts, and only a few dim street-lamps are permitted. Naturally there are very few festivities, not only because people are not feeling particularly festive, but because the consumption of alcohol is rigorously restricted, and is likely to be still more discouraged. The evils of treating became a positive danger to the country, and we shall never know the number of soldiers on leave who were actually incapacitated through the generosity of false friends whose only conception of hospitality was a liquid one. Canon Green tells of a single soldier who found on his return to his home that 120 drinks had been placed to his credit, so to speak, with the local publican and who was continuously drunk for a week as a result and who would probably be drunk still but for the intervention of the authorities. At the present time all drinking is prohibited in London except for five hours a day and there are other restrictions in sight.

It would therefore be well for the sightseer to keep away from England for the present unless he wishes to lead the strenuous life. There are too many restrictions for either happiness or comfort.

LONDON, November 6, 1915.

PICCADILLY.

In 1883 lowlands in southern Louisiana near the bayous suitable for growing sugar cane, corn, and cotton could be purchased for \$3.50 an acre, and the prairie lands back from the bayous could be bought for \$1 an acre. With almost the first crop under irrigation, however, the values showed a marked rise and have continued to increase. In the first five years the value of the best rice lands rose to \$10 an acre, and soon after that it rose to \$30 and even \$50 an acre. The first people to plant rice in southern Louisiana, according to the United States Geological Survey, were the Acadians, who, after their expulsion from Nova Scotia by the English in 1755, settled in considerable numbers in Louisiana. Their cultivation of rice, almost primitive in its methods, was confined to the lowlands along the bayous, the prairies affording pasturage for the Acadians' herds of cattle. Few of the lowland areas admitted of satisfactory drainage, and they were too small for profitable cultivation. The crops frequently failed in years of deficient rainfall. Attempts were made to create additional water supplies by building levees across low sags or coulees at points higher than the cultivated areas, but generally either the rainfall proved deficient or the reservoirs were too small. Little advance was made over the Acadian methods until very recently. Experiments in unusually wet years had shown that the soils of the prairies were adapted to the growth of rice if sufficient water was at hand. This led to the trial of pumps as a means of raising water from the bayous to the rice fields. So successful was the test that pumps were at once installed at many points, and in a few years tens of thousands of acres of previously almost useless land, lying ten to seventy feet above the bayous, were put under cultivation. The first large pump was installed in 1894 on the Bayou Plaquemine, in Acadia Parish, near Crowley.

That the expenditures of the University of California for the last university year—the year ending June 30, 1915—were \$2,727,616.84 is shown by the annual report of the auditors which has just been rendered to the university. The year's income of the university was \$2,784,024.28. Sixty per cent of this, or \$1,685,387.71, came from the state. Of the expenditures, \$438,575.86 was for new buildings and improvements, including the purchase of a new site for the citrus experiment station and graduate school of tropical agriculture at Riverside, work on a new classroom and library building and a new dormitory building at the University Farm at Davis, and various improvements on the campus at Berkeley. The assets of the University of California are now approximately \$16,500,000, of which \$5,591,839.70 represents endowment funds, while \$10,618,048.15 includes the lands and buildings of the Berkeley campus, the libraries, museums, and scientific and other equipment; the Lick Observatory; the Affiliated Colleges, the San Francisco Institute of Art, and the Wilmerding Traöes School, all in San Francisco; the Scripps Institution for Biological Research, at La Jolla, near San Diego; the Kearney ranch, near Fresno; the Imperial Valley, Santa Monica, and Chico agricultural and forestry experiment stations; the laboratory of plant pathology at Whittier; the Los Angeles medical department; the University Farm at Davis, and all the other varied instruments of the work of higher and popular education, scientific research, and agricultural betterment which the University of California is carrying on throughout the state.

The warp and woof of the fabric of a German-made sack that is now being used to some extent to ship ores from Antofagasta are made of strips of paper doubled or twisted, in combination with a small quantity of some short vegetable fibre. It is stated that these paper sacks will stand hard usage and be available for several shipments before wearing out.

Mining of antimony has been resumed with success in Japan since the war began, although prior to that time the industry was neglected owing to the cheapness of imported sulphide of antimony from China.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## The First Thanksgiving Day.

[NOVEMBER, 1621.]

"And now," said the Governor, gazing aghast on the piled-up store  
Of the sheaves that dotted the clearings and covered the meadows o'er,  
" 'Tis meet that we render praises because of this yield of grain;  
'Tis meet that the Lord of the harvest he thanked for His sun and rain.  
"And therefore, I, William Bradford (by the grace of God today,  
And the franchise of this good people), Governor of Plymouth, say,  
Through virtue of vested power—ye shall gather with one accord,  
And hold, in the month of November, thanksgiving unto the Lord.  
"He hath granted us peace and plenty, and the quiet we've sought so long;  
He hath thwarted the wily savage, and kept him from wrack and wrong;  
And unto our feast the Sachem shall be hidden, that he may know  
We worship his own Great Spirit who maketh the harvests grow.  
"So shoulder your matchlocks, masters: there is hunting of all degrees;  
And fishermen, take your tackle, and scour for spoil of the seas;  
And maidens and dames of Plymouth, your delicate crafts employ  
To honor our first Thanksgiving, and make it a feast of joy!  
"We fail of the fruits and dainties—we fail of the old home cheer;  
Ah, these are the lightest losses, mayhap, that befall us here;  
But see, in our open clearings, how golden the melons lie:  
Enrich them with sweets and spices, and give us the pumpkin-pie!"  
So, bravely the preparations went on for the autumn feast:  
The deer and the bear were slaughtered; wild game from the greatest to least  
Was heaped in the colony cabins; hrown home-brew served for wine,  
And the plum and the grape of the forest, for orange and peach and pine.  
At length came the day appointed: the snow had begun to fall,  
But the clang from the meeting-house heltry rang merrily over all,  
And summoned the folk of Plymouth, who hastened with glad accord  
To listen to Elder Brewster as he fervently thanked the Lord.  
In his seat sate Governor Bradford; men, matrons, and maidens fair;  
Miles Standish and all his soldiers, with corselet and sword, were there;  
And sobbing and tears and gladness had each in its turn the sway,  
For the grave of the sweet Rose Standish o'ershadowed Thanksgiving Day.  
And when Massasoit, the Sachem, sate down with his hundred braves,  
And ate of the varied riches of gardens and woods and waves,  
And looked on the granaried harvest,—with a hlow on his brawny chest,  
He muttered, "The good Great Spirit loves His white children best!"  
—Margaret Junkin Preston.

## The Mayflower.

Down in the bleak December day  
The ghostly vessel stands away;  
Her spars and halyards white with ice,  
Under the dark December skies.  
A hundred souls, in company,  
Have left the vessel pensively,  
Have reached the frosty desert there,  
And touched it with the knees of prayer.  
And now the day begins to dip,  
The night begins to lower  
Over the bay, and over the ship  
Mayflower.  
Neither the desert nor the sea  
Imposes rites: their prayers are free:  
Danger and toil the wild imposes,  
And thorns must grow before the roses.  
And who are these?—and what distress  
The savage-acred wilderness  
On mother, maid, and child may bring,  
Beseems them for a fearful thing;  
For now the day begins to dip,  
The night begins to lower  
Over the bay, and over the ship  
Mayflower.  
But Carver leads (in heart and health  
A hero of the commonwealth)  
The axes that the camp requires,  
To build the lodge and heap the fires,  
And Standish from his warlike store  
Arrays his men along the shore.  
Distributes weapons resonant,  
And dons his harness militant;  
For now the day begins to dip,  
The night begins to lower  
Over the bay, and over the ship  
Mayflower;  
And Rose, his wife, unlocks a chest—  
She sees a Book, in vellum drest,  
She drops a tear and kisses the tome,  
Thinking of England and of home:  
Might they—the Pilgrims, there and then  
Ordained to do the work of men—  
Have seen, in visions of the air,  
While pillowed on the breast of prayer  
(When now the day began to dip,  
The night began to lower  
Over the bay, and over the ship  
Mayflower),  
The Canaan of their wilderness  
A boundless empire of success;  
And seen the years of future nights  
Jeweled with myriad household lights;  
And seen the honey fill the hive;  
And seen a thousand ships arrive;  
And heard the wheels of travel go;  
It would have cheered a thought of woe,  
When now the day began to dip,  
The night began to lower  
Over the bay, and over the ship  
Mayflower.  
—Walcott Ellsworth.



## RECOLLECTIONS OF A JOURNALIST.

"Spy" of "Vanity Fair" Recalls Some of the Experiences of Forty Years.

A fat volume of reminiscences and sketches of English notables is Leslie Ward's "Forty Years of 'Spy'." As cartoonist and portrait painter, particularly during his long association with the English *Vanity Fair*, the author "met practically every person of note in the London world of the last forty years," and he has something to say about a great many of them.

Both parents being artists and descendants of artists, Leslie Ward almost grew up in the studio. He frequently posed for the pictures of his father and mother and hardly remembers the time when he first commenced to try his own hand at drawing. He depends on his mother's memory for the fact that his first caricatures were "of soldiers at Calais." Charles Dickens was among the very early subjects of his pencil.

One early recollection is interesting:

My visit for six weeks with my parents, to the first Lord Lytton (Bulwer Lytton) at Knebworth, made a great impression upon my mind, as I suppose I began to consider myself "grown up," and was rather flattered on receiving so interesting an invitation. During my stay I made a water-color painting of the great hall, which was hung with rich red hangings and a fine old Elizabethan curtain. I also both caricatured from memory and drew a portrait of my host (for which he sat), for his appearance proved an irresistible attraction to me. Lord Lytton had a remarkably narrow face with a high forehead; his nose was piercingly aquiline, and seemed to swoop down between his closely-set blue eyes, which changed in expression as his interest waxed and waned. When he was interestingly questioning his neighbour, he became almost satanic looking, and his glance grew so keenly inquisitive as to give the appearance of a "cast" in his eyes. Carefully curled hair crowned his forehead, and his bushy eyebrows, beard and mustache gave a curious expression to his face, which was rather pale, except in the evening, when he slightly "touched up," as the dandies of his day were in the habit of doing. His *beau ideal* was D'Orsay, and he showed the nicest care in the choice of his clothes. His trousers were baggy as they tapered downward, and rather suggested a sailor's in the way they widened towards the feet. I can see him now standing on the hearthrug awaiting the announcement of dinner—dressed up "to the eyes," and listening with bent, attentive head to his guests. It was typical of Lord Lytton that he listened to the most insignificant of his guests with all the deference that he would have shown to the greatest. Replacing his hookah (for he smoked opium) he would be silent for a considerable time, watching us out of his odd eyes, and when he spoke it was in a soft voice which he never raised above a low tone. He told many stories of "Dis-ra-eel-i," whose name he pronounced with slow deliberation, and one strained one's ears to catch every word that he said, they were so interesting. I wish I could remember them now.

At this time architecture had been tested and forsaken by young Ward and he had finally settled down, to his parents' disappointment, to painting and study of the art. He was constantly doing cartoons, and one day Millais, who was his father's friend, suggested that he send one of his best ones to *Vanity Fair*. The cartoon, which was accepted, was unsigned, and while considering a pseudonym, he picked up a dictionary and opening it, his eye fell upon the word SPY, which he then adopted and used thereafter.

Becoming a permanent member of *Vanity Fair's* staff, he was associated with another cartoonist, Carlo Pellegrini, of whose temperamental foreignness he relates many funny tales:

Previous to our meeting, a mutual acquaintance had jestingly and rather fiendishly accosted Pellegrini one day with a remark concerning my work.

"Hullo, Pellegrini! You've got a rival."

"Ob, that boy," replied the caricaturist, "I taught 'im all 'e know!"

This was news indeed to me, for as well as owing my education in drawing to the Academy Schools, I had caricatured from my earliest childhood. At the time I treated the assertion as a joke; but in later life, when the fiction was believed by journalists and set forth in print, I rather regretted my former indifference.

In this vein he continues:

An episode occurred shortly after the publication of my caricature of the late Lord Alington, showing how easily such misunderstandings might gain credence. A friend of mine met me one day. "My dear fellow," he began, "there's a capital caricature in *Sotheran's* that you could study with advantage—you should go and have a look at it. You may get a few tips from it." I stared a moment to make sure that he was not pulling my leg, then I understood. "My dear old fool," I said. "Go and have another look at the signature to it—that particular drawing is mine."

But to return to Pellegrini, for the sketch of him is amusing enough to repeat:

Pellegrini was quite as individual in his outward appearance as he was by temperament. In person he was little and stout, and extremely fastidious. He always wore white spats, and their whiteness was ever immaculate, for he rode everywhere, a fact which probably accounted for his bad health in later years. His boots, too, were the acme of perfection, and his nails were as long and pointed as those of a mandarin. He used to tell the story of his arrival in London, without the proverbial penny, and how he wandered about the streets unable to find a night's lodging, until, growing weary and desperate, he slept in a cab. There were other stories of how he fought with Garibaldi, baving a charmed life while the bullets whistled past him, or of his destined career of diplomacy, and of his Medici descent. One of the most amusing characteristics of Pellegrini was the way in which he related an anecdote. His expressive eyes which always seemed to be observing everything, would commence to flash before the words came; and his English, which was ever poor, stumbled and tripped, for although he was rather too quick to recollect slang terms, his grammar remained appalling, but delightfully naïve. As the story progressed his eyes would roll and flash, and, working himself up into a frenzy as Neapolitans do, he would become extremely excited, until when the crisis came, the point of the story burst upon the listeners' ears with a bomb-like suddenness. His own description of how he would treat his enemy was inim-

itable. First he created his subject, and then imagined him lying in terrible agony and poverty by the wayside, and dying of thirst.

"I go up to 'im and I say, 'You thirsty?' and 'e say 'e die. . . 'Ah! I reply, 'I go and fetch you some water. . . I take it and 'old it to 'is lips . . . then . . . when 'is lips close on the brim . . . ' (here Carlo's eyes would flash and distend) " . . . I take the cup away and 'e fall back and die!"

In reality, in spite of his melodramatic description, I expect Pellegrini would have been the first to help the sufferer, for he had a tender heart and the kindest of dispositions.

Of the early days of *Vanity Fair*, that pioneer society journal, Mr. Ward writes:

The *Owl* was the first to be published of that type, and out of this pioneer arose *Vanity Fair*. In those days the eager public paid a shilling for their weekly publications and *Vanity Fair* was founded by Mr. Gibson Bowles (better known as "Tommy"), since a member of Parliament, and at that time the best editor the paper ever had. He had the gift of the right word in the right place; and it may be remarked that a dislike of Dickens prevented any quotations from that well-known author from entering the pages, and that he opposed the fashion of that period of alluding to a lady of title with the Christian name as a prefix.

Among the earliest contributors were the late Colonel Fred Burnaby and the late Captain Alexander Cockburn, a son of the late Chief Justice; Lady Desart, Lady Florence Dixie (who was editress at one time), and the late Mr. "Willie Wyllys." The latter, an even more brilliant writer than any of the rising men of that generation, also wrote for *Vanity Fair* of that period.

The caricatures in *Vanity Fair* were supplemented by very terse and extremely clever comments upon the lives of the subjects portrayed by the cartoonist. These were signed "Jehu, Junior," and were in themselves enough to attract the reader by their caustic wit.

Looking back today it is strange to read in the light of great events these miniature biographies of politicians now forgotten, of others who left their party to go over, of statesmen, of judges who sat on important cases and are now only remembered in connection with a trivial poisoner, an impostor in a claim, of carcers then unproved but now shining clearly in the light of fame, and of others whose light is extinguished—all within so short a lapse of time.

Mr. Ward suggests that stalking his subjects was not unlike stalking game. They must be snapped unaware. Besides a sense of humor and the particular "knack," the successful caricaturist must have a keen eye and the capacity for rapid execution. A good memory, too, is an asset, for the work can not always be executed while the victim is under observation. Of this point Mr. Ward remarks:

In fact, I consider that in order that the cartoon should have a perfect result, it must be drawn firstly from memory. Of course, little details and characteristics can be memorized by a thumb-nail sketch, or notes upon one's shirt cuff, and for this reason I usually watch my subject all the time. I make notes, keeping him under observation and making the note at the same time. The sketch made in these circumstances is frequently useless in consequence; but it seems to impress upon my brain the special trait I have noticed.

My caricatures were often the result of hours of continual attempts, watching my subject as he walked or drove past me, or if he were a clergyman, as he preached, again and again. Before I pleased myself I would make elusive sketches, feeling, as it were, my way to the impression I had formed of him. At other times I was lucky, and the aid of inspiration led to almost instantaneous results.

The chagrin with which the subject of the cartoonist's art observes his picture is often a matter of disturbance:

My caricatures are frequently described as "gross" by the wife who is hurt by the pencil that points a joke at her husband's peculiarities; or she says, "Why don't you do my husband as you did So-and-so!" (referring to a decided and unsparing caricature. . . I have been described as unkind; or sometimes when, carried away by a fascinating subject, I have perhaps not sufficiently controlled my pencil, I have been accused of "brutality." The truth is that in working one may not intend anything personal, or for one moment imagine any one could take the result seriously; but the finished work, made with a detailed, and possibly inhuman devotion to one's own conception, strikes the beholder in a mood entirely different. Very few of those who admire a caricature realize that its satire lies, not in any personal venom, but in the artist's detached observation of life and character. In the early days of *Vanity Fair* people viewed caricature as something entirely new, and in the light of this novelty viewed it in the right spirit; later they grew particular, and, as they frequently paid (from which I did not benefit), an entirely new type of subject came to me; it was as though a spirit of commercialism crept between me and my sitters.

Mr. Ward had many sitters who had their own ideas on the manner in which he should deal with them. Sometimes it was merely a matter of pose or clothes, but there were also those who had ideas about the points which they preferred to have dwelt upon or those which they wanted gently ignored. One fat man naively suggested that it would be tremendously funny to make him appear tall and thin. Another one refused to remain quiet for a moment at a time:

Mark Twain was another subject who came under the category of the "walkers." I had a good deal of difficulty in getting bold of him, but when I eventually caught him at his hotel, I found him decidedly impatient.

"Now you mustn't think I'm going to sit or stand for you," he told me, "for once I'm up I go on."

The whole time I watched him he paced the room like a caged animal, smoking a very large calash pipe and telling amusing stories. The great humorist wore a white flannel suit and told me in the course of conversation that he had a dress suit made all in white that he wore at dinner parties. He had just taken his Honorary Degree at Oxford, and he rather wanted to put his gown on, but I preferred to "do" him in the more characteristic and widely known garb. He struck me as being a very sensitive man, whose nervous pincings during my interview were the result of a highly-strung temperament. The only pacifying influence seemed to be his enormous pipe, which he never ceased to smoke.

A new House of Commons member kept a fearsome eye out all one evening for that unknown "Spy" whom he felt must be lying in wait for him in some dark corner making observations on all his movements, only

to be caught wholly unaware during a friendly conversation with the unknown artist:

Cardinal Newman unconsciously placed me in rather an awkward dilemma. At the time when I was anxious to stalk him I heard he was in Birmingham; so I went to Euston station, and had actually bought my railway ticket when suddenly I caught sight of his eminence upon the platform. Here was an opportunity not to be missed! I saw him go into the buffet and followed him. He sat down at a small table and ordered soup. I took a seat opposite and ordered food also, studying him closely while he partook of it. But I was not altogether satisfied, and I felt anxious to see him again. So I traveled down to Birmingham, and on the following day I called at the oratory and asked one of the priests at what time the cardinal was likely to go out. Evidently, in spite of my protests, the priest concluded that I wanted an audience with Cardinal Newman, for saying that he would apprise him of my visit, he disappeared. My object had been to perfect my former study by a former glimpse; and a personal interview was really the last thing I desired. There was accordingly nothing left for me but to bolt!

Our author is unconsciously humorous sometimes, as in the following:

Miss Christabel Pankhurst, whom (as another lady looming largely in the eye of the public) I drew for *Vanity Fair*, made quite an attractive cartoon for that paper. She was a very good model, with most agreeable manners. I studied her first at the Queen's Hall, where her windmill-like gestures attracted my notice first. Her brilliant coloring and clear voice were also characteristic.

I did not discuss the subject in which she was so absorbed, but limited my conversations to generalities, lest by adverse criticism I might disturb the charm of expression I found in her face.

The following account of how Millais painted a portrait will be found interesting:

Instead of putting his easel some little way from his sitter, he put it actually by the side of him, and instead of looking straight at his model he walked to the cheval glass which was the length of the room away, and looked most carefully at the model's reflection in the mirror, and making a dash for the canvas painted his sitter from the reflection.

The artist found Lord Londonderry like Cromwell—no flattery wanted:

Old Lord Londonderry, hearing that he was not to be allowed to escape my eagle eye, sent me an invitation to visit him at Plas Machynlleth. He promised that I should have every opportunity of making a caricature, and at the same time he begged that I would not let him off in any way. So in due course I went down to Wales, and well do I remember the first morning of my visit. I came down a trifle earlier than the hour announced for breakfast, and walked absent-mindedly down the stairs and into the hall, and had said "Good-morning" before I realized that I had stepped into the midst of family prayers. I felt an awful fool. However, in spite of the episode, I spent a long and most enjoyable time at Plas Machynlleth. Lord Londonderry was a most delightful host; he showed me the estate and took me to every place of interest near, and both he and Lady Londonderry were so kind that the pleasant time I spent there remains in my memory. While there I made a drawing of Lady Eileen Vale Tempest, now Lady Allandale, which was much appreciated by her mother. As Lord Londonderry had expressed a wish that I should not spare him in any detail, I drew him taking snuff as was his habit, and even his gouty knuckles are suggested in the caricature. His lack of self-consciousness and refreshing sense of humor completed a personality that was for me at any rate delightful.

Ward tells of many social and other misfortunes that befell him. He broke a duke's fishing-rod; he arrived at an extremely important dinner with his shirt-front splashed with mud from hansom-wheels; he was constantly stumbling innocently into some place where he was not wanted. And here is another in his chapter of mishaps:

When Don Carlos (the pretender to the Spanish throne) came to England in 1876 I visited him at Claridge's, where he was staying, to study him for *Vanity Fair*. I found him a very striking and picturesque figure in his uniform, which he put on for me, including the Order of the Golden Fleece. He was very obliging, and offered to lend me his uniform to use for further details, also the Order, which he begged me to treasure with the greatest possible care, as he stated that it had been handed down in his family for generations, and was, of course, of great value to him. I promised to be very careful that nothing should befall it, and when the uniform and the Order arrived I sought for a model, preferably a soldier; and incidentally asked Colonel Fred Burnaby if he knew a man big enough to wear it. He very kindly permitted his soldier servant to stand for me, and when he came to the studio, and had donned the uniform, I entrusted him with the Order of the Golden Fleece, and cautioned him to handle it very carefully. Taking it up to fasten it around his neck, he straightway dropped it to the floor, where it broke in half. When it snapped in two I imagine my horror. It was with difficulty that I restrained my anger. On finding it broken I buried off with it to Hancock's, the jewelers in Bond Street, who promised to mend it to the best of their ability. On the return of the decoration I could detect no flaw; it appeared exactly as it was, but the accident was costly. Needless to say I soon returned it and was thankful to hear no more about it.

The least interesting portions of Mr. Ward's book are those which record his relations with royalty; for Mr. Ward evidently felt that everything that those in high places said was important, so that many pages are cluttered up with the most trite episodes. But it is a bulky volume, and in it will be found a very interesting lot of stories about interesting people. The book is profusely illustrated from the author's cartoons, several of the pictures being full pages in color.

FORTY YEARS OF "SPY." By Leslie Ward. New York: Brentano's; \$4 net.

In metal mining Shasta County has long been in a class by itself, leading all other counties in California for the past eighteen years. The official statistics from 1897—the year when her great sulphide ore bodies were first exploited—to 1914 (last year estimated) credit the county with a total output of \$99,147,777 or an average of over \$5,508,000 per year.



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## Treasure.

This is a rather typical English middle-class story of two cousins, Harvey and Thomas Ewins, and of the vicissitudes that befell them after marriage. Harvey is in every way a good fellow, generous, benevolent, and with a love for the fine things of life, and he chooses his wife according to his own liberal ideals. But Thomas is sordid and a miser who can not conceive of any other interest in life than money, and who marries because he believes that marriage will advance his career. And since the author evidently has a moral to convey we know that Harvey will be poor and happy, and that Thomas will be rich and wretched. But it must not be supposed that the author preaches. Far from it. He tells a racy, almost a rollicking story, and he almost persuades us that nature takes care of good men and brings the wicked to confusion. And perhaps she actually does do this in her own leisurely way.

TREASURE. By W. Dane Bank. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.

## Political Economy of War.

The author, Mr. F. W. Hirst, is the editor of the *Economist*, and he is therefore well qualified for his task of analyzing the economic causes of war and its economic results. The economic causes of war have probably been vastly exaggerated by those who habitually think in economics, and the author wisely devotes most of his space to the financial conditions that actually accompany war and that result from war.

Great Britain, says the author, is the only country that has not resorted to a paper currency, which he describes as a poor expedient, since its purchasing power soon falls with consequent increase in prices. But he admits that he is puzzled by the apparent success of German finance. He supposes that the property of the country is being pledged to the state and that even household furniture is being used for government loans.

It need hardly be said that Mr. Hirst sees nothing reassuring in the future. The countries at war will have exhausted alike their credit and their borrowing power, and he can see no way in which commerce will be financed, manufactures revived, banking carried on, or bankruptcies avoided. And in addition there must be the vast problems of unemployment and the restoration to the ways of peace of the many countries that have now become vast war arsenals.

It would, of course, be impossible to paint a reassuring picture, and the author does not attempt it. It is a time neither for optimism nor for pessimism, but for facts, and here we have the facts presented lucidly and comprehensively.

THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF WAR. By F. W. Hirst. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2 net.

## What is a Christian?

There is no end to the interpretations of Christianity, and we may usually assume that those who ask such a question as "What is a Christian?" are intent upon nothing more than a definition of their own personal opinions. It appears to be so in this case, although the author sets forth his views with an admirable tolerance and lucidity. But the fact remains that Mr. Powell's Christianity would probably be disowned by the vast majority of Christians, who would sustain their beliefs by citations and authorities quite as valid as those employed by the author. After abolishing everything that is ordinarily known as creed and dogma and after ignoring the "miraculous" there seems to be nothing essential in Mr. Powell's Christianity to distinguish it from any other of the great world

faiths. And perhaps a frank recognition of the identity of all religions would be one of the highest marks of spiritual wisdom.

WHAT IS A CHRISTIAN? By John Walker Powell. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.

## The Co-Citizens.

This is intended to be a suffrage story, but it leaves upon the mind the general impression that all the electoral evils of terrorism, coercion, and graft would be intensified tenfold with women at the polls. An old lady leaves a large sum of money to be used in securing votes for women. The money is in the form of mortgages, bank stock and loans to individuals, newspapers, and commercial affairs, and so the women who have the control of the estate plunge into a veritable orgy of unscrupulous politics in which illicit power plays a good deal more than its usual part. It is rather an ugly story.

THE CO-CITIZENS. By Corra Harris. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1 net.

## The Single Code Girl.

The single-code girl refuses to marry her suitor until he has confessed to her brother all the escapades in which he has taken part, and therefore we assume joyfully that at last we shall learn something definite about the broad road that leadeth to destruction. But what a disappointment! The horrid disclosures are so tame as to send us to sleep. Is this actually the author's idea of wild oats? The flirtations of a Sunday-school are far more exciting. It is one of the most lady-like stories that we have read.

THE SINGLE-CODE GIRL. By Bell Elliott Palmer. New York: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company.

## Gossip of Books and Authors.

Germany permits the sale of French books and pamphlets in Belgium which denounce the Germans, but draws the line on one book, "I Accuse," a book by a high German official, writing anonymously, who declares that his countrymen were wrong in entering the war. This is the same book which the Swiss censor would not permit to be sold. Copies are constantly being smuggled into Belgium, Switzerland, and even Germany itself. In America it was published by the George H. Doran Company.

The Putnams are bringing out a volume entitled "Social Progress and the Darwinian Theory: A Study of Force as a Factor in Human Relations," by George W. Nasmyth, Ph. D., a director of the World Peace Foundation, with an introduction by Norman Angell. The philosophy of force, according to the author, is the real cause of the breakdown of civilization in Europe.

"Miss Minerva and William Green Hill," first published in 1909 and holding ever since to a yearly sale of close to 30,000 copies, has finally been published as a popular copyright.

"The Little Shepherd of Bargain Row," by Howard McKent Barnes, comes from the Reilly & Britton press as lively a tale as has been seen this long while. While writing the script the author spent a month as salesman in the jewelry section of a large department store. His story is good proof that he got the local color he was after, but he also made good behind the counter.

How quickly can a book be written? An interesting light was thrown on this subject recently by a lady who had acted as secretary to Hilaire Belloc, author of "High Lights of the French Revolution," just published by the Century Company. His secretary relates that during a parliamentary recess of two weeks, while Belloc was an M. P., he was summoned by his publishers to produce a novel at short order. He immediately began to dictate, and for fourteen days, during the

morning hours, his imagination and his command of words never flagged. On the fourteenth day the novel was finished. It has run through several editions.

The Putnams have published a volume entitled "Prussian Memories," by Poultny Bigelow, author of "The German Emperor and His Eastern Neighbors," "History of the German Struggle for Liberty," etc. Mr. Bigelow passed some years of his boyhood in Prussia, and in later years he made various sojourns in Germany. His father had friends among the court officials in Berlin and young Bigelow had the opportunity, during his school work, of associating as a playmate with the present Emperor William.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have issued a book by H. Stanley Jevons entitled "British Coal Trade." Professor Jevons deals with the Coalfields of Great Britain and Ireland, with the Methods of Mining, the Market and By-Products, Mining Law, including the Coal Mines (Minimum) Wage Act, Miners' Life Work and Housing, Foreign Trade in Coal, Oil, Fuel, and the Coal Question.

Albert M. Hyamson's "Dictionary of Universal Biography" will shortly be issued by E. P. Dutton & Co. The present work, which not only includes far more names than does any other in existence, but may claim without hesitation to deal with more individuals than the aggregate of any score of other works, is intended primarily for readers and students who wish to learn more of the actors or thinkers whom they meet in the course of their reading.

"Oblomov," by Ivan Goncharov, is one of the greatest Russian classics, and has never before been available for English readers. The translation has been prepared by C. J. Hogarth. It constitutes a study of a perfectly new type in Russian fiction—a man who, though plunged in a slough of apathy from which nothing can arouse him, is yet a man of fine and noble instincts. The book has just been published by the Macmillan Company.

The great German dramatist, Hauptmann, has taken the Parsifal story and has retold it as an allegory of life with applications to modern conditions. The tale is beautifully rendered and has been most adequately translated, the English prose possessing a simplicity and charm that truly reflect the genius of the original writer. The Macmillan Company is the publisher.

In the play, "Plaster Saints," Israel Zangwill attacks modern problems with characteristic force and originality. The scene is a provincial English town, the time the present, and the method of handling the theme the classical form. The central character in the action is a clergyman whose past life involves him in a series of incidents which give rise to several intensely dramatic episodes. It is published by the Macmillan Company.

The Century Company announces a new and thoroughly revised edition of "The Renaissance, the Protestant Revolution, and the Catholic Reformation in Continental Europe," by Professor Edward M. Hulme of the University of Idaho. A complete bibliography of the period has been added.

College women will be interested in the announcement that the Houghton Mifflin Company is offering prizes for the best criticism of Willa Sibert Cather's new novel, "The Song of the Lark."

Writing the life of Lord Strathcona, which is published this month by the Houghton Mifflin Company, has taken Mr. Beckles Willson more than a year. Mr. Willson is Strathcona's authorized biographer, and, as one might suspect, the mass of material placed in his hands was almost overwhelming. Among the letters were many from Strathcona in boyhood to his mother and to his uncle, the famous fur trader, John Stuart, who, with his brothers, David and Robert, figured in Washington Irving's "Astoria."

Compton Mackenzie, whose new novel, "Plashers Mead," has just been published, is at present fighting with the English forces in the Dardanelles. He left his beautiful home at Capri last April, just after he had completed "Plashers Mead."

The December installment of "The Boys' Life of Mark Twain," by Albert Bigelow Paine, which is now running in *St. Nicholas*, will contain, it is stated, a varied collection of amusing anecdotes relating to the school-days and apprenticeship of the great humorist, and especially to the adventures that were afterward recorded in "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn" and the originals of these characters.

"The Royal Marriage Market of Europe" overflows with gossip about those "born to the purple," and sheds new light from different angles upon conditions leading to the great war. The Princess Radziwill, who wrote this book, has been all her life in the court circles of Russia, Germany, France, and England, because of her kinships and friend-

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PLEASURES AND PALACES. The Memoirs of Princess Lazarovich Hrebliantovich (Eleanor Calhoun). . . . . \$3.00  
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THE FALL OF TSINGTAU. . . . . 1.75  
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ships, and her fund of information about these appears inexhaustible. It has been her habit to record those court happenings which she deemed to be of more than passing interest. "The Royal Marriage Market" is published by Funk & Wagnalls.

On November 20th the Scribners published a book by Edith Wharton based on her impressions and experiences of the war, impressions of the trenches, of the soldiers, of the homes. Paris, the Argonne, Lorraine, the Vosges, the North, and Alsace—these are the setting of "Fighting France." The scope of the book is suggested by the sub-title, "Dunkerque to Belfort."

Paul Elder & Co. of San Francisco will soon publish a fantasy for children and grown-ups introducing the charming garden bronzes of children that are to be seen in the Fine Arts Colonnade of the Exposition. It is to be published under the title, "Little Bronze Playfellows." It has been written by Stella G. S. Perry, author of the "Kind Adventure," "Go to Sleep," and "Sculpture and Murals of the Exposition." The illustrations will reproduce a series of these bronzes, such as "Duck Baby," "Wild Flower," "Young Pan," and other subjects that have proven such popular favorites during the Exposition period.

Mr. Rupert Hughes, author of "Empty Pockets," "What Will People Say," etc., declares that he has at last found a poet who expresses the virility of America. The poet is Berton Braley, whose verse appears in the best-known American magazines, and of which a collection has just been made called "Songs of the Workaday World."

## The Best Christmas Gift for a Girl

A book so fascinatingly romantic that, wherever you open it, you want to read both ways—so beautiful, inside and out, that its possession means constant joy—so delightfully instructive that girls and mothers alike fall in love with it—this is the story Miss Ethel Rogers has written of a camp on Lake Sebago, where sixty girls, living together out-doors, learn the larger lessons of social life as well as to cook and build shelters, swim, dive, paddle canoes, go on "hikes," and have all sorts of fun, while growing into ston, splendid, capable women with abundant health and energy. This book—"Sebago-Wohelo—Camp Fire Girls"—is the first and only authorized story of the camp where the great world-sweeping Camp Fire movement started. It is a most fascinating story, but more than a story, for it contains a personal introduction by the founder of Camp Fire telling how the sorts of fun, while growing into ston, splendid, Camp Fire decorations, and more than 50 exquisite illustrations. Price only \$1.25 postage prepaid. Order today. You take no risk. If not entirely satisfied, return the book at once for prompt refund. Send your order to

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## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## Societal Evolution.

Professor Albert Galloway Keller asks us why we should not apply the laws of physical evolution, conveniently known as Darwinism, to the progress of human society and so arrive at something like a science of societal development? Why should the conclusions of Darwinism be applicable only to one field of research? If variation, selection, transmission, and adaptation are terms that have a definite meaning in natural science, if they indicate processes that are actually going on, why may we not identify those same processes in sociological evolution and so identify an orderliness of movement in human development? Perhaps it may be objected that human development depends largely on individual consciousness and free-will, incalculable factors, and factors not to be found in the physical world. It may not be wholly true that the struggle for existence is now, or must always remain, the dominant motive power in human movements or that self-aggrandizement must always stand at the helm.

None the less the inquiry is a useful one and it has been carried out with great skill. The forces of variation, selection, transmission, and adaptation are successively identified and examined and the result is at least an orderly one, and one that is encouraging to further reflection. And it may be said that the value of Professor Keller's book is sensibly increased by a literary style that unites precision with beauty.

SOCIETAL EVOLUTION. By Albert Galloway Keller. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

## Indian Why Stories.

The author of this capital series of Indian stories adapted for children tells us that they are authentic and that he has done no more than translate the tales as they were told to him by the older men of the Blackfeet, Chipewia, and Cree tribes. They are stories of gods, animals, and men, and it is easy to see in them traces of the Old World myths that belong to the folklore of the race and also, it may be said, to its religions. Mr. Lindermann has told the stories admirably and he has been artistically aided by Mr. Charles M. Russell, who contributes a number of fine colored illustrations.

INDIAN WHY STORIES. By Frank B. Lindermann. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2 net.

## French Dramatists.

Those who want a handbook of French drama can hardly do better than possess this new book by Mr. Barrett H. Clark. But it is hardly more than a handbook, since the author's criticisms are too brief and too superficial to accomplish much in the way of guidance. But there is one significant feature of the book that ought not to go unnoticed. Why is it that so many of these plays must be deliberately sillified before production in America? Is the necessity for this a mere managerial superstition or are we unable to appreciate works of undiluted dramatic value?

CONTEMPORARY FRENCH DRAMATISTS. By Barrett H. Clark. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company; \$1.50 net.

## Brief Reviews.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have published a practical volume on a rapidly passing art. It is entitled "Knitting Without Specimens," by Ellen P. Claydon and C. A. Claydon, and it is so clearly written and so well illustrated as to be within the reach of even the male mind. The price is \$1 net.

John Troland, author of "Wild Posies," a volume of verse just published by Sherman, French & Co. (\$1.25 net), has nothing particular to say, but he says it in a pleasing and vigorous way. It seems to us that volumes of verse such as this would make a more effective appeal without the absurdly ecstatic eulogies of the publishers.

"Naval Handbook," by Commander Thomas Drayton Parker (San Francisco: John J. Newbegin; \$1 net), supplies answers to a large number of war questions, such as "What a Trawler Is," "What Is Meant by the Freedom of the Seas," "What Conditional Contraband Is," "Why We Need Battle Cruisers," and "How Submarines Are Found and Sunk." The answers are brief and satisfactory and the little book is a useful one.

There is no more important problem of its kind than that of the employment of the sick, and it is considered in an admirably practical way in this volume by Herbert J. Hall, M. D., and Mertie M. C. Buck. It is entitled "The Work of Our Hands" (Moffat, Yard & Co.; \$1.50 net), and it deals with such maladies as hysteria, epilepsy, chorea, neurasthenia, and psychasthenia. The volume with its illustrations strikes us as being unusually helpful and valuable.

The George H. Doran Company has published a little volume on "The German Fleet," by Archibald Hurd. Mr. Hurd is an acknowledged authority on naval matters and he here describes the exact make-up of the German

fleet, the policy of Von Tirpitz, and the rise of the German navy during the last few years. He also includes the account, by a member of the German general staff, of how Germany would invade America. The price is 25 cents net.

"Just for Two," compiled by Amelie Langdon (A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1), is described as a collection of recipes designed for two persons, "compiled especially for the young couple just starting housekeeping and for small families for whom the standard cook books, which deal mostly with cooking on a large scale, are wasteful and impractical.

We may expect an extensive library of imaginative books about the war, and perhaps their purely fictional nature will be innocuous from the historical standpoint if they are all so well written as "Two American Boys in the War Zone," by L. Worthington Green (Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1 net). The two American boys are caught in Russia at the beginning of the war, but eventually they make their escape over the Caucasus, but not without a series of perils, not only from soldiers, but from hears, handits, and avalanches.

## New Books Received.

FIRESIDE PAPERS. By Frederic Rowland Marvin. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.50 net. Essays.

THE SEA WIND. By William Colburn Husted. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net. A book of verse.

ZORRA. By William M. Campbell. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net. A poetic narrative.

TO ONE FROM ARCADY. By Theodore L. Fitz Simons. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net. A book of verse.

EUROPE'S HANDICAP—TRIBE AND CLASS. By L. P. Gratacap. New York: Thomas Benton; \$1 net. A sociological study.

THE LORD OF MISRULE. By Alfred Noyes. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company; \$1.60 net. Poems.

BETWEEN THE LINES. By Boyd Cable. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A book about the war actually written at the front.

THE LOG OF THE ARK. By Noah. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1 net. A nonsense book.

PARIS PAST AND PRESENT. By E. A. Taylor. New York: John Lane Company; \$2.50 net. Edited by Charles Holme. Containing many etchings, drawings, and lithographs.

LAND CREDITS. By Dick T. Morgan. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.50 net. A plea for the American farmer.

WAR AND COURT GOSSIP. By Francis Arkwright. New York: Brentano's; \$3 net. From 1710 to 1714.

TOD SLOAN. By himself. New York: Brentano's; \$3.75 net. An autobiography, edited by A. Dick Luckman.

THE HOUSE OF MY DREAMS. Anonymous. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net. A book of verse.

OLIVER AND CRYING CHILP. By Nancy Miles Durant. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net. For small children.

THE THREAD THAT IS SPUN. By Margaret Horner Clyde. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.20 net. A novel.

FORTY YEARS OF "SPY." By Leslie Ward. New York: Brentano's; \$4.

The recollections and impressions of the author's career as a cartoonist and portrait painter.

CHARLES BAUDELAIRE. By Theophile Gautier. New York: Brentano's; \$3 net. A biography, translated from the French by Guy Thorne.

SOLDIERS' STORIES OF THE WAR. Edited by Walter Wood. New York: Brentano's; \$1.75 net. Tales and letters from soldiers at the front.

THE STORY-TELLER. By Maud Lindsay. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1 net. For little children.

A DAUGHTER OF THE REVOLUTION. By Esther Singleton. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; \$1.25 net. A novel.

NAVAL HANDBOOK. By Commander T. D. Parker. San Francisco: John J. Newbegin; \$1 net.

As bearing on national defense and the European war.

THE SONG OF HUGH GLASS. By John G. Neihardt. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net. A book of verse.

LUCILE, THE TORCH-BEARER. By Elizabeth M. Duffield. New York: Sully & Kleinteich; \$1 net. An "out of doors" story for girls.

THE TRUE STORY OF BUM. By W. Dayton Weggefarth. New York: Sully & Kleinteich; 50 cents net.

The story of a dog.

THE WORLD'S HIGHWAY. By Norman Angell. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.50 net. An introduction to the study of American policy.

THE LIFE OF CLARA BARTON. By Percy H. Elper. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.50 net.

Her career reviewed from her childhood through

school-teaching days to the battlefields of the Civil War, the Franco-Prussian War, the Spanish War, and up to her death in 1912.

FEMINISM IN GERMANY AND SCANDINAVIA. By Katharine Anthony. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A statement of what feminism means beyond the English Channel.

WHEN MADAME DE MAINTENON WAS QUEEN. By Francis Arkwright. New York: Brentano's; \$3 net.

An abridged translation with notes from the memoirs of the Duke de Saint-Simon.

THE WAYS OF WOMAN. By Ida M. Tarbell. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1 net.

Dealing with the responsibilities and activities of the average woman.

THE ETHICS OF CONFUCIUS. Arranged according to the plan of Confucius with running commentary by Miles Menander Dawson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50 net.

Prepared under the auspices of the American Institute for Scientific Research.

THE GOLDEN SLIPPER. By Anna Katharine Green. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.35 net.

A detective story.

THE HOUSE ON HENRY STREET. By Lillian D. Wald. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$2 net.

The human story of immigration by one who for twenty years has been the head of a New York East Side settlement.

FRENCH NOVELISTS OF TODAY. By Winifred Stephens. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50 net.

Second series.

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF RUPERT BROOKE. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25 net.

With an introduction by George Edward Woodberry and a biographical note by Margaret Livingston.

MY LADY'S HANDBOOK. By W. S. Birge, M. D. New York: Sully & Kleinteich; 50 cents net.

One of the "Handbooks of Useful Information."

THE MAGIC OF JEWELS AND CHARMS. By George Frederick Kunz, Ph. D., A. M., D. Sc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$3 net. Ancient lore about precious stones.

THESE TWIN. By Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.50 net.

A novel.

OVER THERE. By Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.

War scenes on the western front.

THE CIVILIZATION OF BABYLONIA AND ASSYRIA. By Morris Jastrow, Jr., Ph. D., LL. D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$6 net.

Its remains, language, history, religion, commerce, law, art, and literature.

THE MILITARY UNPREPAREDNESS OF THE UNITED STATES. By Frederic Louis Huidekoper. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$4 net.

A history of American land forces from Colonial times until June 1, 1915.

BELTANE THE SMITH. By Jeffery Farnol. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50 net.

A novel.

THE THREE THINGS. By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; 50 cents net.

The forge in which the soul of a man was tested.

HOW TO KNOW YOUR CHILD. By Miriam Finn Scott. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A book for mothers.

MONTAIGNE'S ESSAY ON FRIENDSHIP AND XXIX SONNETS. By Estienne de la Boetie. Limited edition. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$4 net.

Translated into English by Louis How.

SCALLY. By Ian Hay. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; 75 cents net.

The story of a dog.

AMERICA AT WORK. By Joseph Husband. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1 net.

Sketches of great American industries.



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MORE JONATHAN PAPERS. By Elizabeth Woodbridge. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.

A collection of out-of-door essays.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS OF NEW ENGLAND. By Clifton Johnson. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

With tourist and automobile notes appended to each chapter.

THE BOOK OF MUSICAL KNOWLEDGE. By Arthur Elson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$3.50 net.

The history, technique, and appreciation of music, together with lives of the great composers.

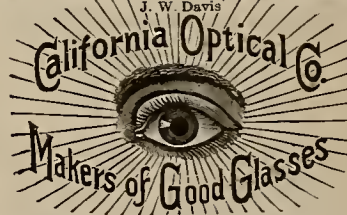
PRUSSIAN MEMORIES. By Poultney Bigelow, M. A., F. R. G. S. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25 net.

Personal impressions from 1864 to 1914.

BELGIUM, NEUTRAL AND LOYAL. By Emile Waxweiler. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25 net.

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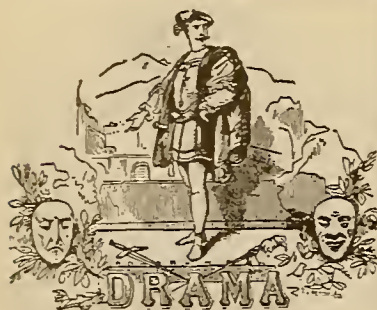
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### "THE BATTLE CRY OF PEACE."

It was not long after the war broke out that there ran through *Collier's* a very thrillingly illustrated serial giving, in dramatic narrative, an account of what happened to New York when the United States was forced into war with a foe in a state of military preparedness. We were depicted as utterly at the mercy of our enemy. His guns outranged ours, and our brave defenders were helpless against superior resources and numbers. The enemy exacted ransoms and indemnities, and it met with defiance, speedily quelled opposition by leveling a sky-scraper to the ground or by destroying some mighty piece of engineering with his giant guns.

This story suggested to the ever-enterprising movie man the idea of its utilization for film drama; hence "The Battle Cry of Peace." This translation of Mr. Blackston's serial into propaganda for preparedness—for that is what it is—is so convincing that one wonders what the advocates of unpreparedness will have to say to it.

Much money, skill, thought, and eloquence have been lavished upon the play. As in "The Clansman" there are many comprehensive scenes embracing wide stretches of battlefields. There are land and naval engagements, depictions of desperate charges in sanguinary battles. A great army is seen marching through the streets, while the frenzied New York multitude is seen in many views, rushing hither and yon in the desperation induced by panic. And anon we see them through a red mist with bombs falling from an aerial host and scattering death in their midst. Then come the pictures of destruction and ruin wrought in the giant metropolis, fattest picking for the enemy hosts.

Soldiers of the United States army have been pressed into service to represent detachments of armies, but how the pictures of naval engagements were evolved is quite a problem to the outsider. Movie men do wonders, but even they can scarcely build a war vessel only to sink it in order to obtain a photographic record. They are up to all kinds of clever tricks in the world of photography and can produce wonderful effects by blending two records into one. Perhaps they did that in the battle scenes, in which we saw our hopelessly brave troops rushing into the fray showered with great masses of earth and steel loosed by exploding shells burying themselves in giant craters of their own making. At any rate these battle pictures are more thrilling and much fuller of carnage than those seen here recently containing pictures of actual trench warfare.

As in "The Clansman" a story involving a small group of characters is included in the film representation of mightier events, in this case the invasion of our Atlantic cities by a powerful and ruthless foe. These characters have been used by Mr. Wilfrid North, the vitagrapher of Mr. Blackston's story, to figure in a series of scenes in which are shown the havoc and tragedy wrought in private lives by inexorable war. We see these people in the earlier scenes in peace and prosperity, happy in their family relations, and relying upon the security apparently surrounding them for an equally happy future. How baseless this reliance must prove to be in a land as little prepared to repel invasion as ours seems to be the chief concern of the originators of "The Battle Cry of Peace." Among other methods adopted to drive this conviction home is a series of views depicting Hudson Maxim delivering a lecture, each view being followed by an excerpt from his lecture containing an argument that seems incontrovertible. They follow one another—the dramatic picture between serving as practical illustrations of his point—like successive blows of a mighty hammer. Phrases stand out in the memory: "Police our shores," "Patrol our skies," "Artillery is of supreme importance," "Big guns are the best insurance against trouble." When the terrible drama is ended, and the lives of the greater number of principals in the story have been snuffed out like the flames of candles in a mighty wind, a fresh series of arguments are thrown on the screen in the shape of famous quotations from well-known statesmen or warriors or thinkers: George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, General Grant, Admiral Dewey, General Leonard Wood, Colonel Roosevelt, Secretary Garrison, Dr. Lyman Abbott, and others, each one to

the effect that we must be ready at all times and at all cost to defend ourselves. "To neglect our liberty is to lose it." And then, to cap the climax, a series of diagrams are given showing by means of squares within squares the relative riches of the more powerful nations, and the relative military strength to defend it. And the United States, like Ahou Ben Adhem's name, led all the rest—in the matter of riches; in respect to means of defending those riches the inner square was, in the matter of proportion, like a small, apologetic stamp in the corner of a large, generous handkerchief of the masculine gender.

There is a great deal of sincerity in the dramatic side of the representation and a very good cast to interpret it. Charles Richmond, excellent actor though he is in the legitimate drama, always shows a tendency to too great empressment of manner; but this trait makes him a particularly good movie actor. Thais Lawton appears as Columbia, her commanding appearance and firmly modeled features rendering her particularly suitable for the rôle, even when our proud goddess of freedom is depicted in chains. Louise Beaudet, no longer a mignonnette example of *la beauté du diable*, as San Franciscans have seen her in the past, but a mature woman, appears as the desperate mother who sacrificed her two lovely and petted daughters to save them from the lust of the invader. No romantic attempts are made to invoke the aid of favoring fortune when our pet characters are caught in the wind of destiny. The writers of the piece continually call our attention to Europe. What is happening there, they intimate, is what could very easily happen to us. In order to avoid any apparent breach of neutrality, however, the invaders are clothed in uniforms made up for the play. But it is safe to say that every mind is hushed with the memories of Brussels when the great military tide is seen moving inexorably on through the streets of New York, or detachments of soldiers in search of quarters force their way into private homes, and the cold horror of a deadly fear clutches the hearts of the women.

This is what war is, they point out in frequent exhortations thrown on the screen, war, cruel, pitiless, conscienceless war, war that can not be made gentle, compassionate, or just. All alike, among the defeated ones, must suffer, the just and the unjust. And with the thunder of the drums and the great surges of exciting music from the orchestra seem to mingle a powerful, an insistent voice crying: "Prepare, prepare, prepare! Arm, not for war, but against it!"

And so, the play finished, we rise and go out into the mild November air, and as we savor its sweet inhalations and look around upon a city of peace, security, and plenty, and inwardly thank God that we are exposed to no such perils, we read the staring headlines:

"Bombs Smash the Turks!"

"Heavy Fighting in Gallipoli!"

"Zeppelins Shower Down Death!"

### THE ORPHEUM.

I wonder if Eddie Foy, when he grows reminiscent and turns back to listen to his name resounding through the corridors of time, doesn't sometimes rub his eyes bewilderedly and ask of himself, "How did it ever happen?" I'm sure I do, when I see the Eddie Foy act, which as the genial parent remarks, is done by the seven little Foyes. And, besides, I've seen something of Eddie Foy in the past, when he was billed as a star, and I never, never knew what it was all about. In trying to puzzle it out, and realizing, still realizing as in the past, a total absence in the ever-cheerful Eddie of the rickety voice and speech of the usual qualifications of even a light-weight comedian, I have come to the conclusion that what gave him his vogue was, and still is, a talent for being popular on geniality alone. He has the Irish social adaptability to his surroundings, plenty of nerve but no nerves, and the self-confidence that goes with that make-up. He is likable. The public likes him. Therefore it accepts his singleness, his dancelessness, and all his other omissions with perfect sang froid. He is Eddie Foy with a twinkle in his eye, and Eddie Foy goes.

I will say for Eddie, though, that as a parent he has gained some grace. The domestic atmosphere that encompasses him is decidedly becoming. It also offers opportunity for light and airy persiflage. And the persistence with which he brings Ma Foy, who always remains coyly mute, before the public rather tickles one. In the telephone scene the children say through the phone, "Ma says this," and "Ma says that," but this is all purely imaginary. Ma merely smiles amiably and vaguely and says never a word. The act has been going on so long, now, that it is getting rather mechanical, except for the telephone scene, which is comparatively new, and therefore goes with greater freshness. But the little Foyes are settling down quite too fixedly in their allotted grooves. I fancy that their instruc-

tions are purely home-made, especially the lessons they receive in vocalization. Heavens, but how these two pretty little girls can yell! If they continue performing these robust vocal feats they will yell their strong little voices into ribbons. They received quantities of flowers, by the way, one piece bearing seven bouquets springing from one tall parent stem.

The bill of the week is characterized generally by cheerfulness and animal spirits. The Mazie King-Ted Doner dancing act is full of zip, and swing, and spectacular steps. A film is introduced into the middle of it to show what feats Mazie King can accomplish in toe dancing. There are numerous changes into bizarre dances and bizarre costumes. The hinges of these two young people are uncommonly well oiled, and besides they are temperamental dancers, from the comedy point of view. In fact they succeeded in making an especially individual impression in their lively and highly successful act.

Russell Mack and Blanche Vincent gave song sketches at the piano. The young man has only one gesture, but he has a little pocket talent for vaudeville singing. Blanche Vincent has a low, carrying voice, and enunciates so conscientiously that it is almost a pity some of their doggerel couldn't be improved on. However, the public swallows it none the less gustatorily.

A sort of "Pinafore" setting for "the five Annapolis boys" in their "Cruise to the Land of Harmony," together with sailor costumes and a generally salt-water flavor to their songs proved very acceptable to the taste of the audience, which enjoyed the ringing ensemble of the five in their well-rehearsed sea songs.

"Dainty Marie" is back again in precisely the same act as before. But she held the house absorbed, while she crooned and communed, and threw off coquettish poses and casual jokes, as she sported in mid-air, with two steel rings for sole stay. Sometimes she hang by her head, sometimes by her heel. But whatever she did, whether it was swinging violently in mid-air on such uncertain tenure, or displaying every inch of her neat shape in tableaued poses, with a scrap of rope for stay, she seemed to feel at all times as safe and comfortable as if she were lying on a feather-bed. She is apparently a woman with no nerves. She has rather a fetching way of toying casually with her songs, and her repartee, and her steel rings, and is the type of woman that can pretty completely absorb an audience's attention. I rather fancy she is a successful man-tamer.

"A Breath of Old Virginia," the sole playlet on the programme, provides for a very successful sensation, an effect similar to that employed in "On Trial," in which a dramatic episode of the past, related by one of the principals, is acted out on the stage, after a momentary interval of darkness. The piece goes well, the leading player, Genevieve Cliff, possessing acting ability, some charm, and a pair of soulful eyes. She has a group of fine young men to assist her, but they all act with long-run mechanicalness. George Hart is the best of them. I always wonder, when I see such an omission as this: The supplanted suitor generously presents to the young couple the old Southern homestead that he had bought as a home-shrine for his own lost happiness, and the young couple, automatically

falling into the accepted sentimental pose in the rosy dream of firelight, quite omit either word or look of thanks, gratitude, or farewell.

Olga, her violin, and her dance supply a very pretty act. The girl is pretty; so is her smile; so is her music; so is her dance, which does not run so much to an exhibition of the Terpsichorean art as to an exuberant expression of the joy of life. The pretty player has not become mechanical, but succeeds in conveying that sense of bubbling joy throughout the act.

Sherman, Van, and Hyman hold the house by some rather overloud concerted singing of what is billed as "melodious nonsense," and close with a scene—which proves to be to the taste of the audience—in which one of their number gives a successful hurlesque of a sissy man, closing up with a burst of feminine vocalization.

Cycling novelties are scarcely novelties any more, but they are always entertaining, and the comedy stuff, especially the match-and-gasoline scene, is rather amusing. The two riders supply the usual number of thrills, and the profound Indian gravity of the comedian evokes rather more than the usual quantity of laughter.

The movie of the week isn't half bad, although it is a story. But then Charlie Chaplin wasn't in it, and that's always something.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

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Columbia Continues "Battle Cry of Peace."

"The Battle Cry of Peace," said to be the most remarkable motion picture ever made, is doing a great business at the Columbia Theatre, where the second week of the run begins with Sunday, November 28th. This film, which shows how a foreign enemy could take advantage of our unpreparedness, is crowded with thrills provoked by the big situations such as the invasion of New York, the capture of Washington, the bombardment of the Atlantic seashore by the enemy's ships, and the terrible havoc wrought by the monster field guns brought into the country by the attackers. Charles Richman, Norma Talmage, and other favorites of the Vitagraph company are seen in the various rôles of the big dramatic story which has been woven by J. Stuart Blackton around the hits taken from Hudson Maxim's "Defenseless America." The nine parts of the film are run to special music played by an orchestra of twenty. There is a performance each afternoon at 2:20 and another at night at 8:20. All seats are reserved and the advance sale of seats is very heavy, indicating the great success of this patriotic feature.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum announces another attractive new show for next week, which will have as its headline feature that splendid actor, Claude Gillingwater, who will appear in a new play specially written for him by Ethel Clifton and Brenda Fowler, entitled "The Decision of Governor Locke," which illustrates to what extreme a politician will go in order to achieve his end. The authors of this play maintain that even the sanctity of a politician's home and the good name of his wife is not safe when destroying either would benefit the opposition candidate. As Governor Locke, Mr. Gillingwater contributes an unusual character to the stage. He is supported by Stella Archer and what is said to be absolutely the best company of any dramatic attraction in vaudeville.

Eduardo and Elisa Casino, dancers to his majesty, King Alfonso XIII, and the royal court of Spain, share the headline honors. They are the personification of poetry in motion and possess the fire and vim of their race. The suite of dances they are using at present is entirely new and original.

Dave Claudius and Lillian Scarlet will introduce their musical mélange, entitled "The Call of the 'Sixties.'" They are excellent hangoists, who in appropriate costume play the old-time songs, the words of which are flashed on the screen and the audience is invited to sing.

The Six Schiovanis will exhibit their ability and versatility in a strenuous comic novelty. They are said to be wonderful gymnasts.

Eddie and Birdie Conrad offer a clever song-and-dance act in which they introduce imitations and a Chinese rag in costume.

B. Nairem's Swiss canine actors, fifty in number, will appear in the screaming pantomime in three scenes, "The Territorials Quartered."

The only two holdovers will be the Five Annapolis Boys, also Eddie Foy and the Seven Little Foy's.

Second Week of "Bird of Paradise."

The second week of Richard Walton Tully's splendid spectacular play, "The Bird of Paradise," begins Sunday night at the Cort Theatre. Its return has been marked with good houses and the enthusiastic reception which it has met with stamps the play as being ever-welcome.

The company is one of merit and is giving excellent satisfaction. The leading lady is Miss Carlotta Monterey, a young Californian of grace and unusual ability. She is supported by Hooper L. Atchley as Dr. Wilson, Jane Haven as Diana, the American girl, Richard Gordon as \$10,000 Dean, Robert Morris as Captain Hatch, the Yankee trader, James Nelson as the high priest, Laura Adams as the foster-mother, John Burton as the missionary, Fanny Yantis as the missionary's wife, and a score of others, including the quintet of native Hawaiian singers and players. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

Rose Coghlan recently celebrated her fiftieth anniversary on the stage. It is a long, long way from her first appearance as a child in London pantomime to her recent engagement as amiable Mme. Vinard in the "Trilby" revival in Boston. The list of parts that she has created is too long to record, but standing out brilliantly are her memorable Countess Zicka in "Diplomacy," her Peg Woffington, Lady Teazle, and other old comedy rôles. Before Wallace's in New York was demolished last spring there was one night a gathering of sentiment-assembling representative social and literary lights. Attired in the Lady Teazle gown in which she had first appeared on Wallace's stage some quarter-century ago, Miss Coghlan recited an epilogue composed for her by Oliver Herford.

THE MUSIC SEASON.

Free Concerts at Festival Hall.

Festival Hall, which has meant so much to music during this wonderful year, will be devoted to two concerts of great importance, to which the public is invited free of charge by the Exposition management, the first to take place this Sunday afternoon at 2:30, and the second on Wednesday evening at 8:30. On Sunday the occasion will take the form of a choral-orchestral concert, participated in by the Exposition chorus, the Loring Club, the Exposition Orchestra of eighty, and Mme. Laure de Vilmar, prima donna soprano from Covent Garden, London, and the Lamoureux concerts, Paris, and Harold Parish Williams, the San Francisco haritone, soloists. The programme will consist of eight numbers, each of great interest, and the final offering of the afternoon will be the great American Fantasia, by Victor Herbert, in which the participants will be the soloists, Exposition Chorus, Loring Club, Exposition Orchestra, and official band, with the great pipe organ also helping out.

The concert of Wednesday evening will be devoted to French music and will mark the first presentation here of the "Symphonie neo Classique," by Eugene d'Harcourt, the eminent composer who is now in San Francisco. The other numbers to be played by the Exposition Orchestra, under the leadership of Max Bendix, will be Saint-Saëns's "Marche Heroique" and Lalo's "Rhapsodie." The vocalist of the evening will be Mme. Andre Ferrier-Gustin, who will be heard in the aria from "La Damnation de Faust," by Berlioz, and the aria, "Il est doux," from Massenet's "Herodiade."

Tina Lerner's Concerts.

Tina Lerner will give her first recital this Friday afternoon, November 26th, at the Scottish Rite Auditorium, corner Van Ness Avenue and Sutter Street. The programme will include Chopin's "Sonata" in B minor, Schumann's "Papillons," and important works by Brahms, Weher, Paganini-Liszt, Borodine, Scriabine, Lidow, and others. The second and last concert will be given Sunday afternoon. Miss Lerner will offer the rarely heard "Concerto Pathétique" for two pianos by Liszt, with her husband, Vladimir Shavitch, as assisting artist. Other important features on this programme will be the "Prelude, Fugue, and Variations," by Cesar Franck; "Prelude and Menuet," from "Suite Bergamasque," by Debussy; Rosenthal's "Study on Chopin's Minute Waltz," and groups by Chopin and Liszt. Tickets are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's.

Mme. Gadske Returning after Four Years.

After an absence of nearly four years Mme. Gadske returns for two programmes of song at the Cort Theatre under the management of Will L. Greenbaum. With Mme. Gadske will come as pianist and accompanist Mr. Paul Eisler, one of the Metropolitan's staff of conductors.

The first Gadske event will be given next Thursday afternoon, December 2d, with the following programme:

Part I—"Die Forelle," "Nachtstueck," and "Hark, Hark, the Lark," by Fr. Schubert; "Fuer Musik" and "Wilkommen mein Wald," Robert Franz; "Weisses Wolken," Eugen Haile; "Verhorgenheit," Hugo Wolff; "Serenade," Richard Strauss; "Over the Tree-Tops," Franz Liszt, and "Von ewiger Lieb," Brahms.

The classics will be followed by a group of songs in English by Louis F. Saar, Eisler, Gilmour, and Bohm.

The concluding part of the programme will consist of two of the artist's arias from her favorite Wagnerian operas or music-dramas, the first being the exquisite "Song to Spring" from "Die Walküre" and the second the scene from Act I of "Tristan und Isolde."

Mr. Eisler will contribute a transcription for piano of the "Death March of Siegfried," from "Götterdämmerung," and works by Scaralatti and Tschalkowsky.

The second and positively last Gadske concert will be given Sunday afternoon, December 5th, with an entire change of programme.

The sale of seats for both events will open Monday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Kohler & Chase's, and the Cort Theatre. Mail orders will receive careful attention if addressed to Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Monday night, November 29th, Mme. Gadske will sing in Oakland, at the new Auditorium Opera House, under the direction of the Oakland Teachers' Association.

The San Francisco Symphony Orchestra.

The fifth season of symphony concerts by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra at the Cort Theatre will begin Friday afternoon, December 17th, and close on Sunday afternoon, April 2d.

Twenty concerts will be given and it is expected that the music committee of the Musical Association, which is meeting as we go to press, will select the following dates:

Friday afternoons, December 17th, January 7th, 14th, 28th, February 4th, 18th, 25th, March 10th, 24th, 31st; Sunday afternoons, December 19th, January 9th, 16th, 30th, February 6th, 20th, 27th, March 12th, 26th, April 2d.

Alfred Hertz, who will conduct the orchestra, comes from the Metropolitan Opera House, where for thirteen years he enjoyed a most enviable reputation. In order that Mr. Hertz might have every assistance in carrying out his plans the Musical Association this season increased its budget from \$50,000 to \$67,000, thus permitting of the increasing of the orchestra from sixty-five to eighty men, and the rehearsals from those of alternate weeks to daily rehearsals throughout the concert season.

Among the novelties which will be played for the first time here this season are: "Eine Faust Overture," Wagner; "La Peri," Poeme Danse, Dukas; British Folk Music Settings, Grainger; Overture, "Iphigenie in Aulis," Gluck; Prelude, "Parsifal," Wagner; overture, "Das Christ-Elflein," op. 20, Pfitzner; four character pieces after "The Ruhaiyat of Omar Khayyám," Foote.

The sale of season tickets will continue until Saturday, December 11th, and the sale of single tickets will open for the first Friday afternoon symphony concert Monday morning, December 13th, at the box-offices of Sherman, Clay & Co., Kohler & Chase, and the Cort Theatre.

The Innisfail String Quartet.

The Innisfail String Quartet will give the third concert of its series at Sorosis Club Hall, 536 Sutter Street, between Mason and Powell, Tuesday evening, December 7th, at 8:30 o'clock. The programme will include:

Quartet in D major.....Cesar Franck  
Italian Serenade.....Hugo Wolf  
Quartet, F major (Kochel 590).....Mozart

Tickets are on sale at the box-offices of Sherman, Clay & Co. and Kohler & Chase, and on the evening of the concert may be secured at Sorosis Club Hall.

The Maud Powell Concert Dates.

Manager Greenbaum's closing attraction for 1915 will be Maud Powell. Mme. Powell will give two programmes at the Cort Theatre, the dates being Sunday afternoon, December 12th, and Tuesday afternoon, December 14th. At the first concert she will introduce the widely discussed "Sonata" for piano and violin, by Vincent D'Indy. Mail orders may now be sent to Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

The third concert of the San Francisco Quintet Club will be given Thursday night, December 9th, in the hall room of the Hotel St. Francis. Works by Debussy, Brandts-Buys, and Brahms will be given by a string quartet, piano, and flute.

The Charm of Munich.

Few cities of central Europe possess a greater variety of art treasures than Munich, and on this account alone lovers and students of art from all over the world make their way to the Bavarian capital. To these attractions may be added its incomparable opera, its concerts, and its orchestras. The museums are splendid. Foremost among them stands the Glyptothek, with its glorious collection of Greek sculpture, and, not least among its possessions, an almost perfect catalogue. The Ate Pinacothek, or gallery of old masters, has its room of gorgeous Rubens portraits, its Murillo heggar hoys, and its famous Titian, to mention only a few of its treasures. Then there is the permanent gallery of modern pictures, the Bocklin gallery, and many others. The most modern of the moderns also show their pictures twice a year to a wondering, and, sometimes, to an admiring public. But when all these things have been enumerated, and the tale of concerts, operas, and theatres has been told, there still remains the city itself, and few people can stay long in Munich without learning to love it for its own sake and the sake of its genial inhabitants. It is preeminently a well-ordered city, with its wide, well-kept streets and good parks, and among these the charming Englischer Garten holds the first place, though "park" seems nearer the mark in describing it than "garden." Through the outskirts of Munich flows the Isar, and those who have watched a winter sunset from one of its bridges will not easily forget the charm of the scene. The city of Munich lies at a great altitude, though the flatness of the country just around it makes it rather hard to realize this. Only a few hours' journey away is the Bavarian Tyrol, and a week-end, or even a long day, in the mountains is a popular institution both in summer and in winter.

Paris Restores Ancient Ruins.

While the war rages, a great work of peace goes on in Paris—the restoration of the ancient Roman arena, whose ruins, by a strange coincidence, were discovered just previous to the war of 1870. After several spo-

radic revivals the unearthing ceased, only to be resumed almost simultaneously with the present conflict of arms. The part of the oval where the workmen are now busy is separated by a high hoard fence from the finished half. It seems at a casual glance merely a heap of stones, yellow clay, and uninviting chaos; but at length the eye studying details discovers the odds and ends that, properly restored as has been the rest, will complete this really wonderful ruin, one of which Paris may well be proud. Surrounding the "quarry" are tenement buildings,

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VANITY FAIR.

There are too many women, says an English newspaper, and what are we going to do about it when the war is over and this undesirable predominance of women is still further increased? There was a surplus of nearly two million women before the war, and now the men are being killed at such a rate that only women will be left alive unless something is done very soon. And the problem will be nearly as pressing in Germany and France. Germany had a before-the-war surplus of 845,000 women and France of 645,000 women, and since Germany and France are losing more men than England their plight will be correspondingly serious. If one may be permitted to take a somewhat frivolous view of the situation the lot of the few surviving males in these countries will be rather a happy one on account of the competition, which was quite severe even before the war began and which may now become frantic. It is useless to suggest that these women be killed or even that girl babies be henceforth exposed according to the customs of Sparta and China. We are not quite eugenic enough for that, but so far as humanitarianism is concerned there seems no reason why we should be squeamish after killing a few million men in "the interests of the nations." Why not kill a few million women also, in order to even things up?

But of course a large proportion of the names on the casualty lists are those of men who are wounded and crippled, but who are not dead. Therefore, says the English newspaper, there must be no hesitation on the part of women to marry these crippled warriors. If they can not get the complete article let them be satisfied with fragments. Half a loaf is better than no bread. In the piping days of peace there is naturally a preference for undamaged bushands, for bushands who are sound in wind and limb, and who need nothing more than the usual disciplinary processes. But this is no time for fads and fancies. If you can not get a husband with two legs, he satisfied if he has one. And if he has no legs at all—ordinarily a quite serious shortcoming—at least he has two arms, and you will have the satisfaction of knowing that he will not stray far from the fold without observation. Remember that there must necessarily be large numbers of women who will get no husband at all, not even a fragmentary husband, or a husband who takes to pieces, or moves in sections, or with detachable and replaceable parts. Therefore let there be no reluctance in this matter. Let the women take just as much of a husband as they can get and make the best of him. It is better to have only half a husband than to be only half a wife, and polygamy, we are reminded, is wrong.

Yes, polygamy is wrong. There can not be any doubt about that. Also foolish, which is worse. But one would suppose that Europe, just at present, would not be saying much about right and wrong, with some twenty-five million soldiers trying to cut each other's throats. It is almost as though a burglar should discourse on the sin of procrustation or Sabbath-breaking. And we have a shrewd suspicion that there will be a great deal of polygamy in Europe in the wider and non-technical sense of that word. The conventions become very thin in times of crisis, and what are the Ten Commandments between friends?

But at least there is one journalist who speaks right out in meeting and says what he thinks. Bahu Moti Lal Ghosh, editor of the Calcutta *Anrita Bazar Patrika*, writes:

"Necessity knows no law. The biblical injunction is that no man should marry more than one wife. The Koran is more reasonable in this respect; it allows four legitimate wives to a man. But for this provision in the Koran the Mussulmans would not have multiplied so fast. In order to recoup the lost manhood of Europe the people of that Continent have thus no option but to resort to one of these courses—either to accept the Koranic doctrine or to legalize illegitimacy. And is polygamy really such a horrid thing as it is represented to be? . . .

"Both the man and the woman derive certain advantages from it. It is advantageous to the man, as he receives the combined care of several, instead of one, devoted woman. The polygamist, unlike the monogamist, has also, for obvious reasons, very little chance of being hen pecked, or standing trembling before an irate wife. Indeed, being the master of several, he can keep them all under his thumb and extort due obedience from each by following the policy of divide and rule.

"Polygamy will also prove beneficial to woman, as the trials and difficulties will not be confined to one, but will be shared by several. A monogamist may with impunity tyrannize over his helpless wife; but with the polygamist it is rather a risky business, for three or four women he owns may combine and revolt and apply the broomstick to his back, each in her turn, and bring him to his senses in no time.

"Besides, when their lord dies, they, sym-

pathizing with each other's sorrow, may not feel the poignancy of his loss as keenly as they would if every one of them had a separate partner."

DELINQUENT SALE NOTICE.

THE LUTHER BURBANK COMPANY  
Location of Principal Place of Business,  
San Francisco, California.

Notice—There is delinquent upon the following described stock on account of assessment levied on the 15th day of September, 1915, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective stockholders, as follows:

| Name.                      | No. of<br>Certificate. | No. of<br>Shares. | Amount. |
|----------------------------|------------------------|-------------------|---------|
| G. L. Ayers.....           | 513                    | 87                | \$87.00 |
| Geo. O. Barnes.....        | 121                    | 25                | 25.00   |
| Geo. O. Barnes.....        | 122                    | 15                | 15.00   |
| Miss C. L. Bell.....       | 520                    | 200               | 200.00  |
| W. S. Bliss.....           | 466                    | 222               | 222.00  |
| Howard Brush.....          | 453                    | 8                 | 8.00    |
| F. M. Cerini.....          | 128                    | 20                | 20.00   |
| F. M. Cerini.....          | 160                    | 4                 | 4.00    |
| F. M. Cerini.....          | 317                    | 2                 | 2.00    |
| F. M. Cerini.....          | 357                    | 26                | 26.00   |
| Jesse N. Cole.....         | 491                    | 50                | 50.00   |
| Jesse N. Cole.....         | 492                    | 50                | 50.00   |
| Jesse N. Cole.....         | 493                    | 50                | 50.00   |
| Jesse N. Cole.....         | 494                    | 50                | 50.00   |
| Jesse N. Cole.....         | 495                    | 50                | 50.00   |
| Jesse N. Cole.....         | 496                    | 50                | 50.00   |
| Jesse N. Cole.....         | 497                    | 30                | 30.00   |
| Jesse N. Cole.....         | 511                    | 17                | 17.00   |
| Jesse N. Cole.....         | 512                    | 13                | 13.00   |
| J. Y. Eccleston.....       | 134                    | 20                | 20.00   |
| J. Y. Eccleston.....       | 338                    | 24                | 24.00   |
| J. Y. Eccleston.....       | 377                    | 364               | 364.00  |
| J. Y. Eccleston.....       | 464                    | 100               | 100.00  |
| Miss L. C. Haycroft.....   | 463                    | 418               | 418.00  |
| I. W. Hellman, Jr.....     | 420                    | 100               | 100.00  |
| I. W. Hellman, Jr.....     | 421                    | 100               | 100.00  |
| I. W. Hellman, Jr.....     | 422                    | 100               | 100.00  |
| I. W. Hellman, Jr.....     | 423                    | 100               | 100.00  |
| I. W. Hellman, Jr.....     | 424                    | 72                | 72.00   |
| R. J. Hough.....           | 98                     | 10                | 10.00   |
| R. J. Hough.....           | 145                    | 50                | 50.00   |
| R. J. Hough.....           | 187                    | 50                | 50.00   |
| R. J. Hough.....           | 189                    | 100               | 100.00  |
| R. J. Hough.....           | 192                    | 1                 | 1.00    |
| R. J. Hough.....           | 254                    | 100               | 100.00  |
| R. J. Hough.....           | 255                    | 100               | 100.00  |
| R. J. Hough.....           | 484                    | 240               | 240.00  |
| R. J. Hough.....           | 489                    | 100               | 100.00  |
| W. J. Hough.....           | 518                    | 100               | 100.00  |
| W. J. Hough.....           | 519                    | 480               | 480.00  |
| Jesse I. Jewell.....       | 110                    | 40                | 40.00   |
| Jesse I. Jewell.....       | 212                    | 8                 | 8.00    |
| Jesse I. Jewell.....       | 275                    | 40                | 40.00   |
| Jesse I. Jewell.....       | 303                    | 6                 | 6.00    |
| Jesse I. Jewell.....       | 371                    | 94                | 94.00   |
| Emily L. Lackey.....       | 163                    | 20                | 20.00   |
| Emily L. Lackey.....       | 164                    | 4                 | 4.00    |
| Emily L. Lackey.....       | 310                    | 2                 | 2.00    |
| Emily L. Lackey.....       | 386                    | 26                | 26.00   |
| Ida M. Lackey.....         | 262                    | 8                 | 8.00    |
| Ida M. Lackey.....         | 311                    | 1                 | 1.00    |
| Ida M. Lackey.....         | 403                    | 9                 | 9.00    |
| Mason-McDuffie Co.....     | 501                    | 10                | 10.00   |
| Mason-McDuffie Co.....     | 502                    | 20                | 20.00   |
| Mrs. Leota M. Nagle.....   | 451                    | 4                 | 4.00    |
| Mrs. Anita Nathansen.....  | 487                    | 5                 | 5.00    |
| J. C. Nathansen.....       | 445                    | 20                | 20.00   |
| J. C. Nathansen.....       | 488                    | 3                 | 3.00    |
| Mrs. L. N. Ostwald.....    | 242                    | 60                | 60.00   |
| Mrs. L. N. Ostwald.....    | 336                    | 4                 | 4.00    |
| Mrs. L. N. Ostwald.....    | 400                    | 64                | 64.00   |
| I. Peterson.....           | 503                    | 6                 | 6.00    |
| I. Peterson.....           | 505                    | 8                 | 8.00    |
| T. J. Proctor.....         | 193                    | 5                 | 5.00    |
| T. J. Proctor.....         | 395                    | 7                 | 7.00    |
| Arthur E. Reynolds.....    | 427                    | 10                | 10.00   |
| Elizabeth F. Reynolds..... | 233                    | 20                | 20.00   |
| Elizabeth F. Reynolds..... | 319                    | 1                 | 1.00    |
| Elizabeth F. Reynolds..... | 399                    | 21                | 21.00   |
| Elizabeth F. Reynolds..... | 477                    | 10                | 10.00   |
| J. F. Reynolds.....        | 185                    | 100               | 100.00  |
| J. F. Reynolds.....        | 429                    | 100               | 100.00  |
| V. Reynolds.....           | 231                    | 33                | 33.00   |
| V. Reynolds.....           | 285                    | 10                | 10.00   |
| V. Reynolds.....           | 334                    | 3                 | 3.00    |
| V. Reynolds.....           | 398                    | 46                | 46.00   |
| J. Hood Smith.....         | 94                     | 40                | 40.00   |
| J. Hood Smith.....         | 126                    | 8                 | 8.00    |
| J. Hood Smith.....         | 327                    | 3                 | 3.00    |
| J. Hood Smith.....         | 364                    | 51                | 51.00   |
| W. Garner Smith.....       | 141                    | 100               | 100.00  |
| W. Garner Smith.....       | 196                    | 600               | 600.00  |
| W. Garner Smith.....       | 199                    | 200               | 200.00  |
| W. Garner Smith.....       | 524                    | 500               | 500.00  |
| W. Garner Smith.....       | 525                    | 512               | 512.00  |

And in accordance with law and an order of the Board of Directors, made on the 15th day of September, 1915, so many shares of each parcel of stock as may be necessary will be sold at public auction at the office of the Company in the northeast corner room on the second floor of the Burbank Building, which is located at the southwest corner of Market and Beale Streets, San Francisco, California, on the 8th day of November, 1915, at ten o'clock a. m., to pay said delinquent assessments thereon, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

I. M. BRAYER,  
Assistant Secretary and Acting Secretary of The  
Luther Burbank Company.  
Office of the Company, Burbank Building, Mar-  
ket and Beale Streets, San Francisco, California.

NOTICE OF POSTPONEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that by order of the directors of The Luther Burbank Company the time of the delinquent sale of stock of said Company, under Assessment levied September 15, 1915, has been extended to November 22d, 1915; and said sale will be held on said last-named day at 10 o'clock a. m. in the northeast corner room on the second floor of the Burbank Building, southeast corner of Market and Beale Streets, San Francisco, California.

I. M. BRAYER,  
Assistant and Acting Secretary of The Luther  
Burbank Company.  
Dated November 8th, 1915.

NOTICE OF POSTPONEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that by order of the directors of The Luther Burbank Company, the time of the delinquent sale of stock of said Company, under assessment levied September 15, 1915, has been extended to December 7, 1915; and said sale will be held on said last-named day at 10 o'clock a. m. in the northeast corner room on the second floor of the Burbank Building, southeast corner of Market and Beale Streets, San Francisco, California.

I. M. BRAYER,  
Assistant and Acting Secretary of The Luther  
Burbank Company.  
Dated November 17th, 1915.



# FOUR GATEWAYS

To the East from  
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**NEW ORLEANS  
OGDEN  
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**"SUNSET ROUTE"**—Two Daily Trains to New Orleans via Los Angeles, Tucson, El Paso, San Antonio and Houston. Connecting with Limited and Express Trains to New York, Washington, Philadelphia, Chicago, etc., and also with Southern Pacific Steamers to New York, sailing Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Following the Mission Trail of the old Franciscan Padres, through the land of Evangeline and the Dixieland of Song and Story—The most romantic railroad journey in America.

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**"SHASTA ROUTE"**—Four Daily Trains to Portland, Tacoma and Seattle. Connecting with through trains to Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Montreal, traversing the Great Pacific Northwest.

Skirting majestic Mount Shasta, and crossing the glorious Siskiyou. Through picturesque canyons and following for miles Oregon's beautiful rivers and fertile valleys.

**"EL PASO ROUTE"**—Two Daily Trains to Chicago and St. Louis via Los Angeles, Tucson, El Paso and Kansas City. Connecting with through Trains to Eastern Cities.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The corner policeman found Nayhur leaning against a telephone pole one night about a month ago. "Well, well, how'd you happen to get into this condition?" he asked as he helped Nayhur home. "Wifesh just left f'r vacashun," explained the patient. It was just a night or two later that the same policeman found Nayhur leaning against the same pole in the same condition. "What's the excuse this time?" asked the cop. "She's hack," answered Nayhur.

John Morrison, an elderly Scot laird, had an ancient valet named Gabriel, whose petulance and license of speech went so far as to be intolerable. One day at dinner Gabriel took the liberty of calling something which his master said "a great lee." "Weel," said the laird, really offended, and rising from the table, "this will do no longer. We must part at last." "Hout, tout!" replied Gabriel, pressing his master into the chair. "Whaur wad yer honour be hetter than in yer ain hoose?"

The following, illustrative of the unfeeling humor of the British soldier, is from Rev. E. J. Hardy's new hook, "The British Soldier: His Courage and Humor": "He was a wounded soldier who was traveling in a train. At a point on the line where it ran parallel with the road he saw a brand-new territorial battalion marching up to the front. He stuck his handaged head out of the door and yelled, 'Are you dahn-hearted?' The Terriers, from the colonel to the smallest drummer, shouted, 'No-o-oh!' The wounded man replied, 'Well, you damn soon will be when you get in those trenches.'"

There was a company of gentlemen engaged in a little game of cards in a prominent man's parlor one night lately. It grew late, and fears were expressed by the party that they were trespassing upon the kindness of the mistress of the house, who, by the way, was not present. "Not at all, gentlemen—not at all! Play as long as you please, I am Czar here!" said the master of the mansion. "Yes, gentlemen, play as long as you please," said a silvery voice, and all rose as the mistress of the house stood before them. "Play as long as you please, gentlemen! But as it is nearly one o'clock, the Czar is going to hed."

The young countryman at a hotel commenced to write a letter, and then went away, leaving it on the table. A stranger came in and, without thinking, took up the missive. He had it in his hand when the young man returned. "That's my letter, mister!" he said, fiercely. "Well, you can have it," was the reply. "Did you read it?" "No; that is, I glanced over a few lines of it and noticed that hardly a word was spelled correctly." "It is to my girl—the girl I'm going to marry." "Yes?" "And I don't care a darn about the spellin'. What I want to impress on that girl is luv—l-u-v—and lots of it, for there's a farm and seventy cows comin' to her!"

Young Mr. Gahsy went to work for a wholesale concern, and while not a brilliant clerk, possessed a rapid-fire tongue and was full of visions. He longed to go "on the road" for the house, and at last was given his opportunity. To his great joy he was succeeding on his first trip in persuading a stationer to order 100 fountain pens. But suddenly the latter's manner changed to the young man. "I countermand that order," he barked, and hurried into his private office, slamming the door behind him. Later in the day his bookkeeper said to the stationer: "May I ask, sir, why you so suddenly countermanded your order for those fountain pens?" "The young salesman," explained the stationer, "hooked my order in lead pencil."

It was at the time of the big show at Ypres, in 1914, when the Prussian Guards almost broke through the British lines. When at last they were brought up and began to retreat, a Scot was in the countercharge. He found his revolver empty and snatched up a rifle with a bayonet and rushed on with his men. He remembered clearly charging a big Prussian, who put up his hands. The Scotsman swerved, but as he passed he saw with the corner of his eye one of the Prussian's hands coming down to his pocket, so he swung around and ran him through, and then rushed on. As he ran he found himself thinking that he had done wrong; perhaps the man meant nothing, perhaps his hand was hit by a bullet—there might be scores of explanations. He described the thought as running round and round in his head: "I shouldn't have done that; I shouldn't have done that. It was a sin." And all this time he was killing other Prussians, and fighting all he knew. He was very unhappy. When the charge pulled up he could not do anything but go back and search for the big Prussian and end his tor-

ment of mind. He found him at last with his hand in his pocket, in which was the revolver. Then he felt at peace, and his Scots conscience was silenced.

The two commercial travelers were boasting to each other of the merits of the respective fireproof safes for which they were agents. "I guess," said the first, "that we've given our safe 'some' test, and I reckon that our best trial was when we heaped up a collection of combustibles round it which took a week to burn out. Inside that safe was a little dog provided with food and water. At the end of the week we raked away the embers and opened the door of the safe which had been in the middle of that blazing bonfire for a week. Out jumped the little dog, well and happy, wagging his tail with delight." "Yours is a good safe," said the other, "but it isn't in the same block with ours. We adopted the same test precisely, and when we'd raked away the embers and come to the safe at last we opened the door and our little dog—" He paused dramatically. "Was dead," interrupted his rival. "Yes, sir," was the reply. "You've hit it. Frozen to death!"

The anecdotes told at the expense of amateur players are innumerable, and of course of varying degrees, both of truthfulness and of drollery. Another is added to the list by some Harvard students, who ambitiously undertook to play "Hamlet" for the benefit of a charity. The man who was to act the part of Horatio was extremely timid, and when the night of the performance came he was so overcome by stagefright that he could hardly remember the lines he had so carefully studied. During the scene where Horatio and Marcellus tell Hamlet of the appearance of the spirit of his father, and the prince asks: "Stayed it long?" "While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred," Horatio managed to stumble out, but so confusedly that Marcellus forgot his cue, and instead of rejoining "Longer, longer," stood staring at Horatio. The prompter, with a view to helping out Marcellus, began to whisper from the wings, "Longer, longer." Unfortunately Horatio, having lost all control of himself, was inspired with the idea that the man playing Marcellus was looking at him because he had made an error, and that the words from the wing were addressed to him. With a great effort he straightened himself up, cleared his burning throat, and said, loudly: "While one with moderate haste might tell two hundred, then."

Let "Pacific Service" Shoulder Your Heating Problems

At this season, when you are considering the necessity of a new heating system or of modernizing your old-fashioned plant, it is well to have the unbiased advice of our heating engineers as to the system best suited to your individual needs—the system that will insure healthy, comfortable heat and guarantee fuel economy.

HAPHAZARD SELECTION

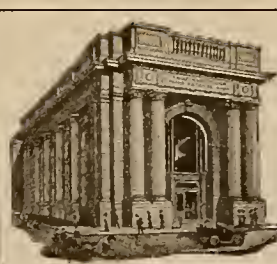
Proper heating is a science and should not be treated as a hit-or-miss proposition. The experts of our Heating Department are at your service, free of charge, and will make an especial examination of your building or home to determine your requirements.

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GAS HEATING has been REVOLUTIONIZED! You may now have hot air, hot water, or steam indirect Gas Heating Systems, which vent all fumes and dampness, bringing fresh, pure, warm air into the rooms. Added to this is the low cost of operation.

Take the advice of our heating department and secure the system best adapted to your needs.

Pacific Gas and Electric Co.  
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Of San Francisco

Paid-Up Capital.....\$ 4,000,000.00  
Surplus and Undivided Profits.....1,889,544.24  
Total Resources.....46,182,816.88

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HERBERT FLEISHACKER.....President  
WASHINGTON DODGE.....Vice-President  
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Richmond District Branch, S. W. Cor. Clement and 7th Ave.  
Haight Street Branch, S. W. Cor. Haight and Belvedere.

JUNE 30th, 1915:

Assets.....\$60,321,343.04  
Deposits.....57,362,899.35  
Capital actually paid up in cash.....1,000,000.00  
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....1,953,443.69  
Employees' Pension Fund.....194,164.12  
Number of Depositors.....86,965  
For the 6 months ending June 30th, 1915, a dividend to depositors of 4 per cent per annum was declared. Open Saturday Evenings 6 to 8.

CARL RAISS & CO.

STOCKS AND BONDS

429 CALIFORNIA ST.  
SAN FRANCISCO

Notice of Hearing of Application for Voluntary Dissolution of Corporation

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 69,719.

In the Matter of the Application of HORN & CO., HANFORD BRANCH, for its voluntary dissolution.

Notice is hereby given that the application of HORN & CO., HANFORD BRANCH, a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, praying for the voluntary dissolution of said corporation, has been filed in the above-entitled court and will be heard on the 21st day of December, 1915, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Court Room of Department 3 of said Superior Court, in the Temporary City Hall, No. 1231 Market Street, San Francisco, California.

Dated November 15th, 1915.

(Superior Court Seal)

HARRY I. MULCREVY,  
County Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH,  
Deputy Clerk.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 69,720.

In the Matter of the Application of HORN & CO., SAN JOSE BRANCH, for its voluntary dissolution.

Notice is hereby given that the application of HORN & CO., SAN JOSE BRANCH, a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, praying for the voluntary dissolution of said corporation, has been filed in the above-entitled court and will be heard on the 21st day of December, 1915, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Court Room of Department 3 of said Superior Court, in the Temporary City Hall, No. 1231 Market Street, San Francisco, California.

Dated November 15th, 1915.

(Superior Court Seal)

HARRY I. MULCREVY,  
County Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH,  
Deputy Clerk.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 69,721.

In the Matter of the Application of HORN & CO., BAKERSFIELD BRANCH, for its voluntary dissolution.

Notice is hereby given that the application of HORN & CO., BAKERSFIELD BRANCH, a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, praying for the voluntary dissolution of said corporation, has been filed in the above-entitled court and will be heard on the 21st day of December, 1915, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Court Room of Department 3 of said Superior Court, in the Temporary City Hall, No. 1231 Market Street, San Francisco, California.

Dated November 15th, 1915.

(Superior Court Seal)

HARRY I. MULCREVY,  
County Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH,  
Deputy Clerk.

Romeike's Press Clipping Bureau

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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The wedding of Mrs. Leonore Ferrer Kiethley and Mr. Charles Stuart Tripler took place Wednesday at the bride's home on Vallejo Street. It was a quiet affair, only relatives and a few intimate friends having been present. Upon their return from their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Tripler will reside in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. James Flood have issued invitations to a hall Friday evening, December 10th, at their home on Broadway in honor of Miss Elena Eyre.

Mrs. William H. Coleman of St. Louis was the complimented guest Friday at a luncheon given by Mrs. Virginia Maddox.

Mrs. Norman McLaren was hostess Thursday at a luncheon at her home on Jackson Street.

Mrs. Alfred B. Ford will give a luncheon Monday, November 29th, at the Town and Country Club.

Mrs. John Hays Hammond was the complimented guest Tuesday at a luncheon given by Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall at her home on Jackson Street.

Mrs. Robert Newell Fitch was hostess Wednesday afternoon at a tea at her home on Jackson Street in honor of Mrs. E. H. Close of Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott entertained a large number of friends Sunday at a luncheon at the Burlingame Club.

Miss Helen Crocker was the complimented guest Thursday evening at a hall given by Mrs. John Hays Hammond at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Amher Curran gave a dinner at their home on Broadway Wednesday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Tohin, who have recently returned from their wedding trip.

Miss Elizabeth Oyster was hostess Tuesday at a luncheon at the Francisca Club.

Mrs. John Cushing gave a tea at her home on Second Avenue Wednesday afternoon, when a coterie of friends enjoyed her hospitality.

Mrs. Clara L. Darling entertained a number of friends Wednesday afternoon at a tea at her home on Clay Street.

Mrs. William G. Irwin was hostess Wednesday at a luncheon at her home on Washington Street.

Mrs. Norman Livermore gave a tea at her home on Vallejo Street Wednesday afternoon, when a coterie of friends enjoyed her hospitality.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith entertained a number of friends Sunday evening at a dinner at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Reginald Brook and Mrs. Arthur Messer of London were the complimented guests Thursday evening at a dinner given by Mrs. Eleanor Martin at her home on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. Clemens Horst were host and hostess Tuesday evening at an informal dance at their home at Presidio Terrace.

Miss Eleanor Tay was the guest of honor Friday at a luncheon given by Mrs. Tyler Henshaw at her home in Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Bradford Clifton entertained a number of friends Friday evening at a theatre and supper party in honor of Miss Helen Wright and her fiancé, Mr. Thomas Hawkins.

Mrs. Stewart McNah was hostess Monday afternoon at a tea at the California building.

Miss Helen Wright was the guest of honor Wednesday afternoon at a bridge-ten given by Miss Sara Wright at her home on California Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Garrett McEnerney entertained a number of friends Sunday evening at a dinner at their home on Broadway.

Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr., was hostess Friday at a luncheon at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. E. Graham Parker gave a bridge party and tea at her home on Clay Street Tuesday afternoon, when a coterie of friends enjoyed her hospitality.

Mr. and Mrs. Seward McNear have issued invitations to a dinner Friday evening, December 3d, at their home on Green Street.

Mrs. George H. Howard was hostess Wednesday at a luncheon at her home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Davis Pillsbury entertained a large number of friends Monday evening at a dinner at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Gaillard Stoney gave a dinner at their home on Jackson Street Monday evening preceding the concert given by Mr. Frank Carroll Giffin and Miss Helen Petre at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Harrison Diblee was hostess Wednesday at a luncheon at the Francisca Club.

Miss Edith Rucker entertained a coterie of friends Wednesday afternoon at a tea at her home on Gough Street.

Mr. and Mrs. William T. Seson entertained a number of friends Thursday evening at a

dinner at their home on Devisadero Street. The affair was in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Bernstrom.

Mrs. William Bowers Bourn gave a luncheon at her home in Burlingame Wednesday, when a score of friends enjoyed her hospitality.

Dr. Harry Tevis gave a house party over the week-end at his home in Los Gatos.

Mrs. Allen Lewis of Portland was the complimented guest Thursday at a luncheon given by Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor at the New York State building.

Mrs. Henry J. Crocker was hostess Thursday afternoon at a tea at her home on Laguna Street in honor of Mrs. John P. Jones of Santa Monica.

Mrs. Charles Huff was hostess Wednesday afternoon at a tea at her home on Vallejo Street.

Lieutenant Hamilton Vose Bryan, U. S. N., was host Monday evening at a dinner on board the U. S. S. Milwaukee.

Mrs. Stephen Foote was the complimented guest recently at a luncheon given by Mrs. Jairus A. Moore at her home at Fort Scott.

Colonel Alfred M. Hunter, U. S. A., and Mrs. Hunter entertained a number of friends Friday evening preceding the dance at Fort Scott. Lieutenant J. B. Smith, U. S. A., and Mrs. Smith also entertained on this occasion.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Judge William Bailey Lamar and Mrs. Lamar will depart December 7th for their home in the East after having resided here during the Exposition. Judge Lamar is at the head of the National Exposition Commission. They will be accompanied by their niece, Miss Sarah Lamar, who has been their guest during the past month.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cudahy arrived last week from the East and are visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Casserly at their home in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Sayre McNeil, who were married November 10th in Los Angeles, came to this city to attend the wedding of Miss Ruth Winslow and Mr. Algernon Gibson. Mrs. McNeil was formerly Miss Daphne Drake.

Mr. Henry E. Bothin with his daughter, Miss Genevieve Bothin, and Miss Leslie Miller has been spending the past week at his country home in Montecito. Mrs. Bothin is in New York at present, but will be home for the Christmas holidays.

Mrs. Hannah Neil Hohart will go East to spend Christmas with her daughter and son, Miss Ruth Hohart and Master Walter Hohart, who are attending schools. Mrs. Hohart will return after the New Year to join her debutante daughter, Miss Hannah Hohart, who will spend the winter with Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Lilley.

Mr. and Mrs. John Dickinson Sherwood of Spokane are here for a visit before proceeding to the Hawaiian Islands for the holidays.

Mrs. Charles Loring Brace and the Misses Dorothy and Eleanor Brace are here from New York City for a visit with Mrs. Harry Hamilton Sherwood.

Miss Natalie Campbell is the house guest this month of Mr. and Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy, Norton Avenue, Los Angeles. Miss Campbell sails on the January transport to visit her aunt and uncle, Major Sidney Cloman, U. S. A., and Mrs. Cloman at Manila.

Mr. Dudley Gunn has arrived in Liège, Belgium, where he is secretary to Father Lathrop, who has charge of the work being done there by the commission of relief in Belgium. Mr. Gunn spent two weeks in Rotterdam to familiarize himself with the work to which he has volunteered his services.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Fleishhacker sailed on the *Wilhelmina* for Honolulu. They were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Alden Anderson, who will be their guests for a month.

Honorable Norman E. Mack, Mrs. Mack, and the Misses Norma and Harriet Mack will depart Wednesday for their home in Buffalo. During the ten months of the Exposition they have resided at the New York State building, Mr. Mack being chairman of the commission.

Professor Robert W. Wood, Mrs. Wood, and Miss Margaret Wood have returned to their home in Baltimore after a visit with Mrs. Wood's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Pelham Ames, whose golden wedding celebration they came here to attend.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Averill Harriman, who were married recently in Tuxedo, came here a week ago on their wedding trip to visit the Exposition. Mrs. Harriman was formerly Miss Kitty Lawrence of New York.

Mrs. William Coleman, who arrived recently from the East to visit the Exposition, has been visiting friends at Mare Island.

Mrs. Benjamin Diblee has gone East to spend several weeks with friends and will return home in time for the Christmas holidays.

Mrs. George C. Riggs (Kate Douglas Wiggin) of New York has been spending the past two

weeks in this city, having come West to see the Exposition.

Mrs. Lorillard Spencer arrived last week from New York and sailed Saturday on the *Shinyo Maru* for the Philippines, where she will remain until June to continue her missionary work.

Mr. Frank Hitchcock, former Postmaster-General, has returned East after a week's visit in this city.

Mr. Richard Tohin has returned from New York, where he has been spending the past few weeks.

Miss Elizabeth Oyster will spend the holidays in the East, where she will be the guest of friends.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott departed Saturday for New York, where she will remain until Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker are again in New York after a visit in Philadelphia with Mr. and Mrs. Paul Mills.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan are contemplating leaving soon for New York, where they will remain until February.

Mrs. Page-Brown has returned to New York after an extended visit in California. She spent several weeks with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Austin Moore, at their home in Exeter, where Miss Agnes Page-Brown will remain a while longer.

Mrs. George Whittell has gone to New York to join her husband, who has been spending the past month in the East. They will not return until after the holidays. Mrs. Whittell was accompanied by her niece, Miss Genevieve Cunningham, who will probably return home before the holidays with her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Donohoe, Jr.

Mrs. Marian Lord is a recent arrival from New York who will spend several weeks at the Clift Hotel. Mrs. Lord, who was formerly Miss Marian Louderback of Oakland, has resided for many years in Paris, but has come to America to be with her son, who is attending an Eastern college.

Mr. and Mrs. John S. Drum have gone to New York for a holiday visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant and their daughter, Miss Edith Grant, will depart in December for New York, where they will be joined by Miss Josephine Grant, who is attending St. Timothy's School in Catonsville, Maryland. They will spend the holidays in New York.

Mrs. John Bidwell has returned from Chico after a brief visit at her home and will be at the Palace Hotel until after the close of the Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard will depart December 6th for New York, where they will remain until after the holidays.

Admiral Reginald Nicholson, U. S. N., and Mrs. Nicholson are established in Washington for the winter. They have as their house guest Mr. and Mrs. Herbert T. J. Crean, who were married a few weeks ago in Lake Forest, Illinois, and who will soon leave for England, Mr. Crean having volunteered his services to the English army.

Lieutenant-Commander Clark H. Woodward, who has been naval attaché at the Exposition, will depart December 10th for New York, where he will be attached to the U. S. S. *New York*.

Major-General Arthur Murray, U. S. A., is expected home Thursday from the East, where he has been spending the past two weeks. He will soon be retired and Major-General J. Franklin Bell, U. S. A., will become the new department chief.

Captain Edward E. Carpenter, U. S. A., and Mrs. Carpenter and their children will sail March 5th for Honolulu, where they will remain a year. Captain Carpenter has been military attaché at the Exposition.

Lieutenant Lewis Brown, Jr., who has been on duty at the Exposition, will soon join the First Cavalry.

Lieutenant J. H. Van Horn, U. S. A., and Mrs. Van Horn have arrived from Manila and are guests at the Hotel Court.

Colonel Stephen M. Foote, U. S. A., Mrs. Foote, and Miss Foote left last week for Charleston, where Colonel Foote has recently been ordered after having been on duty at Fort Winfield Scott.

The home in New York of Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Heehner has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. Heehner, who was formerly Miss Metha MacMahon of this city, is the daughter of Mrs. Eugene Breese.

The home in Chester Place, Los Angeles, of Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Adams has been brightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. Adams was formerly Miss Aileen McCarthy.

## A Never-Failing Remembrance.

For many years the *Argonaut* has printed in its issue preceding Thanksgiving Day an appeal for donations to sustain the good work of the San Francisco Fruit and Flower Mission, and as regularly and unfailingly has an unknown friend of the paper and the Mission sent in response a contribution of fifty dollars. This is the letter which accompanied the gift this year:

SAN FRANCISCO, November 22, 1915.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: With this you will find fifty dollars. Kindly receive same in behalf of the San Francisco Fruit and Flower Mission, as a contribution toward their expenses in carrying out the Thanksgiving Day programme.

Respectfully, M. R.-M. F.

In acknowledgment of the gift the Fruit and Flower Mission sends the following letter, through the columns of the *Argonaut*, to its unknown friends:

SAN FRANCISCO, November 23, 1915.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: Will you be kind enough to express the thanks of the San Francisco Fruit and Flower Mission to its



UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY

## A Good Receipt

When you operate a checking account each check shows a complete record of payment, and you are insured against paying a bill the second time.

## NEW ACCOUNTS INVITED

A. W. NAYLOR.....PRESIDENT  
F. L. NAYLOR.....VICE-PRES.  
W. E. WOOLSEY.....VICE-PRES.  
F. C. MORTIMER.....CASHIER  
W. F. MORRIS.....ASST. CASHIER  
G. T. DOUGLAS.....ASST. CASHIER  
G. L. PAPE.....ASST. CASHIER

## FIRST NATIONAL BANK of BERKELEY

anonymous benefactor, M. R.-M. F., for his usual generous donation of fifty dollars toward the Thanksgiving dinners? Since the first time, many years ago, that gift came through your office, signed with the mysterious initials M. R.-M. F., we have looked forward to his thought of us at this season of the year and have never been disappointed. We do not wish to pry into the secrecy of his identity, but we do wish M. R.-M. F. (man, woman, or institution, he will have long outgrown childhood) to know his annual donation and kind thought are appreciated.

Very truly yours,  
ANNA W. EPPINGER,  
Corresponding Secretary.

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will never lower its rates beneath the point at which it is possible to provide a service at least equal to that of the best metropolitan hotels in the world. It respectfully invites comparison between its charges and the tariff established by any other hotel of the first rank.

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Full of our incomparable candies makes a holiday gift peculiarly dainty and thoughtful. The basket is a delight in itself, delicately odorous of sweet grass.

We have the most artistic line of candy containers ever shown in the city, purchased especially for the holiday trade.

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

Mrs. Isabelle Reis Sonntag, wife of Julian Sonntag died on Thursday of last week at the Hahneemann Hospital after an illness of several weeks.

The will of the late Anton Michalitshe has been filed for probate. He died in Germany, where he went to live after retiring from business in this city. The California portion of his estate for which probate is asked is valued at \$45,000.

A special programme of exercises was rendered on Sunday afternoon to celebrate the fifth anniversary of the opening of the Y. M. C. A. Building at Golden Gate Avenue and Leavenworth Street. The Calvary Church choir furnished the music. Dr. Josiah Sibley, pastor of Calvary Church, was the principal speaker of the afternoon.

According to railroad men, more than a million and a half persons have come to San Francisco to see the Exposition since the opening day. These estimates take no account of the normal travel.

As an indication that financial conditions in San Francisco are improving, Tax Collector Edward F. Bryant reports that he has collected \$1,264,139.32 on the first installment of taxes for 1915. This is an increase of \$273,435.99 over a corresponding twenty-five-day period last year, when \$990,703.33 was paid into the city treasury for taxes.

Announcement is made that architects are working on plans for the tunnel which the Palace Hotel proposes to run across Market Street to the main Palace Hotel entrance, and for the building of an arcade between Post and Market Streets—practically an extension of the tunnel. This will remove the jitney danger, and will give access from the hotel to Post Street and the main shopping district.

NOTES OF THE EXPOSITION.

Dr. L. B. Ricketts has been given a commemorative bronze medal as the most distinguished citizen of Arizona. He is a member of the Arizona State Assay Board and a consulting mining engineer. Because of his work in promoting the mining industry of Arizona he was selected by Governor Hunt to visit the Exposition and receive an official greeting as mentioned.

San Diego 1916 Day was fittingly observed last Tuesday. Ceremonies were held in the Court of Abundance. President C. C. Moore presented G. A. Davidson, president of the San Diego Exposition, with a medal as evidence of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition's good wishes to the Panama-California Exposition during the second year of its existence.

The two hundred and second anniversary of the birthday of Father Junipero Serra, founder of the California missions, was celebrated on Wednesday. Former Congressman Joseph R. Knowland presided. The ceremonies began in the reception room of the California building. Count Valia de Salazar, consul-general of Spain to the United States, responded to an address by Lewis F. Byington, "What California Owes to Spain."

One of the most interesting displays of contemporary art in the French pavilion is a

newly arrived collection of large photographic reproductions of the Cathedral of Rheims showing the havoc wrought by German shell-fire. The pictures are more than a score in number and hundreds of visitors have studied the plates. In addition to the photographs illustrating the present state of the famous edifice there are several plates giving a fine idea of the cathedral in its former state.

The Exposition attendance last Saturday reached the 17,000,000 mark. The last million was registered at the turnstiles in sixteen days and one hour.

Two carloads of apples were distributed to visitors last Saturday at the Montana exhibit in the Palace of Horticulture.

Charles A. Vogelsang for the Exposition welcomed the officials of the Key System Terminal Railways last Saturday afternoon in Festival Hall and told them how much the Exposition management appreciated the company's philanthropic act of providing free transportation for 10,000 children of the East Bay cities to the Exposition during the day. The occasion was the ceremonies in honor of Key System Day.

More than 600 entries have been received for the Exposition dog show, which opens

November 29th in the Marine Café on the Zone. Of these entries approximately 100 have been received from San Francisco dog fanciers. Fifty high-class dogs already are kennelled at the Exposition awaiting the opening of the show.

No exhibits will be moved until December 6th at the very earliest, according to an ultimatum issued last Tuesday by the department of customs and deliveries, of which J. S. Teager is the chief. "No work of any kind will be done on December 5th," he said, "on account of that day being Sunday. No application for a permit to move or even disturb an exhibit will be received until December 4th, and none will be issued before the sixth. So you can see that any talk about the big show being packed and on the road like a circus before the last performer has finished is all a mistake."

The Exposition has been a success for the exhibitors, foreign and domestic, who exhibited there. The exhibitors and concessionaires had done at least \$30,000,000 worth of business at the close of October. The figure is conservative. The actual amount of business is perhaps closer to \$50,000,000.

Benefit for Italian Widows and Orphans.

A concert will be given by the Minetti Orchestra of sixty-five musicians, under the baton of Giulio Minetti, at the Knights of

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Columbus Hall, Friday evening, December 10th, for the benefit of the widows and orphans of Italian soldiers killed on the European battlefields, and the principal soloists of the evening will be Mme. Bernice Pasquali soprano, Charles Bulotti, tenor, and Miss Dorothy Pasmore, 'cellist.



CHRISTMAS  
PROCLAMATION

by the house of

Roos Bros

HERETOFORE the Men's Stores in this vicinity have kept open in the evening during the Christmas Shopping Season from Ten Days to Two Weeks preceding Christmas Day.

—This Christmas The House of Roos Bros. will make a radical change—Their Three Stores (San Francisco, Oakland and Berkeley) will only be kept open **on TWO EVENINGS** —Dec. 23d and 24th.

OUR CUSTOMERS shall not suffer any inconvenience, but our selling force will reap a decided benefit; and we cordially invite our customers to assist us in this movement in the right direction by SHOPPING EARLY and getting the benefit of better store service from an alert, active, obliging selling force.

OUR CHRISTMAS GIFTS  
ARE HERE!

—TENS of THOUSANDS of Useful, Beautiful, Durable Novelties, Daintily packed in Gift Boxes—We deliver FREE to any part of the United States—Our Popular Prices are:

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Splendid 10,000 ton, twin-screw, American Steamers "SIERRA," "SOSOL," "VICTORIA" (rated Lloyd's 100A1). Sailings every 21 days. Sydney and return, \$337.50; including Japan, \$575.00—First Class. Honolulu, \$54.00. Picture folders free. Sailings:  
Dec. 7, Dec. 28, Jan. 18  
Short Line 673 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

Argonaut subscribers may have the paper sent regularly to their out-of-town address during the vacation season promptly on request.

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Do your men watch the clock?" "Not since I hired that pretty stenographer."—*Dallas News*.

"Jinks is a born poet." "That's no reason why he shouldn't try to make something of himself."—*Boston Transcript*.

"I suppose you feel the business depression?" "It's just terrible, my dear. We're still using our last year's car."—*Judge*.

"Is dat dah Sassafra Simpson took a wife yit, Rastus?" "Reckon he haint, Bre'er Higgins. He's workin'."—*Browning's Magazine*.

"Was your garden a success last year?" "Very much so. My neighbor's chickens took first prize at the poultry show."—*Philadelphia Record*.

Fatty—Fer two pins I'd pull yer ears fer you! Shorty—Jist you try it on! You'll find you'll 'ave your 'ands full!—*London Firefly*.

Passenger (at railway ticket window)—Two third-class returns. Agent—Where to? Passenger—Why, hack 'ere, o' course, ye fule.—*Punch*.

"They say people with opposite characteristics make the happiest marriages." "Yes; that's why I'm looking for a girl with money."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

She—And don't you go in for sport of any kind? He—Oh, yaas, don't yer know. I'm—haw—passionately fond of dominoes.—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Pa, what is an anomaly?" "I can't explain the term very well, son, hut a deck-hand on a submarine would be anomalous."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

Sunday-School Teacher—You must grow up to be good. Don't you want to be looked up to? Little Emma Wayup—No; I'd rather be looked around at.—*Judge*.

Brown—Stout people, they say, are rarely guilty of meanness or crime. Jones—Well, you see, it's so difficult for them to stoop to anything low.—*Story Stories*.

She—You're friend Jims was here this morning asking for you and told me such a touching story. He (absent-mindedly)—For how much?—*Baltimore American*.

Deacon Jones—Have you driven for good people? Chauffeur—Regular saints! They wuz so afraid to die that I never could drive over ten miles an hour, sir!—*Judge*.

"Yes, sir, one hour's uninterrupted reading each evening would make you—" "Uninterrupted? Where do you think my wife spends her evenings?"—*New York Times*.

"Have you much of a police force in this village?" asked the city man in the country. "We certainly have," replied the native; "he weighs 310 pounds."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Sportsman—Is it worth my time to shoot in this neighborhood? Notice—Well, the shootin' aint wuth shucks, but then, I don't know what your time is wuth.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Was the public dinner you went to a success?" "It was the best dinner I ever attended. Every speaker who was down for a speech on the programme had tonsillitis."—*Tit-Bits*.

"Up in the Arctic regions the nights are six months long," remarked the Extensive Traveler. "Thasso?" said the Inebriated One. "Gee! Think of a crowd of Eskimos singing, 'We won't go home until morning.'"—*Life*.

Grubbs—Are you going in for golf this season? Stubbs—No, indeed; I have got beyond that point. This season I am making a comparative study of Roman, Greek, and Egyptian profanity.—*Richmond Times-Dispatch*.

"Who wrote that article on how to support a family of six on ten dollars a week?" a friend asked Woggles, the editor of the *Ladies' Household Friend*. "Bingham, one of our best men," said Woggles, without a smile; "we pay him five thousand a year."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Impossible." "But I saw it." "Impossible—ridiculous!" "I tell you it did." "And I say it didn't, because it couldn't." "I was there and witnessed it." "Do you mean to tell me that he was killed by a bolt from a clear sky? Do you expect me to believe such a yarn?" he shouted. "That's just what I'm telling you. A workman on a twenty-story building dropped the bolt."—*Kansas City Journal*.

## What His Uncle Left Him.

He had been refused, but he declined to believe it.

"Then I am to understand that this is your final answer, Miss Stubbles?"

"My final answer."

"Nothing can move you?"

"Nothing."

"Then my life will be a lonely one and my

fate a harsh one, for my uncle with whom I lived has just died and left me—"

"That fact somewhat alters the case, Henry. I can not be harsh to one who has sustained such recent hereavement. If I could believe that you are sincere—"

"Sincere! Oh, Miss Stubbles!"

"You have certainly made an impression on my heart. Give me time to think of it."

"How long?"

"After all, why think of it? Henry, I am yours."

"Oh, Genevieve!"

"Your poor uncle! Was he long ill?"

"Three days."

"It is too bad! You say he left you—?"

"Yes, he has left me."

"How much?"

"How much! I said he had left me. He had nothing to leave. I am alone in the world now, homeless, penniless, but with you by my side—why, she's fainted!"

Nyld—Muchwed has a new runabout. Higbee—I thought he swore he never would marry again.—*Vanity Fair*.

## A Day of Thanksgiving

We all have a great deal to be thankful for.

And while thinking it over, it is wise to consider material affairs. If you have taken steps to protect yourself against fire and theft, you also have that to be thankful for.

If you haven't done it yet, now is a good time to begin. A safe deposit box in the Crocker Vaults, for as little as \$4 a year keeps your papers, etc., safe at all times.

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# The Argonaut.

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## THIRTY-NINTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### "In Honor of France."

It has been said both wisely and charmingly that if any civilized man shall be asked to name the countries of the world in the order of their dignities he will first name his own and that he will next name—France.

There are multiplied reasons why France is thus best loved among the nations. From whatever angle she may be viewed the spectacle is one to command respect and admiration. France for a thousand years has answered successfully every test imposed by time or circumstance, maintaining at all times and in varied ways distinctions unmatched by other countries. Admiration for France, love for France, vivified by the special circumstances of this time, were the motives of last Saturday's demonstration at the Exposition "in honor of France." In another column Mr. Porter Garnett has sympathetically portrayed the sentiments of that unique occasion. We will not attempt to supplement what Mr. Garnett has done so admirably. But the Argonaut can not allow the incident to pass without declaring its participation in the motives of last Saturday's festival and its sympathy with the sentiments voiced by Mr. Porter, Mr. Bourn, Mr. Arlett, and others who so beautifully paid tribute of love and honor to La Belle France.

### End of the Exposition.

California may justly felicitate herself upon the record of the Panama-Pacific Exposition which ends with the week. It has been a supreme success, regarded as an international enterprise, as an artistic creation, as an exposition of human progress, as an illustration of the initiative and the power of a spirited people. The achievement is the more notable because of many circumstances of discouragement which preceded it. The country, even the whole world, had come to think itself weary of expositions. Our own government failed to arrange for adequate representation, and so slighted its appeal to foreign countries that several of the foremost nations, including England and Germany, failed at the point of official participation. Then came the European war with its attendant confusions at home and abroad. So thickly did the clouds of discouragement gather a year ago that there were timid souls who would have canceled the whole vast preparation in anticipation of failure. But the courage which had initiated the enterprise was resolute to see it through. The gates were opened upon time. And despite the world-war, despite the failure of the government to make any real contribution, despite circumstances which held multitudes at home at a time of universal uncertainty, the Exposition has commanded a great attendance and has worthily celebrated the event it was designed to commemorate. Incidentally it has augmented the prestige and fame of California. It is not necessary, in exploitation of this great celebration, that it should be compared with others which have gone before. It is enough to say that it has yielded entertainment and instruction to multitudes and won unstinted commendation from those most capable of judgment. Nobody has viewed it uncharmed or departed from its gates without regret. To our own people it has been a delight and a stimulus. As it has increased the fame of California abroad, so in a sense it has augmented local self-respect. It has given to our people through the multitudes who have visited us this past year a new sense of kinship with the wide world, and it has inspired us with that honorable pride which attends upon a supreme effort carried through to supreme achievement.

### Mr. Ford to the Rescue.

It is to be hoped that no spirit of undue levity will be allowed either to hinder or frustrate the mission undertaken by Mr. Ford for the purpose of bringing peace to a war-torn world. For this is no ordinary occasion. We may be said to have reached a point of desperation. Statesmen, diplomats, even the President of the republic himself, have essayed the same task and they have failed, and now we may wish with some regret that Mr. Ford had been delegated, or had delegated himself, at an earlier date, and that these first

abortive attempts had not been made. With such an experience of futility behind us we know now that we should have begun with our wisest and our best. And what better credentials of wisdom and of virtue could there be than the manufacture of a successful, if hideous, automobile, and a resulting bank balance that is credibly said to soar into the millions? Mr. Ford goes forth with the national confidence behind him. If he can make so good an automobile why should we doubt that he can also make peace? He has a record of success in the motor world, and it will be easy for him to extend that record to the field of international amities.

A natural curiosity as to Mr. Ford's plans must, unfortunately, remain ungratified. For he has no plans. He says so himself. And what, after all, are plans in comparison with a heart swelling with benevolence and a pocket with dollars? He may possibly devote some of the leisure of the Atlantic passage to consideration of some particular way in which the war may best be stopped. It is quite possible that something will occur to him on the way over, a happy thought, so to speak. But these are secondary considerations. Mr. Ford himself includes all these lesser matters within his own overwhelming personality. It is sufficient that he should appear upon the scene with the lustre of triumphant motor manufacture upon his brow, with the suggestive scintillations of wealth upon his expressive features, and the war will naturally stop at his word of command like the sun at Ajalon. Mr. Ford says that he is willing if necessary to spend a million dollars in order to get the men out of the trenches before Christmas, and as there are something like ten million men now in the trenches we are struck with admiration at so low a wholesale price as ten cents apiece. Never was the commercial instinct applied to better purpose, and it is only fitting that it should emanate from the brain of the world's greatest automobile maker.

Mr. Ford will not go forth alone to stop the war. He will be surrounded by a galaxy of stars of a lesser magnitude, but equally devoid of plan or definite purpose. But it does not matter. Mr. Ford himself will be there, presumably in an automobile. He could hardly ride in anything else. And Miss Jane Addams will be there. At least we hope so. Miss Helen Keller can not go, and Mr. Edison can not go. But there are other notorieties who might be conscripted for the purpose of furnishing a background for Mr. Ford. Mr. Ruef is at liberty—to put the matter with delicacy—and he is not unknown to fame. He might serve. Mr. Schmitz is now a man of leisure. Mr. McCarthy might oblige. And how about Mr. Gompers and Isadora Duncan? How about Billy Sunday? There is no reason why the menagerie should be under-manned. The country is willing to see them all go in the proud realization that Mr. Ford also has gone, and that business will be carried on as usual in the jitney works.

But we shall expect Mr. Ford to return as soon after Christmas as possible. He is a loan, not a gift. We have troubles of our own over here in America, and indeed when we think of Mexico we are tempted to ask for an embargo on Mr. Ford. There is only one of him. He should see to America first. But let that pass. When Mr. Ford does eventually find himself at leisure we should much like him to spend a week or so in solving some of our domestic problems. For example, there is the prevailing unrest, and prohibition, and Mount Lassen, and the drug habit and the yellow peril. There is the suffrage, and the single standard and tuberculosis, and Dr. Anna Shaw, and the Progressives, and preparedness. We are willing to wait on the greater needs of Europe, but we may hope none the less that Mr. Ford will realize his responsibilities born of the fact that he makes more automobiles, and



cheaper automobiles, and uglier automobiles than any one else in the world.

### A Badly Confused Issue.

In arranging his legislative programme in the cause of national defense President Wilson appears as an imitator of the tactics of Uncle Remus in his coon-catching operations. "Yo' see," said uncle, "how I fixes dis yere trap, open to bofe of its ends, so I cotch Mr. Coon a'comin' or a'gwyne." It was a neatly devised project. Being strictly "non-partisan," it was to command support from the Republicans. Proposed by a Democratic President and as an incident of a presidential campaign, it was to have solid support at the hands of Mr. Wilson's own party. To give assurance under this head there was to be enforced in the Senate a rule of cloture so devised as to compel "harmonious" action on the part of the Democratic members.

But in advance of the assembling of Congress it becomes evident that the presidential project is to find the sledding extremely rough. The first difficulty is Mr. Wilson's own party. Leading Democrats in Congress, including House Leader Kitchin and Senator Underwood, are openly against the project, justifying opposition to the Administration programme by Mr. Wilson's own declaration that it is presented as a non-partisan measure. Certain other Democrats are against the project on the ground that the demands which it will make for money will impose upon the country onerous exactions in the way of taxation. Certain other Democrats—among them Senator Chamberlain of Oregon, chairman of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs—are for a larger measure of preparedness than the Administration plan calls for. They will undertake to modify the President's plan by enlarging its scope and increasing its cost. Then there is Mr. Bryan.

Already it is obvious that the Administration project can not be put through as a non-partisan measure. Either the President must bring his party to the support of his plans or he must so revise them as to make them acceptable to a very considerable number of Republicans. Nobody sees this situation more clearly than Mr. Mann, the Republican House leader, who openly declares that Mr. Wilson will not be permitted to start his campaign for reelection by commandeering Republican support for a measure essentially Democratic. Mr. Mann has his own ideas as to what the Republicans in Congress will want in the way of national defense, and he does not intend to sacrifice these ideas to the President's appeals for help under the neglect or opposition of his own party.

A powerful factor in the situation as it is bound to develop will be the National Guard. Previous to putting forth his plans Secretary Garrison contrived to win over certain leading figures in the National Guard to his scheme for a Federal volunteer army under the name of Continentals. But the project is in reality opposed to the interests of the National Guard, and the guardsmen brought to support it were in fact convinced against their will. Lukewarm themselves, they have not been able to convince their associates. The National Guard Association when it met at San Francisco early last month flatly turned down the Continental Army idea and proposed a remedy of its own. Further the association levied an assessment of \$25 on each 500 men of the National Guard for the maintenance of a lobby at Washington this year in promotion of its own idea about legislation. The fund provided by this assessment is not large, but with volunteer help it will make itself felt. While repudiating the Continental Army idea as impracticable, the National Guard Association proposes enlargement of the regular army and of the National Guard.

It appears, too, that the Regular Army, and particularly the General Staff, will support the National Guard in its protest against Mr. Garrison's Continental Army. We are to have the spectacle of the Regular Army and the National Guard—organizations which have not always nor often been harmonious—standing on common ground and fighting a common foe. That they will form an alliance with the Republican party in Congress is almost certain. And, curiously enough, both Chairman Hay of the House Military Committee and Chairman Chamberlain of the Senate Military Committee will be more in sympathy with the ideas to be put forward than with those presented by the Administration leaders. And when it is remem-

bered that the National Guard Association has influential members in every congressional district in the United States, it is easy to believe that the movement will be a formidable one.

Opposition to the President's project is to find another opportunity in our now fixed custom of legislating by investigation. As a matter of course the progress of military legislation through Congress will be accompanied by investigations rather more than less unfriendly to the President's plan. The Bryanites will demand an investigation in the hope of proving that munitions manufacturers are the main force behind the campaign for preparedness. Then we may look for a counter investigation to determine the sources of the fund which maintains Dr. David Starr Jordan and other professional pacifists. And along the same lines an attempt will surely be made to force the Administration to yield up the report of the General Staff dealing with the military needs of the country—a document which it has thus far withheld.

The result of all this is that if we are to have any military legislation at all it is likely to depart from the Administration programme, probably in the form of large increases. The Continental Army idea is likely to be rejected in its entirety, since the belief is becoming general that the only men available for that service would be millionaires on the one hand and hoboes on the other. It is argued that two months' absence from his job each year would destroy much of the usefulness of the average employee and that it will not make him a good soldier.

The cost of it all? Here is a weak point in the calculation. If the Republicans shall in fact enforce heavier expenditures for military purposes, the Democrats, who need an excuse very badly, will endeavor to pass the blame to the minority for the direful condition of the treasury. If the Republicans claim credit for making increases in the scheme of national defense they must accept the responsibility. The Republican answer will be comparison of the foolish things the Democrats have done in the way of revenue and expenditure with the increases made in the preparedness programme, showing how relatively small the one as contrasted with the other.

### Conditions in the Philippine Islands.

For more than a year private reports have suggested a declining state of governmental efficiency in the Philippine Islands. The facts have not been easy to get at in an official sense because it has been the interest of the authorities both at Manila and Washington to suppress information reflecting unfavorably upon the Administration. Impelled by the wish to present conditions as they are, the publishers of the *Oakland Tribune*, some time in September, applied to Dean Barrows of the University of California, a former Philippine official and the author of a standard treatise on island affairs, for information. Dr. Barrows not having recently been in the islands, did not feel himself a competent witness, but he commended to the *Tribune* Mr. O. Garfield Jones, a former member of the Philippine Department of Education and a publicist of reputation, vouching for his character and for his intelligence.

Invited to discuss Philippine affairs without reserve Mr. Jones prepared an article reviewing American policy toward the islands from the incoming of the present administration in March of 1911. Pointing to the fact that the keynote of Democratic policy for the Philippines is "the furtherance of the independence campaign," Mr. Jones took up the course of Governor-General Harrison's administration from its beginning, tracing its course and defining its failures. It was a depressing story. It told of Governor Harrison's dismissal of competent American officials and of his replacing them by politico-factionists, both American and native, resulting in a progressive decline in every department of Philippine administration. The record as outlined by Mr. Jones is one of destructive political fomentation and of collapse of industrial developments previously promoted by American authority. It was, to state it briefly, a circumstantial arraignment of Governor-General Harrison's administration on the score of misconceptions and of failures, all under the general policy voiced in the Baltimore platform and sought to be carried out practically by official agents in the Philippines of the Democratic administration at Washington.

Concurrently with the receipt by the *Oakland*

*Tribune* of Mr. Jones's manuscript ex-President Taft arrived in California as a visitor to the Exposition. He was asked by the editor of the *Tribune* to look over Mr. Jones's article and to make any comment upon it which might seem to him pertinent, in respect of his intimate connection with Philippine affairs, first as Governor-General and later as President of the United States. Mr. Taft's response to this invitation was as follows:

I have read with much interest Mr. O. Garfield Jones's article on present conditions in the Philippines published recently in the *Oakland Tribune*. It is not news to me.

What he says of the demoralization in the present government, due to the blind and foolish policy of President Wilson and Governor-General Harrison, is confirmed by every report that I receive from the islands.

The work of the United States in the last three Republican administrations reflected great credit on the country before the world. The chief reason for the success was in the policy adopted of governing the islands for the benefit of the Filipinos and the gradual organization of a civil service of trained Americans, instituted with a sincere and earnest desire to conform to and promote that policy. The result was that in fifteen years we had gathered together to make up the controlling part of the government as fine a body of colonial public servants as there was anywhere in the world. They had an *esprit de corps* not excelled anywhere. They knew their task, they were enthusiastic in its discharge, and they found their reward—not in high salaries, for they did not receive them—but in the pleasure of increasing the efficiency of the government and its real usefulness to the Filipino people.

The United States government and the Philippine government did not treat them justly. They should have been granted a system of pensions after long service. But, in spite of this defect, they continued in service, hoping for more generous treatment and happy in the thought of their opportunity for usefulness. It rouses my deepest indignation to hear these single-minded, self-sacrificing public servants called "carpet huggers," as they have been by the *New York World* in its blindly partisan support of this indefensible policy of Mr. Wilson and Mr. Harrison. Why is it necessary to do such gross injustice to deserving Americans merely to bolster up a party cause?

I have noted the statement as to the modification of the immediate independence propaganda among the Filipinos with especial interest. I have no doubt that it is true. The independence campaign was only political. What the Filipino politicians want are the offices. Now that they are dividing these with some Democratic politicians, equally inefficient, they are not so eager for independence. They are quite content if they can use the governor-general as they are using him and appoint all their friends to office, to have the United States stand back of an inefficient and demoralized government and protect it from absorption by Japan or some European power. It is a confession that they are not fitted for self-government.

What the people of the United States, however, will have to decide is whether they wish to become responsible for a government which is running down hill, which is sure to fail in doing the good for the Filipino people which we promised and which is the only justification for our being there.

The policy of the present administration will drive every self-respecting American from service in the government of the islands if continued for any great length of time. Indeed, most of the leading ones who were not removed, or asked to resign, have already left, disheartened and disgusted. For this Mr. Wilson and Mr. Harrison are directly responsible.

What is going to happen? If a Republican administration succeeds Mr. Wilson's, a decent respect for the Republican policy which had so vindicated itself will require a retracing of the steps and a slow rebuilding of the old American civil service. This will, of course, cause anger among Filipino officials, many of whom must be removed if the government is to be restored to its former usefulness.

It may lead to disturbance and threatened insurrection; but there can be no faltering in the remedy which is absolutely necessary if we are to do any good in the islands.

The Filipino politicians must be disenthroned if we are to justify remaining in the islands. The course of the Democratic administration has rendered such a change and reform as difficult as possible. They went into it as lightly and with as little sense of responsibility as if they were changing the local personnel of Federal office-holders in a state. They consulted no one who knew the situation except the very Filipino politicians into whose arms they were throwing themselves.

Mr. Wilson had criticized such a policy in the Philippines before he came into office when he was writing his Constitutional Government. Yet he has permitted and authorized Mr. Harrison to bring discredit on the United States in dealing with the Philippine Islands by the very policy he condemned.

The evil effects of what has been done it will take years to remedy. Indeed the evil effects have not shown, and will not show themselves fully for some time. The inertia of a government under efficient and proper guidance carries it on in a fashion some time after the incompetent and lazy and self-seeking politicians have been substituted for high-minded, trained civil servants.

Ultimately, however, the sorrowful story of Philippine misrule will reveal itself to the American people, and they



will lay it alongside the bloody chaos which has come after our intervention in Mexico—and ponder. Will they act?

Now comes Secretary of War Garrison with an official statement in reply "to recent numerous attacks against the administration of the Philippines." He directly refers to former President Taft as "one of the chief offenders," characterizing his statements as "mendacious and mischievous." The whole discussion he defines as a conspiracy to drag Philippine affairs into the presidential campaign.

Mr. Taft's answer, given as an interview to a New York paper, neither winces under Mr. Garrison's strictures nor minces matters as they relate to the Philippines. "The justice," he says, "of the general description of the bad effects of the present policy in the islands, to which I referred in my comments, does not depend upon the credibility" of Mr. Jones or of any one witness. Continuing Mr. Taft says:

The success which attended our policy in the Philippines was largely due to the admirable quality of the civil servants who were the guiding force in the bureaus and departments. It was a model colonial service, made up of men who knew the language, the people, the history of the government and its aims.

In October, 1913, the new policy was introduced. It involved the separation of Governor-General Forbes and all the commissioners and the substitution of men with no Philippine experience whatever. Mr. Harrison went to Manila with the Filipino delegate, Mr. Quezon. He announced publicly that Quezon had secured his appointment. He gave it out that he did not care for American advice and only wished to confer with Filipinos. His partisan attitude was shown by his declaration in the press in Honolulu that he took a sardonic pleasure in turning out Republicans. \* \* \* The policy of eliminating these strong and effective Americans created demoralization which showed itself almost at once. \* \* \* My authority is in statements of Dean Worcester, Vice-Governor Gilbert, and Dan E. Williams, all of whom are in the islands and know them well. In addition many others have confirmed these views.

The facts as above stated—and they are given at first hand—exhibit the stupidity of Secretary Garrison's charge of a "conspiracy." The inception of this particular incident was in the desire of the publishers of a newspaper to uncover the facts back of long-sustained gossip concerning demoralization in the Philippine service. Mr. Taft's part in the matter was wholly casual and without calculation. Asked to state his views upon this as upon many another question, he did it with characteristic candor and with characteristic force. His citation of authorities will no doubt have the wholesome effect of drawing out further testimony. Before we are done with it the country will be informed of just what has been done and of what is doing in the Philippine Islands. And if the Philippine policy of the Democratic administration is to be made an issue in the coming presidential campaign the fault—or the merit—of that fact will rest, not with Mr. Taft, but with Secretary Garrison, whose "vehement" and "unmeasured" statement has definitely brought the issue before the country.

#### Washington Topics.

Washington is to see lively times in a political sense between now and adjournment for the Christmas holidays. The central fact of course will be the assembling of the new Congress. But Congress is not the only interest of the time. Both Republican and Democratic national committees are to meet at the national capital and arrange for times and places for next year's convention. There is to be a consolidated effort to take the Democratic convention South, and Dallas, Texas, is making strong appeals, backed by Colonel House and a check for \$100,000. The general idea at Washington is that wiser counsels will prevail. Long experience has demonstrated the unequaled advantages of Chicago as a convention city. All the professional conventioners, including the great newspapers and the press agencies, are for Chicago. The appeals of San Francisco are not taken seriously. The universal opinion at Washington is that both Republican and Democrats will rally next June at Chicago.

It invariably happens that the national committees, Democratic and Republican alike, find themselves in debt previous to the assembling of a national convention. And it is a curious fact that the amount of accrued obligations always runs to about the sum of \$100,000. It has come to be a habit to require payment of the committee's debts at the hands of the city chosen for convention honors. Nobody pretends to justify this demand on any other grounds than those of

necessity and precedent. In truth it is a very shabby business. A great national party ought to be ashamed to set up its favors at public auction. It should be above accepting gratuities subscribed in pursuance of commercial or other interests.

Mr. Mann, Republican House leader, has been at Washington for the past fortnight arranging for the winter's campaign in Congress. He has called a caucus of House Republicans for December 2d (Thursday of this week) and is quietly at work to bring in the Progressive members. Probably he will succeed. As suggested some time ago, Mann has decided to throw upon the party caucus responsibility for selecting Republicans for committee places. That is, he will arrange his programme and then see to it that the caucus makes it its own. He has determined that the caucus shall demand a larger proportion of places because of the enlarged ratio of Republican members. In the previous Congress the arrangement was arbitrary. On every committee the Democratic majority had two members and the Republican minority one. The demand to be made by the Republican caucus will be for representation proportioned to the actual voting strength in the House. This looks reasonable enough, but there is little chance of its acceptance. Majorities are proverbially selfish. Having power in their hands, they usually make the most of it. The present majority may plead the force of precedent. In the long period of Republican domination the committees were made up to suit the purposes of the majority without serious consideration of proportional rights. The date of the Republican caucus has been set for two days ahead of the Democratic caucus called for December 4th. This will give Mr. Mann time to get his demands in good shape for presentation to the Democratic caucus.

Somehow the impression has become widespread that President Wilson is a great worker. The truth is he is very little of a worker, and perhaps plays more than any President the country has had in half a century. The state of his health in part explains the fact that he gives himself a good deal of leisure. But perhaps a truer reason is his habit of holding himself aloof and of putting work upon others—two very good practices, by the way. Roosevelt was a prodigious worker, though he knew and cared nothing for details. Taft, who was capable of great labor and who did it with ease, joked so much in public about his own laziness that he made the country believe that he was indolent, when in reality he dispatched business expeditiously. His weakness was in not knowing how to get rid of bores, which involved him in serious waste of time and energy. Wilson sees only a few callers and does absolutely no work which he can put upon others. Then he positively neglects a good deal of work which can fall only upon a President, allowing matters of real importance to lie on his desk weeks at a time without action. Even certain things which through precedent have become almost obligatory are put over by Mr. Wilson. Until last week he had not held a cabinet meeting since the adjournment of Congress. And it has been a good six months since he gave up the practice of a weekly meeting with the newspaper correspondents at Washington.

As a matter of fact Mrs. Galt is just now working harder than the President. Dressmakers, photographers, bootmakers, and other of businesses—not to mention the jewelry trade—are trying to advertise themselves at her expense. Three postmen are required to deliver her mail. Women all over the country are writing to ask her for everything from her old clothes to her influence with the President to get them jobs or to get their relatives pardoned out of the penitentiary. Another class of demands upon Mrs. Galt is that she use her influence to get seats in the gallery of the House on the day when the President is to deliver his message. The demand for seats this year is extraordinary, due possibly to the fact that the congressional recess has been longer than at any time in seven years.

This is to be the first gay winter of the Wilson administration. The traditional New Year's demonstration is to be avoided as the date comes within the honeymoon period. The old-time diplomatic reception—one of the four fixed functions of the winter—has been canceled and two diplomatic dinners substituted.

It was the only way to get around a situation brought on by the war in Europe. The first dinner is to be given to the Allies, primarily, although there will be a diplomatic admixture of neutrals. To avoid offense to the central powers emphasis is placed upon the fact that the Allies come first only because M. Jusserand, the French ambassador, is dean of the corps. Bernstorff, who ranks next to Jusserand, will have the place of honor at the next dinner.

Uncle Joe Cannon, returned to Congress from the Danville district, has been accorded a very gracious compliment by the authorities on the majority side of the House. There has been assigned to him his old room in the Capitol just off the House chamber, the room he occupied when floor leader and before he became Speaker. It is a fine big apartment of much historic interest. Rooms in the big House office building across the street are distinctly better suited for business purposes, but these lofty, dignified old apartments in the Capitol are much in demand because of traditions associated with them, also because they are conveniently near the Chamber. Only a few of the really big men get them. Sereno Payne occupied this particular room to the time of his death. Many Democrats wanted it, but Speaker Clark saw to it that it went to Uncle Joe.

#### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

##### "Honor to France."

BERKELEY, CAL., November 29, 1915.  
EDITOR ARGONAUT: On Saturday, November 27th, the citizens of San Francisco honored France and Belgium at the Panama-Pacific Exposition in a manner at once appropriate and memorable. Just how significant was this occasion, those who were not present can hardly realize, and, therefore, for them, some account of what happened may not be out of place. It may even make some of them regret that they remained away; it may perhaps make them feel that they missed, as we who were there feel that we gained, a great spiritual experience.

"Honor to France." There was magic in those words that headed the invitation—a twofold magic, for what word is more magical than the name of France, flooding the imagination as it does with a pageant of ideals—truth, heroism, nobility, delicacy, grace? What idea more magical than the idea of devotion—honor?

"Honor to France," so read the invitation, "hy the citizens of San Francisco and of California. \* \* \* In gratitude and admiration, and in acknowledgment of her noble contribution to the Exposition, the Friends of France invite you to participate in the official ceremonies organized by the Exposition in honor of our sister Republic and the Kingdom of Belgium."

This brief summons was signed by forty-eight Friends of France, of whom I had the honor to be one, and at the end of the document appeared the most magical words of all, historical words that are the very symbols of freedom and justice, the French words, *Liberté, égalité, fraternité*.

Thus came into existence (thanks, let it be said, to the generous purposes and broad sympathies of Mr. Bruce Porter) the organization known as the Friends of France, inspiring with instant and profound loyalty every person of the first small group and opening the way for important service by the members of what it is hoped will become a large and perhaps national society. The organization sets an example, too, for other and similar societies free of political domination that would crystallize American sentiment and exercise beneficent functions.

With its simple summons the Friends of France succeeded in gathering a larger and more representative assemblage than has attended any previous official ceremony at the Exposition. The reason for this was twofold. It resided primarily, of course, in the magic of France and in the appreciation of her more than splendid pavilion and its contents; but an explanation may also be found (and I make this statement without intruding any disparagement of the Exposition management) in the difference that exists between conscientious effort and enthusiasm, between organization and enlightened initiative, between efficiency and *savoir*. To Mr. Porter's enthusiasm, initiative, and *savoir* was due the dignity of the ceremony and to this tone of dignity was due the extraordinary fact that the great concourse of over 10,000 persons, gathered before the French pavilion, remained without evidence of impatience throughout the exceptionally long programme.

The ceremonies of the day began with a homage to the statue of Lafayette in front of the Palace of Fine Arts. The statue was draped with the flags of France, Belgium, and America and decorated with palm branches and flowers. Added to these were the "Wreath of Friendship," the "Wreath of Belgium," and the "Wreath of California," all from the Friends of France; a wreath from the Irish American Historical Society which had on the previous day decorated the statues of Commodore John Barry and of Lafayette; a wreath from *La Società Dante Alighieri*, bearing the inscription, "*Alla nobile Francia—all'eroico Belgio*"; wreaths from the Italian Chamber of Commerce, *L'Italia*, the Sons of the American Revolution; and a wreath for Belgium from women active in Belgian relief work, among whom were Mrs. John Snook, Mrs. Osgood Putnam, and Mrs. Bancroft.

From the Lafayette statue the assemblage proceeded to the French pavilion where the formal exercises were held. Heading the procession was the Drum and Bugle Corps of the Madison School. The flags of France, Belgium, and America were borne by boys from the Potter School and the wreaths were carried by the boys of "The Rock" and others. Girls carried baskets of flowers of the colors of France and America, and in some form—flower or flag—these colors were worn as a visible tribute by almost every person present.

The exercises at the pavilion, presided over with perfect address by Mr. W. H. Crocker, began with the playing, by the Exposition band, of "The Star-Spangled Banner." President C. C. Moore of the Exposition was the first speaker. Evincing a fervor far removed from that perfunctory and platitudinous style which too often marks "official" utterances, Mr. Moore, patently surprised and moved by this so emotional expression of homage upon the part of the public,



struck in his remarks a chord of earnestness, which, in the addresses that followed his, was struck again and again, with an ever-increasing power and an ever-increasing response from the great audience. His happiest words were, however, not his own, but those, as he himself said, of a speaker at the official luncheon that preceded the exercises, Mr. Arthur Arlett: "When the people of Belgium were forced from their homes they were forced into the hearts of humanity." This sentiment brought from the assemblage a shout of approval, followed shortly by another when Mr. Moore closed his address with a ringing "Vive la France!"

M. Drion, the commissioner of Belgium, and M. Tirman, the commissioner-general of France (an order of precedence graciously insisted upon by the latter), then planted commemorative trees for their respective nations, the ceremonies being accompanied by the singing of the Belgian national anthem, "La Brabançonne," and "La Marseillaise."

After reading a telegram from M. Jusserand, the French ambassador, Mr. Crocker announced the gift by the French government to the Friends of France for the University of California of the notable library of French literature at present housed in the French pavilion, an act of characteristic French munificence.

It was the next speaker, Mr. W. B. Bourn, who made the most profound impression. His words will, I think, vibrate for a long time in the memories of those who heard them, as the listeners themselves vibrated in response to the passion of the speaker. Mr. Bourn's address marks, I think, one of the greatest if not the greatest spiritual moment of recent local experience. Only by quoting it in full could justice be done to its truth, its sincerity, and its courage, but this, unhappily, space will not permit. Let me, however, at least record the fact that in response to his fervent question, "Is America neutral?" thousands of voices cried "No!" and cried it again and again. And then, at the end; "Representatives of glorious France—representatives of martyred Belgium," he said, "take back to your countries the hearts of every true American. America is not neutral! Go where you will, feel the heart of the people of America, and you must know that America can not be neutral!"

What, I wonder, will the East say now about "Western apathy?"

From the graceful speech of M. Drion, the commissioner of Belgium, I must make, at least, this excerpt: "It is said that blood is thicker than water. Let me say, in turn, to the people of America that we of Belgium have found generosity thicker than blood."

The address of M. Tirman, the commissioner-general of France, was of a charm that must render any possible comment upon it infelicitous by comparison. I speak quite inadequately, therefore, when I say that it was an exquisite expression of what may be called the oratory of taste, an example of fineness, sincerity, and consideration no less than a model of that art of speech which has been perfected in France as in no other land. In the archives of the Exposition M. Tirman's address would stand, I fear, as on a solitary eminence, were it not that the same occasion that brought it forth also produced the noble poem of Mr. Porter with which, after Professor Gayley's tribute to intellectual France, the exercises were fittingly brought to a close. Let a few of Mr. Porter's lines speak for France, from the poet's heart, and for his heart:

"America, bride of change  
Thy cloistral hour is done.  
'What if thou failest now,  
'Our saint, our star!  
The altar that had thy vow,  
Imperiled, cry thine allegiance!  
Terror is on the earth,  
And the thunder of marching armies!  
France! Do you hear our cry?  
France! Do you hear the heat of our hearts,  
Massed here at the gates of the Temple?  
Hark how they heat to the tread  
Of the feet of thy sons  
As they march neath thy banner,  
Plowing the furrow with death,  
That the earth be prepared for the sowing!  
Ever in our eyes and theirs,  
The vision of France—immortal!  
France, in this havoc of storm—  
In this terror of might!  
France! Thou, our promise of Dawn!  
Thou, the Day Star of Freedom!"

As the chaplets and flowers lay as evening fell where eager hands had heaped them about the tricolor so lie close to the hearts of all of us the memories of our Day of Honor to France.

PORTER GARNETT.

Coal-mining carried on in Spitzbergen, chiefly by American capital, holds the "farthest north" record of organized industry amid conditions found probably nowhere else, considering the capital invested and number of workmen employed. For Spitzbergen has no government of any kind, and no police force, courts, laws, or regulations. No person or company can expect to hold or own any property or claim in Spitzbergen, unless it is actually worked or occupied. In case of any claim or property being usurped by newcomers, there could apparently be no redress or damages except by the use of force or through negotiations between the governments of which the two claimants might be subjects. The island has a population of about 400 persons, mostly Norwegians, but including several Americans. Practically all the population is engaged in coal-mining. The coal, which is said to be of exceptionally high grade, is shipped to Tromsø, in northern Norway, and sold to the Norwegian government. The passage between Spitzbergen and Norway is made only during June, July, August, and September, the ice around the island rendering it inaccessible during the rest of the year. All the coal is found above sea level, mostly in two layers under the surface. It is mined with comparative ease, conveniently near the coast line, by driving lateral shafts through the hills. The ground is honeycombed with these shafts until the surface above is supported only by a few columns. These are then taken away and the surface falls in, the mining then being easy, open work. As the coal is thus mined above sea level and near the beach, its conveyance to the ship waiting for it is simply arranged by letting it drop down through chutes. The mines are dry and the formation of dangerous gases is unknown.

Nicotine is found in only one plant besides tobacco—a large shrub known to botanists as *Duboisia hopwoodii*, which is native to the interior of Australia.

## THE THEATRE OF WAR.

Germany is said to have announced the conclusion of her main operations in the Balkans. With her Bulgarian allies she is practically in possession of Serbia. Doubtless there are Serbian bands still fighting in the mountains, but the bulk of the Serbian forces have been dispersed, or have taken refuge in Montenegro and Albania, or are with the French and British on the Vardar River in the south. The Allies hold a line from the Greek frontier to Krivolac on the Vardar River, which is only a small corner or salient, but which they seem determined to retain. Reinforcements are reaching them steadily to the extent of about 4000 men a day and their position constitutes a threat on Strumitza in Bulgaria and indeed a threat of an advance northward on Sofia and the international railroad.

The situation is a perplexing one. Theoretically the Germans are in communication with Constantinople, but we may doubt if they are so effectively. The railroad is said to have been badly damaged and to need extensive repairs. Even if it were fully open it is incredible that the Germans have either men or munitions in sufficient quantity to be practically useful to Turkey, and as a matter of fact we have heard nothing of supplies reaching Constantinople. We may therefore ask ourselves once more what Germany has gained by her successes in Serbia. She can not help the Turks in any real way and the Turks can not help her. The main battle lines in east and west are just where they were. The Russians are steadily surging forward and the French and British in the west are growing stronger. Nothing that could conceivably happen in the Balkans can have any effect on the main theatres of war except in so far that every activity in the Balkans must mean the further weakening of the main German lines. The crushing of Serbia is doubtless a gratification to the Teutons, and it would be a mistake to underrate the importance of moral victories, but it is hard to see in what way these victories can be regarded as anything but moral, seeing that they have not had, and can not have, any bearing upon the thousand miles of front of the eastern and western war. Threats upon Egypt and India and the Suez Canal doubtless make capital head lines for sensational newspapers, but they can hardly be looked upon very seriously after a glance at the map and a realization of what it means to transport an army across a desert in order to fight another army that has leisurely entrenched itself and that is abundantly supplied with munitions and reinforcements. And just at present there is no ferry service across the Mediterranean.

Therefore we may accept with some confidence the frank admission of Major Morah, the German military expert, that the object of the Balkan campaign is to produce an effect in Germany itself, and to justify bulletins of victories unaccompanied with the usual appalling casualty lists. It is becoming increasingly evident that there is profound dissatisfaction in Germany. A few newspapers have been suppressed for speaking of the food scarcity, but other newspapers are doing the same thing, and there have been repeated reports of riots in Berlin. Letters from home found on German soldiers refer to a state almost of starvation. Maximilian Hardin in the *Zukunft* says, "We must confess that the German people are suffering great want." Indeed it must be so, seeing that Germany's only line of supplies is on the Baltic, and Count Reventlow admits that the British submarines have practically cut this line. It may be quite true that Germany is able to raise enough food to feed herself and doubtless this can be proved quite satisfactorily by statistics. But the raising of food and the distribution of food are two very different things, and it is obvious that people who have no money can not buy anything. Theoretically it is true that ten rations are enough for ten men, but if one of these ten men has more than his share it will be at the cost of some one else who must go hungry. The problem is not so much to produce the food as to distribute it, and it is probably in the distribution of food that the problem has been found to lie. The stories of scarcity are too numerous to be disregarded. They are probably exaggerated, but there must be some fire where there is so much smoke. At least they are not negated by the observations of a few favored persons who have been allowed to drive through Unter Den Linden.

The best way to estimate a military situation such as this is to put one's self, so far as may be possible, in the position of the various supreme commands and to ask one's self what they hope to do and the extent to which they are doing it. A victory is of no value unless it brings nearer some desired end, and it is quite possible to suppose a whole series of victories every one of which is a step to ruin. Napoleon won a series of victories in Russia, and if there had been yellow newspapers and credulous readers in those days, there would doubtless have been a general impression of triumphant "drives" through Russia and of inevitable laurels for the French arms. But history tells a different story. Every victory won by Napoleon was a nail in his military coffin. It was the retreating and beaten Russians who were the victors, and who were actually the victors from the very beginning.

And so in like manner we may ask what Germany hopes to accomplish by the present struggle on all the fronts. What is the end that she has set in front of herself? If she had taken Paris she would have won the war. If she had taken Calais she would probably have won the war. If she had destroyed the Russian armies, or put them out of action, her task would have been immeasurably easier. But

she has not done any of these things, although they were successively announced as her main objectives. She is now being worsted on the Russian lines, as is admitted by her own bulletins. She is barely holding her own in the west. She is triumphant in Serbia, but her Serbian successes seem to be a road without an end to it. Apparently it leads nowhere. What, then, may we consider to be her goal? In what way does she expect to bring the war to an end in her favor? We may admire the rapidity with which a man is walking, but we can hardly concede that he is approaching his destination until we know what that destination is.

It is probably Germany's contention that she has already won the war and that she is now in a position to dictate peace terms. She holds very large tracts of her enemies' territory, and she holds them so stubbornly that she may well believe that she can not be forced from them. Her armies are by no means what they were, but they are still effective, and as a result of her latest blow she has brought at least one enemy—a very small one—to the ground. There seems no reason why she should not make some sort of a triumphal entry into Constantinople and so point to a continuous empire from the North Sea to the Bosphorus. Why, then, should she not claim that she has won everything that she set forth to win and that she is willing to make peace? We may reasonably believe that Germany's supreme objective is not now to win battles, but to demand the right to rest upon her laurels. And it is for this very reason that she would make the most extraordinary efforts to avoid anything like a reverse and that she should maintain the rôle of victor and dictator to the end. This would explain her aggressiveness toward Greece and Roumania and the sending of reinforcements to the west. The demand for peace must be based upon untarnished success or at least upon an unbroken resistance.

There have been repeated bulletins to the effect that the German Emperor will enter Constantinople and that from there he will announce his peace terms as the victor in the war, and probably those bulletins are true. The terms that he will offer are of course a matter of speculation, but they are likely to be so light as to place the burden of moral responsibility for their rejection upon the Allies. He will probably suggest that all the main belligerents buy back the territory that they have lost to their enemies, that England and France purchase the evacuation of Belgium, that all the German colonies be returned without indemnity, that Poland be declared independent, and that some arrangement be made for the settlement of the Balkan claims with a preponderance in favor of the interests of Bulgaria. There will also be various commercial stipulations to the advantage of Germany and Austria. This would amount practically to the payment of a war indemnity by England, France, and Russia, but it would be put forward under the less offensive name of a purchase. That such proposals would not even receive a reply from the Allies goes without saying, but at the same time they would probably be supported by neutral nations, not as a settlement, but as a basis for further negotiations. They might well believe that after an armistice had once been gained there could no further resumption of fighting. In the meantime we may note with interest the renewed reports that Austria is trying to conclude a separate peace. The report is probably inexact, but it is certainly not without significance that so many peace stories should emanate from so many sources and that they should be sustained by a condition of affairs that is evident enough in spite of all official explanations and denials. It may easily be that intentions should change over night amid such a cauldron of events, but there is at least some solid ground for the belief that we shall see some authoritative attempt to evade another winter of warfare.

There are persistent stories to the effect that General Joffre is already in supreme command of the French and British armies in the west, while still another report says that he will assume the general direction of all the armies on all fronts. Frederick Palmer, the American war correspondent, said a few days ago in New York that General Foch was virtually in charge of all the armies in the north, including the British, and that "first and last, General Joffre has been commander-in-chief of every soldier from Belgium to Switzerland. The French staff dictates the general military policy and the British comply with it so far as is in their power." It is said that during the last advance the British were left unsupported at Loos through a failure to co-operate and that but for that failure the Allies would have won a great victory. The recent meeting of war chiefs is said to have had in view this concentration of command in one pair of hands and that we may presently expect an official notification to the effect that General Joffre is in supreme command and that Sir John French will serve under him.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 1, 1915.

SIDNEY CORYN.

Dr. Ernest Fox Nichols, president of Dartmouth College, will retire at the close of the present year to accept a chair of physics at Yale. He is a native of Kansas, and has been president of Dartmouth College since 1909. In 1905 he was awarded the Rumford Medal of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. He is editor of the *Physical Review* and has contributed many papers to scientific journals in this country and abroad.

American cottonseed oil still controls the Turkish market in spite of domestic and Russian competition, notwithstanding the serious drawback of defective shipping facilities.



## THE REQUIEM OF THE RAVEN.

Later It Caused Uncle Zacharias Some Amusement.

My Uncle Zacharias is beyond all comparison the most original specimen of humanity I ever encountered in my life. Picture to yourself a little man—little as regards stature, but otherwise of enormous proportions—with a florid complexion and a nose of roscate hue, and you have the portrait of my Uncle Zacharias. The worthy man's head was as bald as the palm of his hand. To complete the picture, it must be stated that he always wore big, round glasses and a little black silk cap, which last, by the way, only extended from the crown of his head to the nape of his neck. This dear old uncle loved to laugh; he also loved stuffed turkey, *paté de foie gras*, and old Johannisberg; but what he loved beyond all else on earth was music. Zacharias Müller was born a musician by the grace of God, as men are born French or Russian. He played upon all instruments with marvelous skill and facility. His character was made up of a rather odd mixture—naïve simplicity and gay vivacity.

He was a nightingale—in other words, a gourmand, a singer, and curious beyond measure.

He was invited to all the weddings, feasts, baptisms, and funerals. "Master Zacharias," they said to him, "we need an Alleluia, a Requiem for such a day," and he replied: "You shall have it." Then he set to work upon it forthwith. He whistled, seated at his desk, smoking his pipe at intervals, and with his left foot he beat time to the shower of notes that fell like rain-drops upon the page before him.

Uncle Zacharias and I lived in an old house on the street of the Minnesingers, in Bingen; he occupied the ground floor—a regular old storehouse for bric-à-bras, which consisted mainly of furniture and musical instruments. I slept in the chamber above; the rest of the rooms were unoccupied.

Immediately across the way from us lived Dr. Häselnoss. In the evening, when all was dark in my room, but light in the doctor's I used to amuse myself by looking through his window at the fantastic shadow-pictures, which reflected the old gentleman's comical figure in as many attitudes as his restlessness could devise.

With the exception of my Uncle Zacharias, Dr. Häselnoss was the most eccentric individual in the town. The most interesting of his many peculiarities was the antagonism which he manifested for cats and dogs, neither of which was ever known to reappear after having once ventured to cross his threshold. Heaven knows what became of them! Public rumor went so far as to accuse him of carrying in one of his spacious pockets a piece of bacon wherewith to entice these poor beasts; therefore, when he trotted slowly past my uncle's house every morning to visit his patients, I could not but regard his long, flapping coat-tails with a feeling akin to terror.

These are among the most vivid impressions of my childhood; but the remembrance dearest to my heart, the one which I most frequently recall to mind in my dreams of that dear little town of Bingen, is of the raven Hans, fluttering through the streets, stealing the goods exposed for sale in the butchers' shops, carrying off in his flight papers or whatever else came within his range, and entering in the most unceremonious fashion any house which happened to strike his fancy, for which peccadillos he was rewarded by the applause of the entire populace of Bingen, who admired, supported, and petted the bird.

A singular creature, in truth, was this same Hans. One day he came into town with a broken wing; Dr. Häselnoss mended it, and forthwith everybody adopted the bird; one member of the community furnished him with meat, another with cheese, etc. In short, Hans belonged to the town, and was accorded its freedom. How I did love that bird, notwithstanding sundry sharp pecks which I had more than once sustained from his beak. It seems to me that I can see him now pattering through the snow, with his head cocked on one side glancing slyly at me with his mocking black eye. Did anything by chance fall from one's pocket—a coin, a key, it mattered not what—Hans instantly appropriated it to himself, transporting it to the church roof. There he had established his warehouse wherein he deposited the fruits of his pillage, for Hans, sad to relate, was a thieving bird. There was, however, one person in the town who was an exception to the general rule—my Uncle Zacharias. He not only detested Hans himself, but regarded the people of Bingen as imbeciles for wasting affection on such a creature. Indeed, this ordinarily calm, gentle man was so absurdly prejudiced against the poor raven that if he happened to observe the bird hovering about his window, he invariably flew into a passion.

One beautiful evening in October Uncle Zacharias apparently was in an unusually happy frame of mind. The windows were open, and a flood of sunshine penetrated the chamber. Beyond, autumn scattered with lavish hand her glowing tints, that seemed yet brighter by contrast with the sombre green of the fir-tree which constituted the background for this dash of brilliant color. Uncle Zacharias, lolling comfortably in his easy-chair, smoked his pipe in absolute content. It seemed to me as I watched him that his whole nature—mental, moral, and physical—was visibly expanding under the influence of ineffable peace.

"Dear Toby," he said to me, at the same time puffing toward the ceiling a long spiral column of smoke, "you can not realize what a calm serenity I am at this moment experiencing. For many years I have not felt so thoroughly in the mood to undertake a great work—such a work, for instance, as Haydn's 'Creation.' The heavens seem to open before me. I can hear angels and seraphim singing their celestial anthem. I can even distinguish their several voices. Oh, the sublimity of music, Toby, the sublimity of music! If you could but hear, as I do, the bass of the twelve apostles. It is magnificent—magnificent! The soprano of Raphael pierces the clouds; it is the trumpet of the last judgment; now the joy of the angels and the weeping of the saints blend together in a truly harmonious manner. Hush! now the *Veni Creator*—the colossal bass advances, the earth shakes—the Almighty One is about to appear!"

And Uncle Zacharias bowed his head; he seemed to be listening with his whole soul, great tears suffusing his eyes. "*Bene, Raphael, bene,*" he murmured. But while my uncle was absorbed in this ecstasy which imbued his whole person with an expression of heavenly rapture, Hans improved the opportunity to alight suddenly upon our window-sill with a frightful "couac!" I saw Uncle Zacharias turn pale; he glanced toward the window with a terrified expression, his mouth open, and his hand extended deprecatingly.

The raven had settled itself on the transom, and was now gazing upon us with an expression that was positively sardonic. A second time it gave utterance to that mocking "couac," and then complacently combed its wing with its beak.

My uncle did not so much as breathe; he was as one petrified.

Hans completed his toilet, and resumed his flight, whereupon Uncle Zacharias, turning, looked intently at me for some moments; then said:

"Did you recognize him?"

"Who?"

"The devil!"

"The devil! You are jesting?"

But to this Uncle Zacharias deigned no reply, and he fell into profound meditation.

From that day he lost his good humor. At first he had tried to write his grand symphony, "The Seraphim," but, failing in the attempt, he fell into a state of utter despondency. He passed day after day, extended at full length upon his reclining chair, with his eyes fixed upon vacancy, dreaming of heavenly music. When I reminded him that we had come to the end of our resources, and suggested the advisability of his writing a waltz or something of that sort wherewith to replenish the exchequer, he exclaimed indignantly:

"A waltz! . . . A dance! . . . What do you mean by that? If you choose to suggest my grand symphony, all right; but a waltz! Why, Toby, you are losing your senses; you do not know what you are talking about!"

Then he continued in a calmer tone:

"Toby, believe me, from the time I finish my great work, we can cross our arms and rest on our laurels. It is the alpha and omega of harmony; our reputation will then be made. I would have finished this *chef d'œuvre* long ago, but for one thing—the raven!"

"The raven!" I protested; "but dear uncle, how, I ask, could this raven prevent you from writing? Is it not like any other bird?"

"Like any other bird," echoed my uncle, indignantly. "Toby, I see that you are conspiring with my enemies! And what have I not done for you? Have I not brought you up as my own child? Have I not taken the place of both father and mother to you? Did I not teach you to play the clarinet? Ah! Toby, Toby, this is indeed cruel!"

All of this was uttered in a tone of such positive conviction that I ended by believing it myself, and in my heart I cursed Hans, who interfered with my uncle's inspiration. "Without him," I said to myself, "our fortune would be made!" And I began to entertain a serious doubt whether, after all, the raven were not the devil in person!

Sometimes Uncle Zacharias made a desperate effort to write, but by a curious and almost incredible fatality Hans invariably made his appearance at a critical moment, heralding his presence with a hoarse cry. Then the poor man threw down his pen in despair, and, had he been possessed of any hair, would have torn it out by the handful, so great was his exasperation. Matters eventually came to such a pass that Uncle Zacharias borrowed the gun of Razer, the baker—rusty old gimcrack though it was—and stood sentry behind the door, where he lay in wait for the abominable creature. Whereupon Hans, as crafty as the devil, appeared no more until my uncle, shivering with cold—for it was midwinter—returned to his fireside to warm his hands, when "couac" cried the raven, directly in front of the house. Uncle Zacharias ran forthwith into the street. Hans had again disappeared.

It was a veritable comedy. All the town was discussing the matter. My schoolmates mocked my uncle so unsparingly that I was forced, on his account, into many a battle. I defended him with the utmost pugnacity, and consequently returned home every evening with a black eye, or otherwise bruised countenance. Then my poor uncle would regard me with tender commiseration, saying:

"Dear child, take courage; your troubles will soon be over."

Thereupon, by way of reassurance, he would enthusiastically depict, for my benefit, the magnificent work which he contemplated. It was truly superb, all in proper sequence; the overture of the Apostles; then the choir of seraphim in E flat; followed by the roaring, amid thunder and lightning, of the *Veni Creator*.

"But," added my uncle, "the raven must die; for it is he who is the cause of all this trouble. See, Toby, but for him my grand symphony would have been finished long ago, and we might today be living upon an ample income."

\* \* \* \* \*

One evening, returning home late, I encountered Hans. It had been snowing, and the moonlight was reflected with more than usual brilliancy upon the roofs. An air of peaceful serenity everywhere prevailed; but the sight of the raven sent through my heart a vague presentiment of evil. On reaching the door of our house I was astonished to find it open. Glimmerings of light, like the reflected rays of a dying fire, played upon the window panes. I entered; I called; no response. Therefore great was my consternation when I beheld my uncle stretched at full length upon his chair, his nose blue, his ears purple, our neighbor's old gun between his knees, and, worst of all, his shoes filled with snow.

The poor man had been hunting the raven. "Uncle Zacharias," I cried, "are you asleep?"

He opened his eyes and looked at me drowsily.

"Toby, I took aim more than twenty times, and he always disappeared like a shadow at the very moment when I was about to pull the trigger." With these words he fell back in a deep stupor. I shook him roughly; he did not move! Then, becoming terrified, I ran across for Häselnoss. When I lifted the clapper my heart beat like a sledge-hammer; and when the echo of the bell resounded to the extreme end of the hall my knees trembled. The street was deserted, the snowflakes flew around my ears, and I shivered. When I had rung for the third time the doctor's window opened, and Häselnoss's head, framed in a white cotton night-cap, appeared within the casement.

"Who is there?" said he in a shrill voice.

"Doctor," I answered, "come quickly to Uncle Zacharias. He is very ill."

"Eh!" replied Häselnoss. "I will be there as soon as I can get on a coat."

The window was closed again, and for fifteen minutes I waited in the deserted street, whose silence was broken only by the creaking of the weather-vane, turning on its rusty pivot, and by the occasional barking of a farm dog in the distance. At last footsteps were heard. Slowly, slowly some one descended the staircase, a key was inserted in the lock, and Häselnoss, wrapped in an immense overcoat, carrying a lantern in his hand, appeared on the threshold.

"Phew!" said he; "how cold it is! I was wise to wrap up warmly."

"Yes; for twenty minutes I have been freezing," was my somewhat caustic reply.

"Ah! I hurried that you might not have to wait."

A moment later we entered my uncle's room.

"Eh! good evening, Master Zacharias," said Dr. Häselnoss, in the most natural tone of voice imaginable, blowing out his lantern. "How do you feel? Apparently you have a slight cold in the head. Eh?"

At this voice Uncle Zacharias aroused himself.

"Doctor," said he, "I will tell you everything, from the beginning."

"It is entirely unnecessary," interrupted Häselnoss, seating himself opposite to his patient on an old trunk; "I know all this better than you yourself. I know the principle and consequences; the cause and effect. You detest Hans, and Hans detests you. Ha! ha! ha! It is all simple enough, the raven does not like the song of the nightingale, and the nightingale can not endure the song of the raven." My uncle was dumfounded. "Listen," resumed the doctor; "what I have said need occasion you no surprise. Every day discovers parallel cases. Sympathies and antipathies govern our poor world. You enter a tavern, a brewery—it is immaterial where; you see two gamblers seated at a table, and, without knowing either of them, your sympathies are instantly with one or the other. What reason have you to prefer one to the other? Any? Ha! ha! ha! Upon this wise men construct theories at random, instead of saying simply: here is a cat, there is a mouse; I take sides with the mouse because we are of the same family; because before I was Häselnoss, M. D., I was a rat, a squirrel, or a field-mouse, and in consequence of which—"

But he did not finish his sentence, for at that moment my uncle's cat accidentally passing him, he seized it as though it had been an old wig and whisked it into his pocket with startling rapidity.

Uncle Zacharias and I looked at each other utterly astounded.

"What are you going to do with my cat?" finally ejaculated my uncle.

Instead of answering, Häselnoss merely smiled somewhat constrainedly. After a momentary pause, he stammered:

"Master Zacharias, I will cure you."

"First return me my cat."

"If you insist upon my returning this cat, s 1



Häselnoss, "I will give you up to your unfortunate destiny. You will never know another peaceful moment; you will never be able to write another note, and, day by day, you will grow thinner."

"But, in heaven's name," protested my uncle, "what has that poor animal done to you?"

"What has it done to me?" repeated the doctor, with contracted brow: "what has it done to me? Know, then, that we have been at war since the beginning of time! Know that this cat but resumes in itself the quintessence of a thistle that choked me when I was a violet; of a holly which overshadowed me when I was a thicket; of a pike which ate me when I was a carp; and of a hawk which devoured me when I was a mouse!"

I thought that Häselnoss had lost his wits, but my uncle, closing his eyes, replied after a long silence:

"I understand you, Dr. Häselnoss, I understand you. Undoubtedly you are right. Cure me and I will give you my cat."

The doctor's eyes sparkled. "That is something like!" cried he; "now I will cure you."

Thereupon he drew from his pocket a penknife, and selecting from the hearth a chip of wood, he whittled assiduously, my uncle and I watching the proceeding curiously. When he had shaped two thin blades of wood to his satisfaction he hollowed them, then taking from his portfolio a very narrow strip of parchment, he fitted together with it the two pieces of wood. The instrument, thus devised, he raised to his lips with a smile. My uncle's face fairly beamed.

"Dr. Häselnoss," he exclaimed, "you are a wonderful man—a truly superior man—a man—"

"I know it," interrupted Häselnoss, "I know it. But extinguish the light, so that not a single ray can penetrate the gloom!"

And while I executed his order he opened wide the window. The dazzling brightness of the snow without and the impenetrable darkness of the chamber within formed a striking contrast.

A thousand confused impressions agitated me. Uncle Zacharias sneezed. Häselnoss waved his hand with an impatient gesture to command silence; then all was still.

Suddenly a sharp whistle sounded through the room. "Pee-weet, pee-weet!" After which there fell upon us for a second time a stillness which was almost solemn. I heard my heart beating. The momentary hush was broken by a repetition of the same whistle: "Pee-weet, pee-weet!" Then I observed that it was the doctor who produced it with his bird-call. This observation restored my courage and enabled me to pay attention to the most minute details of what was passing around me.

Uncle Zacharias, in a stooping posture, was apparently gazing at the moon. Häselnoss stood motionless, with one hand on the window; in the other his bird-call. He had not maintained this attitude for more than a couple of moments when the fluttering of a bird was heard close by.

"Oh!" murmured my uncle.

"Hush!" said Häselnoss; and the "pee-weet" was repeated several times, with strange and sudden modulations. Twice the bird struck the window in its rapid, uneasy flight. Uncle Zacharias made a gesture, as if to take his gun, but Häselnoss seized him by the wrist, muttering, "Are you crazy?" Whereupon my uncle restrained his impatience. The doctor renewed his whistling, imitating so skillfully the butcher-bird when caught in a snare that Hans, whirling to the right and the left, finally yielded to an overpowering curiosity, and entered the room. I heard his claws strike the floor. Uncle Zacharias gave a scream, and made a dart for the bird, which eluded him.

"What awkwardness!" cried Häselnoss, closing the window.

It was time. Hans sought refuge in the rafters; but after flying around the room five or six times in bewilderment, he finally struck with such force against the window that, notwithstanding his efforts to remain by hanging on with his claws, he slipped and fell its entire length, reaching the floor in a half-stunned condition. Häselnoss quickly struck a light. The next thing I saw was poor Hans struggling in my uncle's grasp, and then all was over. With frantic delight Uncle Zacharias wrung the poor little creature's neck, crying:

"Ha! ha! ha! I have you at last, I have you at last!"

Häselnoss watched this proceeding with shouts of laughter.

"Ha! ha! ha!" cried he; "are you satisfied, Master Zacharias, are you satisfied?"

Never had I witnessed such a frightful scene. My uncle's face was crimson. The poor bird stretched itself to its full length, fluttered its wings, like a huge moth, and the death-chill ruffled its feathers.

This spectacle caused me such a sensation of horror that I ran from the sight of it to the other end of the room.

The first moment of revenge over, Uncle Zacharias became himself once more.

"Toby," said he, "the devil has paid his dues; I will pay him. Hold this Hans up before my eyes. Ah! I feel as though I were endowed with new existence! Not, silence; listen!"

And Uncle Zacharias, with an air of inspiration,

gravely seated himself at the harpsichord. I stood in front of him, holding the bird by the beak; behind him Häselnoss held the candle. One could hardly conceive a more fantastic picture than was afforded by the grouping of these figures, as they thus stood, under the high, worm-eaten rafters, surrounded by the old-fashioned furniture which filled our room. The dim light heightened the effect of this picture by casting a grotesque representation of it upon the dilapidated old wall.

From the first chord which my uncle struck he appeared as one transformed. His large blue eyes fairly sparkled with enthusiasm. He was not playing before us, but in a cathedral, before an immense concourse of people, for the Creator himself.

What sublime music! In turn sombre, pathetic, lacerating, resigned. In the midst of tears and sobs hope spread its wings of blue and gold. O God! how is it possible to conceive such grand things!

It was a requiem.

For an hour inspiration did not desert Uncle Zacharias for a single instant.

Häselnoss no longer laughed. Unconsciously his jeering countenance had assumed an indescribable expression. I fancied he was deeply affected; but as I watched him I saw him twitch nervously; he clenched his fist, and something struggled in his long coat-tails.

When my uncle, exhausted by excessive emotion, howed his head upon the edge of the instrument, the doctor drew forth from his big pocket the cat which he had strangled.

"Ha! ha! ha!" said he; "good-night, Master Zacharias, good-night. We've each had our little game. Ha! ha! ha! You have written a Requiem for the raven, Hans!—it now only remains for you to write an Alleluia for your cat. Good-night."

My uncle was so subdued that he contented himself with saluting the doctor with a bow, motioning to me to conduct him out of the room.

As Häselnoss was crossing the street, I heard the cathedral bells mournfully tolling—the Grand Duke Yéri-Péter, second of his name, was dead.

Returning to the room, I found Uncle Zacharias standing.

"Toby," said he, in a grave tone, "go to bed, my child; I must write all night, lest I should forget."

I hastened to obey, and, strange to say, never slept better.

On the morrow, about nine o'clock, I was awakened by the sound of a great tumult. The whole town was in a state of excitement—the sole topic of conversation was the death of the Grand Duke.

Master Zacharias was sent for from the castle. He was ordered to write the Requiem of Yéri-Péter II—a work which won him the office of Precentor, long the object of his ambition. This Requiem was none other than that written for Hans. When my uncle became an important personage with an annual income of five hundred thalers, he often whispered in my ear:

"Ha, nephew, if it were known that it was for the raven I had composed my famous Requiem, we would today be playing the clarionet at the village fêtes. Ha! ha! ha!" And my uncle fairly shook with laughter.—*Adapted for the Argonaut by Sallie Ritchie Heath.*

The art of making fibre cloth, as practiced by the Hawaiians up to the period when the New England missionaries arrived in the Hawaiian Islands—1820—is now almost a lost art, and except for a large, but exceedingly rare collection on display behind glass at the Bishop Museum, Honolulu, Hawaiian tapas are now regarded as expensive relics. Tapas still continue to come into the market from Samoa and from Tahiti, and are bought by travelers as Hawaiian tapas. As a matter of fact, tapa fibre cloth is no longer made in Hawaii. In ancient days Hawaiians made their tapas from wood fibre which, with water added, was reduced to a pulp. To make it into cloth, the water was squeezed from the pulpy mass, which was then placed upon smooth logs and beaten with specially prepared sticks. In this way the mass was gradually worked out into large thin sheets, and when dry was of the consistency of papyrus or smooth, stiff paper. The Hawaiians carved designs on heavy wood sticks, and with pigment secured from sea mosses, ground ochre, and plants, the designs were stamped into the wet fibre. These designs were somewhat crude, but quite effective. After the arrival of the missionaries some of the designs were copied from gingham and calico cloths brought from New England. An American girl, born in Hawaii, who recently finished four years' work at an American college, where she studied under one of the foremost teachers of design, has created a new handicraft in the use of tapa designs which were secured from the Bishop Museum. The work consists of cutting the designs in relief out of wood, and with these "tools" she produces her pictures in harmonious coloring on various fabrics. Many attempts have been made to preserve the tapa designs, but never before in women's apparel.

The Spanish government recently fixed the price of mercury taken by lessees out of the mines at Almaden at the equivalent of \$1 per avoirdupois pound. The government is the owner of this property and the price fixed relates to transactions between it and the lessees.

## OLD FAVORITES.

### The Fountain of Youth.

A DREAM OF PONCE DE LEON.

A story of Ponce de Leon,  
A voyager, withered and old,  
Who came to the sunny Antilles  
In quest of a country of gold.  
He was wafted past islands of spices,  
As bright as the Emerald seas,  
Where all the forests seemed singing,  
So thick were the birds on the trees;  
The sea was as clear as the azure,  
And so deep and so pure was the sky  
That the jasper-walled city seemed shining  
Just out of the reach of the eye.  
By day his light canvas he shifted,  
And rounded strange harbors and bars;  
By night, on the full tides he drifted,  
Near the low-hanging lamps of the stars.  
Near the glimmering gates of the sunset,  
In the twilight empurpled and dim,  
The sailors uplifted their voices,  
And sang to the Virgin a hymn.  
"Thank the Lord!" said De Leon, the sailor,  
At the close of the rounded refrain;  
"Thank the Lord, the Almighty, who hesses  
The ocean-swept hanner of Spain!  
The shadowy world is behind us,  
The shining Cépango, before;  
Each morning the sun rises brighter  
On ocean, and island, and shore.  
And still shall our spirits grow lighter,  
As prospects more glowing unfold;  
Then on, merry men! to Cépango,  
To the west, and the regions of gold!"

There came to De Leon, the sailor,  
Some Indian sages, who told  
Of a region so bright that the waters  
Were sprinkled with islands of gold.  
And they added: "The leafy Bimini,  
A fair land of grottos and bowers,  
Is there; and a wonderful fountain  
Upsprings from its gardens of flowers.  
That fountain gives life to the dying,  
And youth to the aged restores;  
They flourish in beauty eternal,  
Who set hut their foot on its shores!"  
Then answered De Leon, the sailor:  
"I am withered, and wrinkled, and old;  
I would rather discover that fountain  
Thau a country of diamonds and gold."

Away sailed De Leon, the sailor;  
Away with a wonderful glee,  
Till the birds were more rare in the azure,  
The dolphins more rare in the sea.  
Away from the shady Bahamas,  
Over waters no sailor had seen,  
Till again on his wondering vision,  
Rose clustering islands of green.  
Still onward he sped till the breezes  
Were laden with odors, and lo!  
A country embedded with flowers,  
A country with rivers aglow!  
More bright than the sunny Antilles,  
More fair than the shady Azores.  
"Thank the Lord!" said De Leon, the sailor  
As he feasted his eye on the shores,  
"We have come to a region, my brothers,  
More lovely than earth, of a truth;  
And here is the life-giving fountain,—  
The beautiful Fountain of Youth!"

Then landed De Leon, the sailor,  
Unfurled his old banner, and sung;  
But he felt very wrinkled and withered,  
All around was so fresh and so young.  
The pains, ever-vend, were blooming,  
Their blossoms e'en margined the seas;  
O'er the streams of the forests bright flowers  
Hung deep from the branches of trees.  
"Praise the Lord!" sung De Leon, the sailor;  
His heart was with rapture aflame;  
And he said: "Be the name of this region  
By Florida given to fame.  
'Tis fair, a delectable country,  
More lovely than earth, of a truth;  
I soon shall partake of the fountain,—  
The beautiful Fountain of Youth!"

But wandered De Leon, the sailor,  
In search of that fountain in vain;  
No waters were there to restore him  
To freshness and beauty again.  
And his anchor he lifted, and murmured,  
As the tears gathered fast in his eye,  
"I must leave this fair land of the flowers,  
Go back o'er the ocean, and die."  
Then hack by the dreary Tortugas,  
And hack by the shady Azores,  
He was borne on the storm-smitten waters  
To the calm of his own native shores.  
And that he grew older and older,  
His footsteps enfeebled gave proof,  
Still he thirsted in dreams for the fountain,  
The beautiful Fountain of Youth.

One day the old sailor lay dying  
On the shores of a tropical isle,  
And his heart was enkindled with rapture,  
And his face lighted up with a smile.  
He thought of the sunny Antilles,  
He thought of the shady Azores,  
He thought of the dreamy Bahamas,  
He thought of fair Florida's shores.  
And, when in his mind he passed over  
His wonderful travels of old,  
He thought of the heavenly country,  
Of the city of jasper and gold.  
"Thank the Lord!" said De Leon, the sailor,  
"Thank the Lord for the light of the truth,  
I now am approaching the fountain,  
The beautiful Fountain of Youth."

The cabin was silent: at twilight  
They heard the birds singing a psalm,  
And the wind of the ocean low sighing  
Through groves of the orange and palm.  
The sailor still lay on his pallet,  
Near the low-hanging vines of the roof;  
His soul had gone forth to discover  
The beautiful Fountain of Youth.  
—Hesekiah Butterworth.



## VAGRANT MEMORIES

William Winter Writes Some of His Recollections of the Stage and of Stage People.

William Winter in his "Vagrant Memories" quotes from a speech which he delivered at the Lotos Club when Forbes-Robertson was entertained there in 1910:

My labor, like my life, is drawing toward a close. It has, from first to last, been devoted to one service—to the Ministry of Beauty. That is the consummate agency of civilization and that should be the supreme purpose of all art. Whatsoever I have thought or read or seen or known of the Beautiful I have wished should predominate as an impulse, imperial and absolute, over the lives of the men and women of my time. When I have roamed in the storied places of the Old World; when I have listened to the silver chimes of Heidelberg, or paused in the classic groves of Oxford and Cambridge and seen the solemn shrines and stately temples that rise so glorious upon those luxuriant, incomparable lawns; when I have mused in the haunted gloom of gray old Winchester Cathedral, austere magnificent and reverend with the memories of a thousand years; when I have lingered, awe-stricken, in the shadow of massive Canterbury, while the green ivy was tremling on its gray, wind-heaten walls, and the rooks were hovering above it, and the glory of the western sun was flooding its great windows, and the music of the throbbing organ within its hosom seemed like a voice from heaven—then, deep in my heart, I have felt the passionate desire—always present with me, if not always aflame—that the celestial influence of Beauty, before which sin is impossible and wrong and sorrow disappear, might be more and more communicated to my land and made perpetual to bless my people. That influence is peculiarly vested in the mission of the actor and in the native function of the stage.

This exposition of his ideal seems to transcend our idea of the aims of the dramatic critic, whom we are apt to judge as merely endeavoring in the main to appear clever. Perhaps that is why William Winter will be remembered by us as something more than a dramatic critic. Beyond his association with the great ones of the American stage, he has a certain greatness of his own in his capacity for a fine and high appreciation.

In the light of the terribly serious subjects with which people's minds are occupied in this turbulent day, William Winter defends himself for putting forth into the world a work which may not appear to deal with the vital issues of life, but he believes that nothing is ever gained by the neglect of one's work and, arrived at "the twilight of fourscore years," he has not the time to await a more peaceful season. A volume of his recollections, "Other Days," was published in 1908, of which the new volume is a supplement, dealing with "still another group of eminently notable persons." The dominant motive of the venerable critic seems to be to present us with a true vision of the standard of the old greatness that we may construct a worthy new greatness in the future.

In writing of William Warren, he extols a type of old-fashioned favorite:

There was a time, I believe—or is it a dream?—when actors existed whose presence made an audience sweetly and comfortably glad. I have read of the older Jefferson that "when he acted, families all went together, old and young. Smiles were on every face, the town was happy." Burton caused that effect—so humorous and touching as Cap'n Cuttle. Blake caused it—so droll and winning as Jesse Rural. Charles Wheatleigh caused it—so quaint, comic, and sympathetic as Triplett. I do not know of any actor who causes that effect on the audience now. There are actors who make laughter, but the heart is not in it. The method of their acting is often clever, but it is hard, brittle, metallic, sometimes even cynical, and the response of mirth is superficial. When Warren's voice was heard, "speaking off"—as sometimes happened, before he made his first entrance—a thrill of joy went through the house. Affection mingled with admiration for that comedian. His coming was that of a friend. He seemed to bring with him a sense of the reality of everything good and kind and to invest the theatre with the gentle atmosphere of home, and the spectator forgot that there was any such thing as care in the world.

Still writing of William Warren, Winter speaks hopefully of the new world-to-be which he dreams shall accord with the older, more graceful, more beautiful day of which he is the chronicler and in whose growth "the stage" shall have its part:

It has been customary, from time immemorial, for rueful writers, when moralizing on the deplorable condition of the present, to eulogize a condition, declared to have been much better, in a distant past. In 1811 the poet Moore wrote that "an author who hopes for success on the stage must fall in with popular taste, which is now at the last gasp, and past all cure." In 1826 the English biographer and critic Boaden said: "We surely can not hide from ourselves that the drama has declined to a state disgraceful to the high character of the country." In 1834 that experienced observer, Thomas Ralke, a man who thoroughly knew society, mournfully recorded, in his entertaining "Journal," that the "old school" had become "completely extinct." The fact is that, in the long backward of continuously advancing civilization, bright epochs have alternated with dark epochs, precisely as they are doing now and as, doubtless, they will continue to do. The "old school" is not extinct, of either gentlemen or actors. In the immediate present, which is seething and turbulent, certain reprehensible forces are in many places visible and in some places dominant; they are particularly so in the American theatre; and actors worthy to be named with William Warren are not numerous. The right spirit, however, is not dead. Nobility of manhood, dignity of character, chivalrous feeling, and devotion to high ideals are still in the world. Wrong does not remain permanently in the saddle. Reaction is a law of nature, and it is inevitable. The excesses from which our stage is now suffering will wear themselves away. It may be long before such tragedians again appear as the elder Booth and the elder Wallack, or such comedians as Placide, Burton, Gilbert, Jefferson, and Warren; but that they will appear should not be doubted. Genius is a part of the immortal inspiring vitality which flows through all created things, and the human heart will always respond to it. Warren was a comedian who could

make you laugh and also could make you weep; he could bring the tear to the eyes and the laugh to the lips at the same moment; and the actor who can do what Warren did will never do it in vain. The wonderful discoveries of science within the last one hundred years have greatly promoted the material advancement of society, but the diffusion of contentment, the making of a prosperous, happy people, which should be the crowning result of civilization, is dependent not on material but on spiritual advancement—the stimulation of noble purpose and generous feeling, the spread of refinement and grace of manners—and for that result society must look to the ministry of the arts, and largely to the stage, which has become a tremendous power. Such actors as Warren are in the highest degree public benefactors, because they refine, cheer, and help, bringing happiness, and

Leaving on the mountain tops of Death  
A light that makes them lovely.

Winter's opinion of the theatre of today might seem to indicate that we are passing through that extreme of dark after which we may expect to see the splendor of a dawn:

Talent and genius are born into the world today as much as they were yesterday. Nature is still nature, beauty and truth are still beauty and truth; here and there in the theatre lovely things are still seen, and brilliant abilities are honorably employed. In every period old men are to be heard who lament the faded glories of departed times; no other person is more familiar than I am with those truths as they relate to the stage; no other writer, I venture to say, has been more insistent in mention of them. But baving due regard for all reservations and qualifications, it is not rationally contestable that the theatre in America today is, in some ways, in a deplorable condition, for which there is no analogue in its history. The control of it has passed almost entirely into the hands of persons who, whether they possess exceptional ability or not—and with little exception I believe that they do not—are unfit to administer a great public institution because they lack artistic perception and the sense of moral obligation alike to the theatre and the public. The theatre is a "department store," a "shop," and the keepers of the shop hoast of that fact, except when it is declared discreditable to them. If that is the right estate of the theatre, then we who have celebrated and defended it as a temple of art and as, potentially, a great power in civilization and education, are visionaries, and should pass and cease.

That that great beast, the public, does not, however, change so mightily from generation to generation there is proof in the following note of Laura Keene, written to William Winter, and which is quoted by him among his reminiscences of her as "characteristic of her promptitude of practical action and also of her temperamental causticity":

34 BOND STREET, NEW YORK, January 11, 1872.

MY DEAR MR. WINTER: Your kind and very just notice received by the ladies of Miss Hcron's committee with gratitude. We were certain sickness prevented an earlier response.

Convey our thanks to your lady, our regrets at the cause of her absence on such an occasion.

You can, indeed, help us. May I suggest how?

Tell the public Matilda is penniless—starving! Public will shrug its shoulders—very sorry!

Tell them it's going to be an ultra-fashionable matinee; all the private boxes sold at \$25 and \$50 (true!); all the stalls going at high prices. Then the generous public will want "Stauding Room Only" immediately. In great haste,

Very truly,  
LAURA KEENE.

The comedian, Lester Wallack, was among Winter's gallery of stage acquaintances. "He thinks," said an old lady friend of Winter's, "that he is the devil on runners!" This apparently superlative self-confidence our critic avers had sufficient grounds in real talents to be warranted:

I knew Lester Wallack very well; saw him often on the stage; was often in his society, and had many opportunities of observing him in a friendly association extending in a period of nearly thirty years. He held himself in high esteem, but he was neither egotistic nor conceited. There was good reason for his self-confidence, and it was becoming to him. He possessed uncommon advantages. His person was manly, his face handsome, his voice clear, resonant, and pleasing, his demeanor dignified and graceful, his temperament genial, his mind well stored with knowledge, and his faculties were matured by experience. His talents, as an actor, a manager, and a dramatist, were extraordinary, and his accomplishments were many and varied. In comedy, particularly of the gossamer kind—which is the most exacting—he was superb, and in a romantic drama he ranked with the best performers of the period in which he lived. He was an expert stage director and a felicitous public speaker. He conversed easily and agreeably and was a capital singer, and accordingly, he was one of the most delightful of hoon companions. By his very close friends, who knew the simplicity of his nature and the kindness of his heart, he was dearly loved. The admiration of the public continually—and naturally—followed him; and as I look back to the period of his prime, about 1859 to 1877, and consider what he was and what he did, I can not wonder that he, who had become a favorite with everybody else, should have found favor with himself.

Fate was kind to Edwin Booth when he appeared before the public which loved his father and it was in aiding and observing that talented father that he obtained all the education he ever got. The bond of feeling between the two was very close. Winter writes of them:

Edwin Booth was closely associated with his father in many of his wanderings and strange and often sad adventures; loved him in life and sacredly cherished his memory. There is no doubt that the many sorrowful experiences of his youth deepened the gloom of his inherited temperament, and it is not possible to write comprehensively about the son without bestowing considerable attention upon the father, by whom he was so much influenced both as man and actor. Those who knew Edwin well were aware that he had great tenderness of heart and abundant playful humor; that his nature was one of extraordinary sensibility and that he sympathized keenly and cordially with the joys and sorrows of others; and yet that he seemed saturated with sadness, isolated from companionship, lonely and alone. It was this temperament combined with a melancholy and sombre aspect of countenance that helped to make him so admirable in the character of Hamlet. His father was the first to speak of his fitness for that part, when on a night in Sacramento they had dressed for Pierre and Jaffier in "Venice Preserved."

Edwin, as Jaffier, had put on a close-fitting robe of black velvet. "You look like Hamlet," the father said. The time was destined to come when Edwin Booth would be accepted all over America as the greatest Hamlet of the day. In the season of 1864-65, at the Winter Garden Theatre, New York, he acted that part for 100 nights in succession, accomplishing a feat then unprecedented in theatrical annals. Later, Henry Irving, in London, acted Hamlet 200 consecutive times—October 31, 1874, to June 29, 1875; but this latter achievement, in more auspicious circumstances, in the capital city of the world, was less difficult than Edwin Booth's exploit, performed in turbulent New York in the closing months of the terrible Civil War.

If, as it has been described, genius is "the infinite capacity for taking pains," the evidence seems to prove to a generation who can only judge of his greatness by hearsay that Edwin Booth was among that small class who display more than mere talent. He has left his impress on the traditional stage "business" of the Shakespearean plays in which he appeared:

His Shakespearean scholarship was extensive and sound, and it was no less minute than ample. His stage business had been arranged, as stage business ought to be, with scientific precision. If, as King Richard the Third, he was seen to be abstractedly toying with a ring upon one of his fingers, or unsheathing and sheathing his dagger, those apparently capricious actions would be found to be done because they were illustrative parts of that monarch's personality, warranted by the text and context. In early years, when acting Hamlet, an accidental impulse led him to hold out his sword, hilt foremost, toward the receding spectre, as a protective cross—the symbol of that religion to which Hamlet so frequently recurs. The expedient was found to justify itself and he made it a custom. In the graveyard scene of the tragedy he directed that one of the skulls thrown up by the First Grave-Digger should have a tattered and mouldy fool's cap adhering to it, so that it might attract attention and he singled out from the others as "Yorick's skull, the king's jester." These are little things; but it is of a thousand little things that a dramatic performance is composed, and without this care for detail—which must be precise, logical, profound, vigilant, unerring, and at the same time always unobtrusive, subservient, and seemingly involuntary—there can be neither cohesion, nor symmetry, nor an illusory image consistently maintained; and all great effects would become tricks of mechanism and detached exploits of theatrical force.

Nearer to today is "dear Mrs. Gilbert," of whom Winter tells a pleasant tale:

It was one of Daly's customs to assemble friends around him, toward twelve o'clock on the last night of the year, at a supper in what he called "The Woffington Room" in his theatre, and it was often my privilege to be one of his guests. Mrs. Gilbert was always one of the most distinguished of the company, impressing by the gentleness, grace, and native dignity of her demeanor, charming by her sweetness of feeling and her blithe conversation, and delighting by her exquisite, old-fashioned, high-bred courtesy. Once Joseph Jefferson came, and Mrs. Gilbert was seated beside him at the table—a combination and a contrast delightful to see. Both their faces were bright with keen intelligence and sweetly smiling humor, and when Jefferson playfully spoke of the pleasure it would be to act with her it was amusing to observe how instantaneously each of them assumed a different facial expression and a quaint, homely manner—the brilliant comedian turning toward the brilliant actress and exclaiming in the voice of the half-frozen, self-important Grumio: "A good fire, good Curtis—prithee, cast on no water!" and the "old woman" promptly replying, in the brusque tones of Curtis: "There's fire ready! How near is our master?"

Winter remarks that among the finest things he remembers in more than sixty years of theatre-going was the acting of Mrs. Gilbert and James Lewis in the Daly comedies. He relates some of the odd personal traits of the latter:

Lewis's personal peculiarities were many and marked. He was extremely neat and particular in his habits in the theatre, and almost as regular in them as a cat. His preferred seat in Daly's green room—a seat for which generally he would ask, if he happened to find it already occupied—was just at the right of one of the large mirrors in that room, where he could not see his reflection in the glass, and frequently he would sit almost squatting, with his feet drawn up beside him on the narrow plush-covered bench. Indeed, he generally occupied that position when weary. I have seen him so seated in a moving railway train (for it happened to me to make several journeys in his company)—as a rule riding backward—and I noticed that when the train passed a line of freight cars his lips would move very rapidly, as though he were gahling to himself in a whisper. Once I inquired: "What is it you do, James, when we rush by other cars—pray for a safe deliverance, or curse the noise?" "I add," he replied. "Add?" I asked; "add what?" "Why, the numbers on the freight cars," he answered; "19,873 equals twenty-eight, but you've got to be quick to catch 'em all when you're moving and there is a long string. It's great mental exercise." He cherished many of the superstitions peculiar to actors. The utterance of a quotation from "Macbeth" would cause him to leave silently any room in the theatre; he would not speak the "tag" to any play; and I believe that if a visitor had ventured to whistle in his dressing-room, amiable though the comedian was, he would have assaulted that sinful person. A certain way to excite him to satirical fire was to refer in his hearing to a theatrical company as a "troupe."

Reminiscence, anecdote, and criticism mingle pleasantly throughout Winter's narrative. Perhaps we could spare the generous quotations from his own verses, but, after all, they merely add another touch to the picture of himself which reveals itself between the lines of his accounts of the lives and talents of other people. Fanny Davenport, Clara Morris, Augustin Daly, Henry Irving, Johnston Forbes-Robertson, Edward H. Sothern, and Julia Marlowe occupy large sections of the volume, and there are many others who are more briefly dealt with, and all in the fine and dignified manner that is going out as the "movies" wax in strength and numbers.

VAGRANT MEMORIES. By William Winter. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$3.50.

It is estimated that about ten cars of pomegranates will be shipped east this season from Porterville, California.



## THE PLACE OF THE EVIL SWORD.

The Story as the Gray Old Priest Will Tell It.

If you go along the coast of the Inland Sea, in the province of Aki, near Umedaichi, you will find a great pile of stones under an acient camphor tree. This is called the Place of the Evil Sword. Very few know why it is called so, or what lies under the stones, but the priest of the temple—the gray old priest, who has been there so long that the villagers have forgotten when he came—he will tell you the story, if you sit quietly by him in the twilight hour when the cicadas are singing.

Many years ago (he will say), long before this temple was built, there lived a beautiful maiden at Umedaichi, whose name was O Kami. Her face was pale, like the young moon, and her hands and feet were small and slim, for she came of a noble family. Her father was very poor, but he was respected greatly in the village, for he had been a retainer in the service of the Shogunate before the imperial decrees were passed, the decrees which deprive all of the Shogun's followers of their estates.

So O Kami and her father lived in a small cottage near the sea, that Inland Sea which is one of the great beauties of Nippon. Many of the Samurai youths spoke for the girl to her father, but to them all he replied that he would not hasten the choice of his daughter, who must wed as her own heart might dictate. He himself had married for love, and although he daily grieved for O Kami's mother, he wished that his child might have the happiness of living as he had, in perfect felicity.

Many of the youths besieged O Kami with letters, and with the speech of the eyes, but none of them could say that he had seen so much as the quiver of her delicate lips. In truth, O Kami's heart seemed as cold as the snows that lie on Fujiyama's breast.

The girl's father had made every sacrifice for her. She played the samisen so that the soul languished on its strains. Flowers fell into perfect arrangement under the witchery of her hands. Strong she was, of mind and body, for she had the jiu-jitsu training, and on the warm days of summer she dived into the sea from the highest rock behind the camphor tree. So were noble maidens trained, in the ancient days. And her sweet obedience and duty to her father made a radiance about her, for the heart is the seat of beauty.

In the spring when O Kami was eighteen years old she went, with the other youth of the village, to worship at the shrine of Buddha. Today you can see the ruins of that ancient shrine, with the two stone torii which stood before it. They are just back of the great tree, near the heap of stones which gives the place its name.

O Kami did not join in the dance with which the spring festival of The Youths (as it was called) was concluded. She liked better to sit beneath the wonderful trees, even then of untold age, and look up at the clouds, light as sea foam, which she could see, hurrying by, between the shimmering play of the leaves.

Among the dancers that spring there was a youth named Moto, the son of a priest. All his life he had passed in the temple, receiving the education which would fit him for his holy calling. He was strong, with a proud, pale face, but he was not cast in the rude mould of the Samurai, who lived by the sword. Into his soul had passed the wisdom of the ancient parchments, and into his heart the tenderness toward all life which the Lord Buddha teaches; nevertheless, his body was straight as a young pine, slender, but strong with life.

Moto danced until he wearied. Then he threw himself on the ground to rest, while the dance went on. So he lay for a long time, watching, through the shimmering play of the leaves, the clouds, light as sea foam, as they hurried by. He did not know that he had laid himself down at the feet of O Kami, nor did she, but both continued to look up into the glowing depths of the summer sky. So looking, their hearts expanded, and when they looked down and found each other's eyes, they had little need for words, for so is love born in Nippon—in beautiful Nippon, where the sea strains the land in a close embrace and the land strains up to the sky. (Listen to the cicadas!)

That night Moto went to O Kami's father, and after they had taken the ceremonial tea which the girl served them, Moto asked for her, for his wife.

The old father looked at his daughter, and smiled tenderly. He was both happy and sad, for he rejoiced at O Kami's happiness, while he grieved that he must lose the child of the woman he had loved. Moto saw the tears in the old man's eyes, and guessed the cause. He promised at once that he and O Kami would make the cottage their home.

Soon all the village felt the joy of O Kami and Moto, and hastened to the house, to clasp the hand of felicity, for in Nippon happiness or sorrow spreads in widening circles, without the need for speech. Friends hurry to meet those who come with sad news, and joy draws beloved ones, like a summer wind. Passers-by often smile as they pass a doorway, feeling that which lies behind its closed portal. This is very mysterious, but it is so. So the Daimio of Aki, passing the cottage, halted his horse, and asked what happy event was occurring within. His retainers inquired and returned

to say that the beautiful O Kami and Moto, the priest's son, were betrothed.

The Lord of Aki was a very dark, stern-looking man, of whom even his trusted followers were afraid. So every one stood silent and still while he sat his horse, looking straight before him, without speaking. None of them knew, however, that he had seen O Kami at the festival and that she had lit a flame in his heart.

Finally he spoke and commanded that the betrothal party come out to receive his felicitations, and when O Kami stood before him in the moonlight his soul was melted, and he bent his eyes upon her until Moto grew pale.

The next morning, very early, at the hour when the convolvulus opens, the confidential servant of the Daimio came to the cottage. To the astonishment of O Kami's father, he brought a request for the girl, whom the Lord of Aki desired to make one of his household.

O Kami's father replied that his daughter had been ruled throughout her life by her own pure heart and that she must decide the momentous question for herself.

When O Kami heard the message she bowed very low, until her white forehead touched the mat on which she sat, and said:

"Tell my lord that I am of a family much his inferior, but were I of his exalted rank, I would stoop from that to marry Moto, the priest's son, even though it made of me an outcast. For between this youth and myself there is a bond which no power can break."

So the servant returned with that message to the Daimio, who reckoned it but the coyness of a girl who would enhance her own worth. Therefore he renewed his offers, refusing to accept O Kami's decision.

In this way the marriage of Moto and O Kami was delayed from month to month, for in those days no marriage could be consummated without the sanction of the lord of the province. The penalty for disobedience was death.

Day after day the Daimio sent letters and presents to the cottage, only to have them returned, with profound expressions of regret. Finally O Kami sent for the confidential servant and said:

"Tell my lord that his servant, O Kami, sends this message: Sooner than enter his household, she will go out to the sea and give herself to the gods of the water."

After the Lord of Aki had heard the message, which his servant gave him, in great fear, he sat for a long time, lost in a black meditation. Then he went into his armory and remained alone for a day, and at night he came to his servant and bade him take a written message to O Kami, together with something wrapped in gold cloth.

When the girl read the message she was astonished. "O Kami San," the Lord of Aki had written, "since you are determined to wed outside my household, or else to give yourself to the sea, I give you leave to do as you wish. In return, I ask only your promise that the ancient sword which I send you with this letter shall be always with you. Let it lie in your obi during the day and at your feet when you sleep. So shall my sovereign protection be always over you."

There was a great rejoicing in the village when it was learned that the marriage of the two young people might now take place, but O Kami could not smile. A shadow had lain across her heart ever since she had passed the sword of the Lord of Aki through her obi.

After the marriage there was a feast and dancing beneath the full moon, and then the villagers left, wishing the young couple much happiness, and congratulating the old father on such dutiful children.

O Kami and Moto were to have a little soji outside the cottage for their sleeping room. The moon fell full on the sea as they retired, and they stood for a long time looking out, before they turned to the little chamber where the ando burned through the paper shade.

Moto sat down on the mat, and smiled at O Kami, but before she could move toward him he had closed his eyes and was fast asleep. She looked at him in surprise, and saw that he was pale and that the sweat stood on his forehead. Then she was afraid, and called him and shook him, but he did not stir. So, brushing his cheek with her long, unbound hair, she placed her hand upon his heart, and called his name, for so can the bewitched and the partly dead be recalled to life (said the old priest).

When his beautiful young wife touched his heart Moto stirred, turning in his sleep like one who strives to awaken, and O Kami put her hand beneath his head. So she remained, while the moon swung across the sky and the night wind sighed, for the sword of the Lord of Aki had risen from the floor at the foot of the mat, and hung over the breast of the sleeping man. No mortal hand held it, and a cold, sour wind blew from it.

Little by little, keeping her eyes fixed on the sword, O Kami stood away from Moto, and when she looked, the sword was at his feet, as she had laid it.

All night O Kami stood by the Butsudan, praying to great Buddha, but when she turned toward Moto the sword quivered, and she knew there was no help. And the soul of Moto was blinded, so that when he awoke he knew nothing of the night, except that languor stole upon his limbs with the day.

Night after night it was thus. Moto fell asleep as he laid himself on the mat, and O Kami watched him, from a distance, all through the hours, till the ando ceased to burn. Often she tried to approach him, but the sword swayed above the mat. So she stood by the Butsudan, but did not cry for help, for she knew that the heavy hand of fate was on her, and that there was no escape from the power which the Lord of Aki possessed.

The last night that she was to have with the sleeping Moto, O Kami spent upon her knees, looking at the youth, whose arms would never hold her. So deep and long she looked that the sword rose, but O Kami motioned to it to lie down.

"It is the last," she said aloud, "it is the last look. Rest, O Evil Sword, for soon I give you good work to do."

So when the gray sheen of the night began to part, O Kami went out from the soji and closed the doors, never looking behind, and in her obi there lay the sword.

The sentinel at the gate of the Lord of Aki's castle was pacing, chilled and tired, that morning, when he saw a figure approaching. He called to it to halt, but when he heard the voice of O Kami he bowed himself before her, for all the castle knew that the Lord of Aki sat in his tower, without pleasure or speech, because of her.

When the servant announced that O Kami waited in the outer chamber of the tower, the Daimio smiled, and even the dull menial shuddered at it.

For a long, long time O Kami and the Lord of Aki stood silent, he beside his dais, she beside the window. Then she lifted her eyes and placed her hand upon the hilt of the sword and said:

"Let me be dressed by the maidens for my lord's pleasure, for I have given myself for the price of Moto's life. Have I your word for this, my lord?"

And the Daimio replied, "You have my word."

Great was the excitement in the castle when the maids were called to attend the beautiful O Kami. They opened the treasure chests, and wrapped her in rare embroideries, and passed through her hair the ivory ornaments of the house of Aki—the old ornaments, yellow and soft, which had held the hair of countless generations of women, of the Lords of Aki.

Her obi they wound of priceless brocade, and in this O Kami placed the sword. So they left her, standing by the window, where the branches of an old plum tree swayed.

Then the Lord of Aki gave directions for a feast to be prepared, and went into the room to O Kami.

By the door he halted, with a cry on his lips. And then he shivered, for a cold, sour wind blew, and the evil sword lay buried to its hilt in O Kami's breast, where her small, strong hand had driven it. She stood upright, and her dead eyes accused, and her open mouth cried.

Hours afterward the servants of the Daimio ventured to disturb their Lord, and there they found him, clasping the form of O Kami so tightly in his rigid arms that it was impossible to break the two bodies apart. For the Lord of Aki, though evil, had loved greatly, and had paid his debt to Moto by placing the evil sword in his own bosom.

So the two, whose strange fate had united them in death, were buried together, with the evil sword laid between their breasts. Moto commanded this, and every day of his life, until he was an old man, he said the prayers for the dead beside the heap of stones which marked the grave. So when he died, the villagers, having forgotten the story, and knowing only that some one the old man loved lay there, buried him under the stones also.

Listen to the cicadas, says the old, gray priest of Umedaichi—of Umedaichi, near the Inland Sea.

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1915.

JEAN WHITE.

A possible source of potash may exist in the tailings piled up at the concentrating mills of the big copper mines in the West. The "porphyry" ores which are being mined by the millions of tons annually contain several times as much potash as copper, and this remains in the tailings at the mills, material already finely ground and in condition for treatment, as well as easily accessible for shipment. This potash, however, is locked up in the form of silicate minerals, and the commercial extraction of potash from silicates has been for several years the subject of earnest study by industrial chemists, who have not yet arrived at a definite conclusion.

The sequence of events so often observed in the history of gold-mining camps has been repeated in the Willow Creek district, Alaska. The earliest prospectors, in 1897, were primarily interested in the search for placer gold, and having found it, were too busily engaged in mining to trace the stream gold to the veins from which it originally came. It was nearly ten years later that the first of the valuable quartz veins that now yield most of the gold mined in the district was discovered. Since 1906, however, quartz mining has progressed steadily and has rested upon a substantial basis.

New Zealand has about 20,000,000 acres under lease to nearly 29,000 government tenants.



FRAGMENT XVI.

On the Eighth Day of the Battle as the Madness Came Stealing On.

... Today is the eighth day of the battle. It began last Friday, and Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday have passed—and Friday has come again and is gone—and it is still going on. Both armies, hundreds of thousands of men, are standing in front of each other, never flinching, sending explosive, crashing projectiles without stopping, and every instant living men are turned into corpses. The roar and incessant vibration of the air has made the very sky shudder and gather black thunder-clouds above their heads—while they continue to stand in front of each other, never flinching and still killing each other. If a man does not sleep for three nights, he becomes ill and loses his memory, but they have not slept for a whole week, and are all mad. That is why they feel no pain, do not retreat, and go on fighting until they have killed all to the last man. They say that some of the detachments came to the end of their ammunition, but still they fought on, using their fists and stones, and biting at each other like dogs. If the remnants of those regiments return home, they will have canine teeth like wolves—but they will not return, they have gone mad and die, every man of them. They have gone mad. Everything is muddle in their heads, and they cease to understand anything! If they were to be turned round suddenly and sharply, they would begin firing at their own men, thinking that they were firing at the enemy.

Strange rumors—strange rumors that are told in a whisper, those repeating them turning white from horror and dreadful forebodings. Brother, brother, listen what is being told of the red laugh! They say phantom regiments have appeared, large bands of shadows, the exact copy of living men. At night, when the men forget themselves for an instant in sleep, or in the thick of the day's fight, when the bright day itself seems a phantom, they suddenly appear, firing out of phantom guns, filling the air with phantom noises; and men, living but insane men, astounded by the suddenness of the attack, fight to the death against the phantom enemy, go mad from horror, become gray in an instant and die. The phantoms disappear as suddenly as they appear, and all becomes still, while the earth is strewn with fresh mutilated bodies. Who killed them? You know, brother, who killed them. When there is a lull between two battles and the enemy is far off, suddenly in the darkness of the night there resounds a solitary, frightened shot. And all jump up and begin firing into the darkness, into the silent dumb darkness, for a long time, for whole hours. Whom do they see there? Whose terrible, silent shape, full of horror and madness, appears before them? You know, brother, and I know, but men do not know yet, but they have a foreboding, and ask, turning pale: "Why are there so many madmen? Before there never used to be so many."

"Before there never used to be so many madmen," they say, turning pale, trying to believe that now it is as before, and that the universal violence done to the brains of humanity would have no effect upon their weak little intellects.

"Why men fought before and always have fought, and nothing of the sort happened. Strife is a law of nature," they say with conviction and calmness, growing pale, nevertheless, seeking for the doctor with their eyes, and calling out hurriedly: "Water, quick, a glass of water!"

They would willingly become idiots, those people, only not to feel their intellect reeling and their reason succumbing in the hopeless combat with insanity.

In those days, when men over there were constantly being turned into corpses, I could find no peace, and sought the society of my fellow-men; and I heard many conversations and saw many false smiling faces, that asserted that the war was far off and in no way concerned them. But much oftener I met naked, frank horror, hopeless, bitter tears and fren-

zied cries of despair, when the great Mind itself cried out of man its last prayer, its last cure, with all the intensity of its power:

"Whenever will the senseless carnage end?" At some friends', whom I had not seen for a long time, perhaps several years, I unexpectedly met a mad officer, invalidated from the war. He was a schoolfellow of mine, but I did not recognize him: if he had lain for a year in his grave, he would have returned more like himself than he was then. His hair was gray and his face quite white, his features were but little changed—but he was always silent, and seemed to be listening to something, and this stamped upon his face a look of such formidable remoteness, such indifference to all around him, that it was fearful to talk to him. His relatives were told he went mad in the following circumstances: they were in the reserve, while the neighboring regiment was ordered to make a bayonet charge. The men rush shouting "Hurrah!" so loudly as almost to drown the noise of the cannon—and suddenly the guns ceased firing, the "Hurrah" ceased also, and a sepulchral stillness ensued: they had run up to the enemy and were charging him with their bayonets. And his reason succumbed to that stillness.

Now he is calm when people make a noise around him, talk and shout, he listens and waits; but if only there is a moment's silence, he catches hold of his head, rushes up to the wall or against the furniture, and falls down in a fit resembling epilepsy. He has many relations, and they take turns and surround him with sound, but there remain the nights, long solitary nights—but here his father, a gray-haired old man, slightly wandering in his mind, too, helped. He hung the walls of his son's room with loudly ticking clocks, that constantly struck the hour at different times, and at present he is arranging a wheel, resembling an incessantly going rattle. None of them lose hope that he will recover, as he is only twenty-seven, and their house is even gay. He is dressed very cleanly—not in his uniform—great care is taken of his appearance, and he is even handsome with his white hair, young, thoughtful face and well-bred, slow, tired movements.

When I was told all, I went up and kissed his hand, his white languid hand, which will never more be lifted for a blow—and this did not seem to surprise anybody very much. Only his young sister smiled at me with her eyes, and afterwards showed me such attention that it seemed as if I were her betrothed and she loved me more than anybody in the world. She showed me such attention that I very nearly told her about my dark empty rooms, in which I am worse than alone—miserable heart, that never loses hope. . . . And she managed that we remained alone.

"How pale you are and what dark rings you have under your eyes," she said kindly. "Are you ill? Are you grieving for your brother?"

"I am grieving for everybody. And I do not feel well."

"I know why you kissed my brother's hand. They did not understand. Because he is mad, yes?"

"Yes, because he is mad." She grew thoughtful and looked very much like her brother, only younger.

"And will you," she stopped and blushed, but did not lower her eyes, "will you let me kiss your hand?"

I knelt before her and said: "Bless me." She paled slightly, drew back and whispered with her lips:

"I do not believe."

"And I also."

For an instant her hand touched my head, and the instant was gone.

"Do you know," she said, "I am leaving for the war."

"Go! But you will not be able to bear it."

"I do not know. But they need help, the same as you or my brother. It is not their fault. Will you remember me?"

"Yes. And you?"

"And I will surely remember you, too. Good-by!"

"Good-by forever!"

And I grew calm and felt happier, as if I had passed through the most terrible that

## HOLIDAY GIFTS

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there is in death and madness. And yesterday, for the first time, I entered my house calmly without any fear, and opened my brother's study and sat for a long time at his table. And when in the night I suddenly awoke as if from a push, and heard the scraping of the dry pen upon the paper, I was not frightened, but thought to myself, almost with a smile:

"Work on, brother, work on! Your pen is not dry, it is steeped in living human blood. Let your paper seem empty—in its ominous emptiness it is more eloquent of war and reason than all that is written by the most clever men. Work on, brother, work on!"

... And this morning I read that the battle is still raging, and again I was possessed with a dread fear and a feeling of something falling upon my brain. It is coming, it is near; it is already standing upon the threshold of these empty, light rooms. Remember, remember me, dear girl; I am going mad. Thirty thousand dead, thirty thousand dead!—From "The Red Laugh," by Leonidas Andreief. Published by Duffield & Co.

### Cornwall Inspires Many Artists.

It has been said that of the two hundred or more canvases dispatched each year from Cornwall to London "seven-eighths have been painted at Newlyn or St. Ives." Certainly, in the tangled streets of the little town, wherever a window gives upon the sea be sure an easel stands. St. Ives gets its name from an Irish princess, St. Ia, who floated thither upon a leaf and landed on Pendinas, the rocky headland which St. Ives calls "the island." St. Ives sits by a smooth circle of sea into which a tongue of rocky land thrusts a bold curving headland, inclosing an inner harbor in the great sweep of the bay. Up the green hillside climb the summer homes, the villas and cottages and hotels, that belong to the transient St. Ives. As its mean winter temperature is but four degrees lower than that of Rome, it has a fair percentage of winter visitors, while in summer its hotels are crowded. St. Ives does not let its visitors interfere with its business, which is pilchard fishing—a picturesque thing to the idle on-looker, but heavy-smelling work for the fishermen—and renting studios.

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## IN THE DEVIL'S NAME.

And How the Law Laid the Delightful Devil.

Early in the morning of a severe winter day, as the concierge of a very high and narrow dwelling in the neighborhood of St. Madeleine's, Paris, was industriously engaged in the pursuance of his business as a shoe-cobbler, he was disturbed by the sudden violent ringing of the doorbell.

Monsieur Jean Joyeuse angrily threw his neighbor's hoot from his lap, rose hastily, and opened the door, hringing a tolerably vexed mien to view, which, however, immediately made place to an obeisance, as he saw before him a gentleman of fine presence, who was the possessor of a head of remarkably black hair.

"There is a room to be let here?" asked the stranger.

Monsieur Joyeuse assented with another bow. The stranger expressed the wish to see the apartment. Jean remarked most politely that he had three rooms to let—one in the first story, another in the second, and still another higher up in the mansard.

"Then lead me to the mansard room."

"He will rent the mansard," thought Monsieur Joyeuse, and prepared, in spite of the stranger's elegance, to lose all respect for him, when, by some accidental movement, the overcoat of the black-haired gentleman parted upon his breast, and the landlord espied the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor in the button-hole of his frock coat.

Monsieur Jean was now in one of those situations when one does not know what to say.

At last he stuttered forth that the attic room was not fitted for such a gentleman.

The stranger made an impatient gesture, and said, shortly:

"Prepare the room, and in the course of the forenoon I will move in."

Monsieur and Madame Joyeuse had ample leisure in the succeeding hours, which they devoted to the cleansing of the garret-room, to give themselves up to the consideration of the question in how far a Knight of the Legion of Honor could maintain his dignity in the eyes of respectable people after becoming the inhabitant of a mansard room of the worst description.

"He is a cheat, a swindler, a counterfeiter," decided Joyeuse. But madame, who had been formerly a flower-girl, and was of romantic temperament, scented a Don Juan, who had "his designs." This delightful dialogue by no means interrupted the work. The spiders were driven away, the dim window panes were polished, and the boards cleanly scrubbed.

This was hardly accomplished as the mysterious stranger drove up, accompanied by a servant. This latter carried a gloomy-looking black casket, resembling a child's coffin in size and form. This was the only baggage the servant carried into the new dwelling. Monsieur Joyeuse gave his wife a significant glance and whispered aside to her: "A murderer!" Then he asked the servant what the coffin contained. The latter smiled cunningly and answered that he did not know. Monsieur Joyeuse was sure he had guessed aright, and this creature was in understanding with his master. Suspicion, curiosity, and anxiety increased to extremity in the hearts of this worthy pair as the stranger said, abruptly:

"Monsieur Jean, you are to admit only one gentleman to see me."

"Very well, sir; but how am I to know him?"

"By the countersign, 'In the Devil's name!'"

Monsieur Jean's tongue was paralyzed, and madame's conviction that a Don Juan was before her was considerably shaken.

The stranger, however, calmly serene, ascended to his chamber.

The worthy conjugal pair had hardly recovered from their fright when the hell jingled again, and a second stranger appeared, a man of most lowering aspect, with dark glances, and still darker hushy eyebrows.

"Did a gentleman move in here today?"

"Yes; but he receives no one."

"He will receive me. Let me in. I come in the Devil's name!"

Thereupon the dismal guest vanished likewise. From now on these two—the lodger who did not make this his sleeping-place, and the Devil's ambassador—met each morning at a certain hour in Monsieur Jean's house, shut the door of the mansard room behind them, and at five o'clock in the afternoon departed, to meet again in the morning. Monsieur and Madame Joyeuse did their best to discover the clandestine practices of these dangerous men. They listened by turns at the door, but could hear nothing but godless songs which echoed from the mansard walls. Monsieur and Madame Joyeuse endured this for six weeks. One day, when there was a pause in the singing, the portier caught up a few crumbs of the conversation.

"Courage! courage!" Jean heard one say. He recognized his lodger's voice.

"But it is so hard to play the Devil!" said the other.

"Aha! a contract with the Evil One," thought Monsieur Jean, and shuddered.

"But only consider," began the lodger again, "how effective it is, especially where you call the dead from their graves—and then the summons to Satan and his host, and the answer from the chorus of assembled devils!"

Monsieur Joyeuse had heard enough. The villains should not make his house a den of evil. The police must be informed immediately. The commissaire heard Monsieur Jean's horrible recital with amazement. He, with two constables, was soon upon the scene.

"In the name of the king, open!" demanded the commissaire.

The door was immediately thrown open.

"What is your name? Who are you?"

"Giacome Meyerheer."

"And you?"

"Levasseur, first bass of the Grand Opera."

The commissaire at once divined the truth, but he asked what they were practicing.

"We are studying the rôle of Bertram in 'Robert the Devil,' a new opera which will soon be produced. In order to be undisturbed I rented this garret room," answered Meyerheer, smiling.

"But the coffin! the coffin!" cried Monsieur Joyeuse, still incredulous. The two musicians laughed aloud.

"A simple violin case," said the composer, gazing with amazement on the looks of poor Jean.

"You are a hockhead!" said the commissaire to the disconcerted janitor, and turning, he begged most humbly to be pardoned for his intrusion. Then he withdrew.

A couple of weeks after Monsieur and Madame Joyeuse had, through the gift of a couple of tickets, the pleasure of witnessing the first representation of the famous opera.

As Levasseur, in the necromantic scene, gave vent to the profound depths of his voice, Jean could not refrain from saying to his Lucy:

"I maintain it—he is the Devil, after all."

—Translated for the Argonaut from the German of Max Kutzer.

One monument at Gettysburg recalls the tenderness, the bravery, the great-heartedness of a girl. The visitor to this historic field looks, and a lump rises in the throat if he is familiar with the history of Gettysburg. The monument was erected in memory of Jennie Wade. The Wade home, a small red brick house, stood directly in the path of the balls flying between the two armies. The day before the battle began Jennie Wade's older sister, Mrs. Georgia Wade McClellan, gave birth to a baby and could not be moved. Jennie, a girl of twenty, had an opportunity to leave, but would not go without her mother and her sister. During the first two days of the battle she spent all her time carrying water to fill the canteens of the soldiers fighting and dying around them. At the end of the first day fifteen soldiers lay dead in the little front yard of the Wade home. On the second day the fighting moved further along the hillside and only chance bullets came to the little red brick house. Before dawn on the third day, all the bread in the house having been given to the soldiers, Jennie went out and brought in armful after armful of wood. Before the bread was ready for the oven and before hostilities really began a soldier knocked at the door and asked for food. "Mother," the girl is reported to have said, "I'll mix some biscuits and give them out until the bread is baked." Within five minutes a minie ball crashed through the door and Jennie Wade fell dead without a word. That night the soldiers to whom she had carried water and food buried her with the biscuit dough in her hands. The monument erected to her is of Italian marble so blue white that it impresses an observer as being almost transparent. It was erected by the women of Iowa—to the only woman killed at the battle of Gettysburg. A short while ago when the old Wade house was recovered more than two quarts of bullets were taken from the old roof.

Massenet dreaded the first performance of his operas so much that he usually left the city and bid until they were over. In a recently published book, "Souvenirs de la Vie de Théâtre," Pierre Berton tells of meeting him the night before the production of his "Roi de Lahore," and congratulating him on the success that was sure. He was astonished at the weary, melancholy attitude of the composer. "Massenet silently took off his hat, and pointed with his finger at his hair. It was freshly silvered, to my surprise, for we were then both young men. And he said to me: 'See what it costs to bring out an opera!'"

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"K," by Mary Roberts Rinehart, has had up to date eleven large printings.

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## THE PRICE OF FUR.

What Matters It, Though the Cost Be the Life of a Man?

"Mush on! Mush on!" Suddenly, but with good effect the four gaunt huskies strained at their harness, dug their paws fiercely into the deep dry snow, and for a few yards made fair progress. Panting, more or less feebly endeavoring to shake the powdery snow from their emaciated bodies, with now and then a half-hearted snarl and a snap at the hams of the animal in front, they finally settled down to a rest from which the hoarse "mush on, you brutes, mush on!" of the huddled figure on the sleigh failed to arouse them.

"Well, let 'em rest, poor heggars. I've only two small meals left for them. Think I may as well camp here, eat, rest, and then push on ahead," and as he talked to himself he arose, a worn, weary figure, from the sleigh and commenced to limp around in search of dry wood with which to build a fire. Having accomplished his purpose, he applied a match to the birch bark which formed the foundation of his little pile of kindling, and resting one foot clear of the ground, stood watching the grayish blue smoke curl upwards in the still, cold air until, having reached the lower limbs of the gigantic pines which stood around, it wreathed itself in fantastic patterns in and out amongst the dark green boughs bending beneath their weighty loads of dazzling white crystals.

Methodically he set about the preparation of the repast. From a pack-sack he emptied out on the snow a small crust of bread and about a quarter of a pound of bacon, both, of course, frozen, and two paper packets, the one of tea and the other of sugar. From a flour bag he shook out four frozen fish, and having done so, stood gazing meditatively at his provisions.

"Not a square meal for man or beast," he muttered; "shall I, or shall I not? I'm lost! hopelessly lost; and yet the trail may be only a mile or so away—strange that those huskies haven't picked it up before now! One square meal would keep us going for another two days—ay, possibly three at a pinch, but that small ration will only make us want more. Oh, curse it! Curse it!" Then, after a pause, "Well, here goes; up Ponto, up Rover, up Bernadette, up Slouch!" and as he spoke the four animals sat up in a semi-circle and snatched at the fish which was thrown to each of them. In a trice the scanty meal was finished and the famished dogs, after having made reasonably certain that more was not forthcoming, buried themselves in the snow and fell asleep.

Having fed his team, he commenced preparations for his own supper. Snow was melted, tea made, bread toasted, and bacon fried. In the strength of his newly-formed resolution to do all that was possible to insure himself a satisfying repast he emptied into the boiling water the entire contents of the two packages; the resultant heverage was strong and syrup-like, but it served to eke out the meagre crust and the ridiculously small piece of bacon. As the drowsiness, which invariably follows upon the change from intense cold to moderate warmth crept over him he lay back with his head pillowed upon the upturned sleigh.

"Well, I shall find the trail all right in the morning; it can not be far away," he assured himself; "and then I shall soon be with the 'old people.' What's the day? Thursday? Let's see, now; I left Albany on Sunday. Yes, that's right! and I've been out five days—Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday," ticking off the days as he named them by closing one finger for each day inside his heavy mittens. "Thursday! and I'm due home on Saturday week; sure, I'll be there all right. We'll find the trail first thing in the morning and then be in Hearst by day-break on Saturday. A week will be ample for the rest of the journey. Gee; but dirty old Sydney will look good to me!" And as he drifted on in the weaving of visions of what joys civilization would afford, sleep gradually closed in upon him and he lay back and—oh, how foolishly—resigned himself "for half an hour."

Two years he had spent hunting and trapping in the James Bay country, on the banks of the Albany River, and now, after having disposed of his catch of fur to a buyer whom he had met in the store at Port Albany, he had decided to "pack his turkey and hit out for home." Four thousand dollars his furs had netted him, and he felt he was quite justified in returning to Cape Breton for a few weeks of holiday-making.

Sunday morning had seen him start from the store, his sleigh laden with four days' rations for himself and his dogs. All that day he had traveled and well into the night, only calling a halt when the young moon disappeared. His dogs were in good condition; not too fat, but "good and fit," and he intended to get as much out of them as possible. During the first night a blizzard had swept across the country. Trails were obliterated, his dogs and sleigh buried, and

himself only saved by the excellence of his sleeping-bag. It had been difficult work uncovering the dogs and sleigh; but that was as nothing when compared with the terrible task of breaking a new snowshoe trail over which the huskies might drag the heavy load. Two spells of four or five hours each had been all he could manage that day, and the work was made harder by the ever-present, yet—as he repeatedly assured himself—foolish sense of wrong direction. A glimpse of the sun would have enabled him to check his course, but a dull leaden sky, snow-laden, and cheerless as the icy waters of the bay, had been his only prospect whenever he had turned his gaze heavenward. Night had again brought snow, great, heavy, slowly-falling flakes of it, which by morning had added a good ten inches to the thickness of that white druggut with which Dame Nature had covered her summer carpet.

The next day's going had been bad. True, the heavier snow had rendered trail-breaking a little less arduous, but just before camping for the midday meal, and shortly after entering a dense pine forest, one of his snowshoes had caught in a covered snag, throwing him forward, with the result that in crashing down on to a jagged stump he had torn a great wound in his thigh. This accident had forced him to abandon the journey for the rest of the day, and as night fell the numbing agony of the wound had driven him into a semi-delirium, from which he had roused himself late on Wednesday morning.

The terrible pain and the stiffness occasioned by his torn thigh had held him back; progress had been slow; and the intense cold of the frozen gash, despite his thick clothing and the hard work, had exercised a stultifying influence on his brain. He, the experienced hunter and trapper; he who, solitary and alone, had fought and conquered over two arctic winters had, in his weakened condition, failed to realize that he was leading his team away from instead of towards his goal. Almost sub-consciously he had once or twice looked up towards the spot in which he would have expected the sun to have been, but his eyes had rested only on the sombre gray of the snow-laden sky; and he had pushed on again at the best of his pitifully crippled pace. Hunger had gripped him mercilessly that night and he had cut deep into his provisions. Foolishly he had given each dog three fish instead of one; and they, surprised at the unwonted liberality of their ration, had but howled for more. Had he been in his normal senses he would have cut down their dole, not increased it.

This morning he had awakened stiff and sore, and his head ached as it never had done on any previous occasion; at times during his preparation for breakfast he had been inclined to camp for the day and to trust to luck for a moon by which to travel during the night, after rest and sleep should have cleared his head of its throbbing. But his bush instinct had warned him that no moon was likely to break through those clouds, nor could they possibly empty themselves during the five or six hours which would mark the day's span of light. Until midday he had struggled on and on; ever and anon ceasing his snowshoe work in order to cheer forward the straining team who so faithfully followed in the trail which he broke for them.

After dinner he had mounted the sleigh and had set the dogs forward, allowing them to find their own way and to break their own trail through the dense bush. By evening he had shouted himself hoarse with his urgings and encouragements to the wearied animals. Of his own present inability to lead them he was fully conscious, yet he had several times slipped his feet into the harness of his snowshoes and had endeavored to ease their work; but the excruciating agony which such action caused him had forced him back to the sleigh, there to curse the woods, the snow, the dogs, and himself. Supper had passed, as we have already seen, and night fell. The dogs burrowed deeper into the snow, the Frost King tightened his relentless grip, the fire died down to a dull glow, which in turn grew black and cold—and shortly after midnight a strong easterly breeze cleared the great expanse of sky.

Suddenly he awoke, sprang to his feet, and limped hither and thither in a painful attempt to restore the circulation in his almost frozen limbs. The pain which followed upon the gradual warming of the chilled flesh and the reestablishment of a normal circulation in the veins and arteries was intense—but a new trial, horrible and nerve-wracking, effectually drove all thought of it from him. In every direction the bush seemed to be alive; dusky forms prowled and sidled this way and that. Silently, yet with an alarming distinctness, they moved about on the surface of the dry powdery snow, and each of them carried twin lights of a hideous greenish gold which glinted ominously from amongst the tall pines.

The wolves were out.

Unstrapping his repeating rifle from the sleigh, and taking careful aim midway between the nearest pair of eyes, he fired. Instantly a howl, followed by a fiendish chorus

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of yapping, snarling, and barking rent the still air. Five other shots in rapid succession were each followed by a distinctive howl and a repetition of the devilish chorus; the hungry crowd were voraciously devouring their stricken pack-mates. Reloading was a cold business, for it necessitated the removal of mittens. With his eleventh bullet he accounted for his tenth wolf; yet the ever narrowing circle of blazing eyes drew in on him. Mechanically he continued his warfare, the while cursing his foolishness in allowing the fire to die out. Reinforcements were continually reaching his foes; pack after pack raced up and joined the ring, fighting, snapping, and raising clouds of snow-dust as they savagely contended for the still quivering bodies of their fallen companions.

The fight was an unequal one in that it was one-sided. The trapper it was who waged the active combat; but his enemies, cunning and merciless, undeterred by losses, drew steadily closer. Already he could see their foam-dripping fangs; their fetid breath befouling the air, and their lean flanks and limbs were eloquent of their hungry condition.

Ten yards; nine; eight! The diameter of the circle in which he stood was rapidly diminishing. A horrible fight was in progress to his right, where the sleigh dogs were being overwhelmed by the grim foe. Bernadette fought savagely, and for a while successfully, but what chance had a dog when opposed by such enemies in such numbers? A despairing whine—her swan-song—almost unnerved her master, for it left him with the knowledge that he now stood absolutely alone.

As though to complete his discomfiture, his rifle jammed after the next shot. Do what he would, the ejector refused its duty, and—maddened by the thought of his sheer helplessness—he flung the useless weapon far into the midst of his assailants.

There was little of strength left him now; the arctic air of the Northwest readily vanquishes the poorly-fed or the injured, and he was both famished and in pain.

Half demented, he drew his sheath-knife and stood at bay. Defenseless, or practically so; weak, and scarce capable of conscious action, he awaited the inevitable moment when that most dreaded of all the many deaths which stalk the bush should be his. He saw one huge shaggy form detach itself from the ever narrowing circle. Slowly, yet, oh, how surely, those two malignant eyes and those foam-flecked shoulders drew nearer. Three yards; two—and with a vindictive snarl the gray brute hurled itself straight at his throat.

Instinctively he dropped to one knee and slashed at the lithe form as it passed over his head. The keen-edged knife had done its work, for there was a dull thud in his rear, and in an ill-defined manner he realized that there still remained for him a further chance of fight—for life he knew better than to hope.

The foe held steady at their distance; a leaderless mob of cowardly beasts. Thus far their cunning, backed by numbers, had brought them; but one must kill for the rest.

The unexpected respite brought to the trapper a fresh access of strength and fighting spirit. Light-headed, yet steady, he braced himself for the next attack. A sharp, yapping snarl almost at his heels caused him to wheel round and—with a deep groaning sob he fell backwards, borne to earth by the fierce upward spring of a great dog-wolf. In the twinkling of an eye the ghastly feast began.

At the February fur sales in London buyer lamented to buyer over the fact that fur was steadily rising in price.

"Terrible prices, terrible!" almost sobbed one of them to an acquaintance as a choice parcel of mink was knocked down to a rival.

"Ah, yes, indeed; terrible!" responded the other. "Really, you know, when one hears of trappers receiving as much as twenty-six shillings for a mink one wonders what things are coming to. Those men do nothing for it beyond the setting of a few traps, and then visiting them occasionally in order to collect the fur. Of course, it's cold out there; lots of snow and all that sort of thing; but trappers lead a grand life. Yes, sir; a grand life!"

Of course he forgot to make mention of a trapper's death.—*Reg. G. Baker in Liverpool Mercury.*

Experts in wood technology have perfected instruments that measure the amount of moisture in wood, and thus have given to lumbermen information of the utmost value to them, since it has saved them many thousands of dollars in freight charges. According to one writer 1000 pounds of green lumber fresh from the saw and cut from green logs contains from 400 to 500 pounds of water. Nearly all fresh-cut wood is at least one-third water. Some woods contain twice as much water as others.

The ancient Greeks called the rainbow "The Scarf of Iris." Iris, in their mythology, was the attendant of Jupiter, always represented as being exceedingly beautiful.

#### Liszt Seen in Unconscious Mood.

No more delightful picture of Liszt has ever been drawn than this account of the master in the midst of a gathering of intimate friends, quoted from Count Geza Zichy by A. M. Abell in *Musical Courier*: "It was after a dinner and the guests were seated at whist tables. The claviator maximus arose from the whist table, shook his white mane, and moved with silent tread to the piano. The faithful Boesendorfer received the caress of his mighty hand with subdued joy. As for the rest of us, the words about to be spoken died upon our lips and breathlessly we stood about, waiting for what was to come. The maestro spoke of the rhythm of the mazurka and accompanied his words with gestures, making with his thin hands imaginary wavy lines in the air. Then he sat down to the instrument and pressed all ten fingers upon the keys. He began to play a wonderful piece, a mazurka by Chopin. Whimsically there floated by a beautiful young maiden and at her side the sighing, passionate lover. In a tender embrace they swear eternal love to each other and immediately afterward they quarrel and defiantly separate. Now we see the glow of a blazing flame, now it is magic moonlight flowing over a dreamy lake, . . . and all the time I am reclining in an easy armchair, enjoying the aroma of a fine Havana. Probably no one, not even a king, heard our claviator maximus play in this way. Here an ideal was realized. It was my idea of heaven."

#### More Common Names Needed for Flowers.

More common names are the requirements of the time for the great variety of flowering plants to be found so generally in the national parks of California. The folk name fails to attach itself to many plants found in the mountains, and in addressing himself to the subject Professor W. L. Jepson of the University of California says: "By a folk name, I mean a name that has been given to the plant by the folk, by the people who have lived amongst the plants, and know them from their point of view. Of course the botanist has named practically all of the plants in the parks. He has given them scientific names, but these very rarely make an appeal to the people at large. When once you have folk names, then the interest

in the flower fields will be very much greater. Take mountain misery, for example, which is found in the Yosemite Park and the Sequoia Park. That at once shows the flavor of the soil. There are many such names, but many more must be invented by us or by the people who live in the mountains or live in the parks. I was coming down out of the mountains on a trip, and I had been studying what we botanists call *Calandrinia caulescens*, var. *menziesii*, and I met some children that had in their hands a bunch of the flowers. I stopped and asked the children what they called those flowers. After some little hesitation they said, 'Kisses.' I asked them why they called them kisses, and they either would not or could not tell. But as I went on I heard the elder child say, 'That is a botany man, and he is always asking why.' You

can not always tell why. Sometimes you just do things. A mountain name, like mountain misery, at once makes a strong appeal to the people. Common names indicate the way in which the plants have affected the people who live there, whether they are conscious of that or not. Imagine the thoughts of a person going to the meadows and seeing the mountain grass filled with shooting stars. I have seen as many as half a million shooting stars in one Sierra meadow. Now, when that plant becomes known it will become as famous as the edelweiss."

Now that the Czar of Russia has placed himself at the head of his armies, it is interesting to know that at one time he served as a private, submitting himself to all the privations of the life of a common soldier.

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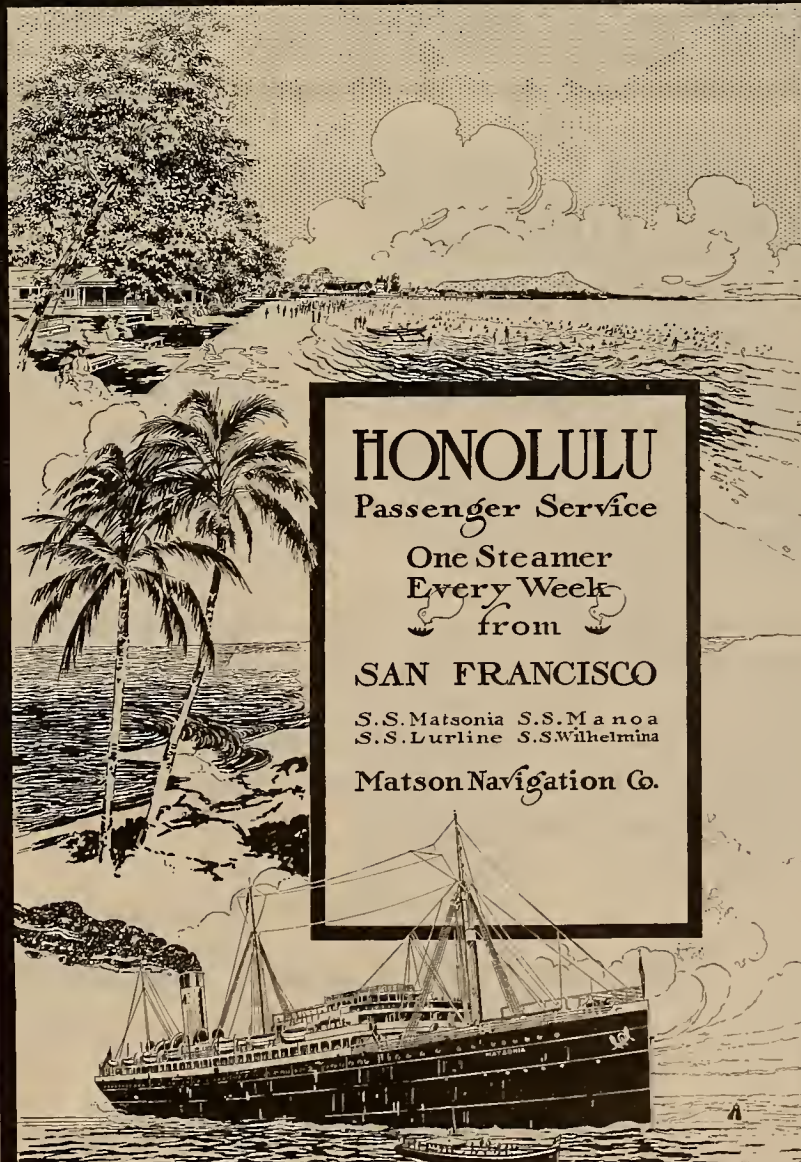
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## THE FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM.

The Relation Which It Bears to the National Banks of This Country.

(An address by Frank C. Mortimer, cashier of the First National Bank, Berkeley, California, at the annual convention of the American Institute of Banking (section of the American Bankers' Association), San Francisco, August 19, 1915.)

The sinews of the Federal Reserve System are supplied by the national banks.

In discussing the subject of National Banks and Federal Reserve System it is my purpose to deal with some of the main features of this recent and decided change in our banking practice, and to venture some suggestions which may effect an improvement of the law.

Not since the passage of the National Bank act, over fifty years ago, has there been financial legislation so far-reaching in its effects or so important in its application.

Undoubtedly the most satisfactory feature is the provision for rediscounting. For years the bankers of this country had urged the necessity of a system of finance that would provide a circulating medium that could be increased or decreased, under proper regulation, to meet the demands of trade.

Many bankers and economists, as well as students of finance, believe that this relief could have been provided in a much more simple and direct manner. The opinion prevails, to a marked degree, that the methods prescribed in the new law are cumbersome, expensive, and not wholly satisfactory; but all interested seem to be inclined to give the present plan a fair and reasonable trial.

With the exception of a few state banks the Federal Reserve System is nothing more nor less than the national banks.

It may have been on the mistaken assumption that national banks enjoy unusual privileges, or it may have been on the very reasonable assumption that, as they were already under Federal control, they would be more easily answerable to the new plan, that they alone were selected to supply the capital for the new system. They do not represent the larger part of the banking power of the country; nevertheless they have borne the financial responsibility of this new enactment.

Because they have subscribed the capital to operate the Federal Reserve Banks—capital for which they still are responsible to their stockholders—the national bankers of the country are vitally interested in the success-

ful operation of the system. In so far as they are able they have cooperated with the officers whose duty it is to administer and forward the work.

One change which materially affects national banks is conferring on them certain functions heretofore enjoyed only by trust companies.

By special permit, under Section 2, the Federal Reserve Board is prepared to authorize national banks to act as trustees, executors, administrators, or registrars of stocks and bonds. Separate trust departments must be established and such funds and records must be kept separate and apart from the general funds and books of the bank. In this connection it is interesting to note that serious objection to the exercise of such functions by national banks already has been made in several states. It is difficult to understand, when one takes a logical view of things, why such objection should be made, in the face of the invasion of the commercial banking field by the trust companies themselves.

If it is right for trust companies to compete with national banks for commercial business there can be no reasonable objection to the performance by national banks of certain acts heretofore considered to be essentially the business of trust companies.

The right to exercise these trust functions, however, is specifically limited in the Federal Reserve Act to the use of such powers when not in contravention of state laws. No rights and privileges are bestowed which will conflict in any manner with the laws affecting this character of business in the states where the national banks are doing business.

Another change of more than passing interest is the specific provision for the acceptance by national banks of time deposits on which they may pay interest. The National Bank act has been silent on this point, but some national banks had organized savings departments on the assumption that, as there was no specific provision against the acceptance of such accounts, they were within their rights in receiving them.

One-third of the time deposits received by a national bank, outside of reserve cities, may now be loaned upon improved farm land.

As in the case of the exercise of trust functions by national banks in California, so there is a clash in the savings department feature.

The banking law of California prohibits the use of the word "savings," except by a bank organized and operating under the

banking laws of the state. The State Superintendent of Banks has ruled that no national bank can operate a savings department, although there was no objection to the maintenance by national banks of "interest" departments before the passage of the Federal Reserve act.

This ruling by the State Superintendent of Banks is disputed. Under date of June 14, 1915, the governor of the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco, reflecting the opinion rendered by the counsel of the Federal Reserve Board at Washington, addressed a circular letter to the member banks in the twelfth district, informing them that national banks have the right to accept savings deposits, to pay interest on them, and to advertise for such accounts.

The opinion of the Federal Reserve Board upon this point may not be accepted as final, as the state institutions are inclined to resent this invasion of what they heretofore considered their separate field. A test in the courts is expected.

Already it is indicated, almost to a certainty, that the gold reserve massed in the several Reserve Banks, with the additional reserves soon to be paid in, will be ample to take care of the rediscounting needs of business through member banks. If this prove to be true it will be clear that there will be no necessity for continuing that part of the law which requires national banks to supply capitalization for the Federal Reserve Banks. It is already foreshadowed that there may be no need for employing such capital.

It follows, therefore, that the capital subscribed by the national banks could equitably be returned to them.

The present law appears to place the Federal Reserve Banks in competition with member banks through open market operations. This has already been availed of by the purchase of warrants and other instruments of credit. The abnormally heavy reserves now carried by national banks might have been profitably employed by them, at fair rates of interest, through the purchase of the very obligations now held by the Federal Reserve Banks.

The open market operations of the Federal Banks are expected, in a measure, to regulate interest rates throughout the country and should be exercised in the manner indicated. Since their organization there has been no complaint regarding abnormally high interest charges. Therefore, there appears to be no valid reason for any open market operations at this time.

In buying in the open market the reserve

banks already have been in competition with member banks, and they appear to have demonstrated that they are operating, not altogether as emergency banks, to be used during periods of financial stress, but as open competitors of member banks.

The question naturally arises: At times when there is no demand for the rediscounting privilege are the Federal Reserve Banks forced to compete with member banks by going into the open market and buying municipal and other warrants, in order that they may earn expenses and pay the expected dividend of 6 per cent? If this is the situation, there exists a very good reason for the return of the capitalization to the member banks and an elimination of the implied obligation on the part of the reserve banks of earning a dividend of 6 per cent.

The return of the capital stock of Federal Reserve Banks to member banks has more than incidental bearing on the success of the whole system. With the elimination of this feature, which never has set well upon the national banks, the state banks, recognizing the value of the rediscount feature, in all probability, would voluntarily and quickly apply for membership.

Thus would be brought about a realization of the desire of the Federal Reserve Board, expressed in the first paragraph of Circular 14, dated June 7, 1915, which reads as follows:

"A unified banking system, embracing in its membership the well-managed banks of the country, small and large, state and national, is the aim of the Federal Reserve Act."

And now a word upon the problem of clearing, economically and equitably, checks drawn upon member and non-member banks.

The theory advanced in some quarters that checks should be accepted at par throughout the country is combated on the ground that such custom would destroy one of the sources of revenue that banks have always regarded as lawful, namely, the charging of exchange for the transfer of funds from one part of the country to another.

From the foundation of banking this has been recognized as a legitimate source of banking profit. The growing demand on the part of the public that this item of revenue shall be taken from the banks is a matter of no small concern. In fact, in many communities it long since has ceased to be a source of profit, but on the contrary has become an expense, a condition partly brought about by the banks themselves through competition.

The government charges 30 cents per \$100

## Intense Interest

*In investment possibilities marks this epochal period in finance. A vast accumulation of surplus moneys signifies caution, expectancy of higher interest returns or inability for one reason or another to choose a satisfactory medium.*

*This condition is largely due to an absence of precedent in the world's affairs.*

*Reliance by Banks and by discerning individuals on the municipal bond issues of our country represents confidence well placed.*

*WE BELIEVE that investment moneys loaned to municipalities NOW is preferable to idle and non-productive funds awaiting an uncertain future employment.*

Bond Department

The Anglo & London Paris National Bank  
SAN FRANCISCO

Investment recommendations made upon request



for postal money orders, and that rate seems to be accepted as reasonable. Therefore it is difficult to understand why such strenuous objection is made when banks charge for this service, especially when the amount asked by the banks is usually less than that charged by the government.

The Federal Reserve act contemplates the clearance of checks for its members, and commendable efforts are now being made to formulate a plan that will be just to both city and country banks, as well as to the makers of the checks. The most feasible plan so far proposed is the one to add to the check the actual cost of collection.

This should enlist the hearty support of both member and non-member banks, for the reason that it will relieve them of one of the most annoying and unsatisfactory practices in modern banking.

MESA VERDE NATIONAL PARK.

A Great Prehistoric Ruin which Escaped Discovery Until a Comparatively Recent Date.

It appears strange that the greatest of American prehistoric ruins, those now inclosed in the Mesa Verde National Park in southwestern Colorado, should have escaped discovery until 1888. Years before innumerable ancient ruins left in several other states by the ancestors of the Pueblo Indians had been described and pictured. They had been the subject of popular lectures; they had been treated in books of science and books of travel; they had become a familiar American spectacle. Even the ruins in the Mancos Cañon in Colorado were explored as early as 1874. Mr. W. H. Jackson, who led the government party, found there many small dwellings broken down by the weather. The next year he was followed by Professor W. H. Holmes, later chief of the Bureau of American Ethnology, who drew attention to the remarkable stone towers so characteristic of the region.

But these discoveries attracted little attention because of their inferiority to the better-known ruins of Arizona and New Mexico. Had either of the explorers followed up the side cañon of the Mancos they would have then discovered ruins which are, in the words of Baron Gustav Nordenskiöld, the talented Swedish explorer, "so magnificent that they surpass anything of the kind known in the United States."

This explains why delvers in libraries find so little about the Mesa Verde. Most books and magazine articles were written when cliff

dwellings were a novelty, and nothing more. Baron Nordenskiöld thus describes in his book, "The Cliff Dwellers of the Mesa Verde," the discovery of the wonderful dwellings in this side cañon of the Mancos:

"The honor of the discovery of these remarkable ruins belongs to Richard and Alfred Wetherill of Mancos. The family own large herds of cattle, which wander about on the Mesa Verde. The care of these herds often calls for long rides on the mesa and in its labyrinth of cañons. During these long excursions ruins, the one more magnificent than the other, have been discovered. The two largest were found by Richard Wetherill and Charley Mason one December day in 1888, as they were riding together through the piñon wood on the mesa in search of a stray herd. They had penetrated through the dense scrub to the edge of a deep cañon. In the opposite cliff, sheltered by a huge massive vault of rock, there lay before their astonished eyes a whole town, with towers and walls, rising out of a heap of ruins. This grand monument of bygone ages seemed to them well deserving of the name of the Cliff Palace. Not far from this place, but in a different cañon, they discovered, on the same day, another very large cliff dwelling. To this they gave the name of Spruce Tree House, from a great spruce that jutted forth from the ruins.

"During the course of years Richard and Alfred Wetherill have explored the mesa and its cañons in all directions. They have thus gained a more thorough knowledge of its ruins than any one. Together with their brothers—John, Clayton, and Wynn—they have also carried out excavations during which a number of extremely interesting finds have been made."

Though the ancient pueblos built their homes in the side walls of great valleys, which prehistoric floods washed to the depth sometimes of thousands of feet in the great plateau of the American Southwest, it is noteworthy that the Grand Cañon of the Colorado was not frequented by the Cliff Dwellers. Under overhanging cliffs, protected alike from furious sun above and from human enemies below, they perched their valleys and cities, approachable only by difficult trails and series of ladders.

In many cases the word dwelling is misleading, however, for most of these buildings were villages. Spruce Tree House, for instance, was undoubtedly a town of importance, or, perhaps, it was America's pioneer apartment house, harboring at least 350 inhabitants.



FIRST NATIONAL BANK

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

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VICE-PRESIDENT

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ASST CASHIER

G. L. PAPE  
ASST CASHIER

THE CROCKER NATIONAL BANK

OF SAN FRANCISCO

Condition at Close of Business November 10, 1915

RESOURCES

|  |                 |
|--|-----------------|
| Loans and Discounts.....                               | \$14,885,087.22 |
| U. S. Bonds.....                                       | 2,020,400.00    |
| Other Bonds and Securities.....                        | 1,410,419.53    |
| Capital Stock in Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco | 120,000.00      |
| Customers' Liability under Letters of Credit.....      | 380,172.27      |
| Cash and Sight Exchange.....                           | 17,952,064.27   |
|  | \$36,768,143.29 |

LIABILITIES

|                                    |                 |
|------------------------------------|-----------------|
| Capital.....                       | \$ 2,000,000.00 |
| Surplus and Undivided Profits..... | 3,249,017.45    |
| Circulation.....                   | 2,000,000.00    |
| Letters of Credit.....             | 413,538.14      |
| Deposits.....                      | 29,105,587.70   |
|                                    | \$36,768,143.29 |

OFFICERS

|                                    |                                    |
|------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| WM. H. CROCKER, President          |                                    |
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| JAS. J. FAGAN.....Vice-President   | J. M. MASTEN.....Assistant Cashier |
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| J. B. McCARGAR...Assistant Cashier | J. SUCKERMANN.....                 |
| G. W. EBNER.....Assistant Cashier  | G. FERIS BALDWIN.....Auditor       |

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| WM. H. CROCKER     | JAS. J. FAGAN  | A. F. MORRISON  |
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| FRANK G. DRUM      | W. GREGG, JR.  | GEORGE W. SCOTT |

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

316 MONTGOMERY STREET

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

|                          |                |
|--------------------------|----------------|
| Authorized Capital . . . | \$1,000,000.00 |
| Paid-Up Capital . . .    | 500,000.00     |
| Surplus . . . . .        | 135,000.00     |
| Undivided Profits . . .  | 288,673.86     |

INTEREST PAID ON DEPOSITS

LOANS MADE

DIRECTORS

|                            |   |
|----------------------------|---|
| WM. BABCOCK . . . . .      | President                               |
| S. L. ABBOT . . . . .      | Security Savings Bank                   |
| JOSEPH D. GRANT . . . . .  | Capitalist                              |
| E. J. McCUTCHEN . . . . .  | McCutchen, Olney & Willard              |
| L. F. MONTEAGLE . . . . .  | Capitalist                              |
| R. H. PEASE . . . . .      | President Goodyear Rubber Company       |
| WARREN D. CLARK . . . . .  | Williams, Dimond & Company              |
| JAS. L. FLOOD . . . . .    | Capitalist                              |
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| JACOB STERN . . . . .      | President Levi Straus & Company         |
| HARRY BABCOCK . . . . .    | Capitalist                              |
| EDWARD D. OAKLEY . . . . . | Security Savings Bank                   |

|                                      |                              |
|--------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| WILLIAM BABCOCK . . . . .            | President                    |
| S. L. ABBOT . . . . .                | Vice-President and Treasurer |
| EDWARD D. OAKLEY . . . . .           | Secretary                    |
| McCUTCHEN, OLNEY & WILLARD . . . . . | Attorneys                    |

The Rate of Interest on Deposits for Six Months ending June 30, 1915, was at 4 per cent per annum.



THE LADY WITH THE FAN.

The Widow Who Did Not Wish to Break Her Solemn Promise.

Tchouang-Tsen was a philosopher, and it was his custom to wander about the country indulging in reflections on life and matters that came under his observation.

One day, as he was thus roaming about on the flowery slopes of Mount Nam-Hoa, he found himself in a cemetery, where the bodies of the dead were reposing under hillocks of beaten earth. Looking upon the innumerable graves around him, the sage meditated on the destiny of mortals.

"Alas," thought he, "here is the end of all the roads of life. When one has once taken up his abode here—" At this point in his reflections his attention was diverted by the sight of a young woman clad in mourning garments—that is, in a long, white, seamless robe of coarse material. She was sitting beside a newly-made grave and was waving a white fan over the moist earth.

Curious to know the motive for such a strange action, Tchouang-Tsen saluted the young woman courteously and said: "May I venture to ask, madame, who is buried in that grave, and why you take such pains to dry the ground that covers him? I am a philosopher and seek to know reasons for acts, and here is one that escapes me."

The young woman continued to wave her fan. She blushed, bent her head, and murmured some words the sage could not understand. He repeated his question, but received no reply. She took no further notice of him, and all her force seemed to have passed into the hand that waved the fan.

The sage withdrew regretfully. Then an old woman whom he had not before noticed motioned to him to follow her. She led the way into the shadow of a high mound and said:

"I heard you ask my mistress a question that she did not answer. I will satisfy your curiosity if, in return, you will give me some money to buy from the priest a strip of paper that will prolong my life."

Tchouang-Tsen took a silver piece from his purse, and the woman began her story.

"The lady you just saw is Mme. Lu, the widow of a scholar named Tao, who died fifteen days ago, after a long illness, and the grave she is fanning is that of her husband. They loved each other devotedly. Even on his deathbed Tao could not bear to think of leaving his wife in the bloom of her youth and beauty. Weeping at his bedside, which

she had hardly left during her husband's illness, Mme. Lu vowed before the gods that she would not survive him, but that she would share his tomb. Tao said to her: 'Madame, do not swear that.'

"'Anyway,' she said, 'if I must live after you are gone, believe me, I shall never become the wife of another.'

"Tao said again: 'Madame, do not swear that.'

"'Oh, my dear husband, let me swear that I shall not wed for five years at least.'

"'Madame, do not swear that. Swear only to be faithful to my memory as long as the earth is moist above me,' said Tao.

"Then Mme. Lu swore a solemn oath and the good Tao closed his eyes forever. The wife's grief exceeded all imagination. She wept constantly and even tore her beautiful flesh with her sharp little nails. After a time she became calmer and three days after her husband's death she was quite herself.

"She was then told that a young man, a former pupil of Tao's wished to see her to let her know the share he bore in her mourning. She could not refuse him admittance, such being his reason, so she sighed and consented to receive him. The young man, who was very handsome, talked a little of Tao and a great deal about herself. He assured her that she was charming and that he already loved her. She refused to listen to him. He promised to return. And while awaiting his coming Mme. Lu spends all her time trying to dry the earth over her husband's grave, as you have seen."

When the old woman had finished her tale the wise man reflected: "Youth is short and love is sweet. After all, Mme. Lu is an honorable woman who does not wish to break the oath she made."—Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Anatole France by H. Twitchell.

The first newspaper in this country was issued in Boston on September 25, 1690. It was "printed by R. Pierce for Benjamin Harris." In the first issue the publisher promised that the paper "shall be furnished once a month (or if a Glut of Occurrences happen, oftener) with an account of such considerable things as have occurred unto our notice; to give a faithful relation of all such things, and to enlighten the public as to the occurrences of Divine Providence." The authorities of that day were rigid in their censorship of the press, and after a few issues Mr. Harris's paper was suppressed because "it came out contrary to law, and contained reflections of a very high nature."

French American Bank of Savings

SAVINGS AND COMMERCIAL

Member of Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS . . \$1,050,000.00  
TOTAL RESOURCES . . . . 7,800,000.00

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M. TANRON . . . . . Assistant Cashier

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We are well equipped to handle commercial as well as savings accounts.

Letters of Credit issued on which money can be drawn in any part of the world.

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\$2.50 per year up

108 Sutter Street - San Francisco, Cal.

Fireman's Fund Insurance Co.

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SAN FRANCISCO

Capital - - - - \$ 1,500,000  
Assets - - - - 10,175,000  
Reserve - - - - 5,245,000

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LOUIS WEINMANN . . . . . Secretary  
THOMAS M. GARDINER . . . . . Treasurer  
HERBERT P. BLANCHARD . . . . . Assistant Secretary  
JOHN S. FRENCH . . . . . Assistant Secretary  
A. W. FOLLANSBEE, JR. . . . . Marine Secretary

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Central National Bank of Oakland

AND

Central Savings Bank of Oakland

AFFILIATED INSTITUTIONS

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits over . . \$ 2,500,000.00  
Deposits over . . . . . 20,000,000.00  
Combined Assets over . . . . . 23,550,000.00

Accounts of banks, firms and individuals solicited and received on the most favorable terms consistent with prudent banking.

4% on Savings Deposits

Safe Deposit Boxes For Rent  
\$4.00 A YEAR AND UP

14th and Broadway

ALSO BRANCH CENTRAL SAVINGS BANK  
Telegraph Ave. and 49th St.



Mercantile National Bank of San Francisco

CAPITAL and SURPLUS - - \$3,000,000

Receives deposits subject to check, and offers facilities for the transaction of all branches of domestic and foreign banking.

This Bank Solicits the Accounts of Banks, Corporations, Firms and Individuals.

Mercantile Trust Company of San Francisco

(OWNED BY THE STOCKHOLDERS OF MERCANTILE NATIONAL BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO)

CAPITAL - - - ONE MILLION DOLLARS

Authorized to Act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator or Guardian, and in all Fiduciary Capacities, on behalf of Individuals Institutions or Corporations.

SAFE DEPOSIT DEPARTMENT

SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS IN A SAFE DEPOSIT BUILDING

Afford every Convenience and Protection possible through Modern Methods, Mechanical Equipment and Efficient Service.

464 California Street San Francisco, California

INTERNATIONAL SERVICE

We place at the disposal of banks and bankers our constantly increasing list of domestic and foreign correspondents, and forty-five years of successful banking experience.

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Commercial credits for importation of merchandise and travelers' credits issued, available for use at home and abroad.

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"The Leading Fire Insurance Company of America"

AETNA INSURANCE COMPANY HARTFORD, CONN.

Incorporated 1819 Charter Perpetual

|                                    |                 |
|------------------------------------|-----------------|
| Cash Capital . . . . .             | \$ 5,000,000.00 |
| Cash Assets . . . . .              | 23,400,526.99   |
| Total Liabilities . . . . .        | 11,732,078.60   |
| Net Surplus . . . . .              | 6,668,448.39    |
| Surplus to Policyholders . . . . . | 11,668,448.39   |
| Losses Paid in 96 Years . . . . .  | 144,393,663.21  |

WM. B. CLARK, President

HENRY E. REES Vice-Presidents A. N. WILLIAMS

E. J. SLOAN, Secretary

Assistant Secretaries

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E. S. LIVINGSTON GEO. E. TOWNSEND

Asst. General Agent Asst. General Agent

Marine Department Fire and Auto Depts.

FIRE MARINE AUTOMOBILE

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Junction of MARKET and O'FARRELL STREETS and GRANT AVENUE

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H. VAN LUVEN . . . . . Cashier

CHARLES DU PARC . . . . . Assistant Cashier

W. C. FIFE . . . . . Assistant Cashier

H. G. LARSH . . . . . Assistant Cashier

L. E. GREENE . . . . . Trust Officer

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS . \$ 2,964,000

DEPOSITS . . . . . 22,354,000

Accounts solicited from Banks, Corporations, Firms and Individuals, to whom will be accorded every consistent advantage in our Commercial, Savings and Trust Departments.

SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES—\$4.00 Per Year and Upward



## A BUNCH OF YELLOW ROSES.

## Cupid's Delayed Mail.

One evening, about two years ago, I went to spend a couple of hours with my dear old friend and neighbor, Mme. de Lorgere. Aware of her extreme fondness for flowers, I took with me a bunch of yellow roses, her especial favorites. On this evening, as on many another, I found with her an old gentleman, who had about a year before come into that neighborhood to take possession of an adjoining property, left him by a distant relative on condition he would change his name to that of Descoudraies. I was quite jealous of the intimacy that soon had sprung up between him and my dear old friend.

On the evening in question they were busy over a game of "tric-trac." I entered softly so as not to disturb them, and waited until the game was over to present my roses. Mme. de Lorgere's face brightened with genuine delight, but, to my astonishment, Monsieur Descoudraies became most strangely abstracted and thoughtful.

"Would you believe it, my friend," he said at length, "those flowers have evoked, as if by enchantment, a whole epoch of my youth. For a few moments I was again twenty years of age, and in love with a woman, who, if living, must now be fully sixty years old. I will tell you the whole story, one that influenced my whole after life—even now, when old age has left me barely energy enough to play at tric-trac, the remembrance of my youthful love fills me with emotion."

Over forty years ago, just after I had left college, my father, without consulting me, sought to obtain a post for me in a certain regiment quartered in the little town of X—, for which place I received orders to depart at once. This was distressing news for more than one reason; I had no special love for the army, though that objection was no great one, as at that time of my life the mere sight of a gay uniform or the sound of martial music sufficed to fire my ambition into becoming a Caesar or an Achilles. But, worst of all, I was in love and dared not tell my father, whose answer, I knew, would have been an order hastening my departure. Fortunately I had an uncle—and what an uncle! At that time he was as old as I am now, though still retaining all the vigor and freshness of youth. He was the confidant of our follies, loves, debts, and aspirations. I went to him:

"Uncle, I am most unhappy."

"I bet twenty louis you are not."

"Ah, uncle, do not jest—besides you would lose your bet."

"If I lose, I pay. Perhaps that might help console you."

"No; money has nothing to do with my wretchedness. Father has just accepted a lieutenancy for me in the — Regiment."

"A misfortune, indeed! The uniform is most becoming, and all the officers are gentlemen."

"But, uncle, I do not wish to be a soldier."

"Not be a soldier! Are you a coward, by chance?"

"I do not yet know, uncle; nevertheless, I know you are the only man might dare doubt my courage."

"Well, Cid, my boy, what is your objection to the army?"

"I wish to marry."

"Nonsense!"

"Nonsense or no nonsense, I am in love."

"And do you call that a misfortune! I wish I were in love myself. Who is she?"

"Oh, uncle; an angel!"

"Of course; I knew that before; they always are angels. What I ask is to what name your angel answers when they call her."

"Naomi."

"Humph! Naomi may be enough for you; but I would like to know to what family this angel belongs."

"She is a Miss Amelot."

"Indeed! Then she is truly an angel. A tall, graceful brunette, with dark eyes, soft as velvet. I approve your choice."

"And if you but knew her—"

"I do know her. Does she love you?"

"I do not know."

"What! not know! You are unworthy of me. At her house every evening, and yet not know if she loves you!"

"She does not even know of my love."

"Pshaw! little you know about it. She knew you loved her at least fifteen minutes before you knew it yourself."

"What I do know, at all events, is that I will die if she be not mine!"

"Oh, no! Softly, my boy. There are many reasons why she should not be yours. Your father is far richer than hers, and would never consent to the match."

"In that case, uncle, I know what I will do—"

"Nonsense! Do nothing silly. Listen to me. You can not marry at twenty."

"Why not?"

"Because I do not wish it, and without me this marriage can not take place."

"Oh, dear uncle, I beg—"

# Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank

## OF SAN FRANCISCO

Capital and Surplus - - \$11,177,151.82  
Total Assets - - - - - 49,798,902.94

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### INSURANCE

#### LONDON AND LANCASHIRE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, Ltd.

OF LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND

Incorporated 1861

|  |                 |
|--|-----------------|
| Capital Subscribed and On Call.....          | \$25,091,875.00 |
| Total Available Assets.....                  | 34,287,826.40   |
| United States Assets.....                    | 4,864,379.73    |
| San Francisco Conflagration Losses Paid..... | 7,235,727.25    |

#### ORIENT INSURANCE COMPANY

OF HARTFORD, CONN.

Incorporated 1867

|  |                |
|--|----------------|
| Capital Paid Up.....                         | \$1,000,000.00 |
| Surplus.....                                 | 1,002,065.44   |
| San Francisco Conflagration Losses Paid..... | 1,506,272.75   |

#### SAFEGUARD INSURANCE COMPANY

OF NEW YORK

Incorporated March, 1915

|                      |              |
|----------------------|--------------|
| Capital Paid Up..... | \$200,000.00 |
| Surplus.....         | 300,000.00   |
| Assets.....          | \$500,000.00 |

#### LONDON AND LANCASHIRE INDEMNITY COMPANY OF AMERICA

Organized Under the Laws of the State of New York

Incorporated January, 1915

|                      |                |
|----------------------|----------------|
| Capital Paid Up..... | \$ 750,000.00  |
| Surplus.....         | 750,000.00     |
| Assets.....          | \$1,500,000.00 |

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"If the girl loves you, and is willing to wait three years——"

"Three years!"

"Peace, or I shall say four! If she is willing, then, to wait three years, you will join your regiment——"

"Oh, uncle!"

"But not this one. I will have you exchanged into one quartered within a few miles, and you may come home for three months every year until the term of probation is over."

"Well, if it must be—— But how shall I know if she loves me?"

"Why, ask her, of course."

"Oh, I should never dare."

"Well, then, obey your father, and pack off at once."

"Ah, uncle, you do not know Naomi. A hundred times have I tried to declare my passion; I have even composed speeches, and learned them by heart; but at the moment of speaking my courage wanes and each word chokes me. Her expression is so sweet, but yet so grave. The man worthy of her is not born! Writing was useless. When my effusions were penned and ready to be sent, their utter foolishness struck me so forcibly that I was at pains to tear my notes into small pieces."

"Nevertheless, you must make up your mind to speak at once. Your father has not told you all; he sends you to Clermont because his friend, the colonel's daughter, is destined to become your bride. It would indeed be a good match, but—no protestations—all this is as nothing, if you are really in love with Naomi. Love is folly, but it is a kind of folly I should regret never having been guilty of. Old people may call it nonsense, but, perchance, the nonsense is theirs. If the girl loves you, you must sacrifice all for her—'tis stupid, maybe, but right. We must first ascertain if she loves you, and now is the time, for they seek to marry her. Ah, ha! that makes you shudder and grow pale! You long to have your rival at sword's point, as we used to say in my young days. Well, courage; face your beautiful Naomi. If you are richer than she, her intended husband is richer than you, besides having a title and being quite ready for the ceremony; her trousseau is even being made. You are not prepared; go to her, declare your love—she knows it, but one is always expected to make the declaration. If she loves you—she must, for you are handsome, young, and clever. If

she is willing to wait, write me so in a letter which I may keep; then I will prevent this other affair, get your exchange, and in three years marry you to Naomi in spite of your father—in spite of the devil himself!"

"Uncle, I have an idea."

"Well?"

"I will write to her."

"Very well."

After leaving my dear uncle, I set about writing that note. The writing was no difficult matter, for I had done it a hundred times before; the puzzle was how to give it her. However, there was no time for indecision, so I soon made up my mind, and, having purchased a bunch of yellow roses, I slipped my declaration in among the flowers. I still recall the words of that note. After declaring my passion, I besought Naomi to love me a little in return, and to wait three years for me. If she consented, I asked her, as a sign, to wear one of my roses that evening. Then, would I dare speak of my—of our future plans.

"Ah! you hid that note in the bouquet?" breathlessly interrupted Mme. Lorgerel.

"Yes, madame."

"And then?"

"Well, Naomi wore no flower that evening. I was desperate, and in my misery sought to take my life. My good uncle took me to Clermont, stayed there two months, and did all in his power to distract my thoughts from Naomi, declaring she never could have really cared for me."

"But, uncle," I used to object; "she always seemed so pleased to see me, and reproached me so gently when I came later than usual."

"Women seek the love of all men, but care for very few."

At length I succeeded in banishing Naomi's image from my heart. I married the colonel's daughter, who, eight years later, left me a childless widower; my dear uncle has been long dead, and I am now alone in the world. Would you believe it, my friends—I often to this day think of Naomi, and she is still to me, though now quite an old lady, the Naomi of my story—my first love—a tall, graceful girl, with auburn hair, and, so my uncle used to say, black velvet eyes.

"You know not what became of her?"

"No, madame."

"Then your name is not 'Descoudraies'?"

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CALIFORNIA FRUIT CANNERS ASSOCIATION

"No; that is the name of my uncle's estate; mine is d'Althém."

"I knew it!"

"Why?—how?"

"I will tell you what became of Naomi—she loved you."

"But the note—the roses?"

"She never found your note. Your sudden departure cost her many bitter tears, and then she married Monsieur de Lorgerel."

"M. de Lorgerel?"

"Whose widow I am."

"Then you—you are Naomi Amelot?"

"Yes; just as you are, or rather, as you are not, the Edmond d'Althém of my youth."

"To think we should meet one day as strangers!"

"Yes, and then only to play at tric-trac."

"The roses——"

"Are bere. I always kept them."

And Mme. de Lorgerel, with hands that trembled slightly, drew from an ebony cabinet near by the withered bunch of yellow roses. "Unfasten them, quick!" exclaimed Monsieur Descoudraies. She did so, and there among the flowers, now almost dust, found the note, where it had lain concealed for two-and forty years.—Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Alphonse Karr.

THE BATH TRAIN OF RUSSIA.

Innovation in War Which Enables an Army to Bathe and Enjoy Comforts.

The bath-train is an institution which has developed since the war began, and curiously enough it is a product of Russia, where it might have been least expected. Indeed, several bath-trains, or "banjas," have been constructed for Russian army use. Each train can give a daily bath to 3000 soldiers.

The train consists of a locomotive and a score of cars. The cars of the bath-train are reconstructed passenger-coaches of the third and fourth class and freight-cars. All the cars are paneled with felt, cork, and wood, to keep them warm, and are provided with everything that is necessary for each car according to its destination. The cars are joined by warm vestibule bellows, that make it possible for the soldiers to pass freely from the undressing-car to the bathroom and then to the dressing-car.

The bath-train is lighted with electricity from the central electric station and heated by steam. The bathrooms are provided with hot water from the locomotive boiler. In the train there are two tank-cars holding water necessary for twenty-four hours' work. Be-

sides, there is an electric pump by means of which water can be drawn from any source not farther than fifty to 100 Russian fathoms, or 350 to 700 feet.

The undressing-car has longitudinal benches with numbered seats. Each car has forty-eight seats. On entering the car each soldier receives a number check and takes a corresponding seat. He puts his outer clothing into one bag and his soiled linen into the other. These bags, also numbered, he finds under the bench and on the upper shelf. In this car the soldier may have his hair cut, and after that he passes to the washing department. Each department has twenty-four partitioned washing fittings and a steam-bath, while there are benches in the middle of the car.

The bath-car has several faucets for hot and cold water. Each fitting has a shower with a mixing cock. Every soldier receives a piece of soap, a bast-wisp for scrubbing, and a basin for suds (says the *Scientific American*). The steam-bath also has hot-and-cold-water faucets and a shower in which the temperature of the water can be regulated.

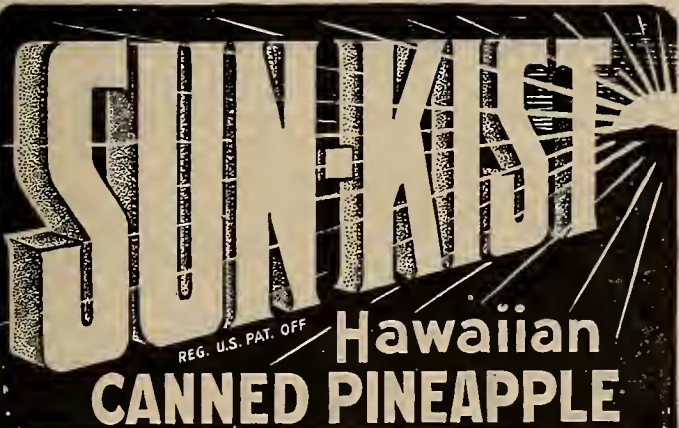
While the soldiers are washing, the attendants of the train take the bags of dirty linen, disinfect it, and pass it over to the store of such goods, while the bags of clothing are taken either into a special disinfecting compartment or into a special department for destroying parasites.

The dressing-car is arranged in the same way as the undressing-car. The soldier finds on his numbered seat a bag with a set of clean linen, and his clothes cleaned, mended, and disinfected. When dressed he passes to the next car, which is called the tea-room, where he can get tea, sugar, tobacco, etc."

The disinfecting compartment is designed for the disinfection of clothes, boots, and fur jackets. It is operated with steam formalin. After the disinfection the compartment is filled with ammonia to take away the caustic odor of the formalin.

The compartment in which parasites are destroyed uses air heated to 100 degrees Centigrade. To kill the parasites it is enough to keep the bags in the rotating drums of the compartment for ten or fifteen minutes. The equipment of the other cars calls for no special comment. In one of the cars there is a cobbler-shop, with instruments for mending boots, etc. The bath-train is provided with linen by special cars that supply the stores from Petrograd and other towns.

Rattan in the Philippines some of the rattans a length of 200 feet.



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THE SUN.

What Bill Nye Had to Say About the Orb of Light.

This luminous body is 92,000,000 miles from the earth, though there have been mornings this winter when it seemed to me that it was further than that. A railway train going at the rate of forty miles per hour would be 263 years going there, to say nothing of stopping for fuel or water, or stopping on side-tracks to wait for freight trains to pass. Several years ago it was discovered that a slight error had been made in the calculations of the sun's distance from the earth, and, owing to a misplaced logarithm, or something of that kind, a mistake of 3,000,000 miles was made in the result. People can not be too careful in such matters. Supposing that, on the strength of the information contained in the old timetable, a man should start out with only provisions sufficient to take him 89,000,000 miles and should then find that 3,000,000 miles still stretched out ahead of him. He would then have to buy fresh figs of the train boy in order to sustain life. Think of huying nice fresh figs on a train that had been en route 250 years!

Imagine a train boy starting out at ten years of age, and perishing at the age of sixty years with only one-fifth of his journey accomplished. Think of five train boys, one after the other, dying of old age on the way, and the train at last pulling slowly into the depot with not a living thing on board except the worms in the "nice eating apples!"

The sun can not be examined through an ordinary telescope with impunity. Only one man ever tried that, and he is now wearing a glass eye that cost him \$9.

If you examine the sun through an ordinary solar microscope you discover that it has a curdled or mottled appearance, as though suffering from hilioussness. It is also marked here and there by long streaks of light, called faculae, which look like foam flecks below a cataract. The spots on the sun vary from minute pores the size of an ordinary school district to spots 100,000 miles in diameter, visible to the nude eye. The centre of these spots is as black as a brunette cat, and is called the umhra, so called because it resembles an umbrella. The next circle is less dark, and called the penumhra, because it so closely resembles the penumhra.

There are many theories regarding these spots, but to be perfectly candid with the gentle reader, neither Professor Proctor nor myself can tell exactly what they are. If we could get a little closer, we flatter ourselves

that we could speak more definitely. My own theory is that they are either, first, open-air caucuses held by the colored people of the sun; or, second, they may be the dark horses in the campaign; or, third, they may be the spots knocked off the defeated candidate by the opposition.

Frankly, however, I do not believe either of these theories to be tenable. Professor Proctor sneers at these theories also on the ground that these spots do not appear to revolve so fast as the sun. This, however, I am prepared to explain upon the theory that this might be the result of delays in the returns. However, I am free to confess that speculative science is filled with the intangible.

The sun revolves upon his or her axletree, as the case may be, once in twenty-five to twenty-eight of our days, so that a man living there would have almost two years to pay a thirty-day note. We should so live that when we come to die we may go at once to the sun.

Regarding the sun's temperature, Sir John Herschel says that it is sufficient to melt a shell of ice covering its entire surface to a depth of forty feet. I do not know whether he made this experiment personally or hired a man to do it for him.

The sun is like the star-spangled hanner—as it is "still there." You get up tomorrow morning just before sunrise and look away toward the east, and keep on looking in that direction, and at last you will see a fine sight, if what I have been told is true. If the sunrise is as grand as the sunset, it indeed must be one of nature's most sublime phenomena.

The sun is the great source of light and heat for our earth. If the sun were to go somewhere for a few weeks for relaxation and rest, it would be a cold day for us. The moon, too, would be useless, for she is largely dependent on the sun. Animal life would soon cease and real estate would become depressed in price. We owe very much of our enjoyment to the sun, and not many years ago there were a large number of people who worshiped the sun. When a man showed signs of emotional insanity, they took him up on the observatory of the temple and sacrificed him to the sun. They were a very prosperous and happy people. If the conqueror had not come among them with civilization and guns and grand

juries they would have been very happy, indeed.—From "Bill Nye's Red Book."

The first tenor who won Wagner's admiration, Tichatschek, left to his daughter when he died a number of letters written to him by the great composer, whose Rienzi he created. On her death, not long ago, the daughter bequeathed these letters to the Wagner Museum at Eisenach, hut on the way from Brussels the case containing them was opened, and the contents were stolen.

Sap of the nipa palm is the cheapest raw material in the world for making sugar and alcohol.

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THE SEQUOIA NATIONAL.

A Park of Wondrous Beauty, Yet Barely Known in the East.

The Sequoia National Park is twenty-four years old, yet east of the Rockies it is scarcely known. Yellowstone and Yosemite are the only two names which the enormous majority of Easterners think of when national parks are mentioned. Nevertheless, Sequoia is, perhaps, in point of average beauty, the superior of all. It was dear to the heart of John Muir, father of national parks, and is par excellence the camping-out park.

Perhaps the most potent reason for its lack of celebrity is that this is the Big Tree Park, and the general public associates the Big Trees of California with Yosemite. The Mariposa Grove, within easy reach of the Yosemite Valley, contains several enormous sequoia trees. In fact the Yosemite National Park contains three groves of these giants, the two others being the Merced and Tuolumne groves, which lie within easy reach to the northwest.

The Sequoia National Park, however, which lies many miles south of Yosemite, was created to preserve, for the use and pleasure of the people of the United States, by far the greatest groves of the oldest, the biggest, and the most remarkable trees living in this world. They number 1,166,000. Of these, 12,000 exceed ten feet in diameter. The General Sherman tree, most celebrated of all, is 279.9 feet high with a diameter of 36.5 feet. The Abraham Lincoln tree is 270 feet high with a diameter of 31 feet. The William McKinley tree is 291 feet high with a diameter of 28 feet.

The sequoias are the oldest living things in the world. "They are the connecting link," writes Ellsworth Huntington, "between the ancient East and the modern West.

"Three thousand fence-posts, sufficient to support a wire fence around 8000 or 9000 acres, have been made from one of these giants, and that was only the first step toward using its huge carcass. Six hundred and fifty thousand shingles, enough to cover the roofs of seventy or eighty houses, formed the second item of its product. Finally there still remained hundreds of cords of firewood which no one could use because of the prohibitive expense of hauling the wood out of the mountains. The upper third of the trunk and all the branches lie on the ground where they fell, not visibly rotting, for the wood is wonderfully enduring, but simply waiting till some foolish camper shall light a devastating fire.

"Huge as the sequoias are, their size is scarcely so wonderful as their age. A tree that has lived 500 years is still in its early youth; one that has rounded out 1000 summers and winters is only in full maturity; and old age, the threescore years and ten of the sequoias, does not come for seventeen or eighteen centuries.

"How old the oldest trees may be is not yet certain, but I have counted the rings of seventy-nine that were over 2000 years of age, of three that were over 3000, and of one that was 3150.

"In the days of the Trojan War and of the exodus of the Hebrews from Egypt this

oldest tree was a sturdy sapling, with stiff, prickly foliage like that of a cedar, but far more compressed. It was doubtless a graceful, sharply conical tree, twenty or thirty feet high, with dense, horizontal branches. The lower ones of which swept the ground. Like the young trees today, the ancient sequoia and the clump of trees of similar age which grew close to it must have been a charming adornment of the landscape. By the time of Marathon the trees had lost the hard, sharp lines of youth, and were thoroughly mature. The lower branches had disappeared, up to a height of a hundred feet or more; the giant trunks were disclosed as bare, reddish columns covered with soft bark six inches or a foot in thickness; the upper branches had acquired a slightly drooping aspect; and the spiny foliage, far removed from the ground, had assumed a graceful, rounded appearance. Then for centuries, through the days of Rome, the Dark Ages, and all the period of the growth of European civilization, the ancient giants preserved the same appearance, strong and solid, but with a strangely attractive, approachable quality."

The Sequoias are found scattered all over the park, which has an area of 161,597 acres, but the greater trees are gathered in thirteen groups of many acres each, where they grow close together.

The general country is one of the most beautiful in America, abounding in splendid streams, noble valleys, striking ridges, and towering mountains. Some of the best trout fishing in the world is found here. The park is the home of the celebrated golden trout, which is found nowhere else in such perfection of color.

A French statistician has computed the number of wasted letters in words in the French and English newspapers. In the 6800 periodicals published in France he computed 108,000,000,000 letters used yearly. He found thirteen per cent of these letters were useless, so that 14,200,000,000 letters were wasted labor. He estimated the annual cost of this useless expenditure of printers' ink in France alone to be \$1,988,000. Of the English newspapers his calculations, based on a total of 17,000, showed twelve per cent of the printed letters ignored in pronouncing words. The insertion of these letters, he estimates, necessitates the expenditure of \$7,000,000 per annum. Useless letters occupy so much space in the printed page that at least \$15,600,000 are annually squandered by English-speaking people and \$4,000,000 by the French. If the time taken up in writing these useless letters were estimated at \$5 a day for each journalist, it would amount to \$4,500,000. Then by his reasoning eliminate the silent letters from the English and the French languages and nearly \$33,000,000 will be saved each year.

Two hundred and forty dollars is the sum paid for the hoyhood "sum book" of Abraham Lincoln, the possessor now having the privilege of reading on the flyleaf the following spicy little jingle:

Abraham Lincoln is my name  
And with my pen I wrote the same;  
I wrote it in both haste and speed  
And left it here for fools to read.

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## THE BOWMEN.

The Legend of St. George at the Battle of the  
Marne.

(One of the most remarkable and talked-of stories yet produced by the war is "The Bowmen," wherein Arthur Machen conceives the supernatural appearing to save the British troops in the disastrous retreat from Mons. It appears in a little volume of war tales published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

It was during the Retreat of the Eighty Thousand, and the authority of the censorship is sufficient excuse for not being more explicit. But it was on the most awful day of that awful time, on the day when ruin and disaster came so near that their shadow fell over London far away; and, without any certain news, the hearts of men failed within them and grew faint; as if the agony of the army in the battlefield had entered into their souls.

On this dreadful day, then, when three hundred thousand men in arms with all their artillery swelled like a flood against the little English company, there was one point above all other points in our battle line that was for a time in awful danger, not merely of defeat, but of utter annihilation. With the permission of the censorship and of the military expert, this corner may, perhaps, be described as a salient, and if this angle were crushed and broken, then the English force as a whole would be shattered, the Allied left would be turned, and Sedan would inevitably follow.

All the morning the German guns had thundered and shrieked against this corner, and against the thousand or so of men who held it. The men joked at the shells, and found funny names for them, and had bets about them, and greeted them with scraps of music-hall songs. But the shells came on and burst, and tore good Englishmen limb from limb, and tore brother from brother, and as the heat of the day increased so did the fury of that terrific cannonade. There was no help, it seemed. The English artillery was good, but there was not nearly enough of it; it was being steadily battered into scrap iron.

There comes a moment in a storm at sea when people say to one another, "It is at its worst; it can blow no harder," and then there is a blast ten times more fierce than any before it. So it was in these British trenches.

There were no stouter hearts in the whole world than the hearts of these men; but even they were appalled as this seven-times-

heated hell of the German cannonade fell upon them and overwhelmed them and destroyed them. And at this very moment they saw from their trenches that a tremendous host was moving against their lines. Five hundred of the thousand remained, and as far as they could see the German infantry was pressing on against them, column upon column, a gray world of men, ten thousand of them, as it appeared afterwards.

There was no hope at all. They shook hands, some of them. One man improvised a new version of the battle-song, "Good-bye, good-bye to Tipperary," ending with "And we shan't get there." And they all went on firing steadily. The officers pointed out that such an opportunity for high-class fancy shooting might never occur again; the Germans dropped line after line; the Tipperary humorist asked, "What price Sidney Street?" And the few machine guns did their best. But everybody knew it was of no use. The dead gray bodies lay in companies and battalions, as others came on and on and on, and they swarmed and stirred and advanced from beyond and beyond.

"World without end. Amen," said one of the British soldiers with some irrelevance as he took aim and fired. And then he remembered—he says he can not think why or wherefore—a queer vegetarian restaurant in London where he had once or twice eaten eccentric dishes of cutlets made of lentils and nuts that pretended to be steak. On all the plates in this restaurant there was printed a figure of St. George in blue, with the motto, *Adsit Anglis Sanctus Georgius*—May St. George be a present help to the English. This soldier happened to know Latin and other useless things, and now, as he fired at his man in the gray advancing mass—three hundred yards away—he uttered the pious vegetarian motto. He went on firing to the end, and at last Bill on his right had to clout him cheerfully over the head to make him stop, pointing out as he did so that the king's ammunition cost money and was not lightly to be wasted in drilling funny patterns into dead Germans.

For as the Latin scholar uttered his invocation he felt something between a shudder and an electric shock pass through his body. The roar of the battle died down in his ears to a gentle murmur; instead of it, he says, he heard a great voice and a shout louder than a thunder-peal crying, "Array, array, array!"

His heart grew hot as a burning coal, it grew cold as ice within him, as it seemed to him that a tumult of voices answered to

his summons. He heard, or seemed to hear, thousands shouting: "St. George! St. George!"

"Ha! messire; ha; sweet saint, grant us good deliverance!"

"St. George for merry England!"

"Harow! Harow! Monseigneur St. George, succour us."

"Ha! St. George! Ha! St. George! a long how and a strong bow!"

"Heaven's Knight, aid us!"

And as the soldier heard these voices he saw before him, beyond the trench, a long line of shapes, with a shining about them. They were like men who drew the bow, and with another shout, their cloud of arrows flew singing and tingling through the air towards the German hosts.

The other men in the trench were firing all the while. They had no hope; but they aimed just as if they had been shooting at Bisley.

Suddenly one of them lifted up his voice in the plainest English.

"Gawd help us!" he hellowed to the man next to him, "but we're blooming marvels! Look at those gray . . . gentlemen, look at them! D'ye see them? They're not going down in dozens nor in 'undreds; it's thousands, it is. Look! look! there's a regiment gone while I'm talking to ye."

"Shut it!" the other soldier hellowed, taking aim, "what are ye gassing about?"

But he gulped with astonishment even as he spoke, for, indeed, the gray men were falling by the thousands. The English could hear the guttural scream of the German officers, the crackle of their revolvers as they shot the reluctant; and still line after line crashed to the earth.

All the while the Latin-bred soldier heard the cry:

"Harow! Harow! Monseigneur, dear saint, quick to our aid! St. George help us!"

"High Chevalier, defend us!"

The singing arrows fled so swift and thick that they darkened the air; the heathen horde melted from before them.

"More machine guns!" Bill yelled to Tom. "Don't hear them," Tom yelled back. "But, thank God, anyway; they've got it in the neck."

In fact, there were 10,000 dead German soldiers left before that salient of the English army, and consequently there was no Sedan. In Germany, a country ruled by scientific principles, the great general staff decided that the contemptible English must have employed shells containing an unknown gas of a poison-

ous nature, as no wounds were discernible on the bodies of the dead German soldiers. But the man who knew what nuts tasted like when they called themselves steak knew also that St. George had brought his Agincourt Bowmen to help the English.

## Columbus.

Behind him lay the gray Azores,  
Behind the Gates of Hercules;  
Before him not the ghost of shores;  
Before him only shoreless seas.  
The good mates said: "Now must we pray,  
For lo! the very stars are gone.  
Brave Admiral, speak; what shall I say?"  
"Why, say, 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;  
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."  
The stout mate thought of home; a spray  
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.  
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,  
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"  
"Why, you shall say at break of day,  
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,  
Until at last the blanched mate said:  
"Why, now not even God would know  
Should I and all my men fall dead.  
These very winds forget their way,  
For God from these dread seas is gone.  
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say"—  
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:  
"This mad sea shows his teeth tonight.  
He curls his lip, he lies in wait  
With lifted teeth, as if to hite!  
Brave Admiral, say but one good word:  
What shall we do when hope is gone?"  
The words leapt like a leaping sword:  
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,  
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night  
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—  
A light! a light! a light! a light!  
It grew, a starlike flag unfurled!  
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.  
He gained a world; he gave that world  
Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

—Joaquin Miller.

Famous Drury Lane Theatre first opened in 1663. It burned in 1672. The second opened two years later and continued a century, when it was largely altered. The last show in Wren's Drury was in 1791, when it was pulled down and rebuilt by Architect Holland. It opened in 1794. The same architect had considerably reconstructed Covent Garden in 1792. This theatre was burned in 1808, and Drury was burned the next year. The new Covent Garden opened that year, and the new Drury in 1812. Covent Garden burned again in 1856.

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## THE "DIAMOND" TRAVELER.

His Fatal Adventure with a Mysterious Black Valise.

I was returning to Petersburg, after an absence of some weeks. As our train stopped at Twiss, a young man got in, who, while not particularly shy-looking, had the air of a big schoolboy out for a holiday. In taking his place in the compartment he first, with great care, put in the netting a leather valise, which evidently contained something precious, as he scarcely took his eyes off it during the first hour of the journey.

You know how tediously monotonous a railway is—one quickly tires looking through the window of the coach at the straight line of road flying past in the midst of plains of a wearying sameness of aspect—and to relieve the tedium of the long, uneventful journey the passengers naturally began to chat and exchange opinions and confidences, prompted alike by ennui and curiosity; and our young man would have found it a difficult matter to escape from his share of interrogation. His great anxiety lest any accident should happen to his valise was so apparent to all that one of the passengers remarked on it to him in a jocular way.

He reddened a little and replied: "It is true, I do feel anxious, for I am a traveler for a large jewelry establishment and am held responsible for a large sum, the value of some diamonds in that valise, which I am charged to deliver in Moscow."

This answer astonished me not a little, I confess. The first principles of prudence should have counseled him to conceal the nature of these valuable articles. It seemed to me that he was decidedly a novice in his business thus to disclose before so many strangers the fact of his having a fortune in his possession. I do not know why—for his explanation was plausible—but I felt a distrust of him, and set myself to watch his movements from that time on. There was an affectation of too much calm in his manner, I thought.

During the chatter and pleasantry common among fellow-travelers, when people talk without considering what they say, the conversation turned upon wonderful cases of theft and diamond robberies, and little by little instances were cited wherein the skill and rapidity of the theft were marvelous.

The young jeweler was advised to keep a sharp look-out for his diamonds. Was not General Somaroff recently a victim to the cleverness of a robber who actually abstracted a bundle of roughs from the inside pocket of his coat?

"Oh," said the young man, "I am not uneasy; I am used to this sort of thing"—a state which I did not believe. I could not help feeling that he was not accustomed to the charge of gems of such great value; he had the face of a child, with a child's soft, sweet, innocent expression, unfamiliar with care or responsibility of any kind.

On reaching Kiln, we all got out to stretch our legs by a stroll on the platform, and the young jeweler, evidently not wishing to make himself remarkable, followed our example, taking his valise in hand as though unwilling to part with it for an instant. As the passengers crowded toward the door he was pushed violently forward by some one in the throng; at the same moment the conductor appeared and refused to allow us to leave the carriage. The train was behind time, he said, and instead of the usual stoppage at Kiln, a halt of merely a minute's limit was made. While he spoke the locomotive whistled for the train to proceed.

As we regained our apartment in somewhat straggling order the young jeweler uttered a cry of fright, which, notwithstanding all effort at control, was one of agony.

"I have been robbed!" he cried.

It was true. Some hold operator who, from an adjoining compartment, had overheard our conversation and been allured by what he thus learned, had attempted, with success, the robbery of the jewels. They were gone—the thing was done!

The young man still held in his grasp the handles of his valise, which had been adroitly cut, and in the pressure of the crowd he had not felt the loss of weight. He gazed around with an indescribable expression of terror. His despair was truly pitiable, and it was as much through sincere sympathy for the unfortunate youth as the excitement of an incident thus breaking the tiresome journey that the passengers surrounded him with extreme interest and curiosity. The theft had been accomplished with surprising skill and rapidity, and each one had something to say on the subject.

"It is incredible."

"We had only time to leave our seats and return to them again."

"It seems like magic."

One man declared that the conductor must be notified at once.

"No," stammered the young jeweler.

"Why not?" queried the other; "here you are with valuable diamonds stolen from you, and you do not wish to be known! No one

left the train at Kiln, therefore it is impossible that the thief has disappeared. Your valise is still in one of the carriages; no doubt hidden beneath one of the seats."

"No, no; do nothing," implored the unhappy youth. But the other did not stop to listen, he had already started to inform the conductor, and in a moment returned with that functionary, to whom he offered a string of suggestions as to the best means of recovering the lost jewels.

The conductor hesitated to take action in the matter; but, upon reaching the next station, secured the assistance of two police officers, whom he put in charge.

"The baggage of the passengers should be searched," said the man who had constituted himself the leader in the affair, and so the officers ordered.

At once a vigorous search began as the train rolled onward. The news spread quickly from the locomotive to the baggage-wagon, and every one yielded with good grace to the examination. The young jeweler alone betrayed any uneasiness; his face became livid, and he swayed back and forth as though on the verge of fainting.

The search was unsuccessful, and the officers shook their heads in a doubtful manner.

Suddenly our obliging neighbor, who had shown decided instincts as a detective and who entered into the work with ardor, caught sight of a passenger, who, wrapped in a voluminous cloak, had seemed to sleep during the turmoil. Approaching him, he threw aside the cloak and disclosed to view the missing valise.

"Ah," said he, with a triumphant air, "I knew well it was not far off."

The passenger thus disturbed did not, however, appear put out by the discovery.

"Leave me alone," said he; "the valise is mine."

"Yours?" cried the man; "why, the handles are missing! You are too cool, my friend. What do you think of the impudence of your thief, my young sir?"—turning to the jeweler, proud of the rôle he had so successfully played—"you recognize your valise, do you not?"

The poor young fellow lost his head. He should have thanked the man for his zeal, taken back his property, and thus terminated the affair; but he obstinately replied: "No; it is not mine."

The thief breathed again, the perilous moment passed. "You see," said he, with a superb disdain.

But our amateur detective was not convinced—he would not give up the battle. "I recognize it myself," he cried; "I am not blind; for the matter of that, it is easily determined if this be the missing valise or no. We know that the one we seek contains diamonds—here will be incontestable proof. Hand me your key, sir; we shall soon arrive at the truth of this matter. I can not comprehend your doubts on the subject."

But at this moment a terrible cry was heard. The young man rushed madly to the platform of the coach and threw himself headlong under the wheels of the train, which crushed him into a bleeding mass.

As you will have divined, the young man who passed as a traveling jeweler was, in reality, an agent of the nihilists, and the valise he guarded with so much care and anxiety contained—not diamonds—but models of newly invented explosives which were to be tested for the first time by a committee in Moscow, whither he was taking them. The wretches who had given him this abominable commission had evidently chosen a young student fresh from college.

At the next station the valise was opened and found to contain the infernal machine which explained the resistance offered by the unfortunate youth to the discovery. He had no doubt come to the conclusion that all was lost. In his stupefaction he did not consider that he could have prevented the opening of the valise by acknowledging the property; he possibly saw in a vision the result of finding its contents. He feared arrest, and that it would force him to break vows implicating others, and being unable to cope with it, he rushed to his destruction.—Translated from the French for the Argonaut.

Formerly the Marquesans had such a barbarous manner of doing their tattoo work that it often took nearly six months to heal that which had been done in a single day. They covered the whole body of the males with crudely imitated rough designs, circles, curves, and many designs of small work, including round and angular spots, even to the finger-nails and the top of the head. Thus, beginning at virility, some were upwards of thirty years old before their tattooing was completed. Marquesan tattooing was perhaps more remarkable in appearance than that of any other primitive race.

The old boundary dispute between Michigan and Ohio, which was keenest before Michigan became a state was never settled until the past summer when a new line of handsome granite markers was set up.

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One of the wonders of this country, yet to a great extent passed by unnoticed, Glacier National Park, a national reservation since 1910, is destined to recognition as the one real Switzerland of America. Lying in northwestern Montana, close to the Canadian line, it derives its name from its sixty real glaciers. However, there are more than ninety all told if one classes as glaciers many interesting snow patches of only a few acres each, which, nevertheless, exhibit all the characteristics of true glaciers. Its scenery is strikingly Alpine, yet it possesses individuality to a high degree. In ruggedness and sheer grandeur it probably surpasses the Alps, while geologically it is markedly different.

It strongly differentiates also from other mountain scenery in America. Ice-clad Rainier, mysterious Crater Lake, spouting Yellowstone, exquisite Yosemite, beautiful Sequoia—to each of these and to all other of our national parks Glacier offers a highly individualized contrast.

To define Glacier National Park, picture to yourself two approaching chains of vast tumbled mountains which pass the Continental Divide back and forth between them in worm-like twistings, which bear living glaciers in every hollow of their loftiest convolutions, and which break precipitately thousands of feet to lower mountain masses, which, in their turn, bear innumerable lakes of unbelievable calm, offspring of the glaciers above; these lakes, in their turn, giving birth to roaring rivers of icy water, leaping turbulently from level to level, carving innumerable sculptured gorges of grandeur and indescribable beauty.

These parallel mountain masses form a central backbone for the national park. Their western sides slope from the summit less precipitately. Their eastern sides break abruptly. It is on the east that their scenic quality becomes titanic.

To really comprehend the personality of Glacier one must glance back for a moment into the geological past when the sea or great lakes rolled over what is now the Northwest of this continent. It was water that deposited the stratified sediments which are now these rocks.

Untold ages passed, and the sea or lake bottom, under the urge of terrific forces hidden in the interior of the earth, lifted, emerged, and became land. Untold ages passed, and the land hardened into rocks.

And all the time the forces kept pressing together and upward the rocky crust of the earth. For untold ages this crust held safe.

At last the pressure won. The rocks first yielded upward in long irregular wavelike folds. Gradually these folds grew in size. When the rocks could stand the strain no longer great cracks appeared, and one broken edge, the western, was thrust upward and over the other. The edge that was thrust over the other was thousands of feet thick. Its crumbling formed the mountains and the precipices.

When it settled, the western edge of this break overlapped the eastern edge ten or fifteen miles.

This thrusting of one edge of the burst and split continent over the other edge is called faulting by geologists, and this particular fault is called the Lewis Overthrust. It is the Overthrust which gives the peculiar character to this amazing country, that and the inconceivably tumbled character of the vast rocky masses lying crumbling on its edges.

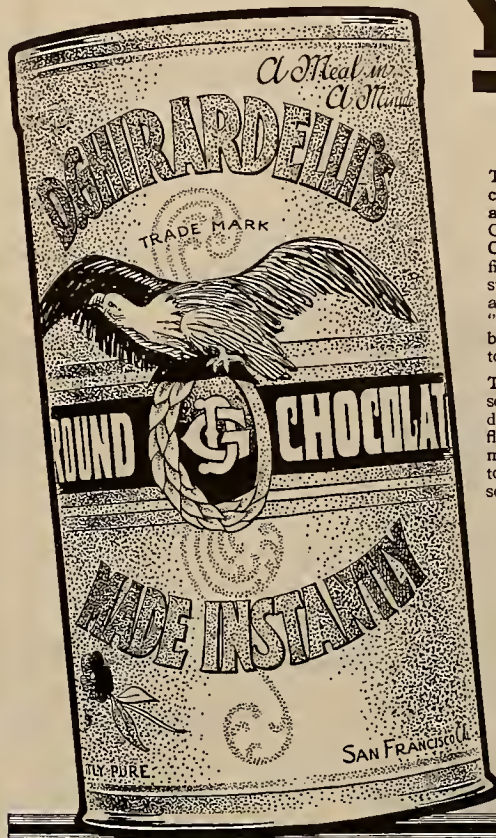
Thus was formed, in the dim days before man, for the pleasure of the American people of today, the Glacier National Park.

Today the visitor finds this the most wonderful combination of mountain tops in America, bounded by vertical walls sometimes 4000 feet in height diversified by many glistening glaciers and by beautiful timbered slopes leading down by graceful curves to the bottom of deep valleys. Scores of lakes are unsurpassed in sheer beauty by any even of Italy and Switzerland. There are more than 250 lakes in all.

Nor is this scenic wonderland merely a sample of the neighborhood. North of the park the Canadian mountains rapidly lose their scenic interest. South and west there is little of greater interest than the mountains commonly crossed in a transcontinental journey. To the east lie the plains. This region appears not to have been visited by white men before 1853, when A. W. Tinkham, a government engineer exploring a route for a Pacific railroad, ascended Nyack Creek by mistake and retraced his steps, when he discovered the impracticability for railroad purposes of the country he had penetrated.

Soap-boilers used to have great difficulty in getting rid of a thick, evil-smelling liquid which was the chief by-product of their industry. They ran it into streams and sewers. Presently some one began collecting it and refining it. The result was glycerine as it is known today.

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AN ANCESTRAL TREE.

A Quaint Japanese Story of an Old Couple's Reverence for It.

There was a certain count who passed away ten years ago. He was distinguished for his remarkable integrity and noble character. He was the owner of a beautiful mansion which was situated on Gotenyama (Palace Hill), near Shinagawa, an estate he purchased at the beginning of the Meiji era. Several thousand cherry trees had been planted in his garden, but seeing that the landscape was too monotonous, he desired to introduce evergreen trees by way of variation. So he searched everywhere for tall pine trees and *kashira*.

One day when strolling about with a few attendants in Meguro, a village not far from his residence, the old nobleman happened to catch sight of a gigantic *kashira* in the grounds of a farm house. With its green, wide-spreading foliage, the tree towered up into the air, in all its beauty and dignity, so characteristic of the species—making a fine exhibition.

At first sight the count's admiration was aroused, and for a few moments he cast a longing look at the tree. Then impelled by an uncontrollable desire, he stepped directly into the cottage, and without announcing himself, earnestly requested the master to sell him the tree for a reasonable price.

To his great disappointment, his request was flatly refused by the aged owner and his old wife.

"As you see, sir," replied the farmer, "we are now leading a hand-to-mouth existence of which we are very much ashamed. We heartily thank you for such a generous offer, but we can not agree to your kind proposal. Poor as we are now, our family was once a flourishing one in this neighborhood, as our ancestors were the headmen of this village for several generations. At the present time that big tree is the only reminder of what our family was in bygone days."

The old man stopped for a moment and after looking up at the beautiful old tree which had outlived so many of his people, he continued:

"Let me tell the history of the tree. One day when the third Shogun, Lord Iyemitsu, was out hawking in the vicinity, he took refreshment at our house, and in commemoration of the occasion the Shogun was pleased to plant this tree, then a young one, with his own hands. Yes, the tree was planted by the Shogun himself, and ever since it has remained the treasured possession of our

family. Other old trees in the grounds died naturally, or were sold, or cut to pieces to be used as wood; but as for this ancient tree, which has such historical interest, I, with my old wife, have kept it guarded with care, because it is a sacred tree and reminds us of our ancestors' greatness."

Much moved by this narration, the count pressed them no longer, but with eyes glistening with tears for the farmer and his noble resolution, he was about to go his way, when the negotiation was taken up by one of his attendants. This man told them that the gentleman who was standing before them was a certain count who was well known for his philanthropic turn of mind; that human life was short at the longest, while the life of trees was incomparably longer; that for this reason they could not hope that they might be able to look after their treasure for any great length of time—a tree of three centuries' growth; that it would be more advisable for them to commit the tree to the protection of a powerful family; and that if the tree came to the ownership of the nobleman, it would be taken care of by him and it would long continue to flourish under the protection of his descendants.

This appeal went to the heart of the old man, who had been listening with all eagerness. He clasped his knees with his wrinkled hand, and with tears in his eyes said to the count:

"What a fool I was to reject your kind proposal! Pardon me for my rudeness, my lord, but to tell the truth it never occurred to me that you were such a considerate gentleman. Now I must beg you to take care of the tree. As for the price, I shall be satisfied with any sum you may give me."

Expressing his hearty thanks to the farmer, the count assured him that the utmost care should be taken of the tree, as they had asked, and on the spot he gave the farmer a substantial sum of money; at the same time asking the latter to keep the tree in his charge until all necessary preparations had been made to take it to his garden.

Before trees of big dimensions are moved to other places, it scarcely need be said, some of their larger roots have to be cut short and new ones made to shoot; this is done for the readier adaptation of the tree to its new soil.

Two years after the interview just narrated, the tree might be safely transplanted, so he sent a number of gardeners for the purpose. The tree was brought and properly ensconced in its place, a prominent part of the garden. The old farmer and his wife

walked behind the tree all the way when it was being carried to its new home, the former dressed in *haori* and *hakama*, and the latter in a garment marked with the family crest. Though old and shabby, these clothes were not worn by their owners except on some occasions of importance. When the old couple beheld the tree planted safely in its new environment they were greatly delighted and spoke to the count in this strain:

"We are now at ease. Death may take us away at any time, as it pleases. With us there is nothing more to be desired in this world except a single favor to be asked of you. We shall feel very grateful if you will kindly permit us, during our lifetime, to visit you once a year, for the purpose of taking a glance at the tree, which has been our constant companion for so long."

The kind-hearted count not only complied with their request, but bestowed upon them another gift.

For several years after this the old farmer accompanied by his wife made a point of visiting the tree once a year, and every time they were cordially received by the noble family. At last the old man, growing weak and decrepit, was gathered to his fathers, but his wife continued the annual visit, until after a lapse of some time, she followed her husband to the grave. On behalf of the departed people the count took redoubled pains to take care of the tree. Indeed, no stone was left unturned to insure its safety. In a few years the count, too, ended his earthly career, leaving the tree behind him to defy the elements and thrive more than ever, under the careful protection of his family.

After the death of the count, some alterations were made which necessitated the removal of the tree to another part of the garden. Owing to the change or to the inevitable termination of its natural life, the memorable tree, as if to follow its owners, old and new, into another world, began to wither by slow degrees until it was dead.

Its skeleton is visible to this day in the centre of the garden. The ivy is seen twining itself round its large trunk, and the lifeless tree has the appearance of a hero wounded in battle and handaged all over.—*From the Far East. Translated by Yaichiro Isobe from the Japanese.*

A. J. Dawson, author of the just-published novel, "Jan: A Dog and a Romance," is an Englishman, London-born in 1872. He has lived and traveled much in different parts of the world—in Australia, the South Sea Islands, India, the Canary Islands, Morocco, and in North and South America.

A Perfect Lady.

A philanthropic New York woman was entertaining, in the spacious grounds of her suburban residence, a large number of East Side children. On her rounds of hospitality she was impressed with one strikingly beautiful little girl. She could not have been more than nine years old, but her coal-black eyes flashed with intelligence. The hostess introduced herself and began a conversation.

"Does what you see here today please you?" she asked.

The child eyed her host in silence. "Talk away," said the lady. "Don't be afraid."

"Tell me," then said the child, "how many children have you got?"

Astonished at the question, the lady hesitated for a moment, and then entered into the fun of the situation.

"Ten," she replied.

"Dear me," answered the child, "that is a very large family. I hope you are careful and look after them. Do you keep them all clean?"

"Well, I do my best."

"And is your husband at work?"

"My husband does not do any kind of work. He never has."

"That is very dreadful," replied the little girl earnestly, "but I hope you keep out of debt."

The game had gone too far for Lady Bountiful's enjoyment of it.

"You are a very rude and impertinent child," she burst out, "to speak like that, and to me."

The child became apologetic. "I'm sure I didn't mean to be, ma'am," she explained. "But mother told me before I came that I was to be sure to speak to you like a lady, and when any ladies call on us they always ask us those questions."—*New York Evening Post.*

Broadsheets, or in other words pamphlet editions of standard literary works, are being prepared and sent to British soldiers in the trenches. They take up little space and are so cheap and plentiful that they can be thrown away or passed along without loss. The list of subjects includes the two Testaments, Shakespeare, Milton, and Wordsworth, selections from "The Compleat Angler," Macaulay's "Armada," "A Game of Cribbage," by Dickens, and "Pericles to the Athenians," with selections from Froissart on the back.

Just how long Franz Joseph has sat upon his throne is graphically emphasized by the fact that he declared war on Italy in 1859.

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## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## The Bent Twig.

When Dorothy Canfield (Mrs. Fisher) wrote "The Squirrel Cage" she proved her competence to paint an aspect of American life in bright colors that neither exaggerated nor caricatured. Now we have a much more solid attempt, and one that is strikingly successful. The author's object is not only to paint a broad social canvas, but to show us the extent to which the character of a girl may be molded by parental influence, and we may note with gratification that no incense is burned to any modern folly of eugenism or heredity.

Sylvia Marshall is brought up in the Western university town of La Chance. Her father is a professor who has married a wife of humble birth because he loved her, and who now holds himself aloof from the university social circles in order that he may live his own simple and cultured life and be able to spend a little less than he earns. All sorts of strange people congregate at the Marshalls, but they are all people of worth in the world and they are welcomed for their values. The Marshalls are of course supposed to be queer, since they live in a farmhouse and Mrs. Marshall does her own housework.

But apparently Sylvia has inherited nothing from her parents. She is beautiful, pleasure-loving, and inclined to be selfish. Her mental attainments bring her the social recognition that her parents have avoided, and it seems as though she were fated to the empty life of society ambitions and to a marriage that should give her everything except love. But Sylvia always chooses the right course through every crisis that arises in her life. Her natural inclinations are always in conflict with the intangible parental influence, but it is always the parental influence that conquers. She breaks with her wealthy young lover because he prematurely reveals his animal passion, and eventually she marries the right man against the dictates of what she would call prudence and self-interest. We see her vanquish all her natural follies and pettinesses and meannesses by the force of the fine influences which radiate ceaselessly from her home life.

The story is not only remarkable for its strong and wholesome intelligence, rare enough in these days of social quakeries, but it has a literary and narrative merit that it would be hard to exaggerate. It is pleasant to think that the Marshalls are by no means untypical of American life and that such domestic forces as these are among the great moral assets of the nation.

THE BENT TWIG. By Dorothy Canfield. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

## To Help the Children.

We are told that the proceeds from the sale of this book will be devoted to providing pure milk for sick babies and the maintenance of a visiting nurse. Therefore we may hope that the sale will be a large one.

To this end it would have been better had nothing but real values been included. Even great men may say foolish things, and small men seldom say anything else. The author says that "in one sense the book is a topsyturvy miscellany of rhymes and jingles, personal anecdotes, business axioms, moral aphorisms, and the like." Surely it would have been better to collect only those things worth saying and to omit the Billy Sundays and such like small fry who have neither wit nor wisdom. There is much wit and wisdom in the book, but why admit anything else and why not confine it to sayings or writings relevant to the topic? None the less it is a handsome work and well illustrated.

LITTLE VERSE AND BIG NAMES. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$2 net.

## The House of Many Mirrors.

This title suggests melodrama, whereas the author, Violet Hunt, has written a deeply interesting story hearing on the psychology of marital affection. One would be inclined to say, on hearing evidence, that she did ill to introduce, as Mrs. Humphry Ward has done more than once, the element of disease in a novel. But, after all, the better class of fiction is supposed to be a reflection of life,

and it is not the pathological, but the mental side of disease with which the author has dealt.

The characters of her story are habitués of London society, the atmosphere of which, together with its various planes, the author seems to know well. She gives us, too, impressions from the shabby genteel, Continental-dwelling type; and she is thoroughly familiar with the London collector who buys and sells rare art treasures interchangeably.

All these various impressions, however, revolve around the married couple, Alfie and Rosamond. Alfie is sane, yet chivalrous, artistic, fastidious, Quixotic, and a perfect husband. Rosamond's character is that of the thoroughly active, efficient, slightly hard woman of the world, thoroughly mistress of herself in every demand made upon her by the life she lives, and, by a certain lack of fine scrupulousness in minor matters, exciting sometimes a faint, uneasy sense of criticism in the breast of her otherwise adoring husband.

Out of this condition of things Violet Hunt develops a story that provides the reader with a new sensation. It is a story the motive of which will prove of most intense interest to wives, but, by the success of her worldly atmosphere, her knowledge of the in and out of London society and the ideas of the socially elect, and by the completeness of her picture of the luxurious yet scheming life lived by those devotees of smartness and luxury, the author will greatly entertain those who might otherwise rebel at the sad recital of the martyrdom to which Rosamond voluntarily subjected herself. For this novel chronicles the vital differences that lie between man's and woman's devotion.

THE HOUSE OF MANY MIRRORS. By Violet Hunt. New York: Brentano's; \$1.35 net.

## Furnishing.

The art of furnishing has still to be learned by the vast majority of those who need it and who should welcome so competent a volume as this. Its many chapters are devoted to colors, originality, the antique, backgrounds, windows, lighting, pictures, and other equally essential features. But the author does not deal only in generalities. Special attention is given to the two-room apartment, six rooms and bath, eight to ten rooms, the large apartment, and the duplex apartment. In fact nothing is omitted that can make the work of the greatest practical value to the largest number. The book contains forty color prints and photographs that leave no doubt of the author's artistic competence to handle such a topic.

THE DECORATION AND FURNISHING OF APARTMENTS. By R. Russell Herts. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25 net.

## The Lusitania.

This volume contains the personal experiences of Mr. Charles E. Lauriat, Jr., who was a passenger on the *Lusitania* and who seems to have used his powers of observation to good purpose. The first part of the book is the rough narrative as sent by the author at once to his friends in America and which has the special value of spontaneity and of first impressions. Then we have the same story in amended and more deliberate form with translations of German press comments on the occurrence, and finally we have a survey of the findings of the British court with the author's comments, and the comments are often adverse. The book as a whole is probably the best personal account of the tragedy that has yet been given. There are some useful illustrations.

THE LUSITANIA'S LAST VOYAGE. By Charles E. Lauriat, Jr. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

## Gossip of Books and Authors.

Frederick L. Huidekoper's new book, "The Military Unpreparedness of the United States," published by the Macmillan Company, promises to be a much discussed volume, with one chapter in particular—"The Land Forces of the United States As They Ought to Be Organized"—as the centre of all the discussion. For it is in this chapter that Mr. Huidekoper's ideas as to what this country's attitude should be in the matter of defenses are brought to a focus.

A new hook on the moving picture written by one who is thoroughly familiar with this fascinating subject has just been published by the Macmillan Company. It is Ernest A. Dench's "Making of the Movies."

Probably the most noteworthy contribution to the history and criticism of art in recent years is Romain Rolland's "Michelangelo," translated by Frederick Street, and published by Duffield & Co. The book is finely illustrated.

So many conflicting accounts of the International Congress of Women, which met at The Hague in April of this year, have appeared in the press and elsewhere that the publication of an official report of the assembly and its proceedings is awaited with much interest. Such a report was issued under the title of "Women at The Hague,"

November 24th, by the Macmillan Company. It has been written by the three delegates to the Congress from the United States—Jane Addams, Emily Greene Balch, and Alice Hamilton—while an appendix has been supplied by Julia Grace Wales.

The fame of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell as a novelist appears to be in no danger of losing ground. A new printing of the definitive edition of his complete works has come from the press.

That the Chinese today are spending twice as much money for tobacco as for opium is the remarkable statement of Charles B. Towns in his recently published book, "Habits That Handicap." Now, according to Mr. Towns, it is estimated that one-half of the cigarette consumption of the world is in China.

A short time ago Rudyard Kipling visited the western front in France as correspondent for the *Daily London Telegraph*. His impressions published in a series of articles caused considerable comment, and especially for the way in which they showed England her debt to France in the war. The articles have now been collected in book form and are published by Doubleday, Page & Co. under the title, "France at War—On the Frontier of Civilization."

Dr. Arley Munson, for twenty years a traveling physician in India, describes the many places mentioned in Kipling's stories in her "Kipling's India," published by Doubleday, Page & Co. In it the author includes an important collection of photographs of the places visited in her travels following the Kipling trail.

A book of Balkan revelations, written by an anonymous author who is said to be "a high political personage," has been published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company. The book anticipated by only a short time the curiously complicated political, personal, and military conditions which have developed in Turkey, Roumania, Servia, Bulgaria, and Greece.

In his "Germany of Today," Professor George Stuart Fullerton has undertaken to describe in very plain, simple, and unpretentious fashion, with moderation and without prejudice, the government, temper, and condition of the German Empire, the rights and the educational system of the German people, and so-called German "militarism" and imperialism. The Bobbs-Merrill Company is the publisher.

Mr. Arthur Guiterman's book, "The Laughing Muse," has just been published by the Harpers.

Kate Langley Boshers's Christmas story, "How It Happened," is about to be transcribed in braille for the blind. The author, who has put so much of charity and cheer into her books, is particularly pleased to know that one of her stories will help brighten the lives of these "shut-ins." Curiously enough, one of her characters in "How It Happened" is a blind man.

"A Puritan Christmas" is one of the little plays in "Christmas Candles," by Elsie Hobart Carter, which Henry Holt & Co. published on November 20th. Other plays among

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the ten included in her book are "The Christ Candle," "The Babushka" (a Russian legend), "A Canvas Christmas," "Minty Malving's Santa Claus," and "The Hundred."

In dedicating the Michigan School for the Blind at Lansing recently Governor Woodbridge Ferris of Michigan laid particular stress in his address on Clarence Hawkes's "Hitting the Dark Trail" (Henry Holt & Co.) as indicating what it was possible for a blind man to achieve, despite his heavy obstacle.

Readers of the splendid sea-tale of Elizabethan adventure, "The Sea-Hawk," by Rafael Sabatini, will be glad to hear that a new hook by the same author has just been published by the J. B. Lippincott Company. It is called "The Banner of the Bull," and carries the reader to Italy in the days of the famous Cesare Borgia.

Some charming editions are to be on the Christmas book market from the presses of the J. B. Lippincott Company. For instance, the Rackham edition of "A Christmas Carol," Charles Dickens's masterpiece, in a splendid artistic setting; or Ralph Henry Barbour's delicious love story, "Hearts Content," charming within and without; or the holiday edition of "The Rose Garden Husband," Margaret Widdemer's wonderful romance.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Crown of Life.

There seems to be no particular reason why Ruth Hollworthy should be made the heroine of a novel unless it is because there are so many of her. She is left an orphan at an early age, and as there are only a couple of maidens to take care of her there is no real check to her willful selfishness. She becomes engaged to a boy whom she does not love in order to justify her indiscretions with him, agrees to marry him secretly, and leaves him heartlessly at the last moment. Then she goes to Paris under the chaperonage of a rather flighty friend and there continues her plan of campaign, which is to do exactly what she wants, how she wants, and when she wants. Falling in love with a fashionable and popular dramatist, she is preserved by mere luck from what seems to be her inevitable fate, and then as the story draws to a close she discovers that she loves almost the only bearable man who appears anywhere in the story. It is a case of eleventh-hour repentance, and we are not sure that there is real ground for rejoicing. Ruth may be described as "cute," and perhaps this is sufficient qualification for the modern heroine, who must be delivered safely at the marriage altar and there left unquestioningly to whatever dubious happiness may await her. But we can not quite understand why the supposedly fortunate bridegroom should want to marry her at all. We should not.

THE CROWN OF LIFE. By Gordon Arthur Smith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Felix O'Day.

The career of F. Hopkinson Smith closes worthily with this novel of warm human friendships and universal benevolences. It is the story of Felix O'Day, an Irish haronet whose wife deserts him because he has lost his money and who follows her to New York in the hope of saving her from the rascal who has seduced her. O'Day speedily spends what little money he has and is then employed as an art expert by an old German curio dealer, and becomes fast friends with the Irishwoman at whose house he lodges and who helps her husband with his express business. We are introduced to all kinds of delightful poor people of the East Side, broken-down artists, priests, vagrants, and all the medley commonwealth of poverty. Of course O'Day finds his wife and is reconciled to her. That was the culminating treat that the kindly author gave to himself and to his readers. Lady O'Day has been deserted by her lover and is reduced to the precarious occupation of mending lace. In fact she finds herself in the police court on a charge of theft, and no one can tell what might not have happened to her but for her husband's timely rescue. Mr. Smith has always delighted in stories of this kind, and "Felix O'Day" comes as a worthy finish to a creditable list.

FELIX O'DAY. By F. Hopkinson Smith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.35 net.

My Growing Garden.

The maker of a garden is a benefactor of the human race, but to secure the fullest possible benefit it is necessary that he make it with his own hands. In this delightful book Mr. J. Horace McFarland tells us of his great adventure. He found an old house with a couple of acres of abandoned vineyard, and now he tells us how he and his

family worked for a half-dozen years and with what result. Possibly such a garden is beyond the reach of the rich man, who merely gives orders and purchases skill. Its virtues come from the personal services of love. It is a stimulating story, thoroughly well told, and illustrated with five color plates and thirty-two sepia plates.

MY GROWING GARDEN. By J. Horace McFarland. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.

Briefer Reviews.

William Colburn Husted is the author of a volume of well-meaning verse entitled "The Sea Wind," and published by Sherman, French & Co. (\$1 net).

"The Loneliness of Christ," by Robert Keable, is described as "studies in the discipline of life." It is of a purely devotional nature, well written and sincere. It is published by E. P. Dutton & Co. (75 cents net).

Sherman, French & Co. have published a volume of verse entitled "To One From Arcady," by Theodore L. Fitz Simons. The author has been influenced strongly by Orientalism, but he seems to have acquired its phraseology rather than its spirit. His verse is often musical. The price is \$1 net.

"Shoe and Stocking Stories," by Elinor Mordant (John Lane Company; \$1.25 net), owe their name to the efforts of the author to persuade a small boy to put on his shoes and stockings without undue procrastination. When he stopped, she stopped. The method seems to have been effective, although it may be considered as unconstitutional, being of the nature of cruel and unusual punishment. We do not see how it would be possible to listen to these stories and at the same time to put on shoes and stockings.

War is already so much of an actuality that it seems unnecessary to call upon the imagination for the creation of new combats. But Mr. Donald Hamilton Haines thinks otherwise. He has written a story called "Clearing the Seas" (Harper & Brothers; \$1.25 net), in which he supposes a naval war between the United States and a foreign power. The campaign is well planned out. There is an attack on the Panama Canal and a satisfactory sea fight, but we are still unable to see why we should resort to fiction for war stories.

New Books Received.

DISCOVERIES AND INVENTIONS. San Francisco: John Howell.

A lecture by Abraham Lincoln delivered in 1860.

FOUNTAINS OF PAPAL ROME. By Mrs. Charles MacVeagh. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2.50 net.

With illustrations drawn and engraved on wood by Rudolph Ruzicka.

FRENCH MEMORIES OF EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY AMERICA. By Charles H. Sherrill. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2 net.

A sketch of early American customs.

THE FIGHTING CHEYENNES. By George Bird Grinnell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$3.50 net.

The history of a great and typical Indian tribe.

HEART OF EUROPE. By Ralph Adams Cram, Litt. D., LL. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2.50 net.

Art and industry of the Old World.

THE OTHERSIDE BOOK. Pictures and verses by Edith Mitchell. Chicago: The Reilly & Britton Company; \$1.25 net.

For little children.

THE SCARECROW OF OZ. By L. Frank Baum. Chicago: The Reilly & Britton Company.

For children.

AZALEA'S SILVER WEB. By Elia W. Peattie. Chicago: The Reilly & Britton Company; 75 cents net.

A story for girls.

"THE FOTYGRAFT ALBUM." By Frank Wing. Chicago: The Reilly & Britton Company.

"Shown to the new neighbor by Rebecca Sparks Peters, aged eleven."

KINGS, QUEENS, AND PAWNS. By Mary Roberts Rinchart. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.50 net.

An American woman at the front.

CONCENTRATION. By Julia Seton, M. D. New York: Edward J. Clode; 50 cents net.

New thought.

THE FOURTH-DIMENSIONAL REACHES OF THE EXPOSITION. By Cora Lenore Williams, M. S. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.; 50 cents net.

Essays.

THE SCIENCE OF SUCCESS. By Julia Seton, M. D. New York: Edward J. Clode; \$1 net.

A philosophy of life.

JAPANESE IMMIGRATION. By Yamato Ichibashi, Ph. D. San Francisco: The Marshall Press.

Its status in California.

WHITE TIGER. By Henry Milner Rideout. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1 net.

A tale of adventure in the Dutch East Indies.

RUSSIAN SOCIOLOGY. By Julius F. Hecker, Ph. D. New York: The Columbia University Press.

A contribution to the history of sociological thought and theory.

GERMANY OF TODAY. By George Stuart Fullerton, Ph. D., LL. D. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1 net.

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Essays.

THE TALE OF TIBBY AND TABBY. By Ada M. Skinner. New York: Duffield & Co.

For very small children.

YOUR BABY. By Dr. E. B. Lowry. Chicago: Forbes & Co.; \$1 net.

A guide for young mothers.

IS WAR DIMINISHING? By Frederick Adams Woods, M. D., and Alexander Baltzly. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1 net.

A study of the prevalence of war in Europe from 1450 to the present day.

WOOD AND STONE. By John Cowper Powys. New York: G. Arnold Shaw; \$1.50 net.

A novel.

ASHES AND SPARKS. By Richard Wightman. New York: The Century Company; \$1.25 net.

A book of verse.

THE STAKES OF DIPLOMACY. By Walter Lippman. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.25 net.

The relation of patriotism, business, and diplomacy to each other, etc.

THE MEXICAN TWINS. By Lucy Fitch Perkins. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1 net.

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A plea and a plan for vocational education.

THE OLD TESTAMENT IN THE LIGHT OF TODAY. By William Frederic Badé. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.75 net.

A study in moral development.

A South American Odyssey.

An interesting new serial announced for the *Century Magazine*, to begin early in the year, is "A South American Odyssey," by Harry A. Franck, author of "A Vagabond Journey Around the World," etc., the remarkable young American college man who has been seeing the world on foot for the last eight or ten years, entirely without money save what he earns by the way. Mr. Franck has just come back from South America after four years of wandering. He visited every state in every one of the republics, avoided the seaport-to-seaport route of the tourists, tramped where Americans have never tramped before, lived with Indians and peons, acted as manager of a traveling theatrical troupe, talked with all classes and conditions of folk, and in fact pretty thoroughly ransacked the continent. He has brought back with him eighty full notebooks and 4000 photographs, and it is the cream of these that the *Century* is to offer its readers.

The Harvard Prize Awarded.

For the third time the Harvard prize offered annually by John Craig has gone to a woman, for the author of "Between the Lines" is Charlotte Chorprenning, a student

in Professor Baker's course in dramatic writing. The authors of "The End of the Bridge" and of "The Product of the Mill" were, it will be remembered, Miss Florence Lincoln and Miss Elizabeth McFadden. "Believe Me, Xantippe" and "Common Clay" were written by Harvard students.

The demand for war literature in Germany can be surmised from the fact that between the beginning of the war and December 1st last 1500 books and pamphlets falling into that classification were published, while by now the volume has swelled to approximately 5000 separate works.



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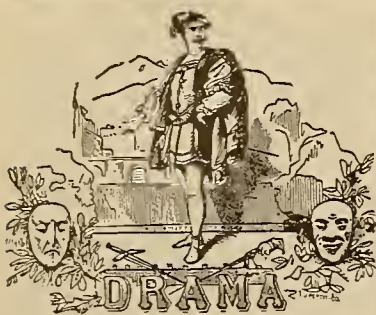
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"THE BIRD OF PARADISE."

Richard Walton Tully's play still continues to draw, although its sentiment is getting a little world-worn on the road. The young actress who has disappeared from the leading rôle was the most vital thing in the play, and she is a great loss. Carlotta Monterey's methods smack too much of the dramatic school. Her standards are false, and she climbs all over her voice and works it for all it is worth. Once in awhile she forgets herself and is natural for a moment. But the good moment is gone like a flash. There are some other changes in the cast, but in the main it remains the same.

I am impressed anew by the unevenness of Mr. Tully's talent. Atmosphere he always has in plenty. But he continually relapses into false standards, and Miss Monterey so ably aids and abets him that Luana has lost interest. She is only a little tropical butterfly, but she loved, and her fate was tragic. In the last scene, however, I was unable to imagine Miss Monterey as making the fatal leap into Pelée's gulf of fire. Luana's hurt of primitive jealousy of the beautiful white women that were to compose her court is all nature; even Miss Monterey could not make it otherwise. But that fingernail business is rather shaving the edge, and when Luana at a fateful moment of realization concerning the death-prayer, exclaimed in deepest chest tones: "It was my fingernails!" the effect was dangerously close to a suggestion of hurlucque.

I also find again, on a third hearing of the play, that it was a great mistake to make Paul Wilson such a hopeless cad. In consequence the example he offers of a decent white man enervated and ruined by the tropic languor and the indolent native life loses its force. And can you imagine the American girl saying to Luana, "Perhaps you will teach me how to win men's love with my arms and my lips?"

The native background remains very good, although there is much crude Americanism in the speech. Robert Morris's practical, slangy, unimaginative, money-acquiring planter always remains a piece of reality. Dean, the heach-comber, continues to lose interest in his reformed state. The missionary stuff is good. The native players are exceptionally good. In fact, the author's talent is of such an order that one hopes he will hurry up and shed his false standards and stick more closely to his real ones and get about bringing out another play.

#### METROPOLITAN EFFICIENCY.

The model little building and exhibit contributed to the attractions of the Exposition by the City of New York have been attracting more than the usual attention among Exposition visitors, and now it has developed that home-staying New Yorkers, who have never laid eyes on it, are demanding that it be returned intact.

It consists, as almost all Exposition visitors know, of an exceptionally complete collection of maps, models, and photographic views illustrative of the mammoth municipal activities of our greatest metropolis. The moving-picture series, all gotten up for the Exposition, depict the training, drill, and heroic practical work of the men in the police and fire departments. It would take an investigator six months to acquire by actual, personal examination an acquaintance with the systematic details that he could master in this exhibit building in twenty-four hours.

Besides appreciating the object lesson as to the city's growth conveyed by the three large paintings depicting New York in 1715, in 1815, and in 1915, visitors have shown a special interest in the large model map of the city and harbor of New York. It is displayed in the centre of the hall on a mammoth stand, mounted on castors, which contains 52,000 pieces.

A number of partitioned-off enclosures which greatly increase the wall space requisite for the numerous photographs depicting the magnitude of the various city branches—finance, sanitation, fire prevention, system of parking, and so on—divide the hall into numbered galleries, and on ledges running around the walls of the hall repose many handsome and complete models of the most interesting nature. There is seen a model

of the subway station, with its numerous underground passages. A gigantic Atlantic liner reposes in a handsome case of glass and mahogany. The famous Williamsburg suspension bridge—the highest of its kind in the world—is seen. There are sky-scrapers showing inner sections as arranged for fire prevention. Handsome models of municipal cars and boats; and while the workings of the city water system can only be represented by photographs, the series of views presented are so informational and complete that they have been studied with the liveliest interest by our own municipal officials.

The planning and carrying out of this exhibit was placed in the hands of Mr. Morton L. Fouquet, an engineering expert who has a genius and a passion for the doing of practical and useful things with a fine blend of economy and efficiency. Now mark the ingenuity with which Mr. Fouquet, who has figured as an efficient and valued official at the Exposition at Lyons, at the International Municipal Congress held at Chicago, and a number of other expositions, has, in the New York City exhibit, combined the maximum of display with the minimum of expense. The city made an appropriation of one hundred thousand dollars. With this fund the total expenses of getting up the New York City exhibit and erecting a building to house it were met. After the running expenses are paid off, five thousand dollars will be turned back to the city. Think of it, oh, you greasy-palmed politician, and wonder, and scorn, from the bottom of your pinchbeck soul! Think of it, oh, you taxpayer, and wake up from your dull routine of pouring treasures into greedy and incapable hands.

In order to avoid the additional expense of building a hall for the moving pictures Mr. Fouquet, who isn't too haughty to come down to the smaller details of economy, laid out his building in such a way as to be able to work a very interesting transformation scene by utilizing the central passageway for a moving-picture theatre. And on "movie day" it is decidedly interesting to watch the details of the transformation—the wheeling away on its brass tracks of the huge model of New York City and harbor; the releasing of the huge brown curtains, which slide along their rods until the space is completely enclosed; the letting-down of the white screen over the large central painting; the withdrawing from the wall receptacles—neatly closed by panels—of large castored trays piled with folding seats, which in due time are set forth in rows by the attendants, all this is an excellent object lesson in ingenuity, economy, and efficiency.

And it has borne fruit in unexpected manner. Members of the International Jury carried back to the home city glowing accounts of the completeness and interesting nature of the exhibit and of the universal admiration it excited. Nobody in New York had seen it except Exposition visitors. Members of the police and fire departments, who had figured in many thrilling scenes in the moving-picture series, had never had sight nor light of the pictures they had so actively helped to bring into being. Municipal pride was awakened. New Yorkers are now looking forward so eagerly to seeing the whole exhibit that it has been decided to keep it together permanently.

It need not be pointed out how educative such an exhibit is. It tends to the raising of standards, and toward the elimination of the unfit in the administering of municipalities, for it exhibits only the finest results of expert work and administration. The authorities at Harvard College have recognized this and are already planning a replica of the exhibit on a smaller scale, to be maintained at the university and used for educative purposes.

This may mean the small but pregnant beginnings of a movement to train our young men in the practical details of municipal government; something very much needed in this epoch of graft and the election of genial incompetents to positions of trust.

#### THE TOWER OF JEWELS.

The tower is Expositonal architecture and has to go without tears being shed over its demise. It has many sins to its count. It is out of proportion—due, some say, to a revision of its original plan, a cutting out of some of its middle regions. It is so broad in the base and tapers with such disproportionate rapidity as it climbs aloft that it doesn't begin to give the effect of height that its actual number of feet in the air entitle it to. It is over-decorated and overpopulated with statuary. When we look up to the slender, elegant proportions of the Italian towers we feel a thrill of pure, æsthetic delight. When we look upon the Tower of Jewels our pleasure is childlike and primitive.

I know it is very wicked, and, from the point of view of what is truly artistic, is deserving of hellfire, but I do confess to experiencing often a pagan sentiment of pleasure in looking up at our Tower of Jewels. At night, when we stand close to it and see its

giant proportions fore-shortened, it reminds one of a sugar-candy tower in a confectioner's window. Its green columns are colored with pistache. Its whiteness, horn of the searchlights, is made of white-of-egg-and-sugar icing. Its glitter of jewels is the shine of crystals of sugar. But climb the hills above the Fair, and look down from a height. Then the glimmer of the jewels, no longer separately distinguished, shed a strange translucence on the great white wonder. It becomes mystic, wonderful, ethereal, a thing of fairyland. It appeals to the child in us, to our sense of the marvelous.

When it is seen at night from a distance the tower does not belong to the everyday world—not even to the Exposition world. It is a chimera. And so it will always linger in my memory under its night aspect, even though I have been inside the monster and seen its skeleton of steel and coat of crude plaster.

A steel stairway mounts up to one hundred and thirty feet from the top, which it takes twenty minutes to climb, even for the cat-footed young man who sits up aloft at night in his chamber in the jewel-girdled hall, mounting guard over the searchlights. But our party went up by means of two comfortable steel elevators, taking the trip in two stages, since one of them is to the right and the other to the left of the great arch. There is such a complete system of electric lighting installed in the tower that the different floored levels we pass on the way are all comfortably lighted. After we pass the close and sloping walls of the arch and gaze into the steel-timbered recesses of the further side we begin to dimly comprehend the size of the tower. The structure cost five hundred thousand dollars, and there are two hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of structural steel hidden under its ornate exterior. What will they do with that, I wonder? Something practical, no doubt. These Exposition directors are all business. They have given us here, in wasteful San Francisco, a practical lesson in finances which, administered under conditions of higness, yet keep ever in mind that "many a mickle makes a muckle." That is something that the horn failure never understands. The tower jewels, for instance. No, you can't squabble over them and fight for a few for souvenirs. They are all sold, and will probably make the yokels stare at the Panama Exposition. Arrived at the end of the elevator route, we rushed out on the balcony to see them hanging on their little hooks, their mirrored backs helping them to give out the frosty sparkle which, as seen from a distance, lends the night-blanchéd tower its strange, mysterious glimmer. The

first thing we noticed was that many of the hooks were conspicuous by the absence of their former occupants. And then we were told that so many jewels were abstracted—as we will charitably call it—by visitors to the upper heights of the tower that the permits to visit it had to be greatly restricted or done away with.

We looked down curiously from our lofty height and found that the Fair had become almost invisible through its sea of golden lights. They seemed to float upon a haze of dusky silver, and our nearest neighbor was Mr. Bowman; you know, young Bowman who lives on the top of the Column of Progress. Far, incredibly far down, rose the slender elegance of the Italian towers, and we felt again, but in a different way, that thrill of æsthetic delight with which, at night, we always look within its pillared, rose-lighted arcade. Something white and phantom-like—it seemed to be a great, moon-born moth—flew into the rosy glow of the arcade, but it was one of the Exposition doves. From the north side of the tower we looked down and saw dimly what seemed to be graveled and walled-in ground spaces. They were the roofs of the main palaces.

A rocket soared up and, silhouetting itself against the rich blue-green of the night sky, broke into a brilliant cluster of blue and golden stars. Dazzled, we turned our eyes downward, and there saw, gradually detaching themselves from the gloom, some Whistler details—a patch of night-green sward, a little stretch of pathway, and a dim huddle of dusky forms massed in a group. Whistler was avenged. Those there who had impudently criticized his "Falling Rocket" nocturne had to acknowledge the truth of the picture.

The Tower of Jewels, in ordinary windy weather, sways from four to five inches out of the vertical. The cat-footed young man up in the hall pays no attention whatever to this movement, and during our recent playful little earthquake credited the tower's oscillation to the wind, and had to be informed by his mates of its occurrence.

The Tower, they say, will be one of the first structures to be wrecked. It seems quite appropriate. It was a sign and symbol of the part played by the spirit of play in the Exposition. We have learned much, but how we have loved to play! So down you must come, radiant white symbol, and down topple our dreams. We must face practicalities once more, darn our socks, send the curtains to the wash, and begin to think of the spring cleaning.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Hi Finance—What about the financial hegemony? D. Forsay—It's twice what I ought to pay her, and I told the judge so.—Judge.

# 1 for Christmas



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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"The Battle Cry of Peace" Continues.

The success of the run of "The Battle Cry of Peace" at the Columbia Theatre is evidenced by the continued demand for seats at the box-office for the third week, commencing with Sunday, December 5th.

Charles Richman and the Vitagraph star cast give a fine performance in the play portion of the film, which is in nine superb parts. The story of the play is based upon the possible happenings when a powerful foreign enemy attacks this country from the Atlantic side, invades New York and captures Washington. The promoters of this massive film term it "A Call to Arms for Peace," and the immense audiences in attendance never fail to give vent to their patriotic feelings in witnessing this photoplay spectacle.

Sensational indeed is that portion of the picture which shows the attack upon New York from sea and air, and the destruction of many famous spots in the metropolis and the killing of the citizens, men, women, and children.

There is a splendid orchestra in attendance at afternoon and evening performances. Seats are reserved one week in advance.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum announces for next week one of the greatest bills ever presented in vaudeville.

Weber and Fields, who have made two generations laugh, and who some time back dissolved partnership, have reunited for a brief engagement on the Orpheum Circuit. Their engagement in this city will begin next Sunday matinee and is most positively limited to one week. They will present their famous characters of Mike and Meyer, which have made countless thousands roar with laughter.

Reine Davies, the Lady Beautiful of Vaudeville, is not only an excellent vocalist, but also a clever comedienne who possesses a keen sense of humor. Not long ago she was the principal comedienne with Willie Collier in his musical-comedy exploit, "Forward March."

Ballet Divertissement consists of a series of classic and character dances performed by eight talented girls from the Metropolitan

Opera House ballet, New York. Chief among them is Swan Wood, who created quite a sensation in London, Paris, and on Broadway in East Indian, Spanish, and Greek dances of daring originality.

Nonette, the singing violiniste, whose talent and versatility have made her a favorite, will be a feature of the programme.

James Diamond and Sibyl Brennan will exhibit their versatility and ability in a musical skit called "Niftynonsense." Miss Brennan possesses a good voice and dances capably. Mr. Diamond is a sterling comedian and the two make an irresistible bid for popularity.

"General" Ed Lavine, the man who has "soldiered" all his life, announces that he is back from the front and is whiling away his time with extraordinary feats of juggling.

Glen Ellison is a Scotch comedian who does not only rely upon eccentric make-up for his results. He depends for his success upon his real humor and excellent voice.

The only holdover will be Eduardo and Elisa Cansino, the Spanish dancers, who will conclude their engagement with this bill.

Last Week of "The Bird of Paradise."

"The Bird of Paradise," Richard Walton Tully's novel play of life in the Hawaiian Islands, will begin its third and final week at the Cort Theatre with the performance of Sunday night, December 5th. This popular play has again demonstrated its drawing powers. The present engagement has been even more successful, from a business standpoint, than its two preceding ones.

Producer Morosco has seen to it that the cast is up to the usual Morosco standard, and, of course, the scenic effects are as notable as ever. The native musicians add much to the enjoyment of the play.

On Sunday night, December 12th, comes Walker Whiteside in a repertory of his greatest stage successes, including "The Typhoon" and "The Melting Pot." Mr. Whiteside appeared at the Cort several seasons ago in "The Typhoon," and both star and vehicle made impressions that time has far from removed. An excellent company will be seen in support of Mr. Whiteside.

Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre.

The "Prosperity Eight," one of the most pretentious vaudeville offerings that the Pantages Circuit has booked in years, is the big feature attraction on the new show which opens at the local Pantages Theatre on Sunday. The eight men are talented musicians chosen from the foremost American bands, and their instrumental selections with brass horns are far above the regular musical acts. The octet also have an elaborate stage setting and their numbers are differently costumed.

The comedy hit of the show is Santos and Hayes, a pair of girls with funny figures, who have a skit entitled "The Health Hunters." One of the girls weighs around the three-fifty mark, while her partner is a tiny mite of about eighty pounds. Aside from their buffoonery, both have fine singing voices.

The musical tabloid for the new bill will be a jolly tale of university life, with a couple of good comedians and six pretty girls, the title of the production being "Sorority Days."

Elise Schuyler, known as the "Aristocrat of Vaudeville," is a gracious little comedienne with a new novelty in dancing and singing.

Olie and Johnnie Vanis, "wizards of the wire," have the sensational act of the new bill.

Stein and Hume have a combination of bright chatter and burlesque opera singing, which is one of the big hits of the bill.

Jonathan, a comedy cartoonist, will round out the bill.

"Daddy Long-Legs," with Renée Kelly again in the rôle of the founding, will be an early attraction at the Columbia Theatre. Already there is a strong advance inquiry for seats for the forthcoming engagement of two weeks.

The Innisfail String Quartet.

The third concert of Mrs. J. B. Casserly's Innisfail String Quartet at Sorosis Club Hall, 536 Sutter Street, near Powell, will be given next Tuesday night.

From a purely musical standpoint the concerts of the Innisfail String Quartet are of rare importance. Animated by a common sympathy, which is the result of long association, and guided by a deep and earnest study of the works before them, the Innisfail String Quartet plays with a unanimity and with exquisite subtlety of expression.

Tuesday night's programme has every element of appeal to lovers of music. It follows:

Quartet in D major.....Cesar Franck  
Italian Serenade.....Hugo Wolf  
Quartet, F major (Kochel 590).....Mozart

Seats are on sale at the box-offices of Sherman, Clay & Co. and Kohler & Chase, and may be secured on the evening of the performance at Sorosis Club Hall.

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THE MUSIC SEASON.

The Gadski Farewell Concert.

This Sunday afternoon, December 5th, at the Cort Theatre, Mme. Johanna Gadski will give her second and last concert, assisted by Dr. Paul Eisler, pianist and composer.

The programme is one that should attract all lovers of beautiful songs. It includes groups of songs by Schumann, Schubert, Franz, Brahms, McDowell, Paul Eisler, and George Henschel. Among the gems will be Brahms's dramatic epic, "The Smith," and Schubert's thrilling "Death and the Maiden."

The Wagnerian excerpts will be the aria, "Dich Theure Hale," from "Tannhäuser," and the sublime "Love Death" (Liebestod), from "Tristan und Isolde."

Tickets may be secured at the usual music stores as well as at the Cort Theatre.

The San Francisco Quintet Club.

The third concert of the San Francisco Quintet Club will be given next Thursday night, December 9th, in the Colonial ballroom of the Hotel St. Francis. Mr. E. M. Hecht, the founder of the club, and Mr. Will L. Greenbaum, the manager, express themselves as delighted with the increase in attendance that has greeted it over last year and announce a second series of concerts early in the new year.

Thursday's programme will include a "Quintet" for flute and strings by the Dutch composer, Brandts-Buys, a "Quartet" for piano and strings by Brahms, and a "Quartet" for strings by Debussy.

Tickets are on sale at the usual music stores and at the St. Francis news-stand.

Gadski at Stanford University.

Next Thursday night, December 9th, the Peninsula Musical Association announces an extra concert by Mme. Gadski in Assembly Hall, at Stanford University. A special programme has been arranged for this occasion. Tickets will be sold to the general public.

Maud Powell Concert Programmes.

Maud Powell will give two programmes at the Cort Theatre, assisted by Arthur Loesser, pianist. The first concert is announced for Sunday afternoon, December 12th. On this occasion the artist will offer the rarely played "Concerto" No. 7, by Ch. de Beriot; a "Sonata" by the French modernist, Vincent D'Indy, that has never before been heard in this city; the brilliant "Introduction et Rondo Capriccioso," by Saint-Saëns; a "Berceuse" by Florent Schmitt, two gems by the Finnish composer Sibelius, and a "Polonaise" by the young American violinist, Edward Grasse, who is totally blind.

Mr. Loesser, in addition to playing the accompaniments, will be heard in a group of solo numbers.

The second concert will be given Tuesday afternoon, December 14th, when the "Concerto" in A major by Mozart and the "Sonata" by Cesar Franck will be the principal works given, and there will be numbers in smaller forms by Rust, Pugnani, Victor Herbert, and others. The transcription of "Carmin" by Saraste will be an attractive number on this programme.

Tickets will be ready Wednesday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Kohler & Chase's, and the Cort Theatre. Mail orders should be addressed to Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Maud Powell in Berkeley.

The second concert of the Berkeley Musical Association for the season will be given on Friday evening, December 10th, in Harmon Gymnasium, when Miss Maud Powell,

the violinist, will be heard, with Mr. Arthur Loesser at the piano. The concert will begin at 8:15 o'clock.

A gap in the series of great seals of England has recently been filled by discovery in a volume of Clarendon state papers at the Bodleian Library of an almost perfect impression of the great seal of King Charles II. The head has been broken off this specimen, a slight historical inaccuracy, but the legend is still in fine shape and boldly declares in Latin that Carlos II was King of Britain, France, and Ireland by the grace of God and defender of the faith.

A subterranean river in the Philippines is navigable by small boats for two and a half miles from its mouth, passing through several large, stalactite hung caverns.

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Manager, for prospectus, programmes, and full  
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## VANITY FAIR.

Miss Margaret Wilson, gifted daughter of a gifted President, seems to foreshadow the day when men will be deprived of the franchise unless they learn to exercise their political rights with greater intelligence. Her heart seems to have been hot within her as she reflected on the laxity with which men not only vote, but dress. Their behavior, she says, is disgraceful in both respects. She has been told—and we note the maidenly modesty with which she disclaims a direct knowledge upon a delicate topic—that when a man orders a suit of clothes he gets whatever the tailor tells him to wear. Now if a man is willing to be a serf and a slave upon matters of real importance such as dress how can we expect that he will show independence of judgment upon the relative unimportant of politics? Let the wretch be disfranchised until he learns to cultivate a sober demeanor toward the gravities of life, such as the new suit, and perhaps he may then be entrusted once more with the destinies of the country. Thus is hase man tracked to his lair, so to speak, by the eagle eye of Miss Wilson, and compelled to disclose the essential levities which are actually the mainspring of his life.

And there can be no doubt that he is guilty. We have been there and we know the things of which we speak. But how did Miss Wilson acquire this uncanny knowledge? Is it possible that she has suborned some traitorous tailor to betray the mysteries of his trade and to disclose the unseemly haste with which the average man embarks upon the choice of a new suit? Has she penetrated the secret that the aforesaid average man has not the least idea that there is any difference between one suit and another except in what may be called its basic architecture and the pattern of the cloth? He has an immense conviction that he must be inconspicuous and an unshakable certainty that he must have fourteen pockets, and the tailor knows all this at a glance. What more is there to worry about? With these simple matters once settled a suit is a suit, and it seems hard to say any more about it. If the tailor already has one's measurements the choice of a suit should occupy about three minutes. If the measurements must be taken the process will extend itself to ten minutes. Why dally?

The fine simplicity of the matter lies in the fact that the tailor knows instantly what kind of a suit you want by a single basilisk glance at the suit you have on. Now if you should prance into his shop without anything on at all, or chastely clothed in pajamas, or wrapped around in purity and the single standard, he would doubtless be perplexed for a time. He would have no basis, so to speak. But one does not do these things, and the fact that you are already wearing a suit is presumptive evidence that you want another one like it subject to those minute and imperceptible modifications that the experience of the tailor will suggest and that he will be wise enough to say nothing about. For no man ever consents knowingly to a change. Doubtless there are male freaks who are interested in novelties, but for the moment we are dealing with the plain, average, unre-

generate, impenitent double-standard male, and he would assuredly back away in horror at any suggestion of sartorial rearrangements. He wants nothing so much as to go on in his old sinful, unobserved way, wearing nothing that will make him distinctive from his fellow-malefactors. He yearns for sartorial oblivion.

But the tailor is not a tyrant, as Miss Wilson would seem to suggest. He is a friend and a diplomat. He does not set his heel arrogantly upon the necks of his captives. On the contrary he is a discerning and sympathetic friend who enters telepathically into the innermost mental recesses of his customer and so renders speech unnecessary.

Charlotte Cushman, at one time America's foremost tragedienne, has achieved the distinction of being the first member of the theatrical profession to be admitted to New York University's hall of fame. In addition to Miss Cushman the official list of those adjudged to be great follows: Francis Parkman, historian; Mark Hopkins, educator; Elias Howe, inventor of sewing machine; Joseph Henry, scientist; Rufus Choate, jurist; Daniel Boone, pioneer.

No carnivorous bird or quadruped in England will eat the flesh of a cat. The rule applies even to the carrion crow, which will devour dead dogs greedily.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

At a cattle show a fellow who was making himself conspicuous at last broke out: "Call these here prize cattle? Why, they aint nothing to what our folks raised. My father raised the biggest calf of any man round our parts." "Evidently," remarked a bystander, "and the noisiest."

An old Cheshire woman called to her lord and master: "Jabez! Will t' coom t' tha baggin?" "Baggin" in Cheshire means dinner. "What's use? Ah canna foind my old weskut." "Well, it's warm enough. Tha can eyt wi'out thi old weskut." "Nay; that Ah canna. Ah've left my false teeth i' t' pockets." "Then tha'll ha' to starve. Ah gave that weskut to t' ragman this morning?"

The old black cook of a Southern family was horrified to find that one of the young negroes, employed as a helper in the kitchen, had been caught stealing. "I don't believe in stealin'," said Aunt Emmy. "I don't never take nothin'—cept it's somethin' to eat—or somethin' to wear—or somethin' what I thinks the missus don't want—or somethin' de ole boss is got too blind to miss."

A professor in an educational institution of this city was examining some students in hygienic science. "The great city agglomerations vitiate the atmosphere," he said. "Morbiferous germs, escaping from inhabited interiors, contaminate the air round about. In the country, however, the atmosphere remains pure. Why is that, Jones?" "Because," said Jones, "the people in the country never open their windows."

There had been a railway collision near a country town in Virginia, and a shrewd lawyer had hurried from Richmond to the scene of the disaster. He noticed an old colored man with a badly injured head, and hurried up to him where he lay moaning on the ground. "How about damages?" began the lawyer. But the sufferer waved him off. "G'way, boss, g'way," he said. "I never hit de train. Yo' can't git no damages outen me."

The secretary of the New York Prison Association tells of the answer a thief gave to the question, "Is honesty the best policy?" It was in the Elmira Reformatory, where a class was undergoing instruction. A young man asked permission to answer the question. "I believe honesty is the best policy," said he, "because of a case where I knew it to work that way. See? There was two young fellows in New York and they was crooked, see? and they didn't succeed. They went to Philadelphia, and they turned over a new leaf and agreed to be square and honest. They opened a clothing store, see? And they prospered. They got everybody's confidence, and they borrowed one hundred thousand dollars to enlarge their business, and then they failed and got away with every cent of the money, which they never could have done if they hadn't been honest. See?"

Many instances have been quoted of the ingenuity of the schoolboy and the college man in answering examination questions in foreign languages, but seldom has a hard-pressed undergraduate displayed the inventive genius shown by Henry W. Savage when his knowledge of French was put to the test in a Parisian café some years ago. According to George Ade, who was with him at the time, Savage prides himself on his French. He had just succeeded by dint of the most intense sort of concentration in ordering those copper-colored oysters known to the habitués of Paris as being among the oldest inhabitants. Then, flushed with victory, he rashly decided to follow up his success by ordering some horseradish. The French word for "horseradish" had completely escaped his memory. Nothing daunted, he became at once logical and ingenious. "Horse is *cheval*," said he to Ade, "and red is *rouge* all right, but I'm damned if I can remember the French word for 'fish.'"

Years ago Senator Fry visited Spokane, which was then in the heyday of its boom life. He was royally entertained by a patriarchal old fellow who seemed to be somewhat more of a boomer than many of the ardent ones gathered there. He looked like a deacon, wore long whiskers, and was reputed to be immensely wealthy. In speaking of the visit, the senator said: "One of the objects which attracted my attention was a very long building—a tremendous affair, one of the longest buildings I had ever seen. 'How many gambling games do you suppose there are in that building?' asked my friend and guide. 'Give it up,' said I. 'Thirty-nine of 'em,' he replied in triumph. 'Gracious!' said I, 'and how many bars?' 'Thirty-nine,' 'Now, look here, my friend,' I said, 'you must destroy that thing or it will destroy

you.' 'What do you mean?' he demanded. 'I mean that you ought to drive it out of town.' 'Good God, senator,' said he, 'if we lose it, Tacoma'll get it!'

DELINQUENT SALE NOTICE.

THE LUTHER BURBANK COMPANY  
Location of Principal Place of Business,  
San Francisco, California.

Notice—There is delinquent upon the following described stock on account of assessment levied on the 15th day of September, 1915, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective stockholders, as follows:

| Name.                      | No. of Certificate. | No. of Shares. | Amount. |
|----------------------------|---------------------|----------------|---------|
| G. L. Ayers.....           | 513                 | 87             | \$87.00 |
| Geo. O. Barnes.....        | 121                 | 25             | 25.00   |
| Geo. O. Barnes.....        | 122                 | 15             | 15.00   |
| Miss C. L. Bell.....       | 520                 | 200            | 200.00  |
| W. S. Bliss.....           | 466                 | 222            | 222.00  |
| Howard Brush.....          | 453                 | 8              | 8.00    |
| F. M. Cerini.....          | 128                 | 20             | 4.00    |
| F. M. Cerini.....          | 160                 | 4              | 2.00    |
| F. M. Cerini.....          | 317                 | 2              | 2.00    |
| F. M. Cerini.....          | 357                 | 26             | 26.00   |
| Jesse N. Cole.....         | 491                 | 50             | 50.00   |
| Jesse N. Cole.....         | 492                 | 50             | 50.00   |
| Jesse N. Cole.....         | 493                 | 50             | 50.00   |
| Jesse N. Cole.....         | 494                 | 50             | 50.00   |
| Jesse N. Cole.....         | 495                 | 50             | 50.00   |
| Jesse N. Cole.....         | 496                 | 50             | 50.00   |
| Jesse N. Cole.....         | 497                 | 30             | 30.00   |
| Jesse N. Cole.....         | 511                 | 17             | 17.00   |
| Jesse N. Cole.....         | 512                 | 13             | 13.00   |
| J. Y. Eccleston.....       | 134                 | 20             | 20.00   |
| J. Y. Eccleston.....       | 338                 | 24             | 24.00   |
| J. Y. Eccleston.....       | 377                 | 364            | 364.00  |
| J. Y. Eccleston.....       | 464                 | 100            | 100.00  |
| Miss L. C. Haycroft.....   | 463                 | 418            | 418.00  |
| I. W. Hellman, Jr.....     | 420                 | 100            | 100.00  |
| I. W. Hellman, Jr.....     | 421                 | 100            | 100.00  |
| I. W. Hellman, Jr.....     | 422                 | 100            | 100.00  |
| I. W. Hellman, Jr.....     | 423                 | 100            | 100.00  |
| I. W. Hellman, Jr.....     | 424                 | 72             | 72.00   |
| R. J. Hough.....           | 98                  | 10             | 10.00   |
| R. J. Hough.....           | 145                 | 50             | 50.00   |
| R. J. Hough.....           | 187                 | 50             | 50.00   |
| R. J. Hough.....           | 189                 | 100            | 100.00  |
| R. J. Hough.....           | 192                 | 1              | 1.00    |
| R. J. Hough.....           | 254                 | 100            | 100.00  |
| R. J. Hough.....           | 255                 | 100            | 100.00  |
| R. J. Hough.....           | 484                 | 240            | 240.00  |
| R. J. Hough.....           | 489                 | 100            | 100.00  |
| W. J. Hough.....           | 518                 | 100            | 100.00  |
| W. J. Hough.....           | 519                 | 480            | 480.00  |
| Jesse I. Jewell.....       | 110                 | 40             | 8.00    |
| Jesse I. Jewell.....       | 212                 | 8              | 40.00   |
| Jesse I. Jewell.....       | 275                 | 40             | 6.00    |
| Jesse I. Jewell.....       | 303                 | 6              | 94.00   |
| Jesse I. Jewell.....       | 371                 | 20             | 20.00   |
| Emily L. Lackey.....       | 163                 | 4              | 4.00    |
| Emily L. Lackey.....       | 164                 | 2              | 2.00    |
| Emily L. Lackey.....       | 310                 | 26             | 26.00   |
| Emily L. Lackey.....       | 386                 | 8              | 8.00    |
| Ida M. Lackey.....         | 262                 | 1              | 1.00    |
| Ida M. Lackey.....         | 311                 | 9              | 9.00    |
| Ida M. Lackey.....         | 403                 | 10             | 10.00   |
| Mason McDuffie Co.....     | 501                 | 20             | 20.00   |
| Mason McDuffie Co.....     | 502                 | 4              | 5.00    |
| Mrs. Leota M. Nagle.....   | 451                 | 5              | 20.00   |
| Mrs. Anita Nathansen.....  | 487                 | 3              | 3.00    |
| J. C. Nathansen.....       | 445                 | 60             | 60.00   |
| J. C. Nathansen.....       | 488                 | 4              | 4.00    |
| Mrs. L. N. Ostwald.....    | 422                 | 64             | 64.00   |
| Mrs. L. N. Ostwald.....    | 400                 | 6              | 6.00    |
| L. Peterson.....           | 503                 | 8              | 8.00    |
| L. Peterson.....           | 505                 | 5              | 7.00    |
| T. J. Proctor.....         | 193                 | 10             | 10.00   |
| T. J. Proctor.....         | 395                 | 20             | 20.00   |
| Arthur E. Reynolds.....    | 427                 | 1              | 1.00    |
| Elizabeth F. Reynolds..... | 233                 | 21             | 21.00   |
| Elizabeth F. Reynolds..... | 319                 | 10             | 10.00   |
| Elizabeth F. Reynolds..... | 399                 | 100            | 100.00  |
| Elizabeth F. Reynolds..... | 477                 | 100            | 100.00  |
| J. F. Reynolds.....        | 185                 | 33             | 33.00   |
| J. F. Reynolds.....        | 429                 | 10             | 10.00   |
| V. Reynolds.....           | 331                 | 3              | 3.00    |
| V. Reynolds.....           | 285                 | 46             | 46.00   |
| V. Reynolds.....           | 334                 | 40             | 40.00   |
| V. Reynolds.....           | 398                 | 8              | 8.00    |
| J. Hood Smith.....         | 94                  | 3              | 3.00    |
| J. Hood Smith.....         | 126                 | 51             | 51.00   |
| J. Hood Smith.....         | 327                 | 100            | 100.00  |
| J. Hood Smith.....         | 364                 | 600            | 600.00  |
| W. Garner Smith.....       | 141                 | 200            | 200.00  |
| W. Garner Smith.....       | 196                 | 500            | 500.00  |
| W. Garner Smith.....       | 199                 | 512            | 512.00  |
| W. Garner Smith.....       | 524                 |                |         |
| W. Garner Smith.....       | 525                 |                |         |

And in accordance with law and an order of the Board of Directors, made on the 15th day of September, 1915, so many shares of each parcel of stock as may be necessary will be sold at public auction at the office of the Company in the north-east corner room on the second floor of the Burbank Building, which is located at the southwest corner of Market and Beale Streets, San Francisco, California, on the 8th day of November, 1915, at ten o'clock a. m., to pay said delinquent assessments thereon, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

I. M. BRAYER,  
Assistant Secretary and Acting Secretary of The Luther Burbank Company.  
Office of the Company, Burbank Building, Market and Beale Streets, San Francisco, California.

NOTICE OF POSTPONEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that by order of the directors of The Luther Burbank Company the time of the delinquent sale of stock of said Company, under Assessment levied September 15, 1915, has been extended to November 22d, 1915; and said sale will be held on said last-named day at 10 o'clock a. m. in the northeast corner room on the second floor of the Burbank Building, south-east corner of Market and Beale Streets, San Francisco, California.

I. M. BRAYER,  
Assistant and Acting Secretary of The Luther Burbank Company.  
Dated November 8th, 1915.

NOTICE OF POSTPONEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that by order of the directors of The Luther Burbank Company, the time of the delinquent sale of stock of said Company, under assessment levied September 15, 1915, has been extended to December 7, 1915; and said sale will be held on said last-named day at 10 o'clock a. m. in the northeast corner room on the second floor of the Burbank Building, south-east corner of Market and Beale Streets, San Francisco, California.

Dated November 17th, 1915.  
I. M. BRAYER,  
Assistant and Acting Secretary of The Luther Burbank Company.



THE ANGLO AND LONDON PARIS NATIONAL BANK  
Of San Francisco

Paid-Up Capital.....\$ 4,000,000.00  
Surplus and Undivided Profits.....1,889,544.24  
Total Resources.....46,182,816.88

OFFICERS:  
SIO. GREENBAUM.....Chairman of the Board  
HERBERT FLEISHACKER.....President  
WASHINGTON DODGE.....Vice-President  
J. FRIEDLANDER.....Vice-President  
C. F. HUNT.....Vice-President  
C. R. PARKER.....Cashier  
WM. H. HIGG, Assistant Cashier G. R. BURDICK, Assistant Cashier  
H. CHOYNSKI, Assistant Cashier G. F. HERR, Assistant Cashier  
J. W. LILIENTHAL, Jr., Assistant Cashier  
A. L. LANGERMAN, Secretary



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Savings Incorporated 1868 Commercial  
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Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco  
The following Branches for Receipt and Pay-  
ment of Deposits only:  
Mission Branch, S. E. Corner Mission and 21st Streets  
Richmond District Branch, S. W. Cor. Clement and 7th Ave.  
Haight Street Branch, S. W. Cor. Haight and Belvedere.  
JUNE 30th, 1915:  
Assets.....\$60,321,343.04  
Deposits.....57,362,899.35  
Capital actually paid up in cash.....1,000,000.00  
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....1,958,443.69  
Employees' Pension Fund.....199,164.12  
Number of Depositors.....66,965  
For the 6 months ending June 30th, 1915, a  
dividend to depositors of 4 per cent per annum  
was declared. Open Saturday Evenings 6 to 8.

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ESTABLISHED 1858  
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YIELDING FROM  
4 1/2% to 7%  
DETAILED INFORMATION UPON REQUEST  
INQUIRIES INVITED  
410 Montgomery St. - S. F., Cal.

Notice of Hearing of Application for Voluntary Dis-  
solution of Corporation

In the Superior Court of the State of California,  
in and for the City and County of San Fran-  
cisco.—No. 69,719.  
In the Matter of the Application of HORN &  
CO., HANFORD BRANCH, for its voluntary dis-  
solution.

Notice is hereby given that the application of  
HORN & CO., HANFORD BRANCH, a corpora-  
tion organized and existing under the laws of the  
State of California, praying for the voluntary dis-  
solution of said corporation, has been filed in the  
above-entitled court and will be heard on the 21st  
day of December, 1915, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the  
Court Room of Department 3 of said Superior  
Court, in the Temporary City Hall, No. 1231  
Market Street, San Francisco, California.  
Dated November 15th, 1915.  
(Superior Court Seal)

HARRY I. MULCREVY,  
County Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH,  
Deputy Clerk.

In the Superior Court of the State of California,  
in and for the City and County of San Fran-  
cisco.—No. 69,720.

In the Matter of the Application of HORN &  
CO., SAN JOSE BRANCH, for its voluntary dis-  
solution.

Notice is hereby given that the application of  
HORN & CO., SAN JOSE BRANCH, a corpora-  
tion organized and existing under the laws of the  
State of California, praying for the voluntary dis-  
solution of said corporation, has been filed in the  
above-entitled court and will be heard on the 21st  
day of December, 1915, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the  
Court Room of Department 3 of said Superior  
Court, in the Temporary City Hall, No. 1231  
Market Street, San Francisco, California.  
Dated November 15th, 1915.  
(Superior Court Seal)

HARRY I. MULCREVY,  
County Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH,  
Deputy Clerk.

In the Superior Court of the State of California,  
in and for the City and County of San Fran-  
cisco.—No. 69,721.

In the Matter of the Application of HORN &  
CO., BAKERSFIELD BRANCH, for its volun-  
tary dissolution.

Notice is hereby given that the application of  
HORN & CO., BAKERSFIELD BRANCH, a corpora-  
tion organized and existing under the laws of the  
State of California, praying for the voluntary dis-  
solution of said corporation, has been filed in the  
above-entitled court and will be heard on the 21st  
day of December, 1915, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the  
Court Room of Department 3 of said Superior  
Court, in the Temporary City Hall, No. 1231  
Market Street, San Francisco, California.  
Dated November 15th, 1915.  
(Superior Court Seal)

HARRY I. MULCREVY,  
County Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH,  
Deputy Clerk.



PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. H. Van Dyke Johns have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Lucille Johns, to Mr. Charles Warren Hunt, Jr. Mr. Hunt is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Warren Hunt of New York. No date has yet been set for the wedding.

The wedding of Mrs. Ruth Merrill Hammond and Mr. William Devereux took place Wednesday afternoon at the home in Menlo Park of the bride's mother, Mrs. John F. Merrill. Mrs. Harry Sears Bates and Mr. W. B. Devereux, Jr., were the only attendants. Mr. and Mrs. Devereux will reside in Calaveras County.

The wedding of Mrs. Mahel Cluff Wilson and Mr. Arthur Miles took place Sunday afternoon in New York. The bride is the daughter of Mrs. William Cluff of Menlo Park. Mr. and Mrs. Miles will reside in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis entertained a number of friends Sunday evening at a dinner at their home in Burlingame. The affair was to celebrate the first anniversary of their wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Emery Winslow will be the complimented guests this evening at a dinner to be given by Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch at the New York State building.

Mrs. Clara L. Darling was hostess Saturday afternoon at a tea at the Century Club. The affair was in honor of Judge William Bailey Lamar and Mrs. Lamar.

Miss Elizabeth Hemsley gave a luncheon at the Maryland building Saturday, when a dozen friends enjoyed her hospitality.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller entertained a number of friends Friday evening at a dinner at their home on California Street.

Mrs. Haskett Derby was hostess recently at a luncheon at her home on Gough Street. The affair was in honor of Mrs. George Sealey and Mrs. J. G. Goldthwaite of Texas.

Miss Nanette Randolph Heth gave a tea at the Virginia building Tuesday afternoon, when a score of friends enjoyed her hospitality.

Mrs. George Pillsbury was the complimented guest Tuesday at a luncheon given by Mrs. Harrison Diblee at the Francisco Club.

Mr. Alfred Holmes was host Monday evening at a dinner-dance at the Palace Hotel in honor of Miss Marian Baker.

Miss Julia Van Fleet entertained a coterie of friends Friday at a luncheon at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Joseph E. Crockett was hostess Friday at a luncheon at her home in Burlingame.

Miss Beatrice Nickel has issued invitations to a dinner Friday evening, December 10th, at her home on Laguna Street.

Miss Elena Eyre gave a luncheon at her home on Gough Street Tuesday, when a dozen friends enjoyed her hospitality.

Mrs. David Dubose Gaillard was the complimented guest Monday evening at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Gaillard Stoney at their home on Jackson Street.

Mrs. Alfred Sutro was hostess Tuesday afternoon at a tea at her home on Jackson Street.

Mrs. Fannie Crocker McCreary gave a luncheon at the Francisco Club Tuesday, when a coterie of friends enjoyed her hospitality.

Miss Evelyn Waller entertained a number of friends Wednesday afternoon at a tea at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Felton were host and hostess Wednesday afternoon at a tea at their home on Pacific Avenue. The affair was in honor of Major George Pillsbury, U. S. A., and Mrs. Pillsbury.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Bernstrom were the guests of honor Tuesday evening at a dinner

given by Captain William Matson and Mrs. Matson at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Earl Shipp gave a tea at her home on Sixth Avenue Friday afternoon, when a score of friends enjoyed her hospitality.

Mr. and Mrs. Haig Patigian entertained a number of friends Thursday afternoon at a tea at their home on Francisco Street.

Mrs. Porter Ashe was hostess Monday afternoon at a tea in honor of Miss Marguerite Amoss, whose engagement to Mr. Loyal McLaren has recently been announced.

Mr. and Mrs. Neville Castle gave a dinner Thursday evening at their home on Jackson Street. The affair was in honor of Judge William Bailey Lamar and Mrs. Lamar.

Mrs. Ira Pierce entertained a number of friends Thursday evening at a dinner at her home on Jackson Street.

Mrs. Langdon Erving of Santa Barbara was the complimented guest Tuesday evening at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden at their home in Burlingame.

Governor John A. Dix and Mrs. Dix were the guests of honor Monday evening at a dinner given by the New York commission at the New York State building.

Mrs. William G. Irwin was hostess Saturday at a luncheon at her home on Washington Street.

Miss Harriett Alexander entertained a number of friends Monday evening at a dance at the Club de Vingt on Pine Street.

Admiral Winslow, U. S. N., was the guest of honor Wednesday at a luncheon given by the directors of the Exposition at the California building.

Rear-Admiral William F. Fullam, U. S. N., and Mrs. Fullam entertained a number of friends Tuesday at a luncheon on board the U. S. S. South Dakota.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels arrived Tuesday from New York, where they have been spending the past month. Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Jackling will remain East a few weeks longer, returning in time for Christmas.

Mrs. Christian de Guigné have returned from Honolulu after an absence of six weeks. Mr. and Mrs. de Guigné are settled for the winter in San Mateo, where they have rented the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis P. Hobart.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Kelham have gone East for a month's visit.

Mrs. Frederick W. Sharon, who went East several months ago, has decided not to go to England, where she expected to visit her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Ferner-Hesketh. She is planning to return shortly to this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard and Mrs. Stetson Wallace will depart Monday for New York, where they will spend the holidays. They will be joined in New York by Mrs. Wallace's daughter, Miss Marie Louise Winslow, who is attending an Eastern school.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Scömidt and Mr. Frederick Thompson are en route to Palmettos Verdis, an island off the western coast of Lower California, which is being colonized by a number of San Franciscans, among whom are Mr. and Mrs. Bush Fennell and their son, Mr. Philip Fennell, who left here a few weeks ago. Mrs. Thompson and her children will depart on a later steamer.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch, Jr., and their two little daughters, and Mrs. Welch's brother, Mr. J. Vincent de Laveaga, have returned from a three months' visit in the East with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Welch in New York and Lieutenant-Commander James Raby, U. S. N., and Mrs. Raby at Annapolis. Mrs. Raby is a sister of the late Mrs. de Laveaga.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark G. Gerstle and their daughter, Miss Louise Gerstle, will depart this

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month for New York, where they will be joined by their son, Mr. Mark Gerstle, Jr., who is a student at Harvard University. They will spend the holidays in New York.

Mrs. Adolph Karpen will sail next week for Honolulu.

Miss Edith Bull has returned from Salt Lake City and has joined her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Covington Pringle, in Woodside.

Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Van Ness will spend the winter in Miramar, where it is hoped the mild climate will benefit the health of Mr. Van Ness.

Mr. and Mrs. James Lees Laidlaw of Virginia have been spending the past week visiting the Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Emery Winslow and their children and Miss Margaret Casey have returned from Macon, Georgia, after a year's absence, and are occupying apartments at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. Virginia K. Maddox and her son, Mr. Knox Maddox, spent the Thanksgiving holidays in Monterey.

Miss Ruth Boettcher has returned to her home in Denver after a visit of several months in this city.

Major and Mrs. Philip Wales of Menlo Park have come to town to spend the winter and are settled in an apartment on Vallejo Street.

Miss Genevieve Bothin has returned from Montecito, where she has been spending the past two weeks with her father, Mr. H. E. Bothin. Miss Leslie Miller, who went with Miss Bothin, came home to attend the ball given by Mrs. John Hays Hammond.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Zehnder and their daughter, Miss Elmira Zehnder, of New York, have been enjoying the last week of the Exposition.

Mrs. David Dubose Gaillard is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Gaillard Stoney at their home on Jackson Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Davis Pillsbury have returned from Monterey, where they spent the Thanksgiving holidays.

Mrs. Langdon Erving has recently been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Breeden at their home in Burlingame. Mrs. Erving will be remembered as Miss Alice Rutherford.

Mrs. Fletcher Ryer and her daughter, Miss Doris Ryer, arrived Monday from New York and will be at the Fairmont Hotel during a few weeks' visit.

Mr. Frank Hitchcock, former Postmaster-General, departed Monday for Seattle en route East. Mr. Hitchcock came to this city to visit the Exposition.

Mr. Thompson Alexander has returned to his home in Washington after a visit of three months in this city and Chico.

Mr. and Mrs. Algernon Gibson returned from their honeymoon, which was spent at Mt. Madonna, and remained with Mrs. Gibson's mother, Mrs. Wallace, until after Thanksgiving, when they departed for their future home at Oxnard.

Judge Arthur A. Wilder arrived on the *Matsonia* and spent a few days here before departing for Washington.

Mrs. George Whittell has gone to New York to join Mr. Whittell for the holidays. She was accompanied by her niece, Miss Genevieve Cunningham, who will probably return with her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Donohoe, Jr., who went East on their wedding trip.

Miss Florence Bandmann and Miss Edith Kynnersley will leave soon for a visit to Honolulu. Judge W. B. Lamar, Mrs. Lamar, and their niece, Miss Sarah Lamar, will depart Monday for the East.

Lieutenant-Commander Clark H. Woodward, U. S. N., will depart December 10th for New York. During the Exposition he has been naval attaché and has recently been ordered East, where he will be attached to the U. S. S. *New York*.

Mrs. Cameron McRae Winslow, wife of Admiral Winslow, will arrive soon from New York with her children and will remain here indefinitely.

nitely. They will be joined here by Admiral Winslow, who left recently in his flagship, the U. S. S. *San Diego*, for Mexico.

Lieutenant C. Stockman Bendel and his bride, who was formerly Miss Hazel Holm, have departed for the Mexican border, where Lieutenant Bendel is stationed.

Captain H. A. Hickok, U. S. A., and Mrs. Hickok have arrived in this city from Manila and are guests at the Stewart Hotel.

Catherine Purroy Dillon.

On Tuesday last a devoted friend of Kate Dillon lingered by her grave to spread there on a mantle of fragrance.

"Kate loved all things beautiful," she said, "and lived so beautifully for all she loved."

To me, who have known Kate Dillon since first I can remember kindness, no more wonderful good-night could have been said or ever will be sung.

Kate Dillon led a life of rare and deep devotion—led it kindly by the hand, as one who knew just where the paths of needed sympathy lay chill and hidden from the sun.

Her crown of accomplishments contained no finer jewels than her desire to relieve and her ability to do and to cheer.

"Kate Dillon loved all things beautiful and lived so beautifully for all she loved."

DECEMBER 1, 1915. L. W. H.

Benefit for Children's Hospital.

On Tuesday afternoon, December 7th, a *té dansant* for the benefit of the Children's Hospital will be given at the St. Francis Hotel. Mr. Adolfo Stahl has very generously donated the services of the Marimha band, which it is thought will be a novel attraction at the afternoon's entertainment. A charge of \$5 will be made for reserved tables, and admission has been placed at \$1.50, which includes tea. The proceeds are to be used in supplying the hospital with a much-needed new X-Ray equipment.

American plays are coming into such favor in Denmark that the manager of one of the Copenhagen theatres has announced his intention of devoting a whole season to American drama, with the exception of a few English plays. The popularity of the American plays is attested by a number of other theatres, and as for the American moving-picture productions, these are being shown in hundreds of Danish amusement houses.

Newfoundland was bought by Great Britain for the equivalent of \$50.

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

Articles of incorporation of the Great Western Power Company have been filed with the county clerk. It is a \$50,000,000 corporation. This new corporation, it is understood, will ultimately take over the assets of the Great Western Power Company, a \$27,500,000 corporation, which is controlled by the Western Power Company, a New Jersey corporation of which Mortimer Fleishacker of this city is the president.

Roy Carruthers has been appointed manager of the Palace Hotel Company, which operates the Palace and Fairmont hotels. He succeeds Obidiah Rich, who resigned, after more than thirty years' connection with the Palace. Until his appointment Mr. Carruthers was assistant manager.

The Pacific Gas and Electric Company has secured all the public utility enterprises of the Oro Electric Corporation. The property secured comprises about 2000 acres of dam site and reservoir site at Belden, Plumas County, two small plants on the west branch of the Feather River of a combined capacity of 3000 horsepower, and the distributing system in the neighborhood of Stockton.

William Simpson Lyle, a pioneer of 1852, died on Friday of last week at his home on Stanyan Street. He came to California from Maine. He is survived by his widow, two sons, and a married daughter.

By a vote of nine to eight the board of supervisors, on Monday night, upheld Mayor Rolph's veto of the resolution calling for the sale of Hetch Hetchy bonds. Fourteen votes were necessary to override the mayor's decision.

Federal officials arrested C. C. Crowley of this city on Friday of last week, on the charge of conspiring to destroy ships bearing munitions of war to the Allies. Crowley is a former railroad detective, and is suspected of complicity in the bomb plots against munition shippers from Pacific ports to Vladivostok. Franz Bopp, imperial German consul in this city, stated that while Crowley had been in the employ of the consulate for several months, his operations had been strictly law-

ful. United States Attorney Preston stated that Crowley had partly confessed to the charges that he conspired to destroy the ships of the Allies. Preston expressed his belief that he could convict Crowley.

On Friday evening of last week an automobile driven by Professor Clark of Palo Alto ran down and mortally injured at San Mateo Miss Kate Dillon, long and intimately associated with the Chesebrough family. Professor Clark carried Miss Dillon to the San Mateo Hospital, where she died a few hours later without regaining consciousness.

In the dry bed of a little creek at Pleasanton, Frederick S. Stratton, for thirteen years collector of the port of San Francisco, ended his life by a pistol shot last Tuesday evening. For several months he had been recuperating at the Livermore Sanitarium, and his mental condition had seemingly improved. Frederick S. Stratton was born in San Francisco in 1859. He was a graduate of the University of California and was admitted to the bar after studying at Hastings Law College. For a time he practiced with Judge W. W. Morrow, and then became senior member of the law firm of Stratton, Kaufman & Torchiana. He served two terms in the state senate.

A luncheon was given at the Fairmont Hotel on Tuesday in honor of C. Vassardarkis, commissioner-general to the Exposition from Greece. Judge William B. Lamar proposed a toast to the King of Greece and Commissioner Vassardarkis responded to one in honor of President Wilson.

The biggest and most successful target practice season in the history of the fortifications of San Francisco Bay ended on Tuesday with the final mine practice of the Fifty-Seventh Company, Coast Artillery Corps, Captain Charles A. Clark, off the Exposition grounds. The big guns off Fort Winfield Scott will be silent until late next spring, when the Coast Artillery Corps, N. G. C., will have its practice.

Behind closed doors at Angel Island on Tuesday the Federal investigation into the *Mongolia* Chinese smuggling case was begun by John B. Densmore, Assistant Secretary of Labor; H. R. Sisson, head of the Chinese bureau in New York, and James Hughes, assistant immigration commissioner at Philadelphia.

NOTES OF THE EXPOSITION.

The France and Belgium Day programme was rendered last Saturday in front of the French pavilion, under the auspices of the "Friends of France." William H. Crocker presided as chairman. Addresses were made by W. B. Bourn, C. C. Moore, Professor Charles Mills Gayley, Bruce Porter, and Commissioners Drion and Tirman of Belgium and France respectively. Each of the commissioners planted a tree on the lawn in front of the pavilion.

During the Exposition California has been awarded 503 prizes for horticultural and agricultural products. There were eleven grand prizes, forty-eight medals of honor, ninety gold medals, 117 silver medals, ninety-five bronze medals, and 142 honorable mentions.

Most of the foreign buildings at the Exposition will be wrecked as soon as the exhibits are repacked and shipped. The Cuban pavilion has been presented by the Cuban commission to the War Department to be used as a club for enlisted men or for barracks.

Honduras celebrated in a fitting manner last Wednesday. Dr. Timoto Miralda, acting for President Alberto Membrano, planted a tree, the last to be admitted to the Federal grove on the grounds.

Considerably more than 18,000 visitors have taken trips into near-by counties during the Exposition period at the direction of the Tourist Association, according to a report

sent by the association to members in the counties included in the work of the body. Over 125,000 persons have received booklets, says the report.

"Dodo," the prize-winning long-haired goat at the sheep, goat, and swine show, has been sold for \$300 and has been shipped to his new home in Arizona. His hair, clipped before the sale, has been sold for \$445.

In token of appreciation of the part taken by the United States army and navy in Exposition festivities, Exposition officials were hosts to 2000 of Uncle Sam's defenders last Sunday noon at a barbecue held in the 101 Ranch on the Zone. Presidio cavalrymen and infantrymen, men of the Coast Artillery, sailors from the *Oregon*, *South Dakota*, and *Milwaukee* and naval apprentices from Yerba Buena Island took part in the feast.

Young Artists Exhibit.

An exhibition of paintings, drawings, and etchings by the Young Artists of California will be open to the public at 220 Post Street, in the Keith Studios, from December 10th to the 20th. This collection represents the newest development of Western art. It is the first of a series of exhibits to be held during the coming year and deserves the support of the art-loving public. The movement is recognized and supported by a number of well-known artists, including Robert Harshe, Edgar Walter, Charles Dickman, and Frank Van Sloan.

Benefit for Italian Widows and Orphans.

Next Friday evening at 8:15 o'clock the benefit concert for the widows and orphans of Italian soldiers killed on the battlefields of Europe will be given in Knights of Columbus Hall. The attendance promises to be large. The programme is of a high order of merit and will be participated in by the Minetti Orchestra of sixty-five talented musicians, Mica. Bernice Pasquali, operatic prima donna soprano, Miss Dorothy Pasmore, cellist, and Mr. Charles Bulotti, tenor. Mme. Pasquali, who was long at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, has a voice fresh and unimpaired, full of power and rare sweetness. She has chosen several songs for the evening that are well calculated to show her vocalism at its best.

The San Francisco Symphony Orchestra.

Under the direction of Alfred Hertz rehearsals are in progress at the Cort Theatre for the fifth season of symphony concerts to be given by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra.

Ten pairs of symphony concerts will be given and exactly the same programme as given on Friday afternoon will be repeated at the Sunday afternoon concerts.

The first programme of December 17th will include:

Overture, Leonore, No. 3.....Beethoven  
Symphony, No. 2, op. 73, D major.....Brahms  
Eine Faust Overture.....Wagner  
Le Carnaval Romain.....Berlioz

The season ticket sale will continue at the office of the manager, Frank W. Healy, 711-712 Head building, 209 Post Street, until December 11th. Many desirable seats are to be had.

The sale of single seats will commence at the box-offices of the Cort Theatre, Sherman, Clay & Co., and Kohler & Chase on December 13th.

New Western Pacific Timetable.

Commencing with next Sunday, December 5th, the new Western Pacific timetable will go into effect. The Scenic Limited for Salt Lake City, Denver, Chicago, Kansas City, and St. Louis will leave San Francisco at 9:15 in the morning, and is due to arrive here at 6:30 in the evening. The Pacific Express for Feather River Cañon points and Salt Lake City will leave at 8:15 in the evening. It will arrive in this city at 8 in the morning.

For fully five centuries before Christ cotton spinning and weaving were more or less general in India. Eighteen centuries after Herodotus wrote of it, though as "a wool of a finer and better quality than that of sheep," it reached Italy. In England, where the mills have reached enormous proportions, practically 40,000 people were engaged in cotton spinning as far back as 1760.

The National Geographic Board is the only organization which has the right to change the name of a town, river, or mountain, but the Postoffice Department reserves the right to change the name of a postoffice.

French military estimates show that about 25,000,000 horsepower is developed in the explosion of a charge from one of the biggest cannon now in use.

"It Pays to Advertise" will shortly be seen at the Columbia Theatre, coming here from a notable New York run. It is a comedy with a very novel plot.

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Hard to get along with, isn't he?" "Oh, yes. He is as quarrelsome as a pacifist."—*Kansas City Star*.

He—Did you tell Bones I had a head like a tack? She—No, I said you were a man of great penetration.—*Lampoon*.

"I notice you haven't quite got your sea legs yet, madam." "Well, you wouldn't notice it if it wasn't for the wind."—*Jack-o'-Lantern*.

He (as the team goes by)—Look! There goes Ruggles, the halfback. He'll soon be our best man. She—Ob, Jack! This is so sudden.—*Harvard Lampoon*.

She—Do you remember that you once proposed to me and that I refused you? He—Yes, that is one of my life's most beautiful memories.—*Buffalo Courier*.

"Do you know the nature of an oath, madame?" "Well, I ought to, sir. We've just moved and my husband has been laying the carpets."—*Topeka Journal*.

"So your son's in college, eh? Burning the midnight oil, I s'pose?" "Well—er—yes; but I've an idea—er—that it's gasoline."—*St. Patrick's Monthly Calendar*.

Hub—Well, it takes two to make a quarrel, so I'll shut up. Wife—That's just like a contemptible man. You'll sit there and think mean things.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

"Yes," said Mrs. Twickenbury, "they were very careful about that infectious membranous croup. They had anecdotes hanging up all over the house."—*Baltimore Sun*.

Count—I can't live without you, Miss Monne. Miss Monne—Don't you mean, count, that you can not live as you'd like to without me?—*Philadelphia Evening Ledger*.

"Did that alienist prove that you were crazy?" "No," replied the defendant; "but he admitted that he was nearly so before the lawyer got through with him."—*Dallas News*.

Irate Individual (hit by golf ball)—Hey! This will cost you \$10! Golfer—Didn't you hear me say "Fore"? Irate Individual—Well, we'll call it four then, spot cash.—*Yale Record*.

"A good name is more to be desired than great riches," quoted the Parlor Philosopher. "Still," mused the Mere Man, "great riches will keep a fellow out of jail more successfully."—*Life*.

Burroughs—I know a man who looks so much like you that one could hardly tell you apart. Lenders—You haven't paid him that fiver I lent you three months ago, have you?—*Boston Transcript*.

"Say," said the man as he entered the clothing store. "I bought this suit here less than two weeks ago, and it is rusty looking already." "Well," replied the clothing dealer, "I guaranteed it to wear like iron, didn't I?"—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Engaged to four girls at once?" exclaimed the horrified uncle. "How do you explain such shameless conduct?" "I don't know," said the graceless nephew. "I guess Cupid must have shot me with a machine gun."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

"Uncle Mose, your first wife tells me that you are three months behind with your alimony." "Yes, jedge, Ah reckon dat am so. But yo' see it's jes' dis way. Dat second wife of mine aint turned out t' be the worker that Ah thought she was gwine t' be."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Politics isn't what it used to be," remarked Senator Sorghum. "Doesn't the crowd listen to you?" "Yes. They used to be satisfied to shake hands and listen to a brass band. Now they pay so much attention to my remarks that I've got to be careful what I say."—*Washington Star*.

"Will you have my seat?" he inquired politely. "On the ground that I am aged and decrepit?" the woman asked. "No, indeed, madam." "That I am young and beautiful and possibly not averse to a flirtation?" "Certainly not. That is—" "Then it must be because you are a gentleman, in this respect differing from the fat person on the

left and the scrawny specimen at the right. I am glad to learn your principles, sir, but here is my street. Good-day."—*Boston Transcript*.

"Well, what can I do for you, Sam?" asked Jones as the colored waiter who usually served him at the restaurant entered his office. "I got a chance to change my p'sition, boss. Kin yo' say a good word fo' me? Say I'se hones' an' sich?" "I know, of course, tbat you're a good waiter, Sam, but how do I know you're honest?" "Well, jes'

say yo' think I'se bones'." "All right, Sam." "Thank yo', boss, thank yo' very much. When yo' come ovah tomorrow, be sure to sit at mah table. I'll give yo' a sho't check."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"Dubkins is a great comfort to me." "I don't see bow you can say that. He's the most tiresome chump I have ever met." "That's just it. Although I don't amount to much, it's true, every time I look at Dubkins I feel that I could amount to less."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

## Today the Exposition Closes

It will soon be a wonderful dream. But ARGONAUT readers should not close their eyes or indulge in dreams where their valuable papers—deeds, stocks, bonds, wills, etc.—are concerned.

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# The Argonaut.

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## THIRTY-NINTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### The Registrations.

The new registration lists open on January 1st, and one would naturally suppose that the usual method would be followed and that citizens would be required to state their party affiliations. But Mr. Zemansky is of a contrary opinion. It seems that the courts are to be asked to determine whether or not the party registration lines have been obliterated, and so Mr. Zemansky in the exercise of a wisdom not of this world is of opinion that the party designation should be omitted from the registration papers, thereby assuming a court decision that they must be omitted. But Secretary of State Jordan takes a contrary view and the only view possible to a sense that is called common, presumably because it is so rare. Mr. Jordan points out that if the party affiliations are omitted and the court should decide that they ought not to be omitted the whole work of registration must be done anew. On the other hand, if the court should decide that they must be omitted it will be quite simple to cancel them with a rubber stamp. It is easy to understand that the task of registering the entire state a second time should have no terrors for an officialism that thrives by doing things in wrong and cumbersome and

prodigal ways, but it is quite certain that the electorate would view such a procedure with disgust. To alter our whole system of doing things on a mere presumption, and a most slender presumption, that such a change will be legally justified is so indefensible as to be also undebatable. Secretary of State Jordan deserves the thanks of the community for his ruling that the present system remain undisturbed unless and until there shall be some positive mandate to change it. And that is not likely to happen very soon.

### As to Candidates.

Mr. Taft's emphatic indorsement of Mr. Root fairly launches the presidential campaign in its personal aspects. On the Democratic side there is practical certainty. The one-term principle enunciated by the Baltimore convention and specifically accepted by Mr. Wilson will be ignored. There will be no rival candidacy. Whatever of bitterness may abide in the memory of Mr. Clark will be discreetly smothered; and while Mr. Bryan of course has hopes (as he will continue to have under any and all conditions as long as he is above ground), his appeal is not likely to be taken seriously, unless Mr. Wilson under some motive now unforeseen shall voluntarily step to one side. There will probably be in the Democratic convention positive differences of judgment as to the platform, but that is another story.

Now as to Mr. Root: Mr. Taft and others who characterize him as the most fit man in the country for the presidency say nothing that is not universally admitted. Mr. Root's twenty years of public service in large relationships is a sufficient demonstration of his preëminent qualifications. But unhappily the party must consider the point of availability; and it is at this point that serious question may be raised with respect to Mr. Root. Somehow his name has become associated widely in the public mind with a fashion in politics that has gone by. Then it is remembered, and by many persons of narrow views regarded seriously, that long ago he served as an attorney for Boss Tweed, first of the great civic corruptionists to be brought to book for his crimes. It is easy to say that these objections should have no weight with men of sense and judgment; that the facts of Mr. Root's long and eminent public service, with his known liberality of mind and his demonstrated teachability of spirit are a sufficient demonstration of high character. But it so happens that the Republican candidacy of 1916 must be launched under exceptional conditions. It is the first to follow a serious breach in the party. In political discretion it ought not to be involved with any personality calculated to revive or emphasize motives of difference in times past. The candidate of 1916 ought to be a man upon whom all elements of the party can combine in unreserved approval.

Is Mr. Root, for all his preëminent qualifications, the man for the time? Yielding to nobody in respect for Mr. Root, in appreciation of his merits as a man and a statesman, the Argonaut is of the opinion that some other man less identified with issues which have recently inspired contention within the party would more wisely be chosen. We say this with the reserved sense that there is in the country one man who has it in his power to so change the political atmosphere as to put Mr. Root in a right attitude with the progressive element. Mr. Roosevelt, were he minded to do it, might by a word or two make Mr. Root "available." That he will say this word we doubt, since generosity to his rivals is not one of the merits of his character. In default of indorsement by Mr. Roosevelt we think it would be a dangerous policy for the party to name Mr. Root. The pity of it is great, for within the period immediately ahead it may fall to the President of the United States to be the dominant factor in adjustments to follow the European war. Therefore we

ought to have in the presidency a man fitted for that great responsibility. Preëminently Mr. Root is the proper man. And it will be a serious reflection upon our system if circumstances connected with our domestic political life shall bar his selection. Mr. Roosevelt ought to be large enough in mind and character to ask his fellow-Progressives to support Mr. Root. But is he capable of doing it? Sadly we fear not. And without his approval or such other indorsement as would imply cordial acceptance on the part of the progressive element, we believe Mr. Root's nomination would be an indiscretion.

Easily the most "available" man within the Republican ranks is Associate Justice Hughes. Mr. Hughes was the original progressive in the sense of being the first open champion of certain ideas which at a later time were embodied in the progressive theory of politics. He fell short, however, of the radicalism which ultimately controlled the Progressive movement. Mr. Hughes would be acceptable to both wings of the party. His nomination, upon a platform harmonious with the spirit of the times, would at a stroke resolve contentions, wipe out animosities, and consolidate the Republicanism of the country. Beyond a doubt, we think, his candidacy would be successful. But Mr. Hughes apparently has set his face against the use of his name, probably in conscientious respect of the proprieties which surround his position as a Justice of the Supreme Court. He is not a candidate and does not wish to be so regarded. There are positive reasons why in the judgment of the Argonaut Mr. Hughes would better be left out of the reckoning. Worthy man, able man that he is, Mr. Hughes is lacking in certain qualities desirable in a party representative. He is a man of abstractions rather than of affiliations. He lacks the coöperative spirit. In the presidency he would, we suspect, be a disappointment to the country—almost certainly a disappointment to his party. Probably Mr. Hughes is right in appraising his own qualities of mind and character as better suited to the work of the judiciary than to the responsibilities of executive office under the party system.

Leaving Mr. Root and Mr. Hughes out of the account, there still remains a notable field of possible candidates. Burton of Ohio, Weeks and McCall of Massachusetts, Cummins of Iowa, Borah of Idaho, Hadley of Missouri—any one of these names command respectful consideration. If they do not measure up to the highest historical standards, it is to be remembered that history looks backward, not forward. Every one of the men named is a man of character, of experience in affairs, of poise, and of presumable acceptability to the country.

The Argonaut is among many who regard with very especial favor Mr. Burton of Ohio and Mr. Borah of Idaho. The former has had a career unparalleled in recent times in its activities respecting our purely domestic affairs. No man in the country knows the United States in its relations to the government as well as Mr. Burton. If he has had no very conspicuous part in the conduct of our foreign relations, it still may be said that the industry, the wisdom, and the conscience which he has exhibited in the domestic sphere may be taken as a guaranty of efficiency in any duty which Mr. Burton might undertake. Mr. Borah a younger and less experienced man, is none the less a man of demonstrated qualities. He is a clear thinker, a sound thinker, a conscientious thinker, with powers of expression unusual and admirable. As a man avowedly in sympathy with progressive ideals, he would command enthusiastic support from that element of the party lately in rebellion. As one who declined under circumstances of special temptation to abandon the party in a crisis of 1912 he commands the respect of organization men. Either Mr. Burton or Mr. Borah would in the judgment of the Argonaut be a fitting



and inspiring candidate; the two together would, we think, make an invincible ticket.

#### Mr. Taft on the Philippines.

There will be a general disposition to believe that Mr. Taft is right when he says that the administration of the Philippines has seriously deteriorated as a result of the experiments in self-government inaugurated by Secretary Garrison. And that Mr. Garrison has allowed his wrath to get the better of him in his reply may be taken as evidence that Mr. Taft has the facts upon his side.

Mr. Taft does not assert that Philippine positions have been given to place-hunters from America, but he does assert that Filipinos have been placed in offices previously held by competent American officials and that those offices have suffered in consequence. It seems inevitable that they should suffer. The art of self-government can not be learned in a decade, nor indeed in many decades. There is no attainment so difficult, and it may be said that there is no attainment upon which human happiness so much depends. The conviction that self-government is a matter of forms and procedures, something that may be learned in a few years from example and precept, is one of those delusions entertained by lesser minds to whom democracy has become a sort of fetish. Mexico, for example, has not learned it yet, although she is the neighbor of America and with the example of a century before her eyes. It was the conviction of so-called reformers in Mexico that she had learned self-government that has produced the present chaotic welter below the Rio Grande. Mexico has not learned to govern herself, and if the Filipinos have learned self-government they must be political prodigies. Mr. Taft is right in asking for greater caution and for a circumspection in matters so intimately related to racial happiness. And it is probable that he is also right when he says that the recent lack of circumspection has already led to administrative deterioration.

#### The President's Message.

A Presidential Message occupying many columns of small type is likely to remain unread by innumerable people who ought to read it, but who find the day already too short for the emergent affairs of business. It is true that a high polish of diction may both tempt and compensate, but there must also be a recognition that literary grace and felicity of expression may in themselves be hazardous where the supreme merit is direct and unequivocal speech. The search for the fine phrase, for the balanced sentence, for the word with wings is admirable as a decoration, but dangerous as a main consideration, and so we may believe that the Message sometimes says things because they can be said finely rather than because they should be said at all.

Of this we have an example in the President's references to our military preparations. As to the adequacy of the suggested changes there is no need here to speak. They will be debated by Congress in the light of, but not under the direction of, military experts. But we may confess ourselves to be puzzled by the principle enunciated in the Message and upon which these preparations are to be based. The Message says:

We will not maintain a standing army except for uses which are as necessary in times of peace as in times of war; and we shall always see to it that our military peace establishment is no larger than is actually and continuously needed for the uses of days in which no enemies move against us.

Now it is hard to see that an army has any uses "which are as necessary in times of peace as in times of war." But for the possibilities of war, however remote they may be and may continue to be, no nation would dream of having any army at all, just as no one would dream of building hospitals if there were no expectation of disease. The forces of peace are not known as armies, but as police. Armies include artillery, high explosives, shells, and mines, wholly useless except against national enemies, never to be thought of except as engines of war, of no conceivable "use" for any other purpose. The composition of an army, its size, equipment, and efficiency, everything that relates to it, are determined by considerations of the military tasks that it may have to perform, and by nothing else. In these references to preparedness we may therefore discern a certain mental conflict between narcotic theory and the stern reality of fact, a dispo-

sition to say peace, peace, when actually there is no peace.

Another strange obliquity of vision is to be found in the President's references to the merchant marine. He says:

The great merchant fleet we once used to make us rich, that great body of sturdy sailors who used to carry our flag into every sea, and who were the pride and often the bulwark of the nation, we have almost driven out of existence by inexcusable neglect and indifference and by a hopelessly blind and provincial policy of so-called economic protection. It is high time we repaired our mistake and resumed our commercial independence on the seas.

Now the mischief to the merchant marine is here described with literal and exact truth, but this mischief was not caused in the main by "so-called economic protection," but by that piece of vicious legislation known as the Seamen's Act, which was conceived during the present administration, born under its direct auspices, and reared and brought to maturity by and with its sanction. And it is hard to conjure up any great enthusiasm for whatever remedial measures may be proposed so long as we have the realization that even the wisest of schemes may at any moment be brought wholly to naught by a little vertiginous collaboration between Mr. La Follette and Mr. Gompers. Once more we are reminded that fine feathers do not make fine birds and that it is well to resist the mesmeric influence of the resonant phrase.

These are but a few points that catch the eye, so to speak, in a Message of unusual importance and one that demands no small measure of critical attention. But while according all rightful respect to the Message itself, we may usefully remember that its contents are necessarily of a general and even nebulous kind, and that it is for Congress to consolidate and solidify them into legislation. Not until the bills are definitely before us can there be any determination of the wisdom and propriety of these intentions and methods.

#### Cloture in the Senate.

The question of limiting debate in the Senate, in other words the cloture, will certainly come up for settlement during the present Congress, so far as anything can be settled in an atmosphere of political compromise usually so dense as to hide the real issues. The Senate is now the only deliberative body left to us, and although there can be no doubt that full liberty of debate may be abused, and often is abused, we may still hesitate before adopting a remedy that can easily prove to be worse than the disease. Filibustering is unquestionably an evil, but a cloture rule used for party purposes might be a greater one, and it should not be adopted under motives of a transient expediency or without a recognition of its effect upon first principles.

And certainly it must have its effect upon first principles. It belongs to a tendency easily overlooked by the narrow-gauge politician, but one that can not escape the attention of the serious student of political institutions. It is a tendency to limit the functions and the authorities of deliberative assemblies and to transfer those functions and authorities to the hands of executives. It is a tendency directly opposed to the principles of democratic government and inconsistent with them. It has found a marked and almost unchecked expression in the lower house of Congress and the adoption by the Senate of a cloture rule, or anything like a cloture rule, would be the mark of an extension that ought not to pass unnoticed.

Precisely the same tendency is to be noticed in the state legislatures. Losing first their moral weight, they are now losing their legal weight. The balance between the governmental departments has been lost and the legislative power is slowly, and in some cases quickly, drifting into the hands of governors and away from legislatures. Of this we have a striking example in California, where the legislature has become a mere echo of the governor, receiving his orders and accepting his rebukes very much after the manner of a staff of bank clerks. It is true that the electorate has recently expressed itself with a gratifying emphasis with regard to the non-partisan bill and that both governor and legislature were properly reprimanded, but we have yet to determine the relative extent to which this rebuff was directed against the particular quack medicine in question or against all quack medicines in general.

The decline of the legislature is, of course, due to its moral and intellectual deficiencies. So long as we

elect our law-makers on the recommendation of uplift agencies and organized pieties, of astigmatic persons whose whole horizon is filled by some pet hysteria, so long we shall have malleable and compressible legislatures that are always ready to do obeisances and to sing hosannahs to the personal ambition that wears the white robes of political salvation. It will be so just so long as we are willing to have it so, but in the meantime we may hope that the United States Senate will not too willingly join the army of surrender. It may be better that it should endure the ills it has than fly to others that it knows not of.

#### The Unemployed.

A circular issued by the San Francisco Coöperative Employment Bureau embodies some statistics that strike the mind with a feeling of consternation. We are told that within the last four years the Bureau has given 149,284 beds and 334,546 meals to the necessitous, and that its record for eight months last winter was 60,000 lodgings and 123,000 meals. The aggregate of suffering represented by these figures is so large as to stagger the imagination, an effect that is intensified by the realization that the Bureau is but one of many agencies that are trying to cope with the same situation.

The remedies may be divided into two broad classifications. The first and the most immediate of these remedies is represented by the activities of the Employment Bureau, which gives the necessary relief in exchange for an equivalent, or something like an equivalent, in work. The second remedy is to be found in the science of economics, which tells us, or which ought to tell us, the cause of this social plague and the manner of its cure. But actually there is no science of economics. The study that passes under that name is too tainted by class and political self-interest to deserve the name of science. But it is at least clear that a country so vast, so relatively undeveloped, so wealthy, as America ought not to be forced into a position where it must regard unemployment as among the greatest of its problems. There is something radically wrong somewhere, although these deeper aspects of the question may be left to one side for the moment, but with the realization that they must be faced, and faced resolutely.

Unemployment is by no means a matter that we can afford to leave either to emotionalism or to philanthropy. The hungry man is usually the dangerous man, prone to mischief and to crime, himself a centre of discontent, and radiating the contagion of discontent. No one so ready a victim as he to the apostles of disorder and violence who thrive on human misfortune and use it to disintegrate and destroy. The unemployment of willing workers means employment for the police, the workhouse, the hospital, and the prison. It is the most ruinously costly feature of our social system.

It is precisely for these reasons that it ought not to be left in private hands. It is as much a municipal concern as building a city hall. Private hands may be eminently skilled, as is the case with the Employment Bureau, whose guarantors include some of the most honored names of the city. But institutional work is often sadly marred by religious limitations and by the exactions and stipulations of the professional philanthropist, whose "inquiries" and "investigations" are sometimes more profitable to salary lists than to charity. There is no such hateful term as the "deserving poor" and no term so overworked. Every hungry man or woman is deserving—at least of a meal, and perhaps often of a castigation as an encouragement for the future. But the meal should come first and quickly.

#### Editorial Notes.

When General Wood says that "professional soldiers do not want war" we feel that we are in the presence of a statement that needs some amplification. It would probably be just as correct to say that doctors do not want sickness or that undertakers disapprove of death. Soldiers have, of course, the usual human instincts, and a dislike of cruelty and bloodshed is among them. But to suppose that soldiers wish to see the disappearance of their own profession is hardly thinkable. Probably the highest military ideal is a condition of expanding readiness for a war that never comes. An expanding readiness means constant activity, new opportunities, and rapid promotion.



War, too, means all these things, but with the added disadvantage of probable, or at least possible, death. During the present war the life toll of officers has been frightfully heavy. The average life of a British officer at the front is said to be about two weeks, and the mortality of officers in all the armies has been crushing. We may suppose that the professional soldier is equally averse to a placid peace which makes him something of a superfluity and to war which offers him promotion or death. He prefers the middle course of a constant and increasing preparedness. And we are all agreed that a constant and increasing preparedness is not without dangers of its own.

The State Department is unquestionably right in its contention that it is in no way bound to state its reasons for deciding that this, that, or the other foreign representative is no longer *persona grata* in America. And it is not likely that the German or any other responsible government will question a usage based alike on precedent and common sense. To demand a bill of particulars or a statement of causes would be equivalent to challenging the right of a government to extend its hospitality to whomsoever it wishes and to withdraw it from whomsoever it wishes. And governments in such a matter have the same privileges as individuals. Indeed the whole diplomatic service in its international relations is based on the sentiment of a personal acceptability which can not be called to account and which is above rule and law.

It is interesting to note that the inhabitants of Taft, most of whom are interested in the oil industry, have been holding prayer-meetings in order that Congress may be providentially moved to pass remedial legislation for the protection of the industry against President Taft's order for the withdrawal of certain oil lands. As a mark of belated and not wholly disinterested piety there may be some to applaud the action of the worthy people of Taft. But it will fail. Congress is not susceptible to prayer. It has been tried. Congress is moved by votes, and not by supplications. But it is to be hoped that the people of Taft will not be moved by resentment or by disappointment in the direction of vindictive action. Let them resist the temptation to change the name of their interesting town lest the spirit of a reckless vengeance bear its inevitable fruits.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Ford Farce.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 5, 1915.  
EDITOR ARGONAUT: Your article on "Ford to the Rescue" in Saturday's issue is indeed interesting and worthy of special notice. But did you not forget to mention the name of our townsman, the Rev. Dr. Aked, who stated to his congregation that he would leave on a peace mission in spite of all opposition? He slipped the bridle—they could not hold him. With tear-dimmed eyes he bade them good-by and said that they might never see him again. He was to brave the dangers of the mighty ocean and the deadly submarine. He would be absent from the pulpit at least eight weeks. It is hoped, however, that his mighty influence will be able to settle the European war question in less time. Should he have any spare time on his hands he could be telling the people of vile and wicked San Francisco. Later the news comes from New York that Mr. Ford came near losing the company and valuable services of Mr. Aked. It appears that the man who greeted the visitors did not know him and asked what he wanted and whom he wished to see. He replied, "I am Dr. Aked." The attendant said, "Who the bell is Dr. Aked?" (or words to that effect). He said, "Tell Mr. Ford I'm not going." It appears that Mr. Ford arranged the matter with him, hence the good ship was enabled to depart fully equipped on its mission of peace. It is to be regretted that this commission could not have settled this war matter before the closing of the Exposition, when our townsman, Rev. Mr. Aked, could have received from its directors an appropriate brass medal.

T. A. CHANCEY.

The transfer of the monetary system of Cuba from the former condition where there was no national coinage to the use of the new money of the republic has been effected. Formerly Spanish, French, United States, and small quantities of other moneys circulated indiscriminately. On nearly every prominent corner in Cuban cities, and especially in Havana, in news, cigar, and lottery-ticket stands were money-changers who did a thriving business out of the wide confusion of values. The monetary system is the same as that of the United States, and the dollar sign is used to designate it.

General Sir Sam Hughes, Canada's picturesque and efficient minister of militia, the results of whose untiring efforts for years past have been so manifest since the war began, has been in turn a schoolteacher, country editor, politician, and soldier. Years ago he was professor of English in the Collegiate Institute of Toronto. The militia has long been his hobby. During the Boer war he obtained a commission, though his offer of a regiment was rejected.

THE THEATRE OF WAR.

The German general staff, if it has leisure for such amusements, is doubtless reading the opinions of the military experts with much edification. These opinions are just about as wide apart as the limits of the universe will permit. Thus we find Mr. John L. Garvin, writing for the International News Service, and presenting an amazing opinion to the effect that Germany wants to tempt the British army away from the Balkans and toward the "middle east," although we are not told how the British army is to reach that nebulous locality unless by aeroplane. The Balkan campaign, says Mr. Garvin, is the ablest and strongest thing Germany could have done, although we are not informed just in what way Germany is to profit by it. Germany, continues Mr. Garvin, is prepared to fight for another year, and at the expiration of that time she will be willing to declare a stalemate.

Under the same date and through the same agency we have the opinion of some unnamed German authority, presumably in telepathic communication with the emperor, and to the effect that Germany is willing to make peace at once on condition that she is allowed an open road through the Balkans and a buffer territory between herself and Russia. On her part she will restore Belgium and the French-speaking parts of Alsace. And then comes the Lausanne correspondent of the London Times, who says that Germany is about to make a desperate attack in the west, and that if this should fail she will invoke the mediation of the Pope and of President Wilson. So we may pay our money and take our choice.

The most sane of military opinions, as usual, is that of the New York Evening Post. Germany, we are reminded, has announced the close of her campaign against Serbia, and as it is not usual for a General Staff to inform its enemies that it has done all that it intends to do, we may suppose that the statement is designed for home consumption. This can hardly be considered as an unfriendly view, seeing that Major Morant, the German military expert, said precisely the same thing. He said that it was necessary to satisfy a natural hunger for victories and that Serbia was the one place where victories could be won and with a minimum of casualties. Now if we can suppose that Germany is anxious for peace—and all countries are anxious for peace—it is obviously to her advantage to hold as many trump cards as possible and that the final act of the tragedy should be a German triumph. If peace is to be arranged by a comparison of gains and losses it is natural that Germany should wish to be the man in possession over as wide an area as possible. Winter has now begun in the Balkans. Any further fighting, at least in the northern districts, will be extremely difficult. Putting on one side the possibilities of Greece and Roumania becoming hostile to the Allies, Germany will be compelled to remain pretty much where she is now and at her present strength, while French and British troops will continue to pour into Salonika at their present rate of something like 4000 a day. It is true that the Bulgarians may do something against them, but they will not do very much. And with the coming of spring it is certain that the Allies will have an army in the Balkans fully equal to that of Germany and ready to try conclusions. And, moreover, Germany is well aware that nothing that can happen in the Balkans can have the slightest bearing on the main theatre of war in the east and west. Therefore we may ask ourselves once more what Germany is doing *dans cette galère* and what she expects to gain by her Serbian campaign. And once more we are driven to the conclusion that it is a peace preliminary and that she will go just as far as she can go victoriously, and no further.

Of course the unexpected may happen, and there are half a dozen forms of the unexpected that would put a completely new face on the situation. Roumania and Greece might declare for Germany, and the immediate moral effect of this would be great. Germany might win some great success in the west, and this would be almost like starting the war over again. But leaving these possibilities to one side, it is hard to conceive of any real advantage accruing to Germany from her Serbian success. By this time she is in some sort of halting communication with Constantinople. She can get a small amount of copper and a small amount of cotton, but no wool or India rubber. She can do very little to strengthen the Turks, and the Turks can do very little to strengthen her. On the other hand, the moral effect must not be forgotten. A German force in Constantinople would thrill the Mohammedan world, and it is not given to human foresight to predict what might not happen from this. The possibilities of an extensive Mohammedan outbreak are certainly among German calculations, and it is one of the events that might place a new complexion on affairs. At the same time we may remember that Turkey declared a Jihad, or Holy War, nearly a year ago, and it was just about as effective as the excommunication pronounced on the Jackdaw of Rheims. No one seemed a penny the worse.

After allowing the fullest possible advantage to Germany's incursion into Serbia it is evident that it may also prove a source of weakness. For Germany has now three fronts instead of two and she has not sufficient men even for the two. For many weeks she has been losing more or less steadily in Russia, and particularly in the north. If she could spare reinforcements they would have been sent into the Riga district weeks ago. And she knows that Russia is growing steadily stronger both in men and munitions. In the west she may congratulate herself that France is nearly at the end of her resources in men, but on the other hand England has hardly yet tapped her main reservoirs. Germany

is now nearly completely blockaded on every side with the exception of the narrow channel through the Balkans and a channel that is almost useless to her. Her food supply is therefore fearfully limited, and for this we have the testimony of many German newspapers, including the *Zukunft* of Maximilian Harden. It is then possible that she can contemplate another year of fighting, and with nothing but the chapter of accidents to rely upon. She can now make some sort of claim to be the victor. She can point to her armies in Belgium, France, Russia, and Serbia to substantiate that claim. Can she reasonably anticipate that her position will improve? Is it not as a matter of fact growing worse? No one can foresee the result of great military efforts, but is there any military likelihood that she can presently stem the hostile tide in Russia or break her way through the lines of steel and fire in the west?

Whatever offensive action is ultimately taken by the Allies in the Balkans—and it will be some time before they can hope to do more than maintain a successful defensive—will be directed toward cutting the international railroad from Belgrade to Constantinople. There are three routes along which this can be done. The first is from Salonika along the Valley of the Vardar to Nisch. The second is to the east, along the Struma Valley, and the third is from Enos on the Aegean Sea northward to Adrianople. The third route is by far the shortest and the easiest. An unopposed army could move from Enos to Adrianople in a week, and could cut the railroad at Adrianople. This route is farthest from the German forces, but of course it would lie immediately between Bulgaria and Turkey and would be open to attack from both. The route up the Vardar Valley through Veles to Nisch would perhaps be the most vital, since there is a good road and its southern terminus would be Salonika, which would be its base of supplies. But this route is already strongly guarded by the Germans, who would also be close to their base of supplies to the north and therefore in positions of great advantage. But unless the Allies are much stronger than we suppose, either through Italian reinforcements or through the quick arrival of a Russian army, we can hardly expect that there will be any forward movement for some time to come. But sometimes it is the unexpected that happens, and if the Allies should be in a position to advance we may suppose that it will not be along one route only, but along all three. And they will take very good care not to divulge the line of their main strength, although it is likely to be the eastern line from Enos. But if they can only threaten an advance it may serve their purpose of drawing constant German reinforcements from the Russian line and also from the west. It is probable that the Allies have now about 300,000 men in the Balkans, including Gallipoli, and opposing them are about 750,000 Germans, Austrians, Bulgarians, and Turks. The odds are therefore more than two to one, and it will take immense efforts to equalize these odds before the spring.

But of course there will be heavy fighting in the west before the spring comes. Indeed we are likely to hear of serious events at almost any moment. It is equally to the advantage of both sides to bring on a great battle in France, the Allies in order to compel the moving of German troops from the Balkans, and the Germans in the hope of winning a victory which would give still greater force to their coming peace proposals. And when such a battle begins it will not be confined to France. Henceforth we may believe that the Allies everywhere will move in concert, and that there will be no switching of reinforcements to and fro from east to west. If there is a great battle in the west we may expect that the Russians will attack along their whole line, and simultaneously, and the Italians will do the same. The recent meeting between the Allied chiefs was certainly to this end, and we may expect that the signal given by the French commander will also flash around Europe. Already we hear of heavy German reinforcements pouring into Flanders, while we may be quite sure that the present lull in east and west means the storing of vast quantities of ammunition and stores. We need not expect that the European armies are about to pass quietly into the hibernating stage.

The usual estimate of the present size of the British army is 3,000,000 men. But this seems due to a misinterpretation of Mr. Asquith's recent remarks in the House of Commons. Mr. Asquith said that since the beginning of the war the number of enlistments had been 3,000,000, but this does not include the army that existed before the war began and of which the strength was rather more than a million. This would give a present total of over 4,000,000 men, and in addition to these there are the contingents from Canada, Australasia, South Africa, and India amounting to nearly a million. This would give a total force of about 5,000,000 men.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 8, 1915. SIDNEY CORYN.

Hawaiian soil is being used to build up the small coral island in the Pacific known as Midway and used as a relay station by the Commercial Pacific Cable Company. A quantity is taken there every three months by the schooner that is sent with food supplies for the operators. The task of building the island has progressed so far that it is possible to keep a cow at pasture.

It is a seeming paradox that the best-flavored cinnamon bark is produced on poor, white, sandy soil. It must, however, have an abundance of moisture, the choicest growing in a temperature of eighty-five degrees, where the rainfall is about one inch for every degree of temperature.



## ROME IN WAR TIME.

Mary Garton Foster Writes of the Situation in the Italian Capital.

ROME, November 16, 1915.

My first impression upon returning to Rome last month was that the old city was amazingly quiet and undisturbed. At the present moment a casual observer would hardly believe that this was the capital and the very heart of a nation engaged in a great war. But those who know Rome intimately see a vast change from the normal. Underlying the outward calm is tense anxiety and serious thought, united with unremitting labor for the needs of the hour, which lie chiefly in the direction of the soldiers and their families. "There are two million pairs of woolen socks ready," I heard a worker announce the other day. When it is remembered that socks are but one small item of a soldier's outfit some idea of the enormous work of providing for an army may be imagined.

Rome is by no means stricken, like Paris, but she is plainly growing sad. Her women are gradually going into mourning and there are few men of military age to be seen out of uniform.

In various occupations robust young women are replacing the men called to arms. The novelty of female street-car conductors is now wearing off. At first printed notices were hung in the cars requesting the public to be "tolerant and kind." This was done because the public, without meaning to be rude, insisted upon treating them as entertainment. These women wear as uniform long, closely-buttoned gray coats edged with red, and black sateen caps large enough to cover and protect their hair. The caps would be ugly were it not for a tiny rosette of the tricolor and the railroad company's badge placed by feminine instinct in just the right places to give a touch of jauntiness. They go seriously about their duties, but there are trying moments in the day's work; for instance, when the car reaches a sharp corner in a busy district and stops for the trolley to be switched. The masculine public watch the operation joyously, comment freely and audibly, but with strong, sure hand the conductor accomplishes the task and returns flushed and victorious to her place on the rear platform. What wonder that she rings the bell for starting with a triumphant little jerk! The old order changes slowly, but these women, who in most cases are the wives or sisters of soldiers, are proving themselves careful and efficient and are bound to win their way in this new line of work.

Regiments are still almost daily to be seen marching through the streets toward the station, the men now heavily loaded with their winter outfits. Traffic stops as they pass and people lean from the windows to cheer, to drop flowers, and to wave the tri-color. But there is sadness in the faces of the on-lookers that was not there last May, for in spite of censored reports and the absence of casualty lists the tragedy of war is being realized. Trains of wounded are constantly arriving. They are not the freshly wounded, but the disabled and convalescent sent for special treatment and also to make room in the hospitals at the front for the victims of new battles.

While no one believes Rome to be in the slightest danger from bombardment by aircraft, yet some precautionary measures have been taken. Many of the priceless old works of art have been removed from upper rooms of galleries to ground floors, where they are more easy of access in case of fire.

It is interesting to note the reasons offered by different people for their belief in the city's safety. Some argue that her geographical situation renders her immune from attack; others devoutly rely upon Vatican influence with Austria and tell you that Francis Joseph has promised the Pope that Rome shall not be touched; the great majority, however, put their trust in General Cadorna and his gallant army, who are fighting their way over the mountains and giving the enemy plenty to do elsewhere.

This great soldier, who came suddenly into prominence last May when he went to the front as commander-in-chief of the Italian army, is now sharing honors in popularity with the beloved Premier Salandra. A few words about these two leaders on whom the destinies of Italy so largely rest may be of interest.

General Luigi Cadorna in appearance is a slightly-built man of sixty-five with an elegance of bearing—a combination of activity and grace—that would distinguish him in any assemblage of men. His shoulders have a slight stoop, his once blonde hair and mustache are thickly silvered and his face is very deeply lined, but his eyes still retain the clearness of youth and their expression is winsome beyond words. He was born in the little northern city of Pallanza and comes of a titled aristocratic family, a family famous for military prowess. As soldiers or as statesmen the Cadornas have participated in all the wars with Austria, in fact the name is held in such esteem that Italians proudly say, in reference to the present war, "We still have a Cadorna to lead our armies to victory."

General Cadorna's father, the distinguished General Ruffini Cadorna, served in the Crimea, and fought at Balaklava when his son was five years old. So we

must believe that the little Luigi early became familiar with talk of arms and battles. It is said that his first prayers, taught by his pious mother, were for the success of the cause for which his father was fighting. At the early age of ten he began his preparatory training at the military college at Milan, and five years later passed a brilliant examination for entrance at the famous military academy of Turin, from which he graduated with highest honors at the age of eighteen. He has served in all grades of office in the army, has been both a hard worker and a close student until he possesses that gift of divination which comes after long observance of men—a gift invaluable to a leader. Herein lies the secret of his power of inspiring devotion among his troops.

Without being in any degree fanatically religious, General Cadorna is an intensely spiritual man. Upon assuming command last May he made it a condition that chaplains be appointed and religious services, which had been suspended in the Italian army, should be resumed. His greatest achievement in the past has been in the study of tactics. As a tactician he is known as one of the greatest living authorities. A book on the subject by him was considered of sufficient importance to be translated into German by order of the Berlin General Staff. Strange to say, his theories of the art of war follow those of Frederick the Great, instead of those of Napoleon. He is of the offensive rather than of the defensive school of strategy, and therefore differs in rules of warfare from most of the other great leaders in the present conflict. General Cadorna's theories have been much discussed. The German newspapers declare that his methods savor of recklessness, but one of the leading Italian dailies reminds the public that he is an Italian, commanding an army of Italians, and also that he is a military genius whose campaigns will be those of the soldier inspired and not of the soldier made. Meanwhile his army is advancing toward the desired goal through a difficult mountainous region, every foot of which he knows. It is one of his hobbies that an army's success depends largely upon its officers' familiarity with the details of the territory where they are engaged.

In private life General Cadorna is the Italian aristocrat to perfection, as in the field he is the ideal soldier. He is at home in the rough trench or in the royal palace—a man who with equal ease can subdue a fractious horse or kiss a queen's hand. He was married in 1881 and has four children, an only son who is an officer in the Florence Lancers, two daughters who have chosen to dedicate themselves to religious life and one who is a writer of prose and verse.

Antonio Salandra, Italy's distinguished prime minister, is nearly the same age as General Cadorna, but a man of different aspect, being robust, stout, and florid. With the frank, courteous manner of the well-born Italian there is a freshness and vigor and a wide-awakeness about Premier Salandra of which his photographs give barely a hint. He was born at Lucera, in the fertile region of Apulia in the extreme south, and is by profession a lawyer. He made a special study of administrative law, which he taught for many years in the university at Rome. As a professor he never became particularly noted; his lectures, though profound, were deemed dull and prosy. It was only after he entered the Chamber, elected deputy from his native city, that his real genius manifested itself. For twenty years he has brilliantly participated in parliamentary combats, and has dealt with the problems and the needs of the nation in a way that proved his thorough fitness for the high position to which in March, 1914, he was called.

In an exact sense Salandra is neither a Conservative nor a Liberal, but stands for a political morality akin to that preached by the great ancients of Rome, a morality which called for the sacrifice of everything—including individual popularity—to the general good. Even among his political opponents his integrity is unquestioned.

He came into office as premier at the most serious moment in the history of modern Italy. Five months later the fearful European war broke out and Italy's peace was threatened by reason of her treaty of alliance with Germany and Austria. Public feeling was strong against joining forces with the old enemy and neutrality was maintained by Salandra's decision, after a careful study of the documents, that the treaty bound Italy only in case of a war of defense. Any doubts as to the nature of this war were settled by the fate of Belgium.

But an unrest pervaded the nation and Salandra, who knows the people, understands them as few statesmen ever understood a populace, pushed forward the work of reorganizing the army. This was a tremendous task, for the Libyan war had left it completely demoralized. Under the able directorship of General Cadorna it was put splendidly into shape, increased, strengthened, and made over into an army of greater efficiency than Italy has ever before possessed.

The terrible earthquake disaster in January overshadowed the country and occupied all thoughts for a time, but when the work of succor and relief was accomplished events had occurred to rouse the sympathies and passions of the people and Salandra knew that a crisis was at hand.

All that Germany and Austria by this time could hope for was that Italy would remain neutral, and their

statesmen fought hard for it. There was a day when it looked as if they would win. Salandra alone gauged the nation correctly, and sooner than be a party in attempting to force upon it an objectionable course he resigned, leaving the king and his advisors to manage the crisis themselves. In a tactical sense it was a brilliant move. The people's wrath rose like a flame. Cries of "Revolution!" and "Out with the barbarians!" echoed even in the streets of well-ordered Rome.

No lover of Italy likes to think what might have happened had not the king at once recalled Salandra. The effect of his recall was magical. Tumult subsided, the tri-color was hung from every window, and men gathered in the piazzas avowing their loyalty to the government. It was a triumph such as few ministers of state have ever achieved.

This is the barest outline of the character and work of Italy's justly honored premier, whom many consider the greatest statesman the country has produced since Cavour and Francesco Crispi. Like General Cadorna, Salandra is a man of family. Of his four children, two sons are in the army and his daughters are devoting themselves to benevolent work.

These Italian leaders have many traits in common. Each has strength without vaingloriousness, and each uses power without showing arrogance. At this time, when the destinies of the belligerent nations seem in each case to rest in the hands of a few leaders, it is Italy's good fortune to have in chamber and field men so truly great and trustworthy.

MARY GARTON FOSTER.

## OLD FAVORITES.

Alice Fell.

The post-boy drove with fierce career,  
For threatening clouds the moon had drowned;  
When, as we hurried on, my ear  
Was smitten with a startling sound.

As if the wind blew many ways,  
I heard the sound,—and more and more;  
It seemed to follow with the chaise,  
And still I heard it as before.

At length I to the boy called out;  
He stopped his horses at the word,  
But neither cry, nor voice, nor shout,  
Nor aught else like it, could he heard.

The boy then smacked his whip, and fast  
The horses scampered through the rain  
But, hearing soon upon the blast  
The cry, I bade him halt again.

Forthwith, alighting on the ground,  
"Whence comes," said I, "this piteous moan?"  
And there a little girl I found,  
Sitting behind the chaise, alone.

"My cloak!" no other word she spake,  
But loud and bitterly she wept,  
As if her innocent heart would break:  
And down from off her seat she leapt.

"What ails you, child?" She sobbed, "Look here!"  
I saw it in the wheel entangled,  
A weather-beaten rag as e'er  
From any garden scarecrow dangled.

There, twisted between nave and spoke,  
It hung, nor could at once be freed;  
But our joint pains unloosed the cloak,  
A miserable rag indeed!

"And whither are you going, child,  
Tonight along these lonesome ways?"  
"To Durham," answered she, half wild—  
"Then come with me into the chaise."

Insensible to all relief,  
Sat the poor girl, and forth did send  
Soh after sob, as if her grief  
Could never, never have an end.

"My child, in Durham do you dwell?"  
She checked herself in her distress,  
And said, "My name is Alice Fell;  
I'm fatherless and motherless."

"And I to Durham, sir, belong."  
Again, as if the thought would choke  
Her very heart, her grief grew strong;  
And all was for her tattered cloak!

The chaise drove on; our journey's end  
Was nigh; and, sitting by my side,  
As if she had lost her only friend,  
She wept, nor would he pacified.

Up to the tavern-door we post;  
Of Alice and her grief I told,  
And I gave money to the host,  
To buy a new cloak for the old.

"And let it be of duflin gray,  
As warm a cloak as man can sell!"  
Proud creature was she the next day,  
The little orphan, Alice Fell!

—William Wordsworth.

With fifteen factories in operation, Michigan leads the beet-sugar states in the number of these establishments, although Colorado is a close second with fourteen, followed by California with eleven. In the matter of acreage and output of sugar Colorado continues as the leading beet-sugar producing state.

The number of plants used for medicinal purposes in the Philippines is very large. A few are recognized as sources of standard medicines, but the number having commercial value is decidedly small. From one, the St. Ignatius bean (*Strychnos ignatii*), the strychnine of commerce is extracted.



## ROBIN HOOD TO DATE.

And How He Aided the Needy Widow Bedell.

The widow Bedell sat upon the front porch of her little chinked cabin among the hills, shelling peas and at regular intervals wiping her eyes. She was old and lonely. A horseman came riding down the unfrequented road. He pulled short at the gate, dismounted, threw the lines of his white-faced horse over the hitching-post, and entered.

His trousers were thrust into dusty boots. He was in his shirt-sleeves. His shirt was open at the throat. A revolver hung in holster at his hip. He was a tall, spare, sinewy man, dark of skin, with exceedingly black eyes. His mouth was set hard. He looked tired.

He removed his slouch hat and said "Good-morning," very politely.

"Good-morning," responded the widow. All sorts of men came riding, from time to time, along that road.

"Can I get a snack to eat here, and feed for my horse?" he inquired.

The widow put aside her pan of peas, dabbled her eyes with her apron, and rose.

"Certainly," she said. "Take your horse to the barn. You'll find feed there. I'll have dinner ready in a few minutes."

"Thank you, ma'am."

He led his horse into the barn. Presently he reappeared. She showed him the wash basin, above which dangled the comb for the use of wayfarers such as he. With scrape of chair and sigh of relief he sat at the table. She hovered near, to wait upon him. It seemed to her rather pleasant to have a man at the table again.

It was not a country for asking questions of strangers. A reticent man he proved to be. He retained his revolver, but he spoke briefly of ordinary topics, as the weather. He ate prodigiously, and complimented her upon her cooking. Finally he shoved back his chair.

"I wonder if you could find me a place to sleep?" he queried. "I've been on the road since before daylight and I'm about tired out."

"Certainly," she answered, as before. "There's a shake-down in the loft you're welcome to, and nobody'll disturb you."

"Thank you," he civilly uttered. And without more words he climbed the ladder. She heard his heavy, masterful steps cross the floor. The cot creaked.

The widow cleared away the dishes and returned to her peas. Having finished them, she got her own dinner. In the afternoon she pursued her regular duties. She was not afraid of the man above.

He slept till four o'clock; then he descended. When he would have paid her, she refused.

"It's nothing," she said. "I did not do it for pay." For a moment he lingered in the doorway, keenly viewing the landscape.

"You have a nice place here, ma'am," he remarked. "How much land do you own?"

"Eighty acres," she informed.

"It looks like good land. I reckon such a place as this gives you a comfortable living."

"It would," she replied, and her eyes filled again.

"But I'm going to lose it."

"How's that?"

"There's a mortgage on it and I can't pay the interest."

He glanced at her.

"That so? How much is the mortgage?"

"Two thousand dollars, at ten per cent."

"How much interest is due?"

"One hundred dollars."

"You must have let it run."

"I've had to. My husband was sick for over a year, and that took every cent. And crops were bad. If he were alive we'd find some way to pay. I'm sure. But—he died," and she wiped her eyes. "All he left me was the mortgage and the interest to pay."

"Sho'!" murmured the dark man. "He hadn't ought to 've done that."

"Oh, he didn't mean to," hastily defended the widow. "But now I have to hire help, to cultivate, and I can't lay by a cent. I wish he hadn't died." And she wept, for she was old.

"Sho'!" muttered the stranger. "Who holds the mortgage?"

"Mr. Deane, up the main road a piece."

"Won't he give you more time?"

"He?" scoffed the widow, bitterly. "I should think he wouldn't. There isn't a finer eighty acres in the state, and he'll be only too glad to get it that way. He's written me a letter, saying that to save lawyers' fees and court fees the easiest thing for me to do is to deed the place over to him or else he'll foreclose unless I pay him the twenty-one hundred dollars. Those are the terms of the mortgage. We ought never to have signed it. But he'll be here with a notary at six o'clock tomorrow evening. That's the last day."

"And you can't pay him?"

"I can't," sobbed the widow. "And he gets my home away from me. It's the worst kind of a mortgage. He said he'd be easy on us. Why, he has a thousand acres already—all of it got just that way."

"Then where'll you go?" curiously asked the stranger.

"I don't know. I have a sister somewhere out in Nebraska. Maybe I can work my way there. She's my only kith and kin. She's poor, too."

"Can I see that man's letter, ma'am?" suggested the stranger.

She obediently brought it. He read it, standing there in the doorway.

MRS. SARAH BEDELL.—*Dear Madam:* The interest on the \$2000 note for which I hold a mortgage on your property is long overdue, amounting to \$100. If within the next three days, expiring at noon, August 4th, current year, you do not pay principal and interest according to the terms of the contract I will be obliged to enforce a satisfaction of the same. To save you the expenses of foreclosure I will be at your house at 6 o'clock p. m., August 4th, with a notary, and will either accept payment in full or will require you to transfer the property in due form to me.

Yours truly, JOSIAH DEANE.

"Does he need the money?" asked the stranger.

"He? No, sir. He's a rich man. And he knows I'll pay just as soon as I can get ahead a little. I can pay him considerable this fall, out of the crops. It's the land he's after. He's always wanted this patch."

"Well," said the stranger, thoughtfully folding the letter and handing it back. "I have twenty-one hundred dollars with me, and I'll lend it to you, ma'am. You can pay him off in full and give me your note for as long a time as you wish. Makes no difference to me."

The widow stared, but shook her head.

"Thank you, but I can't take it. You don't know me and I don't know you. I might never pay that note."

The stranger laughed easily.

"Now, look here," he urged. "I'm in earnest. Let's make it a business transaction. You have use for the money; I haven't. You get that notary to make out a new note and mortgage, and instead of transferring the land to Deane you transfer it to me, and I'll give you five years, or ten, on it. Meanwhile you can sell, or save up. Two thousand dollars is mighty little on such good land. As for the interest, at seven per cent, pay as you're able."

From his hip pocket he fished out a fat buckskin sack, and opened it invitingly.

"Is that a go?" he queried.

"But—I don't know you," faltered the widow, half convinced. "Who'll the note and mortgage be made out to?"

"Have the notary leave them in blank. It's none of Deane's business who I am, or the notary's, either. I'll come back this way in a day or so, and we'll finish the job. I can't wait now."

So the widow yielded. Truly, a fairy godfather he seemed—and she did so want to disappoint that man Deane. The stranger counted out from his sack twenty-one hundred dollars. He had much more than that, for the sack was still fat when he restored it to his pocket.

She tried to thank him, and give him a receipt. He declined, laughing.

"Never mind," he said. "I'll trust you. When that old skinflint comes, pay him his cash, make him cancel the note and mortgage, and get the notary to execute a note and mortgage in blank, for me to fill in. Good-day, ma'am."

She followed him to the barn; stood by while he mounted his white-faced horse.

"No, no thanks," he opposed. "I've plenty of money. I like to invest some of it this way. Do you know, ma'am, you look like my mother used to. Now, remember what I've said: pay the cash, and hold the new note and mortgage in blank until I call for them." And at a gallop he turned into the road.

She watched him disappear. Then she hastened into the house to count the money again. Twenty-one hundred dollars. He had said that she looked like his mother. Then some mother had a good son.

In thankfulness the widow cried a little more.

Driving up to the gate, with his notary, prompt on the hour, as he tied his horse and trudged inside Josiah Deane's eyes roved calculatingly over the rolling eighty acres. He knew just what he was going to do with them. Worth \$2000? They were worth nearer \$10,000. Fine land.

He apprehended that the widow would weep some; she had lived here twenty years. But business was business, and he owned the notary.

"It's pay or quit," he emphasized once more, as they trod the path.

"I understand. Pay or quit, of course," answered the notary. "What'll you take for your bargain, Josh?"

Deane set his coarse lips.

"Fifteen thousand," he said.

The notary laughed.

"And some day you'll get it. You're a lucky man, Josh. This Bedell place can't be beat."

"Well, I know it," retorted Deane.

The widow admitted them. She wasn't weeping. Her eyes weren't even red, but her withered cheeks were. Something about her attitude puzzled Deane.

"Sit down, gentlemen," bade the widow.

They sat, holding their hats.

"Well, Mrs. Bedell, you know why we've come," began Deane. "I've waited on you to clear this thing off, and now I've got to have that note satisfied in full or else I'll take the place. It'll be cheaper for you, of course, to settle the matter now, between ourselves. I don't want to make you any trouble."

"Oh, I'm sure you don't, Mr. Deane," replied the widow, clearly. "You want the money or the place now; is that it?"

"The money, twenty-one hundred dollars cash, or the place," doggedly insisted Deane. He licked his lips. "Then here's your money. Let me have the note and mortgage, please." And she plunked down the money.

Deane flushed crimson.

"You mean to say you're going to pay me, all in cash?" he stammered.

"I am. Let me have the note and mortgage, please."

"Where did you get that money?"

"None of your business," informed the widow. "Take it, let me have the note and mortgage, please; then get out."

"I won't take it," stormed Deane. "I don't have to. I'll take this land. You've had the money all the time, and you've kept me out of my interest. I'll have the law on ye, for fraud. You sign over this land, or I'll have the law on ye; understand?" Little did he want the money.

"Yes, you'll take the money, or you'll take nothing," responded the widow. "We'll go into court about it. I know my rights."

The notary coughed behind his hand.

"Better let me count it first," he cautioned. He counted it. It was correct to the penny.

"And the notary? You'll pay for the notary," stormed Deane.

"I'll pay for my own notary, not for yours," retorted the widow.

In half an hour Deane and the notary were riding away.

"I wonder who was the fool that lent her that money," growled Deane. "She was smart enough to have those dockuments left in blank. Somebody's going to sweat for this. He's made me lose the best bargain that ever came my way."

"Perhaps he did, Josh. But the only plan for you is to put that money right out again. I think I know the very party."

"What's he got?"

"Sixty acres. But they're good. In fact they're the equal of these, and better located. Better house."

"Could he pay? That's the question."

"No. Be easy with him, and then close down."

"Humph! That's right. Most men lend for the interest; I don't."

Thus pleasantly talking they jogged on, until suddenly, in the dusk at the turn of a road around a large pine, a man stepped out.

"Hands up, gentlemen," he bade; and his voice, low and even, cut like the hiss of a snake. "I'll trouble you to get out."

He was a tall, spare man, with dark skin and exceedingly black eyes. He might have been smooth-shaven, but over his mouth and chin he wore a bandanna handkerchief. His trousers were thrust into dusty boots. He held a leveled revolver. The muzzle looked large; Deane and the notary paid especial attention to the revolver; and they elevated their hands and docilely descended.

The man searched them rapidly and deftly. He passed by watches and jewelry, but when he extracted Deane's plump pocketbook he vented a little grunt of satisfaction. And well he might, for it contained \$2100.

"Drive on," he ordered, stepping back.

They drove. At a safe distance, as they drove they cursed—Deane volubly. Having stowed the \$2100 in a buckskin sack, already fat, the tall, dark man, galloping on a white-faced horse in another direction, laughed.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Widow Bedell still has the note and contract in blank, waiting for a tall, dark stranger to come and get them. She has had them now two years. She does not know that one year and six months ago he was hanged for train robbery. EDWIN L. SABIN.  
SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1915.

William Revell Moody, son of the great evangelist, has broadened the work on the original foundations which his father laid. Dwight L. Moody said many years ago that his most successful work was the establishing of a school for girls at East Northfield and a school for boys at Mt. Hermon, Connecticut. His son is president of the boards of directors of both schools. One of the duties of Mr. Moody is to raise substantially \$150,000 each year for the support of the schools. In addition to raising this sum of money and attending to all the details connected with his office as president of the boards of trustees, Mr. Moody has general supervision of the Northfield conferences, which, lasting from June to September, draw thousands of visitors each summer to Northfield. He is a graduate of Yale University and is now forty-four years of age. His home is at East Northfield and he has a charming family. The schools are stronger and larger than ever before.

The first roof garden for Auckland, New Zealand, is to be set apart at the top of a six-story department store now in course of construction. It is to be reached by electric elevators, and tea and rest rooms are to be provided.



## IVORY APES AND PEACOCKS.

James Huneker Writes Brilliantly of Some Literary Movements and Personalities.

Why is it called "Ivory Apes and Peacocks," this latest volume of James Huneker's observations and opinions? At first the title would seem to disparage the movements and personalities with which the pages between its covers have to deal, until we happen to turn to the dedication page, and under the inscription "To John Quinn" we find a scriptural quotation. It is from Chronicles and it tells how to Solomon "Every three years once came the ships of Tarshish bringing gold and silver, ivory and apes, and peacocks." We may think that Mr. Huneker intends to compare to the ships of Tarshish his volumes which every little while come to us laden with comment and information of the strange and lovely things in the modern world of art.

Jules Laforgue, says Mr. Huneker, "made merry over the ivory, apes, and peacocks of existence." He would not take too dangerously seriously the things that he lived by. He was one of those upon whose birth the Moon smiled with favor, and he lived but a few short years to tender her his strange offerings of song. His works have not been translated into English, and from what Mr. Huneker tells us of them we would judge that only an equal and sympathetic genius could perform the task, and that even then they would suffer from the differences between the two languages. The charm which is suggested in the following is tantalizing:

Moralités légendaires contains six sections. I don't know which to admire the most, the Hamlet or the Lohengrin, the Salomé or the Persée et Andromède. Le Miracle des Roses is of an exceeding charm, though dealing with the obvious, while Pan et la Syrinx has a quality which I can recall nowhere else in literature; perhaps in the cadences charged with the magic and irony of Chopin, or in the half-dreams of Watteau, color and golden sadness intermingled, may evoke the spiritual parodies of Laforgue, but in literature there is no analogue, though Pan is of classic flavor despite his modern Weltanschauung. Syrinx is a woodland creature nebulous and exquisite. Pursued by Pan—the Eternal Male in rut—she does not succumb to his pipes, and after she has vanished in the lingering wind, he blows sweeter music through his seven reeds. The symbol is not difficult to decipher. And who would not succumb to the languorous melancholy of Andromède, not chained to a rock, but living on the best of terms with her monster, who calls her Béhé! The sea hores her profoundly. She looks for Perseus, who doesn't come; the sea, always the sea without a moment's weakness; in brief, not the stuff of which friends are made! When the knight appears and kills her monster, he loses his halo for Andromède, who cherishes her monstrous guardian. Perseus, a prig disgusted by the fickleness of the Young Person, flees, and the death of the monster brings to life a lovely youth—put under the spell of malignant powers—who promptly weds his ward. In Lohengrin, Son of Parsifal, the whole machinery of the Wagner is transposed to the key of lunar parody. What amhrosia from the Walhalla of topsyturvy is this Elsa with her "eyes hymenically illumined" as she awaits her saviour. He appears and they are married. Alas! The pillow of the nuptial couch becomes a swan that carries off Lohengrin weary of the tart queries made by his little bride concerning love and sex and other unimportant questions of daily life. This Elsa is a sensual goose. She is also a stuhhorn believer in the biblical injunction: "Crescite et multiplicamini," and she would willingly allow the glittering stranger Knight to hriser le sceau de ses petites solitudes, as the vicar of Diane-Artemis phrases it. The landscapes of these tales are fantastically beautiful, and scattered throughout the narrative are fragments of verse, vagrant and witty, that light up the stories with a glowworm phosphorescence.

Laforgue let his imagination play upon the character of Salomé, and she, too, becomes something very strange and new and modern. His masterpiece, according to Mr. Huneker, was his Hamlet. The sketch of it suggests a Beardsley drawing, but the detail we can not catch—that is, we can not in English:

The artistic deauty of the prose, its haunting assonance, its supple rhythms, make this Hamlet impossible save in French. Nor can the fine edge of its wit, its multiple though masked ironies, its astounding transposition of Shakespearean humor and philosophy he aught else than loosely paraphrased. Laforgue's Hamlet is of tomorrow, for every epoch orchestrates anew its own vision of Hamlet. The eighteenth century had one; the nineteenth had another; and our generation a fresher. But we know of none so vital as this fantastic thinker of Laforgue's. He must have had his ear close to the Time Spirit, so aptly has he caught the vibrations of his whirling loom, so closely to these vibrations has he attuned the keynote of his twentieth-century Hamlet.

When Huneker was a youth an intense hero-worship led him to call upon Walt Whitman. Today he has outgrown the spirit of that visit, and his description of it voices his present view of it and of the poet. We can not feel quite convinced that at the time he rejoiced as keenly as he would have us think over the ferry policeman who remarked to him of Walt: "That old gas-bag comes here every afternoon. He gets free rides across the Delaware." Huneker admits that "there is rude red music in the Leaves," but says:

The truth is, Walt was not the healthy hero he celebrates in his book. That he never dissipated we know; but his husky masculinity, his posing as the Great God Priapus in the garb of a Bowery boy is discounted by the facts. Parsifallic he was, but not of Pan's breed. In the Children of Adam, the part most unfavorably criticized of Leaves, he is the Great Bridegroom, and in no literature, ancient or modern, have been the "mysteries" of the temple of love so brutally exposed. With all his genius in naming certain unmentionable matters, I don't believe in the virility of these pieces, scintillating with sexual images. They leave one cold despite their erotic vehemence; the abuse of the vocative is not persuasive, their raptures are largely rhetorical. This "alt'n, this ecstasy, seen at its best in William Blake, 'sexu'd' ecstasy, but only when the mood is married to the lumière there authentic conflagration. Then his "har-

baric yawp is heard across the roofs of the world"; but in the underhumming harmonies of Calamus, where Walt really loafs and invites his soul, we get the real man, not the inflated humbuggery of These States, Camerados, or My Message, which fills Leaves with their patriotic frounces. His philosophy is fulge. It was an artistic misfortune for Walt that he had a "mission," it is a worse one that his disciples endeavor to ape him. He was an unintellectual man who wrote conventionally when he was plain Walter Whitman, living in Brooklyn. But he imitated Ossian and Blake, and their singing robes ill-hefted his hurly frame. If, in Poe there is much "rant and rocco," Whitman is mostly yawping and yodling. He is destitute of humor, like the majority of "prophets" and uplifters, else he might have realized that a Democracy based on the "manly love of comrades" is an absurdity. Not alone in Calamus, but scattered throughout Leaves, there are passages that fully warrant unprejudiced psychiatrists in styling this hook the hible of the third sex.

Huneker's valuation of the work of Dostoevsky is vividly appreciative. He quotes Nietzsche as pointing out Dostoevsky's agreement with the Christian ideal. Prince Myshkin in "The Idiot" he thinks is "evidently an attempt to portray a latter-day Christ":

His cardinal doctrine of non-resistance is illustrated in the following anecdote. One evening while walking in St. Petersburg, evidently in meditation, a heggar asked for alms. Dostoevsky did not answer. Enraged by his apparent indifference, the man gave him such a violent blow that he was knocked off his legs. On arising, he picked up his hat, dusted his clothes, and walked away; but a policeman who saw the attack came running toward the heggar and took him to the lock-up. Despite his protest Dostoevsky accompanied them. He refused to make a charge, for he argued that he was not sure the prisoner was the culpable one; it was dark and he had not seen his face. Besides, he might have been sick in his mind; only a sick person would attack in such a manner. Sick, cried the examining magistrate, that drunken good-for-nothing sick! A little rest in jail would do him good. You are wrong, contradicted the accused, I am not drunk, but hungry. When a man has eaten, he doesn't believe that another is starving. True, answered Dostoevsky, this poor chap was crazy with hunger. I shan't make a complaint. Nevertheless the ruffian was sentenced to a month's imprisonment. Dostoevsky gave him three roubles before he left. Now this kind man was, strange as it may seem, an anti-Semite. His diary revealed the fact after his death. In life he kept this prejudice to himself. I always think of Dostoevsky as a man in shabby clothes mounting at twilight an obscure staircase in some St. Petersburg hovel, the moon shining dimly through the dirty window-panes, and cobwebs and gloom abounding. "I love to hear singing to a street organ; I like it on cold, dark, damp, autumn evenings, when all the passers-by have pale, green, sickly faces, or when wet snow is falling straight down; the night is windless . . . and the street lamps shine through it," said Raskolnikov. Here is the essential Dostoevsky.

"Dostoevsky was all that Tolstoy tried to be," says Huneker. He was born to the humble estate to which Tolstoy tried to attain. He was a profounder thinker and a greater man, "though he was not the finished literary artist." Of Tolstoy the artist Huneker says, "When all his vagaries are forgotten, when all his books are rags, when his very name shall be a vague memory, there will live the portrait of Anna Karenina":

How amateurish is the attitude of the Tolstoy disciple who cavils at his masterpieces. What is mere art compared to the message! And I say: what are all his vapors and fatidical croonings on the tripod of pseudo-prophecy as compared to Anna Karenina? There is implicit drama, implicit morality in its noble pages, and a segment of the life of a nation in War and Peace. With preachers and saviours with quack nostrums the world is already well stocked. Great artists are rare. Every day a new religion is born somewhere—and it always finds followers. But art endures, it outlives dynasties, religions, divinities. It is with Tolstoy the artist we are enamored. He may deliver his message of careless warning to a careless world—which only pricks up its ears when that message takes on questionable color, as in the unpalatable Kreutzer Sonata. (Yes; that was eagerly devoured for its morbid eroticism.) We prefer the austere Ibsen, who presents his men and women within the frame of the drama, absolutely without comment or *parti pris*—as before his decadence did Tolstoy in his novels. Ibsen is the type of the philosophical anarchist, the believer in man's individuality, in the state for the individual, not the individual for the state. It is at least more dignified than the other's flood of confessions, of hysterical self-accusations, of penitential vows, and abundant lack of restraint. Yet no one doubts Tolstoy's repentance. Like Verlaine's it carried with it its own proofs.

Touching on "the younger choir of Russian writers," whom he handles rather briefly at the end of his Dostoevsky chapter, Huneker devotes his most generous comment to the author of one of the most vividly and contradictorily discussed books of the year in this country:

Of bigger and sterner calibre than any of the productions of the others is Sanine, a novel by Michael Artzihashev, that is being widely read not only in Russia, but in all the world. It was written as long ago as 1903, the author tells us. He is of Tartar origin, born 1878, of parents in whose veins flowed Russian, French, Georgian, and Polish blood. He is of humble origin, as is Gorky, and being of a consumptive tendency, he lives in the Crimea. He began as a journalist. His photograph reveals him as a young man of fine, sensitive type, truly an apostle of pity and pain. He passionately espouses the cause of the poor and downtrodden, as his extraordinary revolutionary short stories—The Millionaire among the rest—show. Since Turgenieff's Fathers and Sons, no tales like Metal Worker Schevryjow has appeared in European literature. In it the hedrock of Slavic fatalism, an anarchistic pessimism is reached. It has been done into French by Jacques Povolzky. The Russian author reveals plentiful traces of Tolstoy, Turgenieff, Dostoevsky, and Gorky in his pages; Tchekov, too, is not absent. But the new note is the influence of Max Stirner. Michael Artzihashev calmly grafts the disparate ideas of Dostoevsky and Max Stirner in his Sanine, and the result is a hero who is at once a superman and a scoundrel—or are the two fairly synonymous?

The story of Sanine is sketched:

This clear-eyed, broad-shouldered Sanine passes through the little town where he was born, leaving behind him a trail of misfortunes and mishaps. He is depicted with a marvelous art, though it is impossible to sympathize with him. He up-

sets a love affair of his sister's, he quarrels with and insults her lover, who commits suicide; he also drives to self-destruction a wretched little Hebrew who has become a freethinker and who can't stand the strain of his apostasy; he is the remote cause of another suicide, that of a weakling, a student full of "modern" ideas, but whose will is quite sapped. Turgenieff's Fathers and Sons is recalled more than once, especially the character of Bazarov, the nihilist. Furthermore, when this student fails to reap the benefit of a good girl's love, Sanine steps in and ruins her. Even incest is hinted at. All this sounds incredible in our hare recital, but in the flow and glow of the richly colored narrative everything is plausible, nay, of the stuff of life. As realists the Russians easily lead all other nations in fiction. There are descriptions of woodlands that recall a little scene from Turgenieff's Sportsman's Sketches; there are episodes, such as the hachanal in the monastery, a moonlit ride in the canoe with a realistic seduction episode, and the several quarrels that would have pleased both Tolstoy and Dostoevsky; there is an old mujik who seems to have stepped out of Dostoevsky, yet is evidently a portrait taken from life. The weak mother, the passionate sister, the sweet womanly quality of the deceived girl, these are portraits worthy of a master. Sanine is not the Rogozin, and his sister is not the Nastasia Philipovna, of Dostoevsky's The Idiot; for all that they are distinct and worthy additions to the vast picture-gallery of Russian fiction.

Frank Wedekind is termed by Huneker, "the naughty boy of the modern German drama," who is "one of the most affirmative voices in the new German literature":

He is always asserting. If he howls at some rickety ninetynine of a social lie, he does it with a gusto that is exhilarating. To be sure, whatever the government is, he is against it; which only means he is a rebel horn, hating constraint and believing with Stendhal that one's first enemies are one's own parents. No doubt, after bitter experience, Wedekind discovered that his hithermost foe was himself. That he is a tricky, fucklike nature is evident. He loves to shock, a trait common to all romanticists from Gautier down. He sometimes says things he doesn't mean. He contradicts himself as do most men of genius, and, despite his poetic temperament, there is in him much of the lay preacher. I have noticed this quality in men such as Strindberg and Ibsen, who cried aloud in the wilderness of Philistia for freedom, for the "free, unhampered life," and then devise a new system that is thrice as irksome as the old, that puts one's soul into a spiritual bondage. Wedekind is of this order; a moralist is concealed behind his shining ambush of verbal immorality. In Germany every one sports his Weltanschauung, his personal interpretation of life and its meanings. In a word, a working philosophy—and a fearsome thing it is to see young students with fresh shure cuts on their honest countenance demolishing Kant, Schopenhauer, or Nietzsche only to set up some other system.

Always a system, always this compartmentizing of the facts of existence. Scratch the sentimentalism and aestheticism of a German, and you come upon a pedant. Wedekind has not altogether escaped this national peculiarity. But he writes for tomorrow, not yesterday; for youth, and not to destroy the cherished prejudices of the old. His admirers speak of him as a unicorn, a man so original as to be without fore-runners, without followers. A monster? For no one can escape the common law of descent, whether physical or spiritual. Wedekind has had plenty of teachers, not excepting the most valuable of all, personal experience. The sinister shadow cast by Ibsen fell across the shoulders of the young poet, and he has read Max Stirner and Nietzsche not wisely, but too well. He is as frank as Walt Whitman (and as shameless) concerning the mysteries of life, and as healthy (and as coarse) as Rabelais.

Germany's modern painting art occupies Mr. Huneker for the space of a chapter, but he is not over-enthusiastic in regard to this aspect of German culture. He implies that mere aesthetics have no connection with the Teutonic idea. To the German the "weltanschauung," the ethics, of the painter are of infinitely more importance than such mere details as style, quality, or atmosphere and purity of color. "Nietzsche is right," declares Huneker; "in certain matters the Germans are the Chinese of Europe; they refuse to see the light of modern discoveries in art." He continues:

Here is a violent instance: On the top floor of the National Gallery, Berlin, there is a room with fourteen masterpieces on its walls. Nothing in the galleries below—not even Zorn's Maja—nothing in all Berlin, excepting the old masters in the Kaiser Friedrich Museum, can be mentioned in the same breath with these beautiful compositions, condemned to perpetual twilight. They were secured by the late and lamented Von Tschudi, who left the National Gallery after their purchase and retired to Munich, where he bought a great example of El Greco for the old Pinakothek, the Laocoon, a service, I fancy, not quite appreciated by the burghers of Munich. The masters who have thus fallen under the ban of official displeasure are Manet, Monet, Pissarro, Renoir, Sisley, and Cézanne—the latter represented by two of the most veracious fruit-pieces I ever saw. The Manet is the famous Hothouse, and in the semi-darkness (not a ray of artificial light is permitted) I noted that the canvas had mellowed with years. The Monets are of rare quality. Altogether a magnificent object-lesson for young Germany, in which tender color, an exquisite vision (poetic without being sloppy-sentimental) of the animate and inanimate world. What a lesson for these rough daughters who growl at the dandyism of the Frenchmen, whose landscapes look like diagrams, surveyors' maps, or what-not; painters who, if they were told that they are not knee-high to a grasshopper when their pictures are set side by side with American landscapists, would roar as if at a good joke; and a lesson that will never be learned by the present generation, which believes that Max Klinger is a great etcher, a great sculptor (only think of that terrifying Beethoven statue in Leipzig), that Böcklin is a great poet as well as a marvelous painter, that—oh, what's the use! The nation that produced such world masters as Albrecht Dürer, Hans Holbein, Lucas Cranach, and the German Primitives has seemingly lost its lien on a sound art.

The music of Arnold Schoenberg and of Richard Strauss, the painting of Puvis de Chavannes and of Jan Vermeer, the plays of Sudermann and Schnitzler, the writing of De Maupassant, of Lafcadio Hearn, and of Joseph Conrad occupy the brilliant pen of Mr. Huneker for various chapters. As usual with the author, it is the sort of a volume that informs and helps to mold public opinion. His crystalline phrases remain in our minds.

IVORY APES AND PEACOCKS. By James Huneker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50.



THE LATEST BOOKS.

A Revolutionary Hero.

On July 12, 1789, at Versailles, in France, an obscure, shabby, ugly little lawyer, mounting a table in the palace gardens, made a wild, impassioned speech. When he had finished, the mob that he had inflamed by his eloquence picked him up and carried him about in shouting triumph—and the French Revolution was on. Less than five years later, taunted and hissed by the same mob, he went to his death under the guillotine. He was Camille Desmoulins, one of the stormiest, most radical, and most picturesque of the leaders in the French Revolution. The thing that he created turned upon and rended him because he had lost his appetite for blood and showed a trace of sympathy for those who were being taken daily to their death.

Desmoulins was born at Guise on March 3, 1760, the son of a small government official. On attaining manhood he sought fame as a lawyer in Paris. But Paris rejected him until the day came when he steered her into a sea of blood. From then on until his death, Desmoulins was one of the leaders of the Revolution, his chief instrument of agitation being his pen. As editor of various revolutionary journals, as writer of vitriolic philippics, he kept the mob inflamed. He was in the centre of all the internal quarrels of the leaders. He was unsparing in his denunciation of the Revolution's foes and suspected foes, and merciless in his demands for their heads. A writer of wonderful power, he did not hesitate, when his ends demanded it, to lie outrageously about his enemies. They and he met death through the same agency—falsehood. When Desmoulins, Danton, and others were tried for treason to the cause there was not a shred of real evidence to show that they had been traitors. But their enemies demanded their lives. And only shortly after Desmoulins's head had dropped into the basket, his beautiful wife, Lucille, convicted on even less evidence than had doomed her husband, was put to death.

Many biographies of this firebrand have been written. The latest and one of the most comprehensive is by Violet Methley. Her account has the merit of not glossing Desmoulins's faults or exaggerating his virtues. She depicts him as inconsistent, unscrupulous, when need be; unjust to all who opposed him; and faithful to two ideals—the Revolution and his beautiful wife.

The author has gone deeply into her subject, illuminating her biography with much of Desmoulins's correspondence and with copious extracts from the revolutionary journals he conducted. Her vivid style makes the work as interesting as a piece of romantic fiction. The volume is illustrated with some unusually fine photogravures, chiefly portraits of Desmoulins and his family.

CAMILLE DESMOULINS. By Violet Methley. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$5 net.

Memories and Anecdotes.

Kate Sanborn is a voluble narrator. Through some two hundred pages of text she chatters disconnectedly and happily of the great men and women of New England whom she has met during the seventy-six years of

her life. In her childhood she was thrown much in contact with the intellectuals of New England, and throughout her career as teacher and lecturer she kept up an intimacy with most of the writers and leaders in professional life who were worth knowing. To read her volume is like sitting in an old-fashioned parlor and hearing an old-fashioned lady tell in her own leisurely and discursive way of the chief events of her life. It would be impolite—and useless—to ask her to hurry or to employ brevity. She must tell things in her own way, with little side excursions, and an opening once in a while of the old family album that you may get a visual idea of the people of whom she tells. But you will find the parlor a pleasant place and the chat worth while—for if there are trivialities, there are plenty of good anecdotes, too. And the picture that is presented of such people as Emerson, Fields, Greeley, Hay, Frances Willard, Mrs. Botta, and others of equal note, are very lovable and very human. We get a close and intimate view of many great ones who have passed on, and of whom we are always glad to hear through one who knew them well.

MEMORIES AND ANECDOTES. By Kate Sanborn. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.75 net.

"Burkesses Amy."

When Amy Burkess, who is a very much spoiled child, has a chance to go to Europe with her wealthy and doting grandfather she decides to stay in New York with her father, who is a student of sociology, and share his tenement rooms on the East Side. And so Amy finds her salvation in contact with the disinherited and learns the much-needed lessons of human sympathy and helpfulness.

The story is written with an evident sincerity, but we can hardly suppose that the picture of life on the East Side is an accurate one. And perhaps it is not necessary that it should be accurate in order to convey the moral that the best remedy for the shams and conventions of life is association with its sterner realities.

"BURKESES AMY." By Julie M. Lippmann. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.25 net.

White Tiger.

This capital little story relates the adventures of Jim Curtane, who gets the chance of his life when his uncle sends him out to the Dutch East Indies in order to investigate the causes that have led to the stoppage of a valuable tin mine. Jim Curtane finds that superstition is playing its customary part among the native miners, and in his efforts to rectify matters he is nearly murdered by river pirates. There is some quite exciting fighting, and when the hero eventually comes to the aid of a beautiful maiden in distress after she has effectually come to his aid we see that we have all the ingredients of a well-rounded romance in which the brave not only deserve, but also receive, the fair.

WHITE TIGER. By Henry Milner Rideout. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1 net.

The Temple of Dawn.

Here we have another of the author's stories of India in which the subtleties of the Hindu mind are contrasted with the more elemental motives of the white man. Perhaps nothing that happens in India should be surprising, but none the less it seems

somewhat of a strain on the probabilities that Leigh Dering should find his father-in-law murdered by an illiterate woman whom he has injured, that he should allow himself to be charged with the crime, and that this same woman should turn up later as the white wife of the Hindu prince, Govind Singh. It is not easy to understand why some of these people should act in the way that they do, and we also wonder how it is that one with the name of Singh should be a Buddhist. But the story is by no means devoid of interest, and especially at a time when Hindu disaffection should have added itself to the world problems.

THE TEMPLE OF DAWN. By I. A. R. Wyllie. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.35 net.

New Books Received.

REMINISCENCES. By Lyman Abbott. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$3.50 net.  
A biography.

THE POETS' LINCOLN. Selected by Osborn H. Oldroyd. Published by the editor at Washington, D. C.

Tributes in verse to the martyred President.

TALES TO BE TOLD TO CHILDREN. By Mary Dickerson Donahay. Chicago: The Howell Company; 75 cents net.

A volume for parents and teachers.

REAL AUCTION BRIDGE. By A. R. Metcalfe. Chicago. A. C. McClurg & Co.; 50 cents net.

The rules of bridge, and suggestions in applying them.

THE NEUTRALITY OF THE UNITED STATES IN RELATION TO THE BRITISH AND GERMAN EMPIRES. By J. Shield Nicholson, Sc. D., LL. D., F. B. A. London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd.; 20 cents.

A political discussion.

THE QUEST OF THE RING. By Paul S. Brallier. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net.

An allegory.

THE HERMIT OF THE ADIRONACKS. By Delia Trombly. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A book of adventure.

HUMANITY AT THE CROSS-ROADS. By John Hermand Randall, D. D. New York: Dodge Publishing Company; \$1.50 net.

An inquiry into modern religious tendencies.

WOMEN AT THE HAGUE. By Jane Addams, Emily G. Balch, and Alice Hamilton. New York: The Macmillan Company; 75 cents net.

The International Congress of Women and its results.

CHRISTIANITY AND POLITICS. By William Cunningham, D. D., F. B. A. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50 net.

The actual relation of Christianity and practical politics in the modern Anglo-Saxon world.

BATTLEGROUND ADVENTURES IN THE CIVIL WAR. Collected in personal interviews by Clifton Johnson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2 net.

The stories of dwellers on the scenes of conflict in some of the most notable battles of the Civil War.

ISLES OF SPICE AND PALM. By A. Hyatt Verrill. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A book for the traveler.

QUAINT AND HISTORIC PORTS OF NORTH AMERICA. By John Martin Hammond. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$5 net.

Glimpses of early history.

ENGLISH ANCESTRAL HOMES OF NOTED AMERICANS. By Anne Hollingsworth Wharton. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$4.50 net.

With many illustrations.

THE UNDYING STORY. By W. Douglas Newton. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.35 net.

The work of the British expeditionary force on the Continent from Mons, August 23, 1914, to Ypres, November 15, 1914.

"BURKESES AMY." By Julie M. Lippmann. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

THOMAS A. EDISON. By Francis Rolt-Wheeler. New York: The Macmillan Company; 50 cents net.

Published in the True Stories of Great Americans Series.

HESEON. With an English translation by Hugh G. Evelyn-White, M. A. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Homeric hymns and Homeric.

THE MILITARY OBLIGATION OF CITIZENSHIP. By Leonard Wood. Princeton: Princeton University Press; 75 cents net.

The policy of the United States in raising and maintaining armies, and the civil obligation of the army.

HONESTY. By William Healy. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1 net.

A study of the causes and treatment of dishonesty among children.

TALES OF OLD CALIFORNIA. By Carl Gray. London: Heath, Cranton & Ouseley, Ltd.; \$1.25 net.

Short stories.

KIMBLE'S COMMERCIAL, INDUSTRIAL, AND TECHNICAL VOCABULARIES FOR STENOGRAPHERS. By Elbert J. Kimble. Published by the author in San Francisco.

A text-book.

THE WAY OF MARTHA AND THE WAY OF MARY. By Stephen Graham. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2 net.

Religion in Russia.

The British Museum has a copy of the first directory ever published in the English language, a very rare book, which appeared in 1595.

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Terms That Puzzled Huxley.

Huxley once wondered whether he was a deist, an atheist, an agnostic, a pantheist, a materialist, or a skeptic, an idealist, a Christian, an infidel, or a freethinker. And the more he reflected, the deeper his problem. What answer will any one make? Dr. James C. Fernald, in his work, "Synonyms and Antonyms," defines each according to his own belief as follows: "The deist admits the existence of God, but denies that the Christian Scriptures are a revelation from Him; the atheist denies that there is a God; the agnostic denies either that we do know or that we can know whether there is a God. The skeptic doubts divine revelation. Infidel is an opprobrious term that might once almost have been said to be geographical in its range. The Crusaders called all Mohammedans infidels, and were so called by them in return; the word is commonly applied to any decided opponent of an accepted religion. A free-thinker is inclined or addicted to free-thinking; especially, one who rejects authority or inspiration in religion. A materialist takes interest only in the material or bodily necessities and comforts of life. A pantheist accepts the doctrine of pantheism. An idealist idealizes, or seeks an ideal, or ideal conditions. A Christian is one whose profession and life conform to the teaching and example of Christ. Pantheism is the doctrine that God and the universe are identical. It contrasts with atheism as the positive denial, and with agnosticism as the dogmatic doubt, of the existence of God. It opposes that form of deism which denies the divine immanence and separates God from the world."

The almost complete absence of life in the Alaskan oceans during the period of deposition of many thousands of feet of sediments has left the rocks practically devoid of fossils, which are so valuable in determining the age of rocks.

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### THE LATEST BOOKS.

#### Women at the Hague.

This volume contains the impressions of Jane Addams, Emily G. Balch, and Alice Hamilton, and it has the value that must attach to any impressions based on the personal experiences of intelligent persons. The peace conference itself was a hysterical absurdity, but there can be no indifference toward the measured and moderate views of these three exceptional women, nor toward the opinions expressed by some of those whom they interviewed.

Emily Balch, at least, is not a pacifist at any price. She says: "Peace is possible whenever the moment comes when each side would accept what the other side would grant, but from the international or human point of view a satisfactory peace is possible only when these claims and concessions are such as to forward, not to hinder, human progress. If Germany's terms are the annexation of Belgium and part of France and a military hegemony over the rest of Europe, or if the terms of France or England include wiping Germany off the map of Europe, then there is no possibility of peace at this or at any time that can be foreseen, nor does the world desire peace on these terms." This is very far from the ridiculous and rather insulting "kiss and be friends" sentiment that seemed to animate the women's peace propaganda in America. We have a similarly striking admission from Miss Addams when she says: "The belief that a woman is against war simply because she is a woman and not a man can, of course, be substantiated. In every country there are women who believe that war is inevitable and righteous; the majority of women as well as men in the nations at war doubtless hold that conviction." Whatever we may believe of women's peace conferences we can still read such a book as this with delight and with a pleased recognition that it contains none of the tears and hysterics and inconsequences to which the women's peace platform has accustomed us.

**WOMEN AT THE HAGUE.** By Jane Addams, Emily G. Balch, and Alice Hamilton. New York: The Macmillan Company; 75 cents net.

#### Christianity and Politics.

Here we have a discussion of the proper attitude of Christians toward the state and toward the political problems of the day. The situation is, of course, radically different from that of the time, not long past, when church and state were one and when they cooperated with equal authority toward a common aim. The author in the course of a number of able chapters inclines toward the view that it is not the duty of Christians, acting collectively and as such, to identify themselves with political movements or to form a sort of tail to a party kite. The Christian should first of all cultivate the Christian virtues in himself and then apply them to the problems of the day. It is not a Christian duty to espouse, for example, the cause of old-age pensions, seeing that old-age pensions have decreased the sense of filial responsibility. It would be better that Christians should first of all acquire Christianity and that they should then apply it according to individual discrimination. Dr. Cunningham's historical survey of the union between church and state as expressed in legislation is scholarly and illuminating.

**CHRISTIANITY AND POLITICS.** By Archdeacon William Cunningham, D. D., F. B. A. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50 net.

#### Drink and Be Sober.

Mr. Vance Thompson's indictment of the alcohol habit will be generally accepted as a true one, and it will be universally accepted as a brilliant piece of work. Indeed we may doubt if there will be any very serious plea in defense or even extenuation. Alcohol inhibits first the centres of moral consciousness and it percolates downwards to all the other centres of consciousness. About these things there can be no question. We do not need the "science says"—usually the prelude to a fallacy, for most people know these things for themselves.

But whether the proof of an evil may be assumed to justify the invocation of prohibitory laws is another matter, although to the average American mind it still seems axiomatic. It may appear to some that the plague and curse of laws is rapidly becoming a rival to the plague and curse of alcohol, and that while a nation in swaddling clothes and abdominal binders may be eminently moral, its virtue will be dearly purchased at the cost of virility. But this will prevent no one from enjoying Mr. Thompson's book.

**DRINK AND BE SOBER.** By Vance Thompson. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; \$1 net.

#### Eve Dorre.

Those who have learned to associate the novel with artificialities and conventions may perhaps decide that this is not a novel. But there will be no hesitation to recognize it as a singularly pure and beautiful idyll in the form of a girl's biography under the three heads of "The Child," "The Girl," and "The

Wife." We do not know how many girls there are like Eve Dorre, but we could wish that the world were full of them.

**EVE DORRE.** By Emily Vicle Strother. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.35 net.

#### Briefer Reviews.

"The Tale of Tibby and Tabby," by Ada M. Skinner (Duffield & Co.), is a rhymed story about cats intended for little children and quite cleverly illustrated.

"Real Auction Bridge," by A. R. Metcalfe (A. C. McClurg & Co.; 50 cents net), is a condensed exposition of the game and of its rules that well merits the attention of the ambitious player.

"Tales to Be Told to Children," by Mary Dickerson Donahey (the Howell Company; 75 cents net), is a collection of stories intended not only for telling the children, but also as a sort of example of the way in which children's stories should be imagined and related.

"Signs Is Signs," by Royal Dixon, is a story of colored people with Aunt Moriah for a heroine. Aunt Moriah firmly believes in signs. In fact her whole life is guided by them, and those who want a reliable index to negro superstitions will certainly find it here. The story is humorous as well as

instructive and its interest is increased by the clever illustrations of L. S. Geer. It is published by George W. Jacobs & Co. (\$1 net).

Children are receiving very much more than their rightful share of attention, and in many cases it is unwholesome attention. But this is certainly not the case with "How to Know Your Child," by Miriam Finn Scott (Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25 net). Its aim is to tell mothers how to develop the best in their children, and it does this in a common-sense way and without the slightest suspicion of fad or fancy.

Ralph D. Paine is so well known as a writer of college stories that it is hardly necessary to do more than announce the arrival of a new book from his pen. It is entitled "The Twisted Skein," and as it contains the element of romance we may consider it as of the nature of a novel. Karl Trueman is the hero, and after he gets on the college crew he finds himself suspected of all sorts of offenses of which he is innocent, and he seems in danger even of losing the girl. The story is published by Charles Scribner's Sons (\$1.35 net).

The Oxford Bible is said to be the only book printed in English without a typographical error.

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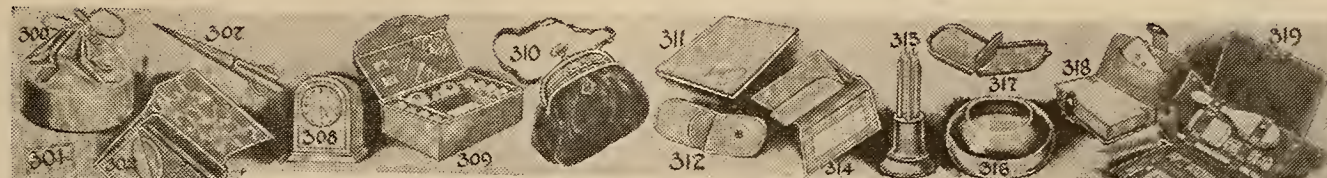
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### THE GADSKI CONCERT.

Alas, for the losses inflicted by inexorable Time! Why does not the ruthless old leveler strip us of our triple crown of youth, enthusiasm, and achievement at one fell blow, instead of tearing away petals after petals, until the lovely corolla is so frayed and thinned as to have lost its beauty? And, yet—no! after all, Father Time is merciful. He can not always cause us, like some of the leaves and wild flowers, to fade beautifully, but he habituates us to our coming deprivations by gently, unprecipitately removing our gifts one by one, until, by calm gradations, resignation has come.

It is always particularly sad, however, suddenly to discover the inroads made by the years on the great and admired gift of another. During the Beethoven Music Festival those who faced the truth made this discovery in regard to Schubmann-Heink's gift of song. And now we are forced to perceive it with Gadski. Only somehow or other Mme. Schubmann-Heink met it with a more assured front. Does she know? Certainly she must in some degree, for she managed her voice in the thin-worn places with such consummate art. But her emotion over her reception would seem to indicate that the enthusiasm of her audience befuddled her somewhat. But Gadski assuredly has no illusions, in spite of the long and varied programme she gave us; in spite of the more than generous encores. She faces her coming extinction as a singer valiantly, her assured and smiling concert demeanor would almost seem not to betray her. But the bright resilience of the past has gone from her voice, her body, her spirit. Perhaps the war has brought her sorrow, and yet I could not say that Gadski was sad. Only, she knows. She looked at her audience appraisingly at times, as if she asked herself, "Is this applause genuine? Do they not know also?" They seemed not to, so cordial and insistent was their applause. But an audience is swayed by many emotions. One is the determined resurrection of past enthusiasms. Another the will to get their money's worth. The more they "whoop her up," and fill the air with applause and enthusiasm, the more they feel reimbursed. And then there is in our American audiences the clement of chivalry, which always flourishes more easily in a land of plenty. Besides these chivalrous ones, who rewarded the best of the singer's vocalization with enthusiastic response, and her failures with that hurried and determined cordiality which seeks generously to conceal dismay, I feel like a ghoul in a graveyard. But a paid chronicler is supposed to chronicle.

Gadski's glory is in the past. Her voice has still some lovely notes, but that bright and elastic something in her spirit which has faded seems to have carried away with it the ability to control her voice. The two Schubmann songs went mechanically. In Schubert's "Death and the Maiden" we suddenly found—no, almost found—our Gadski again. No one could fail to recognize that only a great singer could color her tones with that sweetly solemn northern sentiment. In the Franz "Aus meinen grossen Schmerzen" and in "Im Herbst" one heard that same strain of noble exaltation, but never fully sustained to the end. But Gadski's soul more deeply asserted itself in these songs, although her voice could not always obey her will.

In the lighter numbers, MacDowell's "A maid sings light," Eisler's "Marching Song," Schubert's "Who is Sylvia?" the physical effort at gaiety was apparent. Yet in Paul Eisler's "Requiem" the singer's voice could not seem to convey the calm and hushed resignation of the Stevenson poem, in spite of her earlier semi-successes.

Gadski was prodigal with encores. She gave "The Erl-King," and the dramatic splendor of this well-loved number, and the beautifully expressive piano accompaniment, helped her to a triumph. And, besides, she knows it all so well, it is such familiar ground, gone over so many times, that her interpretation has become almost instinctive.

Her two operatic numbers, Elizabeth's great aria from "Tannhäuser" and the "Tristan and Isolde" "Liebestod," pealed forth in such volume that the audience, overlooking either consciously or unconsciously the sharpened quality of her once great notes, bearded her by the acclamation which greeted her efforts,

as a result of which she gave the famous Valkyrie cry. And, except for the last note, she did it well. But that is the new Gadski. Her voice, her once great, beautiful, pealing, expressive voice, is no longer reliable and obedient to her call. It sharpens, and flats, and even shakes when it should be firm. Her years on the concert stage will be few. Perhaps her destiny is now to be a great teacher.

### WHY WE LOVED IT SO.

And now it is over; all, all over. It has all been joy, whether we were cultivating our minds, our heels, or our love of play. We still have a few excitements left; more particularly the temporary reopening of the Palace of Fine Arts and the inspection of the new pictures that are to replace those taken away.

But at present life looks a little cold and pale to the Exposition habitués. For the season-ticket fraternity, with leisure to go almost daily, have had the time of their lives. It has been the stimulus and the exhilaration of a wide, mutually-absorbing interest. When large numbers of people are eagerly, joyfully engaged in doing the same thing it induces a sense of the brotherhood of man, and there is a sort of mental magnetism in the atmosphere.

We went from joy to joy in waves, and unconsciously acted in cohesion. In those first entrancing days we roamed over the grounds absorbing and assimilating impressions of our architectural riches. Suddenly we discovered that there were rich stores of symbolism to be explored, and all in a day everybody blossomed out with little orange-colored books that furnished the key. I don't believe half of us had finished this joyful task when the *Jaxon's* load arrived, and, following the promise that this gave us, the next excitement was the opening of the French pavilion. Symbolism was forgotten, and everybody surged in that direction. We passed through from room to room, marveling at the magnificence and variety of the display. France, agonized France, at death grips with the enemy, still had found time, and heart, and money to send to us many of her choicest treasures of history, of literature, of art. She even sent to the Exposition several of her noted men, who delivered lectures in the beautiful "salle de la pensée française." Well, we—or a section of us—were off again. Generous France saw to it that, lasting almost through the life of the Exposition, bi or tri-weekly lectures in French were given.

About contemporaneous with our French frenzy the foreign art exhibit was installed, and thither the season-ticket fraternity resorted daily by the thousand. Out here, in this far-off Pacific Coast, and in the rich Middle West, from which so many eager pilgrims have come, many there were and are unfamiliar with modern art. Upon the radiant, glowing canvases of such impressionists as Henri Martin they gazed stupefied. Knowing only the conventionalities of past epochs of painting, his brilliant sunshine made them blink like owls. In the "Chamber of Horrors," as Gallery 51 came to be called, the plaster-colored nudes and the Breckenridge worsted work "petites taches" that refused to blend awakened sheer bewilderment. Many ancient female Puritans, finding the world about them calm and unabashed in the presence of the numerous nudes, sought relief from their amazement by accosting strangers. They would generally select a solitary student with a catalogue and open the ball by saying, "I can't get used to them nudes. Aint it dreadfully improper to have them all about, and so many young folks here, too?" But the whirling of time, and the serenity of the rest of the world have reassured these worried pilgrims, and in the later months of the Exposition the plucky and adaptable old girls had become either habituated or reconciled and faced these numerous unclothed personages with marble calm.

Throwing open the doors of the group of beautiful Italian palaces recorded another stage, and for several weeks the season-ticket fraternity were immersed in a survey of classic art and the rare antiques of the Canessa collection. Perhaps the liveliest excitement among habitués was caused by the exhibition of the belated Futurist collection. The display went off with the élan attending the premiere of a brilliantly successful farce. Peals of laughter could be heard continually in Gallery 141 during the first week or so. Then, after a few days had passed, people began to enter into the game of solving puzzles. They were interestedly looking for the figure or figures that could be found in the middle of the maze, and, I doubt not, thought they were studying Futuristic art.

And all this time were flowing, in parallel streams, the rich and varied currents of Expository life. There were lectures galore, and moving-picture series that lay open to our gaze the lives of toilers, of peoples of foreign nations, of scientific investigators along lines of improvements undertaken by our own government. One-half the world began, at last, to learn how the other half lives. We reveled in the contrasts that lay

side by side and in the varieties that met every taste. While France and Italy, Turkey and Persia, China and Japan displayed treasures to which only wealth has the key, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, and many of our own states by picture and exhibit invited the plain farmer to pitch his tent on their fertile plains. Youth had its merry will and danced daily in the splendid ballroom of the two-million-dollar palace on the water-front, invited thither by California hospitality. Some undertook the tour of the state and foreign-nation buildings, for every door invited, and this varied and beautiful world was ours; our own, intimate possession. The treasures of the main palaces were never neglected, and daily devious streams of humanity went from concession to concession, some merely marveling, others bent on intelligent investigation. And always there were classes in architecture, easel painting, sculpture, and the various sciences.

And as for the gardens, the courts, the concerts: surely humanity at large, plain or cultured, gentle or simple, loves the beauty of sight and sound. There is no doubt of it. It was demonstrated every day and night of the Exposition.

It has been a happy, happy time, and, strangely enough, like an island of joy in an ocean of pain. We tried to forget the agony of the Old World, it is true. But not for always. We remembered long enough to give.

And, besides, the purposes of life are better met by being as happy as life will let us. Even the soldiers in the trenches have not forgotten to jest.

Then came the last wonderful day. Small wonder, under the circumstances, that every man, woman, and child in San Francisco, resident or tourist, resolved to go to the Exposition on the closing day. And a wonderful day it was. Here we are on the edge of the vast Pacific, and few indeed were the visitors who came to us from its island continents and archipelagoes. And yet with the total number present on our closing day of 458,555 we beat the Exposition of St. Louis, more than doubling its attendance on its closing day, situated though that city is in the very midst of a thickly populated area. Chicago had 761,942 present on Chicago Day. But we heat her on her closing-day attendance (only 252,696), we beat the proud record of the St. Louis Day (404,450) and, that being her biggest day, we beat her in every respect, including paid admissions, save the total of attendance, hers, however, being only a little over a million in excess of ours, while Chicago, in total attendance, is over 8,000,000 ahead of us. That, however, considering the population of the giant metropolis on the lake, is rather a trifling excess.

We will magnanimously concede, however, that Chicago and St. Louis, by the magnitude and success of their expositions, helped to turn the inclination and the feet of the Middle Westerners in this direction. In fact it was the prosperous people of the Middle West that constituted a majority of the people within our gates. They were great advertisers of the worth of our colossus among shows, and even up to and including the last week were instrumental in sending belated visitors here who had not had the least intention of coming. The attitude of some of these people, when the beauty and

the magnitude of our Exposition burst upon them, was all but reverential, and the fervor of their gratitude to Providence for not having allowed them to miss it next door to religious. No doubt these visitors to a man were present on the last day. As December 4th was not a business holiday, the day, the balmy, blue-skied, sun-warmed, heavenly day that a kind Providence sent us, did not show the overwhelming floodtide of humanity that surged through the gates at night.

It was a curious sentiment that prevailed everywhere: gaiety for the present, in the face of loss for the future. Each and all were determined, in carnival spirit, to participate in the wind-up of our great festival, yet, during the Exposition recessional, which, at mid-forenoon, took place in the vast, stately, sun-warmed precincts of the Court of the Universe, many dissolved in tears, when the flag came down from the top of the Tower of Jewels, even while they cheered. But at night it was different. Young San Francisco that had been too much occupied to come during the day arrived by the thousands early in the evening, and, with the optimism of youth, took no thought of an Expositionless future, but lived gayly in the present. The crowd was marvelous—what they call a truly San Francisco crowd. In making the circuit of the grounds one could but note their good-nature and the absence of roughness. Down at the Marina it was an awe-inspiring, and, indeed, to some a terrifying sight. The people, on the broad, open esplanade, were literally wedged together, watching the fireworks, which were making brilliant abasques of colored lights above our heads. They stretched far in each direction, a river of humanity. Some who had children were terrified, and clung to them with an expression of desperation. Family parties wound arms tightly around each other in an immense effort to remain together. Yet there was no scuffling, no ill-temper. A few young men made advancing wedges of themselves here and there, but when the Fagel trains came along, somehow or other the people pacifically made way, or tried to, to let them pass; and even, by a miracle, opened a sufficiently broad path for an automobile or so—presumably official—to pass through.

No wonder under such conditions that the Exposition hospital treated cases that were principally suffering from exhaustion. Indeed, as it transpired, the number of cases treated were fewer than on any other "big day." Canny people, foreseeing an immense exodus at midnight, commenced going home at 11 o'clock. But there were many thousands who would not be deprived of the final excitement: the sounding of "Taps" from the Tower, the plunging of the whole Exposition City into darkness at midnight by pressing a button, the great salvo of aerial bombs and star rockets and illuminating shells, and the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" by the thousands who had sat in the Court of the Universe hours and hours, esteeming themselves fortunate that the balminess of the night enabled them to hold their places long enough to be present at the closing ceremonies, and witness from this point the word "Finis" in letters of fire over the arch and the midnight flight of their pet birdman.

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made a carnival of the rest of the night. They danced on the asphaltum of the great ten-acre court, they swept in a merry tide through the Zone or supped in the various cafés and restaurants, whose proprietors felt as if they were going rich in a night. Thousands who, like the cricket, refused to take care for the future while they danced, were obliged to walk home, some of them, no doubt, many miles. The car service, which has successfully met all needs of these ten months, was unable to cope with the demands. All night the streets resounded with the merry voices of a marching host. There was a tomorrow, but that was to be after the great festivity was over. And, besides, the people who had simultaneously cheered and wept when the flag came down were subscribing in their hearts to the sentiment uttered by President Moore in his farewell speech: "This is the end of a perfect day; the beginning of an endless memory."

### THE ORPHEUM.

The Orpheum has celebrated the close of the Exposition by presenting one of the best programmes it has had in months. Remaining strictly in the line of regular vaudeville, and without even a playlet to offer contrast to the regular offerings of comedy, dancing, and music, there are still two slight deviations from vaudeville routine.

One is Glen Ellison, an English (or Scotch) music-ball singer with a delightful though commercially heightened Scotch accent and a voice that, for all its conformity to vaudeville standards, has occasional fascinating strains of sweetness. Mr. Ellison is very point device in his garb, a little heavy in his comedy, but strong in his sentiment. By coaxing and skillful diplomacy he induced the audience to join him in singing a, to it, new and unknown song; quite a feat. Mr. Ellison imitated Harry Lauder, and I, for one, prefer the imitator to the imitated.

Another number that has the flavor of novelty is a left-over from last week. This dancing act is billed as being performed by "Spain's foremost dancers," Eduardo and Elisa Cansino, "dancers to His Majesty King Alfonso XIII and the Royal Court of Spain." The young couple are so delightful in their art, and the little Elisa so sensuously alluring in her Spanish coquetry that I found myself fully disposed to believe the assertion. Even an assiduous chaser of pleasure like Alfonso of Spain would have to go far to find a dancer so capable of giving the Latin interpretation of a love-dance, called in this act, for some reason, "the dance of grace." Young Eduardo was quite brotherly in his matter-of-fact oblivion of his charming partner's allurements, but even with the handicap of having a brother for a partner, Elisa made her kind of charm—which, by the way, our more prosaic American dancers do not possess—thrillingly felt. The dancing of the two, also, was exceptionally spirited and graceful, and the union of the charm of graceful motion and of alluring temperament in the woman offered signal contrast to the very excellent but untemperamental dancing of Swan Wood, principal in a "ballet divertissement" which appeared later on the programme.

Miss Wood is accompanied by eight expert dancers, who, in conjunction with the principal, who is a wonderful whirler, gave a very varied and interesting number.

I sometimes think we take the fine work of Mr. Rosner and his orchestra too much for granted, particularly in numbers of this kind, in which so much depends on the quality of the music. In the "Nonette" number, also, the pretty violinist, in spite of the good quality of her instrumental contributions, which are better than her singing, would find herself deprived of quite a modicum of her success without that ever reliable background of delicious music.

Weber and Fields have been so much imitated that they have lost their novelty. I have owed them a grudge for having been the means of flooding the stage with so many base imitations, but I must admit their incontestable superiority in their field.

General Ed Lavine is an amusing and highly entertaining blend of juggler and comedian; Reine Davies a handsome and gorgeously gowned materialist who knows her business thoroughly; she can sing, attitudinize, and point her meaning, which, by the way, is occasionally not above reproach. Diamond and Brennan, singing and dancing partners, offer the usual popular stereotype, the whole completing a programme of good quality according to the popular taste.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

One of the first deep wells drilled in the West was put down near Huxley, Nevada, by the Central Pacific Railway in 1881, in a search for good water. The boring reached a depth of 2750 feet, but the water obtained was of very unsatisfactory quality. At 1700 feet the drill encountered a bed of "petrified clams" and the record states that at 1900 feet well-preserved "redwood timber" was found.

### FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

#### "The Typhoon" at the Cort.

A most important dramatic announcement is that concerning the appearance at the Cort Theatre next Sunday evening, December 12th, for a limited engagement only of Mr. Walker Whiteside in that strange and fascinating play, "The Typhoon," in which he appeared three years ago to such business in America that a London engagement was demanded.

A pleasant feature of Mr. Whiteside's return is the particularly representative cast of players assembled for his support. The acting company this season is an indication of a well-balanced performance throughout, including, as it does, the names of many players who have graced the American stage for many seasons, among them Lillian Cavanaugh, Maud Shaw, Stephen Wright, Leonard Mudie, Grant Sherman, and W. A. Whitecar.

"The Typhoon" is a play dealing with the secret activity of a number of Japanese residents in Berlin, the acknowledged leader of whom is the young nobleman, Toketomo, played by Mr. Whiteside. The scenic features of "The Typhoon," as well as the costuming, are secondary only to the acting by Mr. Whiteside, the picturesque environment being one of the pronounced novelties of the production as a whole. During the engagement of "The Typhoon" at the Cort Theatre there will be a matinee Wednesday and Saturday.

#### The New Bill at the Orpheum.

A splendid and novel bill will be presented at the Orpheum next week, when Victor Morley, one of the most popular musical-comedy stars that have triumphed on Broadway, will present what is termed a musical military travesty by Channing Pollock, Rennold Wolf, and Clifton Crawford, entitled "A Regular Army Man," which is a condensation of one of Mr. Morley's greatest successes, "My Best Girl." Mr. Morley brings with him a company of twelve people, his own musical director, and a splendid scenic equipment.

The Leightons, a merry trio of men who are the writers of a number of popular songs, will appear in a comedy singing, talking, and dancing skit called "The Party of the Second Part."

Lew Hawkins, the Chesterfield of minstrelsy, and one of the foremost burnt-cork comedians, will entertain with new songs and stories.

A combination iron-jaw and tight-wire act will be presented by the Leon Sisters and company, who appropriately style themselves sensational entertainers.

The Ballet Divertissement presented by Swan Wood and the Metropolitan Opera House Ballet; Reine Davies in new songs and new costumes, and Nonette, the violinist who sings, will also be included in the attractions.

A special feature of this programme which shares the headline honors will be Laura Nelson Hall, who was the original Everywoman in Henry W. Savage's allegory of that name. She has only recently allied herself with vaudeville and will appear in a one-act play by Robert H. McLaughlin, author of "The Eternal Magdalene," called "Demi-Tasse." She will have the support of Gaston Mervale and William Lorenz, two clever and deservedly popular actors.

#### "The Lion's Bride," Pantages Headliner.

"The Lion's Bride," a spectacular and thrilling feature, which utilizes a full-grown, untamed, tawny-maned king of the forest, is a startling headline attraction on the new bill at the Pantages. The production has not been shown here in several seasons, and it has been entirely revised and newly costumed. In "The Lion's Bride" the girl is cast into a cage where the big beast is seen by the audience prowling back and forth. Just as the lion is about to pounce upon the maiden a lightning transformation takes place and the lion's place is taken by the bold warrior who has been seeking the girl. "The Lion's Bride" is one of the greatest drawing attractions that the Pantages has played in years.

Carter, the debonair magician, is back again with his merry "bouquet of magic." Carter is on his last vaudeville tour and his tricks this year are all new and entertaining.

Truly Shattuck and Marta Golden, well-known musical-comedy favorites on the Coast, have been especially engaged for a brief tour of the local Pantages houses. Miss Shattuck was last seen here as star with "The Merry Gambol" company at the Gaiety, and Miss Golden was also a prominent member of the same company, having jumped into the breach left vacant by Marie Dressler on an hour's notice.

Hopkins and Axtell have a delightful little satire on the railroads, entitled "Traveling." Other good numbers are Smith's boys' band; Williams and Rankins, world's greatest cornetists; Carson Brothers, modern gladiators, and comedy pictures.

At the age of seventy years Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, "the grand old lady of the stage,"

is making her vaudeville debut. Mrs. Whiffen, who is the oldest American actress actively playing, has a one-act comedy, "Twilight." It was Mrs. Whiffen who was the original Little Buttercup in "H. M. S. Pinafore" in America. She has supported Ethel Barrymore, John Drew, and scores of others equally famous and was featured in "The Beautiful Adventure."

### THE MUSIC SEASON.

#### The Maud Powell Concerts.

Maud Powell will give two concerts at the Cort Theatre this week, the dates being Sunday afternoon, December 10th, at 3 o'clock, and Tuesday afternoon, December 14th.

At Sunday's concert she will play, with the assistance of Arthur Loesser, the "Sonata" by Vincent D'Indy, which has never before been heard in this city. Students of the violin will be delighted to hear De Bériot's "Concerto" No. 7, and works by Sibelius, Saint-Saëns, Florent Schmitt, and Edward Grasse will complete the programme.

On Tuesday afternoon Mozart's "Concerto" in A major, the "Sonata" by Cesar Franck, and works by Rust, Pugnani, Victor Herbert, Massenet-Powell, and Sarasate will be given.

Tickets are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Köhler & Chase's, and the Cort Theatre.

Next Wednesday Miss Powell will sail for Honolulu and on her return in January will play in Oakland under the auspices of the Oakland Teachers' Association.

#### The Loring Club Concert.

At the concert of the Loring Club on the evening of Tuesday, December 14th, at Scottish Rite Auditorium, the club will have the assistance of Mme. Lorna Lachmund, coloratura soprano of the Hamburg Opera. She will be heard in "In Springtime," by A. Herbert Brewer, for solo soprano, chorus of men's voices, and accompaniment of strings and piano, and also in groups of songs by Richard Strauss and Mrs. H. H. A. Beach.

A new composition by Charles Wakefield Cadman, entitled "A Mighty Vulcan," for chorus of men's voices with strings and piano, will be given its first performance in San Francisco on this occasion, the programme in addition containing a chorus for men's voices from Max Bruch's opera, "Die Lorelei," part songs by Arthur Foote, Arthur Sullivan, and C. B. Hawley, and, in accordance with the custom of the Loring Club in its December concert, a number of old Christmas carols. In the accompaniments the club will have the assistance of strings, with Gino Severi as principal violin, while Frederick Maurer will be the pianist. The concert will be under the direction of Wallace A. Sabin.

#### The Mme. Betty Drews Concert.

Mme. Betty Drews promises to supplement in this city her success as a concert star achieved in the capitals of Europe.

Among the many foreign artists recently arrived in San Francisco from Europe none comes with higher credentials than those possessed by this dramatic soprano, whose programme to be given Wednesday evening at the St. Francis Hotel is evidence of the range of her voice and art and the cosmopolitanism of her musical taste.

The programme will contain works by Gluck, Saint-Saëns, Mrs. Beach, Wagner, Faure, Richard Strauss, Martini, Beethoven, Brahms, and others, and her accompanist will be Frederick Maurer.

It was Mme. Etelka Gerster who encouraged Mme. Drews to her career as a singing artist and who prophesied the success which this vocalist has won.

#### Uncovering Prehistoric Ruins.

Under the direction of Dr. Jesse W. Fewkes, of the Smithsonian Institution, exploring excavations in the Mesa Verde National Park are bringing to light some prehistoric ruins which may be considered of exceptional importance, and especially to archaeologists. In this regard, Enos Mills, author and naturalist, living on the slope of Long's Peak, Colorado, says:

"For many years visitors to the Mesa Verde National Park have noticed a huge mound opposite the Cliff Palace with trees growing upon it. It has aroused a great deal of curiosity, and many have been the speculations concerning its meaning, especially when stones were discovered emerging from it that evidently had been cut by tools in the hands of man. It is this mound which the Department of the Interior determined to explore and under which Dr. Fewkes has just found the most remarkable prehistoric structure north of the Aztec architecture in Mexico.

"This splendid structure is of cut and polished stone. The building has the form of a capital D. The straight elevation is 123 feet long and the curved part 245 feet. The outer walls are double, and between them are a series of narrow rooms. As the outer walls are unbroken, the entrance to this build-

ing must have been either subterranean or by the means of ladders through the top.

"Dr. Fewkes believes the ruin was an uncompleted fortress abandoned when the cliff dwellers disappeared from the Rocky Mountain region. He does not think the cliff-dwellers were exterminated, however, but believes that, about the time they abandoned their unfinished fortress they had become strong enough to leave their mountain refuges and mingle with the tribes of the lowlands. After that, perhaps, they became amalgamated with the various Indian races and lost their separate identity.

"At Moki Spring, a short distance from these ruins, there are a number of other tree-grown mounds very similar in appearance to the one just excavated. Here and there cut stones are exposed in these. It is possible that there is a buried city beneath these mounds. Dr. Fewkes hopes next year to find whether or not there is a buried and prehistoric city concealed beneath."

Ogden Cañon, a deep cleft through the towering Wasatch Mountains, overlooking the Great Salt Lake, is one of nature's show places, cut in the solid rock by the river which runs through it, the rushing water, from prehistoric times, carrying quantities of sand and gravel which simply filed out the present wonderful cañon. Ogden River was flowing west along its present course before the lofty Wasatch Mountains came into existence. The raising of the mountains went on slowly for ages, so slowly that the river kept its place by cutting down its ever-rising bed. In no other way can scientists rationally account for a river rising on one side of the range and flowing directly across it.

Known as the Japanese nightingale, the uguisu is the favorite bird pet of the islanders. The birds are divided into five grades according to excellence in singing, and command prices ranging from fifty cents to \$500.

Although smokeless powder dates back nearly fifty years, it was not until 1886 that it attained its real efficiency and sprang into general use. However, even the best of this powder is not absolutely smokeless.

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## VANITY FAIR.

Every one nowadays, from the President downward, is quoting Scripture. The Bible, it seems, was strongly in favor of dreadnoughts, submarines, and aeroplanes, and it also advocated peace at any price. It championed preparedness and unpreparedness. It bestowed its benedictions impartially on the secretary of the Navy League and upon Mr. Bryan. It seems to contain no direct reference to Mr. Ford, but probably this is due to an old-fashioned prejudice against advertisements in reading matter. Whatever may be our views on the great military problem of the day, we may turn to Holy Writ with every confidence that we shall find them emphasized and confirmed.

Of course this is all very satisfactory and a great stimulus to the Bible class. But let us be careful. Let us be circumspect. As was once said by the immortal Hosea Bigelow, "They didn't know everything down in Judee." They had some ideas that were not ours, ideas about women and war and wives that could hardly be applied to modern life without serious trouble. For example, we search through our well-thumbed copy of the Old Testament and in Deuteronomy, chapter 25, verse 5, we find the following: "When a man hath taken a new wife, he shall not go out to war, neither shall he be charged with any business; but he shall be free at home one year, and shall cheer up his wife which he hath taken."

Now we should like to consider this passage under the usual fourteen heads and ninety-six sub-heads. We should like Mr. Bryan to make it the subject of a Chautauqua lecture. It would be a delight to ascertain the opinions of Miss Jane Addams and Dr. Anna Shaw. What a pleasure it would be if Mr. Ford would rattle up in a jitney and expound it to us. But space will not allow us to give adequate attention to this pregnant passage. It bristles with difficulties, perplexities, and incongruities. Even our trained theological mind is found to waver and wander before its ambiguities.

Now while we can not enter fully upon the discussion for which we feel that a natural piety has fitted us, the temptation to point out some of its salient features is an irresistible one. First of all we may notice the recognition of war as an institution, and we may commend this to the attention of the biblical pacifists. Not only have we an assumption of the continuance of war, but even conscription seems to have been countenanced, since the man with the "new" wife is expressly exempted. It may of course be argued that this exemption does not point to compulsory military service, but rather to the natural desire of the married man to enlist forthwith. We will not argue the point. It may be so. But if it is so we may none the less note the fact that the married man is forbidden to seek peace and safety on the battlefield. He may fight. Indeed he will be unable to avoid fighting. But he shall not go out to war. He shall confine his military operations to his home. He shall patronize domestic industries. He shall "see America first," so to speak.

But let us turn from the field of strife to the softer domestic aspects of this remarkable passage. The married man is not only free from external wars, but he shall not be "charged with any business." Once more we may suppose that outside business is meant. There is no indication here that he may spend his time in slothful ease. Indeed he will not expect to do so if the expression "a new wife" be taken to refer to a succession of wives existing either consecutively or contemporaneously. Experience will have taught him better than that. In this injunction we may discern a sympathetic recognition of the absolute necessity for a concentrated mind upon the domestic emergencies and perils into which he has plunged anew. They will demand all his courage, all his energies, and all his fortitude. He may address himself to them with an undivided mind, and if after the space of a year he is still sound in wind and limb, with mind unaffected, and in possession of all its faculties, he may then feel at liberty to apply for furlough and to seek distraction on the stock exchange or in the comparative peace and quiet of the advanced trenches.

There are many other points that it would be interesting to discuss, but space forbids. There is something baffling about that expression "a new wife." It seemed clear enough when first we read it, but subtleties disclosed themselves to further attention. Why a new wife? Does this mean any wife, or does it refer only to wives who come after the first? If the second alternative be the correct one we fail to understand why a man who already has a wife, or who has already had one, should be granted exemption and privileges not accorded to one who is making his first marital venture. One would suppose that the law would be somewhat different to the fate of the man who had thus shown himself impervious to the lessons of experience, and deaf to the teachings of adversity. Idiots and minors should,

of course, be protected. We are all agreed about that, but the shield of authority would seem to be wasted on those who have had the opportunity to learn through tribulation and who have neglected its teachings.

But of course there is another and quite tenable theory. The military and business exemptions may have been intended as an inducement to the commission of an act that would not otherwise be contemplated. When a man marries his first wife he may be supposed to act under the impulse of what may be called the audacity of ignorance. No bribe is necessary. He does willingly what a larger experience would cause him to do unwillingly or not at all. But when it comes to marrying "a new wife" it is necessary to offer inducements, premiums, compensatory advantages, blandishments, and special privileges. The man who has already been married may be supposed to have acquired a certain amount of wariness like the much-hunted fox. He does not intend to repeat a mistake that has already cost him so dearly. Hence the exemptions from public duty offered to the man who takes "a new wife," seeing that he would certainly not do so but for governmental assurance of an adequate reward.

It is true that the professional theologian may find much to cavil at in the foregoing interpretations. But they are offered modestly as the suggestions of a layman toward the much-disputed problems of the higher criticism. There is much that might be said in addition, but modesty and the editor forbid. And, after all, this column is not intended for biblical research.

A notable addition to the "Science Corner" of Westminster Abbey is the recent unveiling of memorial tablets to Sir Joseph Hooker, the botanist, Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace, the naturalist, and Lord Lister, founder of antiseptic surgery. The three new tablets were placed close together in the north aisle of the abbey. That to Dr. Wallace adjoins the tablet to Darwin, and on the left is the tablet to Lord Lister. These tablets fit into the space between those of Darwin and John Couch Adams, the discoverer of the planet Neptune. Beneath the memorial to Adams is the tablet to Sir Joseph Hooker. A few yards away are the tombs of Darwin, Herschel, and Newton.

The origin of the Kume-mai, the dance performed at the recent coronation of the Mikado, is traced to Jimmu-Tenno, an early hero, who while on his eastern expedition found a certain chieftain called Tsuchigumo most obstinate in his resistance and unsubduable. Thereupon he ordered O-Kume-Nushino-Mikoto to entice out the chieftain, to whom sake was offered and dances were shown, with the result that finally he was overcome and slain. The descendants of O-Kume-Nushino-Mikoto put this fact into songs and music, from which sprang the dance.

Alligators' eggs are eaten by natives in the West Indies and Western Africa. They are similar to a hen's egg in shape and taste, but larger.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

At the University of California a freshman was asked recently by one of the professors whether he had proved a certain proposition in Euclid. "Well, sir," said the freshman, "proved" is a rather strong word, but I will say that I have rendered it highly probable."

The gentleman had just related to the lady an anecdote with a *double entendre* in it. And the lady, being such, did not smile. "Aha!" he said, in disappointed tones, "you prove that women have no sense of humor. You didn't see the point, did you?" "No," she answered, with dignity. "Not if it's what I suspect it is."

The curate was engaged in a theological discussion with his landlady, and in the course of it asked: "And what do you think of the character of St. Paul?" The landlady answered: "Ah! he was a good soul. Do you remember how he once said we should eat what is set before us and ask no questions for conscience sake? I've often thought how I would have liked him for a hoarder."

There was once an old Scotch crofter who, when giving evidence before the crofters' commission, admitted that while he was the owner of three cows, "the heasties were as thin as Pharaoh's lean kine." The chairman, thinking to corner old Kenneth, asked him to say how lean Pharaoh's kine were. Even a seventeenth-century divine would have wanted a day or two to think this over. But Kenneth answered at once, "They were sae lean that they c'u'd only be seen in a dream."

The head of a big London business concern is exceptionally tall, and his height is further accentuated by his exceeding slowness. One day a visitor from the country called to see him, and was duly asked to sit down. After they had concluded their business the visitor rose to go, and his host rose also, and seemed to rise and rise. The visitor, letting his glance travel upward, as though inspecting a new species of skyscraper, and with an expression of awed admiration, ejaculated: "Great Scott, old man, your parents must have trained you on a trellis!"

He had been courting the girl for a long time. It happened on Sunday night after church, and she looked with ineffable tenderness into his noble eyes. "Tom," she murmured, "didn't you tell me once you would be willing to do any act of heroism for my sake?" "Yes, Mary, and I would gladly reiterate that statement now," he replied. "No Roman of old, however brave, was ever fired with a loftier ambition, a braver resolution than I." "Well, Tom, I want you to do something really heroic for me." "Speak, darling, what is it?" "Ask me to be your wife."

An elderly lady on her first railway trip in England noticed the communication cord overhead, and was told by a mischievous boy that it was to ring when she wanted anything to eat. Shortly afterwards the old lady reached up with her umbrella and gave it a vigorous pull. The whistle sounded, the brakes were put together sharply in the driver's effort to stop. Presently the guard came rushing along the train and asked, "Who pulled that cord?" "I did," replied the old lady, meekly. "Well, what do you want?" snapped the official impatiently. "You may bring me some ham sandwiches and a cup of tea if you will."

Two youngsters, one the possessor of a permit, were fishing on a certain estate when a gamekeeper suddenly darted from a thicket. The lad with the permit uttered a cry of fright, dropped his rod, and ran off at top speed. The gamekeeper was led a swift chase. Then, worn out, the hoy halted. The man seized him by the arm and said between pants: "Have you a permit to fish on this estate?" "Yes, to be sure," said the hoy quietly. "You have? Then show it to me." The boy drew the permit from his pocket. The man examined it and frowned in perplexity and anger. "Why did you run when you had this permit?" he asked. "To let the other hoy get away," was the reply. "He didn't have none."

In the time of the Second Empire there had been, at Compiègne, a great and elegant hunting party, with a tremendous massacre of hares and pheasants and other game. Standing in chosen spots the emperor and his followers had the game driven up before them, and had nothing to do but shoot it down. These highhorn hunters had hut to stoop to pick up the game that they shot; but they did not even do as much as that. Their valets, dressed in picturesque costumes, went about picking up their game for them. As the hunters returned after the day's sport it was noticed that Prosper Merimée, who was

one of the party, was the only one whose servant was not laden with game. He was left completely in the lurch, as it were, without having taken so much as a sparrow. "Well, well!" his literary fellows exclaimed; "how did they manage to get away from you?" "When game is so plenty as that," said Merimée, gravely, "the merit of a marksman lies in hitting nothing. So I fired between the birds."

It was somewhere along the battle front, and a young German lieutenant and his orderly were on patrol duty. One day they had ridden for fourteen hours with not a bite of food. At nightfall they came to a battery of heavy artillery. Here they dismounted and asked for supper. The captain in charge of the battery bid them welcome, and remarked: "You can have some nice turkey for your supper after your long fast." The meat was produced and the lieutenant took a large mouthful. As he began to chew he glanced up suspiciously at the captain. "I beg your pardon, captain, but did I understand you to say that this was turkey?" "Certainly, lieutenant, it is turkey." The lieutenant ate some more, and then said: "Are you really sure, Herr Captain, that this is turkey?" "Oh, quite sure, Herr Lieutenant. Of course it's turkey." The lieutenant ate some more, and then, thanking the captain for his hospitality, he turned to his orderly. "Fritz," he said, "saddle our turkeys."

Brother Simmons was a brand newly snatched from the burning. Until the momentous night when he "got religion" he had been a successful professional gambler among his people of the Afro-American tribe. "After de sarmin t'mor' night, Brudder Simmons," said old Deacon Whang, "we all is gwine to have a rousin' hozanner meetin' and hurn up yo' par'phnalia, hless de Lawd!" "Burn up which?" returned Brother Simmons in some astonishment. "Yo' gamblin' outfit. When a spo'tin' man gits converted and washed whiter dan snow, dey allus hurns up his kyahds and dice and sich scan'lous stuff as dat, midst loud shouts o' praise. De Lawd is wid 'em, and de gamblin' brudder steps fo'th and flings his par'phnalia on de fiah and stands wid bowed head whilst—" "Not me! I aint gwine to do no sich-uh thing!" "But, muh goodness, hrudder, yo' am converted, isn't yo', and—" "Yassah! I's sho' converted, hut dat don't make me a hleme fool! I mought backslide and need dat stuff!"

THE MERRY MUZE.

What Father Needs.

Do your Christmas shopping early,  
Do it early, mother dear;  
This will be the gladdest Christmas  
Since the one of yesteryear.  
Buy a bracelet for Matilda,  
Buy a diamond ring for me,  
Buy a watch for brother Willie  
And for Susie—let me see—  
Susie needs a sparkling sun-burst,  
Something real, without a flaw—  
Buy a fountain pen for father  
He will need it, b'lieve me, ma.

—The Scoop.

Poetic Warmth.

The wind howled shrill and loud,  
The snow whirled white and gray;  
The sky was crowded, cloud on cloud—  
It was an awful day!  
But gay and full of glee,  
And scornful of the skies,  
The poet wrote so fast that he  
Kept warm by exercise!

"What is there to inspire  
Your pen, if you're inspired?  
What spark has lit this inner fire  
So hotly?" I inquired.  
"Your garret's cold as ice,  
The tempest shrieks without—  
What do you find so gol-darn nice,  
Said I, "to write about?"

He hardly heeded me,  
So wrapped he was in rhymes;  
I had to say it two or three  
Or maybe twenty times.  
And then he growled "Go 'way  
And let a fellow sing!  
I'm working out a poem, today,  
About the coming Spring!"  
—Ted Robinson, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Stranger.

"Who's that stranger, mother dear?  
Look! he knows us . . . aint he queer?"

"Hush, my own, don't talk so wild;  
He's your father, dearest child?"

"He's my father? No such thing!  
Father died away last spring!"

"Father didn't die, you dub,  
Father joined a golfing club.

"But they've closed the club, so he  
Has no place to go, you see—

"No place left for him to roam—  
That is why he's coming home.

"Kiss him . . . he won't bite you, child;  
All them golfing-guys look wild."

—Chicago Herald.



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Of San Francisco

Paid-Up Capital.....\$ 4,000,000.00  
Surplus and Undivided Profits..... 1,889,544.21  
Total Resources..... 46,182,816.88

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HERBERT FLEISHACKER.....Vice-President  
WASHINGTON DOBSON.....Vice-President  
J. FRIEDLANDER.....Vice-President  
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JUNE 30th, 1915:

Assets.....\$90,321,343.04  
Deposits..... 57,362,890.55  
Capital actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000.00  
Reserve and Contingent Funds..... 1,958,433.69  
Employees' Pension Fund..... 199,164.12  
Number of Depositors..... 66,965  
For the 6 months ending June 30th, 1915, a dividend to depositors of 4 per cent per annum was declared. Open Saturday Evenings 6 to 8.

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Notice of Hearing of Application for Voluntary Dissolution of Corporation

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 69,719.

In the Matter of the Application of HORN & CO., HANFORD BRANCH, for its voluntary dissolution.

Notice is hereby given that the application of HORN & CO., HANFORD BRANCH, a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, praying for the voluntary dissolution of said corporation, has been filed in the above-entitled court and will be heard on the 21st day of December, 1915, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Court Room of Department 3 of said Superior Court, in the Temporary City Hall, No. 1231 Market Street, San Francisco, California.

Dated November 15th, 1915.

(Superior Court Seal)

HARRY I. MULCREVY,  
County Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH,  
Deputy Clerk.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 69,720.

In the Matter of the Application of HORN & CO., SAN JOSE BRANCH, for its voluntary dissolution.

Notice is hereby given that the application of HORN & CO., SAN JOSE BRANCH, a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, praying for the voluntary dissolution of said corporation, has been filed in the above-entitled court and will be heard on the 21st day of December, 1915, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Court Room of Department 3 of said Superior Court, in the Temporary City Hall, No. 1231 Market Street, San Francisco, California.

Dated November 15th, 1915.

(Superior Court Seal)

HARRY I. MULCREVY,  
County Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH,  
Deputy Clerk.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 69,721.

In the Matter of the Application of HORN & CO., BAKERSFIELD BRANCH, for its voluntary dissolution.

Notice is hereby given that the application of HORN & CO., BAKERSFIELD BRANCH, a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, praying for the voluntary dissolution of said corporation, has been filed in the above-entitled court and will be heard on the 21st day of December, 1915, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Court Room of Department 3 of said Superior Court, in the Temporary City Hall, No. 1231 Market Street, San Francisco, California.

Dated November 15th, 1915.

(Superior Court Seal)

HARRY I. MULCREVY,  
County Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH,  
Deputy Clerk.

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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The wedding of Miss Elena Brewer and Mr. Spencer Grant took place Tuesday evening in the Garden Church of St. Vincent de Paul. Mrs. Herbert Jones was her sister's matron of honor and the bridesmaids were the Misses Marie Brewer and Helen Jones. Mr. William Foster was the best man and the ushers were the Messrs. Benjamin Upham and Roy Ryone. Upon their return from their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Grant will reside on Sacramento Street.

The wedding of Miss Helen Wright and Mr. Thomas Hawkins took place Tuesday evening at Century Hall. Mrs. Horace Bradford Clifton was the matron of honor and the bridesmaids were the Misses Augusta Foute, Martha Sutton, Olga Willits, and Helen Johnson. Mr. Egerton Wright was the best man and the Messrs. George Montgomery, Geoffrey Montgomery, and Alber Shaw of Hollister were the ushers. Upon their return from their wedding trip the young couple will reside in Hollister.

Mrs. Hannah Hobart was the guest of honor Friday at a luncheon given by Mrs. Henry Kierstedt at the Francisca Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Lilley entertained a number of young people Wednesday evening at the supper-dance at the Palace Hotel. The affair was in honor of their niece, Miss Hannah Hobart.

Mrs. Richard Bayne was hostess recently at a luncheon at her home on Jordan Avenue. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Horace Hill, who will leave shortly for New York to spend the remainder of the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young gave a dinner at their home on California Street Sunday evening, when a score of friends enjoyed their hospitality.

Mrs. Charles Keeney was hostess Wednesday at a luncheon at her home in Oakland in honor of Miss Eleanor Tay, whose engagement to Mr. John Mighells has recently been announced.

Miss Kate Crocker was the complimented guest Tuesday at a luncheon given by her aunt, Mrs. Fannie McCreary.

Miss Emilie Tubbs entertained a number of friends Friday evening at a dinner at her home on Jackson Street.

Dr. Morton Gibbons and Mrs. Gibbons gave a dinner at their home on Washington Street Wednesday evening, when a number of friends enjoyed their hospitality.

Mrs. H. M. A. Miller was hostess Monday afternoon at a tea at her home on California Street.

Mrs. Alfred Swinnerton has issued invitations to a bridge-tee Thursday afternoon, December 16th, at her home on Franklin Street. The affair will be in honor of Miss Margaret Casey and Miss Violet Page of Chicago.

Miss Ruth Welsh was hostess Friday at a luncheon at her home on Jackson Street in honor of Miss Elena Eyre.

Mrs. Louis McDermott gave a luncheon Wednesday at the Hotel St. Francis in honor of Miss Marian Stoval, whose engagement to Mr. Hjalmar Hjort Boyesen has recently been announced.

Mrs. Henry Bergin was the complimented guest recently at a tea given by Mrs. Clinton La Montagne at her home on Devisadero Street.

Miss Marie Louise Black was hostess at a dinner at her home on Broadway Friday evening, when a dozen friends enjoyed her hospitality.

Miss Phyllis de Young entertained a number of friends Thursday evening at a dinner at the New York State building.

Mrs. Hubert Law was hostess Wednesday afternoon at a bridge-tee at her home in Presidio Terrace in honor of Miss Katherine MacAdam.

Mrs. William Tubbs gave a luncheon at her home on Jackson Street Thursday, when a dozen friends enjoyed her hospitality. Miss Hanson was the complimented guest Thursday afternoon at a tea given by Mrs. Tubbs.

Miss O'Connor was hostess Thursday at a luncheon at the Francisca Club in honor of Mrs. Warren Leeds of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. James Otis entertained a number of young people Saturday evening at a dinner at their home on Broadway.

Mrs. Horace Pillsbury was hostess Saturday afternoon at a reception at the Massachusetts building. The affair was to celebrate the formal closing of the building.

Mr. and Mrs. A. King Macomber entertained a large number of friends Sunday evening at a dinner at their home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Willard Drown entertained a number of friends recently in honor of Mrs. Outout and Mrs. Oliver Read of New York at her home on Washington Street. Mrs. Russell Wilson and

Mrs. Walter Filer are among others who have entertained in honor of these Eastern visitors.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Heyneman gave a dinner at their home on Buchanan Street Monday evening, when a score of friends enjoyed their hospitality.

Mrs. Allen Messer and Mrs. Reginald Brooke of London were the complimented guests Saturday at a luncheon given by Mrs. Frances H. Davis at the Town and Country Club.

The foreign commissioners to the Exposition and their wives gave a dinner Monday evening at the Palace Hotel as a farewell to Judge William Bailey Lamar, and Mrs. Lamar, who will leave shortly for their home in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Emory Winslip and Mrs. Fletcher Ryer were the complimented guests Sunday at a luncheon given by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden at the Burlingame Club.

Miss Beatrice Nickel was hostess Saturday evening at a dinner at her home on Laguna Street. The affair was in celebration of her birthday.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Pillsbury gave a dinner Friday evening at their home on Pacific Avenue preceding the ball given by Mr. and Mrs. James Flood at their residence on Broadway in honor of Miss Elena Eyre.

Miss Elena Eyre was hostess Wednesday at a luncheon at the Town and Country Club.

Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall was hostess Friday evening at a dinner at her home on Jackson Street.

Captain Edward Carpenter, U. S. A., and Mrs. Carpenter entertained a number of friends Saturday evening at an informal dinner at the New York State building in honor of Admiral William F. Fullam, U. S. N., and Mrs. Fullam.

General Arthur Murray, U. S. A., and Mrs. Murray were the complimented guests Wednesday evening at a dinner and reception given by the woman's board at the California building. The affair was given as a farewell to General Murray upon his retirement from the army.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch and their two little daughters are established at the Hotel St. Francis, where they will spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman James, who were recently married in Baltimore, have come to California to spend their honeymoon. Mrs. James was formerly Miss Isabel Hagner.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward Barron have leased the home in San Mateo of Mrs. Edward Howard.

Former Senator W. A. Clark and his son, Mr. Charles W. Clark of San Mateo, left last week for a trip to Jerome, Arizona.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Norris, who have been residing in New York since their marriage several years ago, will come to California in the near future. They will take a house in Mill Valley, where they contemplate spending several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, who have been occupying the home in Burlingame of Mr. and Mrs. John Gayle Anderton for the past few months, have taken Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Loomis's house in San Mateo Park.

Mrs. Clarence Carrigan left Tuesday for New York en route to France, where she will join her husband, who is American consul at Grenoble. Mrs. Carrigan has been spending the past few months visiting her mother, Mrs. James Sperry, at her home in Sausalito.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Tripler have returned from their wedding trip to Southern California and are established in their home on Eleventh Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Bernstrom will sail Tuesday, December 14th, for Honolulu, where they will spend several weeks before returning to their home in Sweden.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels arrived Wednesday from New York, where they have been spending the past two weeks. Mr. Spreckels returned Friday to New York on account of the illness of his brother, Mr. Claus August Spreckels.

Mrs. Adolph Scheld, who has been visiting Mrs. Frederick Hope Beaver at her home on Webster Street, has returned to Sacramento.

Mrs. John Hays Hammond left Thursday for her home in Gloucester, Massachusetts. Mrs. Hammond has been hostess at the Massachusetts building for the past two months.

Mr. Sidney Smith, Jr., has come down from his ranch near Marysville to spend the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney V. Smith, at their home on California Street.

Miss Maye Colburn has closed her home in San Rafael and is established at the Fairmont Hotel for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Frank Judge have arrived from New York, where they have been spending the past few weeks. They are guests at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard and Mrs. Stetson

Wallace left Monday for New York, where they will spend the holidays. They will be joined by Mrs. Wallace's daughter, Miss Marie Louise Winslow, who is attending school in Catonsville, Maryland.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Cooper have come down from their ranch in Mendocino County and will leave shortly on a trip to New York. They will be accompanied by Mrs. Cooper's mother, Mrs. J. Downey Harvey.

Miss Anne Peters, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hays Smith at their home on Pacific Avenue, has gone to the Fairmont Hotel, where she has been joined by her mother, Mrs. J. D. Peters. They will return to their home in Stockton to spend the holidays with their relatives.

Mrs. Lloyd Rogers and Mrs. John Bowers of Washington, D. C., have come to California on a visit of several weeks. They are guests at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. George Wilhoit and their son, Mr. John Wilhoit, who have been spending the past two weeks at the Hotel St. Francis, have returned to their home in Stockton.

Miss Mollie Phelan and her nephew, Mr. Noel Sullivan, left Wednesday for New York to join Miss Gladys Sullivan. After a few weeks' visit in the Eastern metropolis they will go to Washington to spend the winter with Senator James D. Phelan, who recently purchased a residence in Sheridan Circle.

Mr. and Mrs. George Nickel have come up from their ranch in San Joaquin County and are settled in a house which they have taken on First Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Deering, who are visiting friends in New York, have decided to return to San Francisco before Christmas.

Mrs. William F. Fullam and Miss Rhoda Fullam will leave Monday for Coronado, where they will spend the next few months. They will be joined later by Admiral Fullam, U. S. N., who left here Friday on the U. S. S. *South Dakota* for Marc Island en route to Coronado.

Admiral Charles Gove, U. S. N., and Mrs. Gove have returned from a visit to Coronado and are guests at the Hotel Monroe. They will remain here but three months, when they will go south to reside.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bentley has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. Bentley was formerly Miss Florence Hush.

## THE CITY IN GENERAL.

At the annual election of the California Lawn Tennis Club, Dr. Sumner Hardy was reelected president of the organization. P. N. Westcott was elected secretary-treasurer and the following board of directors was elected: Dr. Sumner Hardy, Arthur S. Chesborough, P. N. Westcott, Nathaniel Blaisdele, E. H. Darby, and Lloyd Baldwin.

The Union Iron Works have closed a contract with the Atlantic Gulf and Refining Company of Philadelphia for the construction of two oil tankers, 435 feet long, to carry 70,000 barrels of oil. These craft will be duplicates of similar type vessels now under way for the Union Oil Company at the same yards. Elkstrom & Co. of London have also contracted with the local shipbuilding company for a steamer of the same size. At the present time about 3500 men are employed, and the number will be increased to 4500 by the first of the year.

William M. Fitzhugh has presented to San Francisco the famous Lowe collection of Indian relics, a collection which it took the late Professor T. S. C. Lowe and Mrs. Lowe more than thirty-five years to gather. The collection is being housed in the building of the California Academy of Sciences at Golden Gate Park. It contains 20,000 objects, all dealing with the aboriginal life of America. The choicest part of the collection consists of the California Indian baskets—1400 specimens in all.

Major-General J. Franklin Bell on Saturday last assumed command of the Western Department of the army, succeeding Major-General Arthur Murray, who reached the retiring age last spring, but was kept on the active list until the closing of the Exposition by special act of Congress.

The will of the late Mrs. Johanna Fugazi was filed for probate last Tuesday by the Union Trust Company. The company is named in the will as executor. Mrs. Fugazi, who was wife of John F. Fugazi, died here at the age of eighty years, November 26th, leaving an estate valued at about \$200,000.

Superior Judge Coffey on Monday ordered a fifteen per cent distribution to the heirs of the estate of the late John M. Keith. Judge Coffey took occasion to score Dr. Sarah Tedford, and said, "It is strange to me why the criminal courts have not been appealed to. Dr. Tedford is a fantastic fraud."

Three million dollars collected by San Francisco in taxes since 1910 is the stake which the city is fighting for in the trial of the first of the 1800 tax suits, that started Monday before Judge Seawell. The suit is that of the San Christina Investment Company, the holding concern that controls the



## A Basis for Credit

When you operate a checking account you are laying the foundation for legitimate credit. A checking account acts as a barometer on your business and may assist you in securing credit, when necessary.

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W. E. WOOLSEY.....VICE-PRES.  
F. C. MORTIMER.....CASHIER  
W. F. MORRIS.....ASST. CASHIER  
G. T. DOUGLAS.....ASST. CASHIER  
G. L. PAPE.....ASST. CASHIER

FIRST NATIONAL  
BANK of BERKELEY

millions left by Mrs. Christina Spreckels, widow of Claus Spreckels.

Jesse H. Steinhart has resigned as City Attorney Long's first assistant, to devote himself to private practice, his resignation taking effect at the end of this month. He has been on the city attorney's staff for eight years.

The biggest step toward the actual construction of the Hetch Hetchy water project was taken last Monday by the board of works with the awarding of the contract for the construction of the railroad to run from Rosasco to the Hetch Hetchy dam site. The contract was granted to F. Rolandi on a bid of \$1,543,080.74. Bonds valued at \$2,000,000 will be placed on sale by the city to cover the contract price. The railroad, which will cross wealthy Tuolumne County, will be used for city and commercial purposes as well, under an order of the railroad commission.

Baron George Wilhelm von Brincken, charged with C. C. Crowley in conspiring to blow up ammunition plants in this country and destroying supply ships of the Allies, is at liberty on \$10,000 bonds.

Facing an indebtedness of \$327,827.43, most of which are death claims, and with only \$5486.68 worth of assets, the Ancient Order of United Workmen of California on Wednesday filed a petition in bankruptcy in the United States District Court. Thousands of widows and orphans in this state, it seems likely, will be forced to forfeit their claims against the insolvent fraternal organization when the petition is granted. These claims vary from \$10 to \$2000. Most of them are held by women and children. According to the schedule filed by W. J. Peterson, grand master, and C. T. Spencer, grand recorder of the Ancient Order of United Workmen of California, the cash assets of the organization amount to only \$252.18.

Captain Fred Jehsen, formerly of this city, was killed when submarine U-36, on which he was an officer, was fired on by the British patrol boat, the *Barolong*, on August 19th, according to a letter written by Paul Dietrich, former foreign exchange manager for the San Francisco branch of the International Banking Corporation, who is now in Germany. The letter carried the news that Jehsen's name had been published in the German official list of the dead in the *Barolong* disaster.

Fields in which the sacred rice for the coronation ceremony in Japan was grown were selected through tortoise-shell divination, an art quite popular in the Island Kingdom, being used upon many occasions to ascertain the timeliness or possibility of various projects. The divination is effected by first worshipping a god called Uravanokami. Then a tortoise-shell is taken, and scraped inside until quite thin and the outside surface polished. In the shell are several hollow squares in each of which there is a certain sign marked in black ink. The whole is then baked under great heat, causing cracks to appear in the surface. These cracks are then studied in accordance with the formula in the divination book, the result being a sort of code message from the gods. This is not the earliest form of divination known in Japan. Previously there was a kind called Futomani in which the shoulder blade of a stag was used in place of tortoise-shell.



## A CANDY GIFT

Is doubly welcome at Christmas if it is Pig & Whistle candy—the aristocrat of them all. Shipped to any address. The most exquisite and exclusive stock of containers in the West at all our stores.

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# GUATEMALA, THE LAND OF ETERNAL SPRING

That wonderful "Land of Eternal Spring," the Republic of Guatemala, just prior to the closing of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, gave the world a substantial view of its open-hearted hospitality, outshining all other national social events in the history of the great Exposition. The date was November 20th.

As personal envoy of President Manuel Estrada Cabrera, Adolfo Stahl, a leading banker and citizen of the Central American republic, was given carte blanche, and elaborate arrangements were made and carried out in the most delightful manner.

The day proved ideal, and the great tent, adjoining the Guatemala pavilion, was crowded from 2 to 5 in the afternoon, coffee being served as a Marimba band discoursed sweet music, while fully 40,000 packages of the republic's finest coffee in the herry were given to the guests. A reception was held in the pavilion, where a musical and literary programme was rendered. To commemorate the occasion, Commissioner-General José Flamenco planted a tree in the Federal group.

At 7:30 o'clock Envoy Stahl entertained a party of invited guests at a dinner which will long be happily remembered, in the California building. A ball followed, a delightful feature of which was the toast to President Cabrera, drunk just after the stroke of twelve, in honor of his birthday. Dancing then continued until dawn.

Certainly the lavish hospitality of Guatemala caused many to express the wish to know more about the "Land of the Future," which offers so much in the way of trade developments and inducements to sterling business men in this country.

Guatemala has a population of 2,200,000 inhabitants, is traversed by railroads and telegraph lines, has excellent roads, and is noted for the hospitality of its people.

Guatemala is generally known to Americans as the "Land of Eternal Spring," but they ought to know it under the equally descriptive but shorter name of "Land of the Future."

Antigua, the former capital of Guatemala, the site of which was chosen by the Spanish conquerors for its natural beauties, lies at the foot of the two volcanoes, Agua and Fuego (water and fire). It is a paradise of trees and flowers, with a glorious climate, neither hot nor cold, where the American tourist would find whatever his heart desired and where he could escape the trying summer months as well as the hard winters of his native land.

## GREAT VARIETY OF FRUITS.

Throughout the country, from the hot lowlands to the tempered highlands and up to the frigid altitudes, there grows a great variety of fruits, the range of which is hard to realize, even for Californians. There are oranges, peaches, apples, apricots, grapes, strawberries, raspberries, coconuts, mangoes, and pineapples, and all those fruits which go under the picturesque names of anona, maney, aguacate, zapote, chico zapote, caimito, coyol, biscoyol, manzanilla, zunza, injerto, tuna and jocote (the Central American plum), and a hundred more—fruits brilliant in coloring and exquisite in flavor, which turn the whole country into an immense Garden of Eden.

The subsoil contains precious metals. There are gold and silver mines, which in colonial times were a source of great revenue to Spain, the mother country, but which ceased to be worked when laws were passed enforcing the humane treatment of the Indians, who had constituted the principal equipment of the mining industry. There are also copper and lead mines, marble quarries, lignite deposits, and, according to the surveys just completed, petroleum deposits. A number of rivers contain alluvial gold and placer mining is at present carried on.

There are some 2000 public schools, a university for the study of the liberal professions, an academy of aviation, and a magnificent wireless telegraph station. The country has ports on both the Pacific and Atlantic oceans. Its native population is industrious and peaceable and honest, and its white population hard working and progressive, while the society of its cities and towns, and that scattered throughout the country on the large estates, is distinguished by European culture and refinement, as well as by its Latin ideals.

## AMONG THE PRINCIPAL PRODUCTS.

Among the principal products of this privileged country whose resources are so prodigious there are several of fundamental necessity for human existence—wheat, which was introduced from Europe, grows to perfection, and corn, which, according to native tradition, was first cultivated by the founders of that Maya civilization, the most advanced in the Americas prior to the discovery of

the continent, and which had its principal seat in the territory of Guatemala, from Copan to Palenque, in Chiapas and Yucatan, covering most of the area of the modern Republic of Guatemala, and whose ruins, found in Peten, Quirigua, and Chaculá, bear the stamp of all the grandeur to which that civilization had risen. Other products are sugar cane, beans, potatoes, and rice. To these products, grown on a large scale, there is to be added the banana, that delicious tropical fruit of which Guatemala possesses 35,000,000 plants, and, further, as products eminently peculiar to Guatemala, with a quality distinctively belonging to that wonderful country, cocoa, of universal fame, of which more than 18,000,000 trees are now under cultivation, and coffee, with more than 300,000,000 trees.

## PREMIER COFFEE OF THE WORLD.

Guatemala's coffee has been awarded at the great San Francisco Exposition

twelfths were allotted to the other four republics, so that Guatemala's share was much larger than that of the other republics. Subsequent administrations increased this debt by other loans and by accumulated interest so that it fell to President Estrada Cabrera to face the figure stated. The present administration has not increased it by adding new loans.

The payment of interest and the liquidation of this debt has been a source of perpetual concern and irritation to every administration, and it was only during the régime of President Estrada Cabrera that the government and the bondholders reached an understanding, on the most solid basis possible, for the protection of the interests of both. The interest is now paid up to date and it has even been possible to cover in advance the twelve months' interest falling due in June, 1916. This agreement is a triumph of President Estrada Cabrera's diplomacy and finance, and as a result of it Guatemalan bonds

exceptional advantages to capital and to the homeseeker with some means who will put his shoulder to the wheel, assured of success in no measured terms in the end.

When in 1898 Licenciado Manuel Estrada Cabrera was elected President of Guatemala, the first work that he took up was the consideration of the schools of the country and the means of transportation. Schools were established in the military garrisons and in the rural districts, where soldiers of the Federal army might receive education in the first, and the children of the farmers and laborers, the village merchant and others might be taught in the latter. The schools have the name of "Practical Training Schools," were equipped modernly with a view to their practicability in educating students along lines which would give them the best results.

At the present time Guatemala has 1878 primary schools, more than twenty secondary schools, several kindergartens, and six institutes. Attending these schools are more than 60,000 children. The study of English is obligatory and good progress has been made in its study by pupils of those public schools.

Another and still more notable achievement in the way of higher education was achieved by President Estrada Cabrera for his people when, on June 30, 1912, there was formally opened and inaugurated the West Point of Guatemala. The Military Academy of the republic, planned to be the most hygienic and sanitary, south of the United States, is one of the most commanding and beautiful edifices in Latin America, and is, as its name indicates, designed to give to Guatemala trained and educated military officers.

Another splendid work along educational lines was the erection and founding of an Agricultural School, which has as its object the training of the men upon whom the work of developing the fertile acres of the republic will depend.

President Estrada Cabrera has caused wagon roads to be built throughout the republic, constructing good and substantial bridges over the rivers and streams and making complete a chain of roadways which are the best in Central America.

Along with the development of the railroads and the public highways, the schools, and the country life of Guatemala, President Estrada Cabrera has ever had in mind the extension of the postal, the telegraph, and the telephone systems of the country.

Laws passed by the Congress of Guatemala during the administration of President Estrada Cabrera have been the most beneficial which the history of the country can point to in the past. Among these enactments of especial interest to Americans are those which provide for the rights of foreigners residing within the republic. They are such laws as provide most fully the rights and liberties of all foreigners, guaranteeing them protection and safety, the unchallengeable right to carry on their business or pursuits without interference, the right to worship as it may please them, and, in a word, affording them every liberty which they would find in any country of which they were not citizens.

## HISTORY OF GUATEMALA'S COFFEE.

Coffee, a product of Arabian origin, was introduced into Guatemala during the closing years of the Colonial period, but its cultivation only began to be developed when it was thought to make it take the place of cochenille culture, which until then had been the principal export industry of the country. Cochenille is the name of a small insect which is found on the leaves of the nopal tree, and from which is made a dyestuff of a delicate shade of red. Its industrial use was of the greatest importance, and for this reason cochenille was, during two-thirds of the nineteenth century, the product par excellence of Guatemalan agriculture, to the extent that in 1811 the exportation of this perfect and absolutely fast dye-stuff reached the enormous figure of 1,000,000 tons. With the discovery, however, of chemical dyestuffs which could be produced much cheaper than cochenille the importance of the latter came to an end, and it was then that it occurred to the Guatemalan agriculturists to find a substitute for their principal industry in the cultivation of coffee.

The zone where coffee is grown in Guatemala covers an area of approximately 260,000 acres, with a total of 300,000,000 trees and a production of 1,050,000 quintals, equivalent to 105,000,000 pounds. Of this total 90,000,000 pounds are exported, principally to Germany, the United States, and England, through the ports of Ocos, Champerico, and San José on the Pacific, and the Mexican port of San Benito, likewise on the Pacific, and Puerto Barrios on the Atlantic. Two-thirds goes to Germany, where Guatemalan coffee, thanks to its exquisite flavor, commands the highest prices.



HIS EXCELLENCY, PRESIDENT CABRERA, OF REPUBLIC OF GUATEMALA.

the appellation of the "Premier Coffee of the World," while both its cocoa and bananas were awarded the Grand Prix. Such are the general outlines of the nature of this country, which is only distant three days' steaming from New Orleans.

The external debt of Guatemala consists solely and exclusively in what is called the English debt of four per cent, the total amount of which is \$7,400,000, or \$6.22 per inhabitant.

This debt was not contracted by the present administration. It dates from the time when all Central America was one Federal Republic, that is to say, since shortly after the Independence, which was established in 1821. This debt was contracted by the Federal government of Central America in order to carry out public works, but the civil war, which finally resulted in the disruption of the Federal pact and in the constitution on Central American soil of the five independent republics existing today, prevented the investment of the money for those legitimate purposes, and it was instead squandered on the necessities created by the war.

## PRESIDENT AN ABLE FINANCIER.

Upon the breaking up of the Federation four-twelfths of the debt fell to Guatemala, while the remaining eight-

have actually maintained their highest level, in the face of the abnormal conditions of Latin-American securities in the London market since the beginning of the European war.

At the same time, however, President Estrada Cabrera has not for a moment lost sight of the necessity of arriving at a definite solution of the currency problem. Bearing this problem constantly in mind, the government has prepared a thoroughly comprehensive plan. On many occasions projects have been submitted to the government by leading foreign bankers for the adjustment of the economic situation of the country. But most of these proposals have proved unacceptable, either because they contained conditions incompatible with the most cherished interests and rights of the country, or because they involved a burden which future generations would have found hard to throw off. From these projects the government, however, has selected the good points in order to arrive at its own plan, which today is being considered.

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### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Paw, what's it mean 'burning the midnight oil'?" "Joy riding, my son."—*Buffalo Express*.

She—Just think, Henry, we've never had a cross word. He—No. Mame. Aint I the patient cuss?—*Detroit Free Press*.

Hazel—It's always to a man's credit when he stops drinking. Omar—Sometimes it is due to his lack of credit.—*Indianapolis Star*.

Mrs. Grammercy—What do we need for dinner? Bridget—Shure, mum, Oi tripped over the rug and we need a new set of dishes.—*Puck*.

She—Dancing is fine for people, don't you think? He—Yes; it exhausted Smith's wife so that she's gone into a sanatorium for a year.—*Life*.

"There are always two sides to a question." "Quite so. And I don't like a fellow who insists on expounding both of 'em."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Paw, what's a margin?" "An edge, my son." "Then what do they mean by buying on margin?" "Keeping you on edge, sonny."—*Baltimore American*.

Asker—Do much hunting on your camping trip? Tellit—Quite a hit. Had daily hunts for the dishcloth, frying-pan, can-opener, and soap.—*Denver Republican*.

"Tommy, you should not fight with that Jimson boy." "I know it ma." "That's right." "But I didn't know it before I hit him."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

June—Boh drives his car very carefully since Belle accepted him. Ethel—Yes; Boh knows if he loses his automobile license he'll lose his Belle, too.—*Boston Globe*.

"Bliggins says he never reads the newspapers because they always make him angry." "But if he doesn't read 'em how does he know what to get angry about."—*Washington Star*.

Young Man (dining with his girl)—Waitress, may we have a spoon here? Waitress—Why, yes, sir; go ahead, if you don't mind people around.—*Boston Transcript*.

Tailor—How many pockets in your trousers? Customer—Only one, please; my wife is a busy woman and I want to save her time when she goes through them.—*Buffalo Courier*.

Mrs. Sharp—Those two women don't speak any more. Each said that she had the smartest child in town. Mrs. Corp—Which was right? Mrs. Sharp—Neither. I have.—*New York Sun*.

Father (over the railing)—Say, Helene, is that young man going to stay all night? Helene (after slight pause)—He says he will, dad, if there's plenty of room. Where'll I put him?—*Michigan Gargoyle*.

Curate—I am glad to hear your husband is showing so much improvement. Mrs. Stiggins. Hopeful Wife—Oh, yes, sir, thank you. 'E's so much better. Why 'e don't say 'is prayers no more of a night now.—*Punch*.

"He isn't a true Bohemian," said the poet. "He's a poseur." "How do you know?" asked the artist. "Huh!" snorted the poet, with fine scorn. "I don't believe he owes a cent in the world."—*Dallas News*.

Charity Patient—Doctor, is there any danger that the operation will prove fatal? Doctor—Really, my good man, considering that we are experimenting on you free of charge, your idle curiosity smacks of insolence.—*Life*.

Aunt—Your bride, my dear boy, is wealthy and all that, but I don't think she'll make much of a beauty show at the altar. Nephew—You don't eh? Just wait till you see her with the bridesmaids she has selected.—*Nashville Tennessean*.

"I hear there is a movement on foot to weed out all unscrupulous lawyers from the Plunkville bar." "We investigated and found there are no unscrupulous lawyers at the Plunkville bar." "Who investigated?" "Us lawyers."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Poetry should be written on one side of the paper, shouldn't it?" asked the hudding hard. "That depends on the poetry," replied the editor, wearily. "Lots of it shouldn't be written on either side."—*Boston Transcript*.

"What is your dog's pedigree?" "He hasn't any," replied Mr. Growcher. "That's why I keep him around. I'm shy on distinguished ancestry myself, and I enjoy having a creature at hand whom I can contemplate with supercilious superiority."—*Washington Star*.

The Woman—Here's a wonderful thing. I've just been reading of a man who reached the age of forty without learning how to read or write. He met a woman, and for her sake he made a scholar of himself in two years.

The Mon—That's nothing. I know a man who was a profound scholar at forty. Then he met a woman, and for her sake he made a fool of himself in two days.—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

"What is the use of this article?" asked a shopper. "I really don't know," replied the clerk; "I think it is intended to be sold for a Christmas present."—*Puck*.

Hokus—The average woman puts everything she can scrape together on her back. Pokus—Yes, and when you see her in one of those evening gowns, you wonder where it all is.—*Tapeka Journal*.

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Or "Spugs" as it is familiarly termed, would heartily commend the Christmas present of a year's use of a safe deposit box. It is practical, and may be the means of saving a dear one from great loss, by providing him or her with a safe place for those valuable papers, jewels, or heirlooms.

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# The Argonaut.

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## THIRTY-NINTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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**The Monroe Doctrine.**

The President's comments on the Monroe Doctrine are not among the more sensational features of his Message, but they will be heartily approved by those sober students of affairs who realize the extent to which the national welfare is identified with that of the countries to our south. There was a time when the peoples of Central and South America stood toward those of the United States very much in the relation of pupil and teacher. It was a position marked by subordination on the one side and dominance on the other, and doubtless it played its part in a national evolution that has now reached a higher and a better stage. The southern countries are no longer minors. They are adults, and America has shown no small amount of political wisdom in assigning to them honored places at the council table. The Monroe Doctrine is as valid now as it was then, but its methods of application have changed. At that time it implied a protectorate which was sometimes extended, as the President says, even without invitation from them. But the protectorate has become a partnership. At a

time when Pan-Germanism and Pan-Slavism have plunged the world into war it is eminently fitting that there should be a Pan-Americanism that shall be a guaranty of peace upon this continent. It is an association of mutual services and not of mutual jealousies, and there will be no disposition to strike a balance in the international ledger in order to determine the debit or the credit. The Monroe Doctrine means now, as the President well said, "a common cause of national independence and of political liberty in America." And the Monroe Doctrine is likely so to remain through all the vicissitudes of American government. So long as it adheres to that ideal it will cause neither jealousies nor strifes, nor will it ever appear as a threat to the amities of the world.

The Monroe Doctrine has been subject to attack in times past and there have been predictions that it would one day embroil us in foreign disputes. Such a danger might have existed before the southern countries had so nearly reached their maturity and while we were responsible for their weaknesses and irresponsible for their policies. But there will be no dangers from a Monroe Doctrine that is based upon partnership and used with sagacity.

**The German Activities.**

That Germany has sent enormous sums of money to this country for a "publicity campaign" has long been a recognized fact. Mr. Hearst, who, the ribald say, now pays his "help" in thalers and pfennigs, places the sum at twenty-seven million dollars, and this amount may be accepted as against the statements of those perhaps not so well advised that it reaches fifty million dollars. With twenty-seven million dollars a great deal of good may be done, and also a commensurate amount of evil. There is no man left in the United States today, unless it be the President, who doubts that evil use almost beyond belief has been made of it, and this with the connivance and procurement of the German government. The Austrian ambassador's letter, seized on the unspeakable Archibald, declaring that the plan he proposed would cripple if not destroy the activities of our munition plants, of itself amounts to demonstration, confirmed beyond the possibility of error by the revelations of the plots involving the German military and naval attachés at Washington and consuls of both Germany and Austria everywhere throughout the land. Even President Wilson does not need to be told that German discipline is as strict in diplomatic as in military affairs, and that no one of these officials would have moved hand or foot if every one of their acts had not been authorized, if not ordered.

Even without complete disclosures the facts therefore are manifest. Germany has sent an enormous sum of money to this country, and has authorized and instructed her diplomatic and consular agents to use it in the destruction of American plants making war munitions for the entente powers and in the blowing up of vessels of any nationality carrying these munitions abroad. And it has been and is being so used. American property on American soil to the value of over twenty million dollars has thus been destroyed, and the loss of American lives exceeds two hundred.

What is the meaning of this most iniquitous invasion of our territory, this deliberate destruction of our citizens' lives and property? It is not in doubt. Indeed it is declared by every German paper voicing the views of the government. Germany's position is this: The United States is giving every possible aid she can to the entente powers. She has enormously increased her munition plants to help them. The war would be over and Germany now the victor were it not for the unneutral activities of the United States. In effect, then, she is making war on Germany. She could do no more if she formally declared war. She

could send no men, and her ships are not needed, as the entente powers without them control the seas. Indeed she probably could do less, as in the event of an open war the United States might feel the necessity of keeping much of these war supplies at home. Therefore, as Germany has nothing to hope for from the United States, so she has nothing to fear from any course of conduct she may adopt in regard to her. Germany can not openly invade the United States and destroy her munition plants, but she can and will do so secretly. Germany is at death-grips with the world. The imperious necessity of self-preservation confronts her, and the only law she will recognize is the law of that necessity.

This is Germany's plain tale and declared attitude. What are we going to do about it? Germany today is actually waging war against the United States on our own territory. Her land attacks do not involve any of the questions complicating the *Lusitania* and other like cases—questions of Americans on munition-carrying ships of an enemy—questions of the modifications of old rules of sea warfare demanded by the new naval machines of destruction. Here is an uninvolved case. A nation with which we are at peace incites and finances the destruction of our lives and property on our own territory, and establishes as her base the sanctuary of her ambassadorial residence at Washington and as her principal conspirators her diplomatic representatives.

President Wilson is known to entertain ideas both weird and hazy as to what constitutes war. Thus when our nation was insulted our "national honor" demanded the sending of a fleet of ships to Mexico, an attack on Vera Cruz, the capture of the city with a loss of two or three hundred lives of Mexican soldiers and of about twenty of our own, and finally the sending of 5000 men as an army of occupation to maintain our position. Then as Mexico still would not salute our flag we submitted this question of our "national honor" to the representatives of certain black-and-tan republics and under their verdict withdrew our ships and troops without the salute. To this day the President tells us, not only that we have had no war with Mexico, but that we have not even interfered in her affairs. But if Germany should invade this country with men in uniform, with siege guns and toxic gases, and make her objective the destruction of our war plants, even the President, we think, would be compelled to admit that this conduct resembled war. Is it any the less war because it is secretly done? Are not the recall of Dr. Dumba and the demanded recall of Captains Von Papen and Boy-Ed demonstrations that the Administration knows that their governments are responsible for their crimes? And what shall the United States do? The recall of these men, we may be sure, will only mean their replacement by equally active emissaries. This is the real problem which confronts the Administration—a problem the existence of which doesn't seem yet to have occurred to our astute daily press.

Will the President continue to shuffle and delay as he has in the past, pouring out some thousands of words and leaving us as Dooley says, "Soothed but sticky"? Will he suppress the facts and let the matter rest on the mere recall of Boy-Ed and Von Papen? Will he for once, with promptness and from conviction, uphold in a real sense our national honor which has fallen so low, or will he act merely on the representations of his politicians, who will advise him that he has lost the Bryan vote and the German vote anyhow; that a declaration of war against Germany will be popular and will cost nothing; that it will cover up his tariff folly and give his party its only chance to win, as the country will have to return him as its War President; that he can say that the nation has shown, like Queen Catharine, "a great piece, till



Germany's outrages have become impossible for a free and upright people longer to bear?

What will he do? Here is real news for the ferrets of the daily press to discover and give to the world.

### Emperor of China.

So Yuan Shi Kai becomes Emperor of China, and certainly he seems to have some of the stern, heroic fibre of which emperors were once traditionally made. We shall not feel that democracy has been rebuffed in the case of China, since there never was, and possibly never will be, anything resembling democracy anywhere in Asia. Autocratic rule is there the main-spring of government, and it is sustained by ages of tradition and sentiment. The highest form of democracy is, after all, the right of the people to be governed in any way they wish, and if the people of China wish to be governed by an emperor we may regard that, too, as a form of democracy. And perhaps it will save the Chinese a lot of election trouble.

Of course there will be resistance, but it will not be inspired by a love of democracy. Already we are told that the province of Canton is heaving with rebellion, but it is a peculiarity of the Cantonese character that it is always ready to revolt against anything or anybody that is not Cantonese. The people of Canton are supposed to have a strain of Malay blood, which has always set them apart from the rest of the Chinese nationalities, but we may suppose that Yuan Shi Kai is fully qualified to deal with these malcontents.

The real trouble will probably come from Japan, and in various insidious ways. Japan always welcomes disturbances in China, and is always ready to foment them if they are likely to promise any sort of excuse for intervention. And she is frankly cynical about it, too. She makes no pretense of philanthropy or of international duty. The troubles of her neighbors are her own opportunity, and she does not go out of her way to use any other name. The Chinese Empire has been restored because this seems the easiest way to retain permanently the services of Yuan Shi Kai, and the peace of the Asiatic world seems to be advanced thereby. So we need not trouble very much as to the title by which he rules. The main thing is that he should rule.

### After the War.

The veritable wrangle of opinions as to the aftermath of the war leaves us all very much unconvinced and very much perplexed. Indeed we may be pardoned for a shrewd conviction that most of these forecasts are founded upon fallacies, and fallacies to which Americans are more prone than Europeans simply because they are further removed from the scene. It is noticeable that Europeans do not talk much about the ultimate results of the war. The war itself fills the horizon, and its results are too incalculable even for survey. It is only those who are far removed from the fire and fury who speak of the war as though it were an interlude in the normal course of events, and that the world will presently find itself walking upon the old tracks and in the old way, and with nothing but hideous memories to record the struggle of the ages. The wise men of Europe seem to realize that civilization can never be the same again, that it has swerved at a sharp angle toward destinations unknown.

Will the war make for democracy or for monarchy? The question will of course be answered according to individual predilection, since we are all persuaded that the highest mission of evolution is to confirm us in our own opinions. Germany is the most efficient nation on earth, both in peace and war, and Germany is an empire. But Russia with her cumbersome inefficiencies is also an empire. Both France and England are democracies, and France is a republic. It is a part of the pacifist jargon of the day to associate democracies with a love of peace. This may be right, but it is by no means indisputable. Professor Ferrero, writing two years before the war, and predicting the war, said that the great danger to peace was from the new democracies of Europe. They were tasting power for the first time. They were passionate, resentful, and adventurous. War would appeal to them as a vast romance, an escapade, a welcome relief from the monotony of life. Certainly war did not seem to be unelcome when it came. How far it was actually produced by the accumulating surges of national feeling we do not know, since we do not yet know much about the actual and ultimate causes of the strife, nor

are we likely to for some half-century to come. But it would be well for the pacifist to be cautious when he associates democracies with peace. History is not unmistakably upon his side, and the tiger in human nature may not yet have been shackled by the love of comfort, and wealth, and safety.

And what will be the effect of war upon Socialism? Once more we are apt to deal in platitudes and formulas, and to remember that governments have sometimes been called upon to choose the lesser of the two evils of war and social revolution. But perhaps they are not necessarily opposed. We may even imagine that the Socialists may draw some comforting object lessons from what is now going on in Europe. They may point to the fact of some thirty millions of men, organized into machines of incredible efficiency and supplied with every need of life by central authorities. The soldier who needs a shoe lace, a pin, a uniform, or a pill knows where it may be procured without money and without price. In very truth he need take no heed for the morrow, so far, at least, as his creature necessities are concerned. He is sustained by the state and he has no anxieties except from death, wounds, or capture. Behold, the Socialists may say to us, the ideal state. It is evident that the social Utopia is possible, because here it is in rough operation. Substitute peace for war, and the whole nation for its armed millions, and we can banish all problems and all anxieties. Such an argument would, of course, be wholly fallacious, but we may expect that it will be made, and that we shall be asked to look upon the armies of Europe as examples of coöperative mechanism that should be applied to peaceful populations.

But speculations are, of course, futile. Of one thing only we may be reasonably sure, and that is that the war is not a mere interval and that there will be no resumption of the path from which civilization has been so rudely pushed.

### Washington Notes.

Amid all the news matter issued from Washington in the past few days there has been no reference to the panicky condition of the various sorts of policemen in the national capital. Ever since Holt did thirty dollars' worth of damage with his little bomb all hands have been feeling nervous.

Washington possesses a variety of police forces. First there is the metropolitan police force for policing the city, which is the usual municipal police force. Then there are the park watchmen, better known as park policemen, a uniformed body whose activities are directed by the army engineer officer who happens to be acting as superintendent of public buildings and grounds. Colonel W. W. Harts holds this position at the moment. Then there are the Capitol police, made up of former state senators, former deputy assistant secretaries of state of various states, former sheriffs and former county clerks, and the like. Quite a few of them are under sixty. The brother of a distinguished senator is one. He may be seen, during sober intervals, on guard at a door.

The Capitol police are responsible for the Capitol and the grounds surrounding it, the park police attend to the adjacent parks, and the metropolitan police are on general duty, to do any real work that may come up.

When Professor Holt's little clock bomb went off all of these various forces shivered in their shoes. Two-thirds of the Capitol police force were off on leave, but they were promptly recalled. In the months that have passed there have been recurring tremors. Every now and again a crank letter is received that renews the perturbation.

With the coming of Congress there has been an access of nervousness. After consultation among the various police forces it has been agreed that they shall work in harmony to protect the Capitol. Hence when the President and Mrs. Galt and Mrs. Bolling presented themselves at the Capitol there were twenty plain clothes men from the metropolitan police force scattered through the crowd, while the park police, from the side lines outside, were very vigilant, and the Capitol police were nearly hysterical.

A perfectly adequate system of preventing any one from blowing up the Capitol has been devised by the combined intellect of the three police forces. Thus no one is permitted to carry a parcel into the Capitol. When one arrives with a parcel he is politely escorted

to a room set apart for the purpose, between the rotunda and the office of the clerk of the Supreme Court. There his bundle is taken from him and placed on a shelf and he receives a numbered check for it.

"Now, what do you suppose would happen," said a Capitol policeman, a former assistant secretary of state of a New England state, "if somebody's bundle contained a clock bomb? Nobody seems to have thought of that. I have figured the thing out that, if it was just an ordinary bomb and not a big one, it would simply destroy the Supreme Court clerk's office, the robing room of the justices downstairs, and the Supreme Court library. If it were a big one it might bring down the dome. But our's not to reason why. All we've got to do is to take the people to the little room and see that they get a check for the bundle."

Germany's attitude on the demand for the recall of Boy-Ed and Von Papen is giving grave concern to the Administration. The fact is that the Administration has a mass of evidence, of which not a tithe has yet been revealed, on German and Austrian activities in this country that is overwhelming and that ought to produce the recall of many others who seem safe enough at the moment. But, for some reason difficult to fathom, the Administration persists in treating it all as a dark secret, lifting the veil a little here and there at times. The diplomats know that the government knows, but they are good poker players and they know how to bluff. They are well aware why the Administration is following its peculiar course, although that knowledge is not vouchsafed to the rest of us.

One high Administration official, while professing that he had no knowledge of his own on the subject, suggested that the reason for secrecy might be that the truth was so monstrous, that it reflected so much on the common sense and ordinary intelligence of Americans generally and some public officials in particular, that it showed such treasonable activities—though possibly unpremeditated in that regard—in men occupying high position, that the Administration did not deem it the part of wisdom to make an exposure. That the evidence is such as to disturb the President was indicated in his Message. Perhaps the whole story will never be told. It is a tremendously big story, but it is an amazingly sordid one in some aspects, and it reveals a lack of patriotism in certain quarters that is hardly believable.

Halting on this matter, the Administration also is halting in all the matters of larger importance in regard to our international relations, and this habit of procrastination simply invites further aggression against us. It is thirty-one weeks since the *Lusitonia* was destroyed, and there is no apology, explanation, or reparation. And the British grow daily more regardless of our rights. The case of the *Hocking* is in point. It may be there is some German money in the *Hocking*, but even so she is officially an American ship and her seizure was a flagrantly offensive act. The further fact that now England has adopted the policy of converting seized American ships to her own use, without waiting for the adjudication of a prize court, seems to be easily accepted by this government. We were not so easy-going in 1812. Buchanan, in like circumstances, would have sent an American squadron to Halifax to demand the *Hocking* and bring her home. If we did that very thing now, what could England say or do?

The 120,000 officers and men composing the National Guard, or Organized Militia, of the several states are going to be extremely sore over a certain omission made by the President in his Address. In all the words he used to outline the preparedness programme, and to make plain the duty of the citizen to prepare himself for military service to the country, he used not one word to praise or even mention the only citizens we have who performed that duty, and performed it in the face of many discouragements. Nowhere did he speak of the National Guard.

Curiously enough, in the face of this slight and in the face of what the Administration has permitted to be said in criticism of the militia, War Department estimates submitted in the book of estimates to Congress ask approximately twice as much money for the support of the militia as was asked last year. Ten million dollars is the sum of the militia estimates.

Further than this, the new legislation for the spend-



ing of this money is the only part of the military programme that is yet in coherent shape. It is all in the estimates, the intention being to put it in the army appropriation bill. The amendatory language inserted enlarges the Federal power over the militia in some material respects, and in this it will have the approval of the great majority of the militia.

This legislation and the appropriations it contemplates would give a tactically balanced force in each of the twelve geographical divisions into which the country has been divided for militia purposes under previous legislation. Each division would be supplied, at Federal expense, with the matériel to equip it with the proper proportion of cavalry, field artillery, signal corps, and other auxiliary forces in which all divisions are now deficient. They are deficient because the states hesitate to spend cash or their allotments of Federal money in acquiring this expensive matériel, preferring to keep up the cheaper infantry.

As against the quarter of a million dollars provided last year for joint camps of field instruction—regulars and militia—these estimates call for \$4,390,000, the purpose being to get every militiaman in the country into a field camp this summer with regulars. To get them there it is proposed to relieve the state of all expense, save such extra pay as it may desire to give its own men. In other words, the Federal authorities will defray all travel, pay, and subsistence from the time the militia troops leave home until they return. This means at least one, and possibly two, big camps in California if the legislation goes through, as it probably will.

There is another interesting point in connection with this militia programme. Congress is asked for legislation to admit militia officers to the number of not more than thirty-two to the army aviation school at San Diego, candidates to qualify as aviation students under the same rigid tests as are applied to regular army officers. The expenditure of \$76,000 of Federal funds for the support of the militia in the purchase of four aeroplanes for training purposes at the school, in order to give the thirty-two something with which to fly, is requested.

#### Editorial Notes.

The supervisors are to be congratulated on their decision to restrict the free use of the Auditorium. The regular rent of the Auditorium is \$100, and there seems no reason why the city should be deprived of this sum in favor of long-haired persons with a mission to save the world. It seems that the American Neutrality and Peace Convention has been allowed the free use of the Auditorium upon two occasions. That is to say, they have been presented with \$200 of city money for which the city receives nothing in exchange. We are not aware of the functions of the American Neutrality and Peace Convention, but it is fairly safe to say that the universe will go on its way unaffected by its proceedings, however much they may conduce to the prominence of its promoters. On other occasions the Auditorium has been used for the vilification of the city under the guise of purity and it is time that all this sort of thing should stop. There is no reason why absurd people should be allowed the free use of the Auditorium any more than that they should be exempted from their taxes. Perhaps if saving the world were a little more expensive there would be less of it, and then we should not seem quite so foolish.

The council of the Chicago Medical Society has recommended that Dr. H. J. Haiselden of Bollinger baby fame be expelled from the society. We may hope that this will be done at once and that Dr. Haiselden be allowed to retire to the obscurity from which he ought never to have emerged. The action of the council is caused, not by Dr. Haiselden's original behavior, but by the series of articles that he has written about the case and about eugenics in general, and which are said to be unethical. This of course is a matter for the judgment of the profession, but the public will be in general agreement that this nasty and maundering drivél is an offense against decency. Dr. Haiselden should be suppressed quickly and before he is allowed to become a national mentor on all the problems of the day. How comes it that he was not added to the freak exhibit on the Ford peace ship?

Synthetic camphor is now being produced by a Philadelphia factory.

## THE THEATRE OF WAR.

By this time the Allies have doubtless appreciated the extent of the mistake they made when they left Serbia undefended. Germany was wholly encircled except for that one point of exit. Serbia was the one missing link in the chain that had been thrown around the centre of Europe, and it was inevitable that the Teutonic armies should press through the gap that had been so unaccountably overlooked. That Serbia should be able to defend herself was out of the question. It was true enough that she had resisted the Austrian attack, but that should have been evidence enough that she could not defeat another assault and from the far more formidable Germans. If the Allies had sent an army of 250,000 men to Serbia two months ago not only would there have been no missing link in the chain, but Bulgaria would have been awed into inactivity and there would have been no question about the attitude of Roumania and Greece. Either the action of Germany was wholly unforeseen, which is incredible, or there was a reliance upon the strength of Serbia, which is equally incredible. The one obvious fact is that Serbia was practically overrun before the Allies awoke to the situation, and that when they did awake it was too late to send a sufficient force to prevent the seizure of the international railroad at Nisch. It is said that the Allies are now landing two thousand men a day at Saloniki, but this this does not help us much, since we do not know when these drafts began nor how many men there were to start with. The force is evidently still inadequate, since the French and British are falling back from the southeast of Serbia toward the Greek frontier. The retreat seems to be an orderly one, and it was probably caused by the inability of the Serbians to keep in connection with the left flank, but none the less it is a retreat, and it seems to mean that the last vestige of Serbian territory is about to pass into the hands of Serbia's enemies.

But it would be a mistake to suppose that the Serbian army is now out of the running. Not only did a very large force escape into Albania and Montenegro, but another large force succeeded in joining the Allies to the south. It is true that the statistics of Serbian prisoners seem to be very large, but we must remember that it is the German practice to make prisoners of civilians who may for one reason or another be dangerous if left at large. All these civilians are included in the returns, but they have no bearing upon the strength of the remainder of the Serbian army. It is said in Russia that there are very large numbers of civilians among the Russian prisoners in Germany, and that the Russian army proper has not lost nearly so heavily in prisoners as the returns would indicate. But probably we shall not learn the truth about this until the end of the war.

We hear nothing definite about the Russian army that was supposed to be on its way to attack Bulgaria by way of Roumania. Perhaps there is nothing to hear, but on the other hand the absence of news may in itself be significant. It is noteworthy that the forces that are now attacking the Allies in Serbia seem to be mainly Bulgarian, and that the Germans appear to be moving in the direction of Rustchuk on the Danube just to the west of the Roumanian frontier. Now this move on the part of the Germans is intended either to meet a Russian attack or to warn Roumania that unfriendliness will be dangerous. Of the intentions of Roumania we have still no indication, and it is quite likely that Roumania has no intentions except to be on the safe side. It is hardly likely that she would declare herself on the side of the Allies until she is quite sure that the Allies can protect her. Nor she will declare herself on the side of the Germans if there is any likelihood that she would at once be invaded by Russia. That she has been invaded neither by Russia nor by Germany seems clear enough evidence that neither the one nor the other has yet any proof that she must be regarded as an enemy. A dispatch on December 1st said that Roumania would allow Russian troops to cross as soon as they were half a million in number, that is to say as soon as they were strong enough to protect her and themselves. Another dispatch said that General Kouropatkin would be in command of the army of invasion, and this last item is interesting if it should prove to be true, as General Kouropatkin was supposed to have been in disgrace since the Japanese war. That German troops are being sent against the Russians and that the Bulgarians are being used against the Serbians is doubtless due to a realization that Bulgarians can not be trusted to fight against Russians. Indeed it is said that the rank and file of the Bulgarian army are not aware that they are at war with Russia. The press censorship in Bulgaria is unusually strict. Casualty lists are not published and no one is allowed to visit the wounded. Evidently the government feels that it has much to hide.

There is a point of some interest in connection with this Russian army that is supposed to be ready to launch itself against Bulgaria. One of the main objects of the Dardanelles campaign was to open the road to Russia so that munitions might be sent into that country and grain sent out of it. But it is now quite upon the cards that the road to Russia may be opened in another way. The natural Russian advance would of course be southward, while the natural advance of the Allies would be northward. Their objective would be a meeting place somewhere on the plains of Thrace, after cutting the railroad probably in the vicinity of Adrianople. As was pointed out in a recent issue, there are three roads that the Allies might take to the north as soon as they are strong enough to take any road at all. The shortest and easiest road is from Enos, and if all went well they could be at Adrianople in a week. But this road lies directly between

Turkey and Bulgaria, although it has the advantage of being the furthest removed from the Germans. Now if there is actually a Russian army on the frontier of Roumania, and if that army should receive permission to cross Roumania, it could very quickly make a junction with the Allies on the plains of Thrace, and in this way the whole or at least the main object of the Dardanelles campaign would be achieved. The Allies will of course eventually attempt to make their way northward. That is the one object of their presence in the country, and they must proceed by one of the three routes indicated. They will probably select one route for their advance in force, and they will make some sort of a feint by the other two roads. And we may reasonably suppose that the advance in force will be made along the road northward from Enos, since this is the shortest road, and the one that leads directly toward the point of possible junction with the Russians.

It is to be remembered that the one object of the Teuton attack upon Serbia is the control of the international railroad to Constantinople, and that even a serious threat upon that railroad would invalidate its usefulness. The cutting of the line might mean the isolation of any force that was actually using it, and it will not be used for the transportation of men in the presence of such a threat. The moment the Allies begin to move from the north or from the south the railroad will be in danger and its value will be discounted. Now it has been assumed that the line is already in partial use, and that there has been communication between Belgrade and Constantinople. But there is no proof of this, and it may be the damage done to it by the Serbians in their retreat has not been repaired. Indeed a report from Saloniki dated December 2d said that it would take five weeks before it could actually be used, and if this is true it would account for the fact that there is no sign that the Turks have received ammunition, or that German soldiers have actually arrived in the Turkish capital. Nor is there any particular reason why German soldiers should be sent there. If there is a threat of Russian invasion we may suppose that every available man has been sent to Rustchuk, and it is to be remembered that available men are not now very numerous.

Military opinions are now concreting themselves as to the actual reasons for the Balkan campaign. Major Morahit tells us that it was intended to exhilarate the German people and to produce the moral effects that must follow the winning of victories. But doubtless there were other reasons, and among these may have been the realization that victories must be won now or never, and that it might speedily be impossible to withdraw the necessary men from the Russian front. Russia is in the position of having a vast army without rifles, but the deficiency is being rapidly made good. She is said to be manufacturing rifles at the rate of 100,000 a month and she is importing many more from Japan. She has plenty of artillery obtained from Japan, and also Japanese gunners as instructors. Her armies are already strong enough not only to hold the Germans at bay, but even to force them back in more than one place, and her forces are increasing daily as weapons come to hand. The Germans who invaded Serbia were drawn largely from the southern line on the Styx River, and we already see the results of this depletion in the Russian successes that have been reported. It is true that they are not large successes, but that they are successes at all is sufficiently striking when we remember that a short time ago the whole Russian army was in steady retreat, and that every German bulletin described victories and advances. The change is due to the weakening of the German lines by casualties and withdrawals, and the strengthening of the Russian lines as the recruits are steadily armed. The Germans must now calculate how long it will be before the strengthening of the Russians becomes serious, that is to say how long it will be before they must find reinforcements from somewhere. All Germans up to fifty-two years of age have already been warned, and Austria has put into the field recruits of fifty-one years of age. Whatever is done in the Balkans must be done very quickly, for the time can not be many weeks off when Germany will need every available man to resist the Russian offensive, which has already begun in the north around Riga and in the south on the Styx River.

The Russian lines are not at all like the lines in the west. In the west we find continuous lines of confronting trenches, and armies that stretch unbroken for four hundred miles from the North Sea to Alsace. But the lines in the east are not continuous. The contending forces are made up of separated masses of men that manoeuvre more or less in the open and that use trenches as temporary expedients. The largest armies are in the north in the vicinity of Riga and in the south on the Styx River. Between these there are many smaller forces that combine and dissolve as occasion demands.

The reports that the western armies seem to be settling into their winter quarters may be taken with a grain of salt. There is something suspicious about this long silence, especially when we read reports from Holland to the effect that masses of Germans are moving westward, and that men whose wounds are not yet quite healed are being called again to the front. It is not likely that there will be any thought of winter quarters before another battle has been fought, and it will probably be fought in the Champagne district. The result of the last battle was to bring the French within about three miles of the railroad that constitutes the east and west line of German communications. To cut that line means the retreat of all the German forces that are tied by that line. Three miles is of course within a day's march,



and as a matter of fact the line is shelled steadily, and sections of it are constantly destroyed. But it is not easy to destroy a railroad line by shell fire. The shell may dig a pit of many yards in diameter, but the damage is very quickly repaired. To hit a supply train is a much greater success, and for this reason the trains are moved at night and very quietly. The chief duty of aviators in the Champagne district is to fly over the railroad and to drop bombs upon it, but a bomb will not destroy more than a few yards even when it makes a good hit. Parts of the line are destroyed in this way every day and as often repaired. With their objective only three miles away it is not likely that the French will wait until spring for another attack. It is far more likely that they are even now bringing up the vast quantities of ammunition necessary for the task, and we may hear any day of the opening of a great battle. And if such a battle should come it will not be fought in France alone. The recent meetings of the Allied chiefs certainly mean that there will be no more isolated actions with the consequent opportunity for the Germans to switch their men back and forth from Russia to France, wherever the pressure happens to be the most severe. The battle will open along all lines—in France, in Belgium, in Russian, in Italy, and in the Balkans.

The newspapers have been far too quick in describing the German chancellor's speech as irreconcilable. The significant fact is not the substance of the speech, but that the speech should be made at all. Since the beginning of the war the Socialists have been sternly suppressed. Even to suggest peace was treason. Their newspapers have been seized and their editors have been sent to the front or banished. Now we find that a whole session of the Reichstag is devoted to a peace argument and that all the members were apparently at liberty to say what they wanted. It is true that the chancellor's tone was a rancorous one, but what else could one expect? None the less he made some very striking statements, and some of the statements that he did not make were equally striking, if such a statement may be permitted. For example, he said that Germany was willing to listen to the views of her enemies, and this alone is a large step in advance of previous utterances and of the tone of the inspired press. Moreover, he made no reference to an indemnity, and an indemnity may be said to have been the sheet anchor of German hopes. He made a veiled and cautious reference to annexation, but when we remember that a shrewd bargainer always asks for four times what he expects to get we are surprised at the chancellor's moderation rather than at his extravagance. So far as the food supply is concerned the chancellor admitted that the mechanism of distribution was faulty, which is equivalent to a confession that the food is not reaching the hungry people. Speaking as a whole the speech may be regarded as a distinct opening of the door, not very widely, it is true, but widely enough to suggest that it might be pushed with some success.

The spokesmen of the Allies have also been making their speeches. They are summed up by Premier Viviani of France, who demands the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine, the independence of Belgium and Serbia, and the destruction of German militarism. The last clause is an unfortunate one, since it may mean everything or nothing. Probably there would be no difficulty about Alsace-Lorraine and Belgium, but an independent Serbia would mean a definite blocking of German ambitious to run trains from Berlin to Bagdad through Teuton territory. On the other hand the Allies could do no less than champion Serbia, whose martyrdom in their eyes ranks with that of Belgium. That there should be an interchange of views even at the point of the bayonet is distinctly encouraging, and it is still more encouraging that Germany should display the moderation that is so discernible in the chancellor's speech.

SIDNEY CORYN.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 15, 1915.

The supply of hemlock and oak bark for tanning in the United States is no longer sufficient, and for many years there has been an increased importation of tanning materials from tropical countries. They consist chiefly of quebracho wood from South America, myrobalan nuts from India, mangrove bark from East Africa, gambier extract from Singapore, and bate, a chemical mixture, from Europe. However, the Philippines may aid largely in solving the question of supply, for the islands possess approximately 1500 square miles of mangrove swamps, some of which are sufficiently extensive to warrant the erection of factories for the extraction of cutch, as the tanning material from mangrove bark is called. An important cutch industry has existed for years in the island of Borneo.

Nevada County, known as a great gold producer since the early history of California, won the grand prize at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition for Bartlett pears. It also was awarded one medal of honor, six gold medals, two silver medals, three bronze medals, and one honorable mention for winter varieties. Nevada County enjoys the unusual distinction of harvesting ice at its highest Sierra side while orange-packing goes on in the district along its western boundary.

Through the enterprise of the business men of Los Angeles a sufficient sum has been contributed to insure the running of the San Diego Exposition for another year. Its attractions will be greatly increased by exhibits removed from the Panama-Pacific International Exposition and a great many new concessions will be installed on its "Isthmus."

## DON RAMON'S VENGEANCE.

A Warning to the Unfaithful Wives of Guanajuato.

This is a story of two men and a woman; a husband, a wife, and a—lover. There is a phrase in good, stout Saxon that would describe the latter better, for he was also a coward, but it is not polite to write it. Men only use it when the blood is hot with anger. Women, never, until they have become acquainted with the police.

A story of a husband, a wife, and a lover. Of the lover, yes. Of the husband and wife, no; for rather it is of two things that were once husband and wife, but which now stand in silence and gloom in the corridor of the dead beneath the public panteon at Guanajuato in Mexico. Above this corridor is a hollow square, formed by a wall twenty feet or more in thickness. In this wall are six tiers of recesses—recesses that are the exact counterparts in shape of the pigeon-holes in your desk. They are larger, though, and sealed. As you pass along you will see on each a small slab of marble or brass which gives a name, a few figures, perhaps a title or two—the latter seem strangely empty and worthless—and then a petition that for the love of Jesus you pray one Ave Maria that the soul of the dead within may rest easy. It is only the rich, though, that fill these pigeon-holes. A man must be very rich to buy that privilege for eternity. Most of the quiet tenants will fill them for five or ten years only. After that time their bodies will be taken out and the pigeon-hole will be ready for some new occupant, and so it will go on through the centuries. After all, though, it is better than festering under ground, for in the panteon a few bricks—only an ordinary wall—divide you from the world you have left, full of the twitter of birds and the bright, warm sunshine. When a body is placed in one of these gabetes—as the Mexicans call these pigeon-holes—the coffin containing it is surrounded closely with charcoal and lime to preserve the dead from decay. Under the influence of these two agencies, the body soon becomes merely a mummy, preserving all the features as in life, but so brown and dry and hard that when you tap on the hollow breast with your fingers it sounds like the beating of distant drums. When the body is taken from its pigeon-hole, the funeral clothes are stripped from it to be burned, and, naked as the day it was born, it is placed in the corridors beneath. Sometimes, though, the shoes or boots are allowed to remain on, for fear that in removing them the dried feet may break or crumble. When the poor who are unable to rent a gabete die, they buy the privilege of being buried within the inclosure made by the walls containing the pigeon-holes for one, or two, or more years. As soon as the ground is required, after that time has expired, their remains are taken up. Buried in the ground without the protection of the charcoal and lime, only the bones are taken, and these, too, are taken to the corridor below, and thrown into two great piles. When a man has been long dead and nothing is left of him but the bones, he is very insignificant. No matter what he may have been in life, it does not take a very large handkerchief to contain all that is then left. An ordinary-sized trunk would, with a little crowding, contain the finest battalion that ever paraded. Yet in this corridor the pile of bones is immense. You can count skulls until you have run into the thousands, and then you grow weary and cease. When you ask the guide—who, in his eagerness to find new curiosities to please you, walks over the pile heedless how the bones crunch and break under his heels—how many of the dead are there, he merely shakes his head and answers:

"God knows, señor; they are many."

The bones of the poor are at either end of the corridor. In the space between, leaning against the wall, facing the light that finds its way through the narrow windows above, are the bodies that have been taken from the gabetes. Infants so small that even the rigidity of death can not give sufficient strength to their tiny forms to sustain them, are the only exceptions. They lie one above the other, between their bodies being only the tinsel and faded flowers with which the Mexicans decorate the remains of those who die so young as to be without sin. If you wish it your guide will pick up one or two of the little figures and hand them to you for inspection.

In the dim light you can hardly at once realize the grawsomeness of the scene, and you pass along the ranks of the naked dead, seeing only the most prominent figures. At first you observe only a few, which attract your attention by some marked peculiarity. Towering over all, there is one with head, and face, and breast, and arms covered with red hair. It seems a giant among pigmies.

"Who is it?"

"An Englishman, señor, who came here to mine for silver," answers the guide.

"And the other?" you ask, pointing to a figure that stands erect, with a ragged hole in its face, and high over the knees of whose bare legs come the tops of cavalry boots.

"A soldier in the cavalry, señor; he was killed by the French when Maximilian was our emperor."

Gradually the sameness that seems to pervade everything wears away, and as you pass along you begin to pick out the old and the young, the matron and the

maid, the man and the boy. Some of the faces fascinate you. So earnest do they seem that, for an instant, you think they may speak, and one becomes loth to pass on for fear of not hearing what they would say; and you wonder if the tongues, that look so dry and parched between the long, yellow teeth, from which the gums have shrunk, could speak, what the words would be.

All of the bodies, or nearly all, have their hands crossed on their breasts. There is one, though, that has not. The body is that of a woman, from whose head still hang locks that once were black, and soft, and glossy. Now they are harsh and tinged with red—burned and bleached by the charcoal and lime that went with them into the gabete. Even now, though, if you are a man, when you see their length and richness, you feel tempted to press them between your fingers, so much of their beauty still remains. In life, the tresses were such as men never grow too old to love, to kiss, and play with, for they have not grown since death, as the hair of the dead sometimes grows in the damp, moist graves of our Northern climes—as if to pillow with softness the stiff unbending of the head. The burning sun, and lime, and charcoal kill everything in these panteones, even the germs of corruption.

This woman's hair is not the only thing that attracts your attention. It is merely the first. After you have looked at it, and thought of its past beauty when it clustered around snow-white neck and shoulders, the woman's figure draws your attention. Death has not withered it as it has done with all the other bodies. It is like a statue of bronze in its life-likeness. The breasts are full and firm as artists paint them. The graceful waist, undulating in perfect curves to feet so small that you can almost hold them in one hand, is as perfect in its apparent suppleness as when the life-blood coursed through the veins. Like all the rest, this body, too, is naked except the feet, and they, with their high, arched insteps, are still incased in slippers, over which have fallen the shreds of what once were silken stockings. The slippers were once white and tied with crimson ribbon, but now the satin, like the hair, is faded, and the bow of the ribbon that tied them is the only thing coquettish that remains.

The form is perfect. In marble it might have been a Grecian Venus—if it were not for the face. Not that the face in life lacked beauty, for it must at one time have been very beautiful; but that was a long time ago, when the dark eyes still had light and the lips were red and laughing. But now it is terrible to look upon, for in every feature there is terror, and the even rows of teeth, that must have been once white and pearly, are opened wide apart, as if frozen so in a dying gasp for breath. Then, as your eye falls on the neck, you see that this was so, for there, deep into the flesh, still runs the mark of a rope pulled tight and strong. How tight it must have been when the rounded arms that are still outstretched could not loosen it! Of all the hands and arms that you see in the rows of the dead, these are the only ones that do not lie crossed on the breast. They are still stretched forth as when the strangling coils of the rope caused the brain to grow black and turgid.

This woman is the wife.

Beside her, tall and erect, stands the form of a man. Death must have come to him very easily, for in his face there is no fear, rather a look of rest, as if it were well that life had passed. The form is wasted from disease, and the hands crossed on the breast are thin and worn as if tired with struggling, as when death comes after waiting and not when the blood is warm and strong, as it was when it came to the woman. "Who is it?"

And, as you ask, the guide stops, and, crossing himself, answers:

"It is Don Ramon Hernandez, señor, and the lady with the outstretched arms is his wife, Doña Mercedes. They have been here a long time—so long that no one ever comes here to pray for their souls. *Madre de Dios*, señor, may they rest in peace, for theirs was a weary life."

"How was it?"

"It is an old story, señor, but the women still tell it at night around the candle when the men are away. This man and woman were husband and wife, for once they stood before the altar of the Holy Church as close as you see them here. I remember well the wedding, for I was a young man then. It was grand, for Don Ramon was open-handed, and Doña Mercedes of all our women the most beautiful. You can see that now, señor, and though at the wedding the women whispered and the men smiled, everything went well. Some said that the marriage was not of love, and that it was Don Ramon's wealth that brought it about. But what of that? After a month or two love often grows to be an old story. One's entire life is a long time to spend in one love affair, but with money it is different. It never grows old. Don Ramon was not of our people. He had come from the south years before and had grown rich in the mining of silver. He was older than Mercedes, who was born here. Not many, but some years older, perhaps ten or fifteen, but still a young man and a rich one. He knew Mercedes when she was very young—a child—and knew her people. She was an only child. That old, gray-haired man there was her father, and her mother is that woman beside him at the right. That is the way they



stand at the altar, and, when they come here, we place them in the same way. Sometimes it is long before they both come, but we remember it and stand them together. And sometimes the one who is left marries again, and then we stand the three together to wait until the good God calls all before him for their sins. God knows how such will settle it then, señor. It is not our affair."

"But the story?"

"Yes, yes; I had forgotten. Well, the wedding was a grand affair. Everybody was there, for Don Ramon was rich and Mercedes's father had been a great man. His was an old family, and had he kept but a tenth of the money that his fathers had left him, the marriage would never have taken place, for with all his wealth Don Ramon was a son of nobody—just one of the people. When he first commenced to make love to Mercedes everybody laughed at the thought that she would marry him, for she had another lover—Don Carlos Martinez. No, he is not here, though his fathers are for many years back. For aught I know, he is still alive.

"After the wedding everything seemed to go well, and Don Ramon gave his wife everything she desired. But it did not make the love come. She was still the most beautiful of all our women, and nothing was complete without her. At first Don Ramon went everywhere with her, as a husband should, for you know how all men follow after a woman that is beautiful. But she was as cold as ice, and after awhile he paid more attention to his mines and their silver than he did to Doña Mercedes. He was older, and with age the love for women grows less and the wish for money stronger. Not that Don Ramon ceased to love his wife, for never was there such a devoted husband; but she was of *fente fino*, and how could she care for a man who had made his first money as a mulero—a driver of mules? As time went they seemed to grow apart, until people noticed it; but still everything seemed to be well until Don Carlos Martinez returned. He was in the army and was comandante here. He was a handsome man, and many were the women who admired him. For awhile he and Doña Mercedes avoided each other, as if unwilling to meet. People said that they had quarreled, and that Mercedes had married Don Ramon in revenge. Others said that he had gone away to avoid marrying her on account of her poverty, as his father would not consent to his marrying one so poor. *Quien sabe?* Life is a singular thing when we get to making love.

"After awhile, though, it all changed. They were always together. Not as lovers, señor—but you know what I mean. When a woman is married, one must be discreet. But people commenced to smile and then to talk—all except Don Ramon. He knew nothing, but went on mining for the silver. But such things must end some time—and so it was with this. It was one evening when there was a grand ball at the Presidio over on the hill, where you can still see the flag flying. There was a revolution in the south, and the soldiers were going away, and with them Don Carlos. It was said that he did not want to go, but that makes no difference here. Everybody was at the ball except Don Ramon. Somehow he never seemed to care for such matters. You know how it is, señor. When a man is only one of the people it is hard for him to feel at home with the great ones of the earth—even if his wife is one of them. Not that Don Ramon was not good enough, for a better man to the church never lived, while of all the peones who labored in the mines his were the most envied, so well did he treat them. And then, too, they said that he had not been informed of the ball, for it was a sudden affair—arranged in a day or two after the soldiers had received their marching orders. Every one thought that, as usual, he was at his mines working for the silver. Of all the women who were present, Doña Mercedes was the most beautiful. Men said afterwards that she had never looked so beautiful. Through all the evening she seemed never to grow weary of Don Carlos, and when she left for home he was the last to leave her carriage door. She lived right below the Presidio—in that old house which has such a fine garden. Yes, you know it. Truly a king might live there without shame. Don Ramon seemed to care only for silver, in order to spend it in gratifying his wife's wishes. Since that night, though, no one has ever lived in that house. People say that there are things there which no man may see and live in peace thereafter.

"That night, señor, when Doña Mercedes went into her husband's house, Don Carlos was with her. The old porter, who slept in the patio, said it had never happened before. He was an old servant who had nursed Doña Mercedes on his knee when she was a baby, and had come with her from her father's house when she married. What could he do, señor? Besides he was only an Indian—an unreasoning being—not of the *gente de razon*. How long Don Carlos and Doña Mercedes were in that room together before the husband came, the Indian never told—not even to the priest, who shrived him after he was cut to death while trying to warn them. But it could not have been long, for in the morning Mercedes still wore the white dress she had worn at the ball, some of the flowers were still in her hair, and the slippers that you see there, señor, were still on her feet. Don Ramon must have followed the old man right into his wife's room, stabbing him at every step, for when the porter fell it was into the

door that the two in the room had half opened in their alarm at the noise, and then across his body stepped Don Ramon. You know what our rooms are, señor. How the windows are barred, much like a prison. When you are caught there it is simply kill or be killed, for you can not fly, but Don Carlos was not of the fighting kind. Even if he were, he had no arms, and when he saw the husband all that he did was to beg for mercy, while Doña Mercedes went on her knees and took all the blame on herself, only asking that her lover be spared, offering her life for his. The old Indian told this. He lived long enough to tell what happened, and all we know came from him; but he told it truthfully, as tells a dying man who knows that death is near. Lying in the half-opened door, he could do nothing but watch and remember what he saw. It is his story I tell you. He said that through it all Doña Mercedes's prayers were only for the life of her lover, and when her husband told her in his rage at her perfidy it should be so, she never flinched, but only asked him to swear by the Holy Virgin that hers should be the only life taken.

"You know what our *riatas* are, señor—of good strong rawhide, with a running loop hard and knotted. With one you can whip the life out of a man or drag him until nothing is left. In this room was one that some fancy of Mercedes had brought there. Probably to lower a letter out of her window. Who knows? Women have used them for that before. Well, Don Ramon took that *riata*, and throwing it to Don Carlos, told him, if he wished to live, to put the loop around Mercedes's neck. For a moment Don Carlos stood as if choosing death instead, while Mercedes urged him to save his life regardless of hers. They say that the old Indian, even when dying, spat to clean his mouth whenever he mentioned Don Carlos's name. When Don Carlos at last put the rope around the neck of the woman who had loved him, Don Ramon told him to tighten it and on his life to strangle her quickly.

"Señor, they say she never touched the *riata* with her hands, even when in his fear of death her lover put one foot on her shoulder as she knelt there to pull the rope the tighter. I have heard it said that afterwards you could see where the high heel of his boot had left its mark deep in her flesh. What a coward? Yes, señor, but death when it is very near is hard to face, and Don Carlos was young, with many years before him."

"Did not the husband at last kill him?"

"Ah, no, señor; for when the life had left the woman's body he made him carry it into the church and lay it before the altar. I saw it there in the early morning, robed in white as it had been at the ball. Señor, she had been beautiful, but in the church the face was black, as men's are when you hang them in your own country. Never from that day has Don Carlos been seen; but he went not with the soldiers. After he had gone, Don Ramon buried his wife in the panteon above, just as she had been dressed at the ball, and ordered that when five years had gone she should be brought here and placed in this corridor as a warning to the unfaithful among the wives of Guanajuato, and so it has been done. But he, poor man, did not live long after her, and when he died we placed him here by her side."

"And the warning to the unfaithful wives, how has that been?"

"*Quien sabe*, señor? I can not say how it is now, for I am an old man and think more of my beads than of women."

Long accepted as the correct hypothesis, the views of Louis Agassiz and Joseph LeConte that the peninsula of Florida, or the greater part of it, had been produced during comparatively recent times by successive growth of coral reefs, are now at direct variance with discoveries made by geologists. Even as far back as 1881 Professor Eugene A. Smith discovered that the greater part of the peninsula of Florida is underlain at no great depth by limestones which are not the work of corals and which were formed long before the Recent epoch. For the last thirty-four years these fundamental rocks of Florida, often called the Ocala limestone, have been thought to be nearly equivalent in age to the Vicksburg limestone of Mississippi and Alabama and have been called the Vicksburg group. A short time ago C. Wythe Cook, of the United States Geological Survey, discovered that the Ocala or so-called Vicksburg limestone of Florida contains many fossil remains of sea shells of the same species that occur in the marls near Jackson, Mississippi, and that are known to have become extinct before the rocks at Vicksburg were deposited. It therefore appears that the Ocala limestone is of about the same age as the Jackson formation and is considerably older than has heretofore been supposed. Instead of being of recent origin, as was thought by Agassiz and LeConte, claim is now made that the Floridian plateau was in existence during the Eocene era—probably two million years ago.

It is estimated that the national wealth of The Netherlands has increased a billion guildens (\$400,000,000) since the war began—a gain of about \$60 per capita for the population. This estimate is based on the prosperity brought to certain industries and on the new and greatly increased profits from dealings in certain goods.

## IRON AND EARLY ARTIFICERS.

Very Old and Unique Specimens Have Been Found in Out-of-the-Way Places.

Iron was doubtless first used in Western Asia, the birthplace of the human race, and in the northern parts of Africa which are near to Asia. Tubal Cain, who was born in the seventh generation from Adam, is described in King James's version of the fourth chapter of Genesis as "an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron." In the revised version, which appeared in 1885, he is described as "the forger of every cutting instrument of brass and iron." The Egyptians, whose existence as a nation dates from the second generation after Noah, and whose civilization is the most ancient of which we have any exact knowledge, were at an early period familiar with both the use and the manufacture of iron, although very little iron ore has ever been found within the boundaries of Egypt itself. Iron tools are mentioned by Herodotus as having been used in the construction of the pyramids. In the sepulchres at Thebes and Memphis, cities of such great antiquity that their origin is lost in obscurity, butchers are represented as using tools the colors of which lead antiquarians to conclude that they were made of iron or steel. Iron sickles are also pictured in the tombs at Memphis. At Thebes numerous articles of iron have been found which are preserved by the New York Historical Society and are about three thousand years old (writes James M. Swank in "Iron in All Ages"). They include an iron helmet, with a neck-guard in chain armor; a fragment of a breastplate, made of pieces of iron in the form of scales, one of which takes the shape of a cartouche and has stamped thereon the name of the Egyptian king, Shishak, who invaded Jerusalem 971 years before Christ; and an iron arrow-head. A war-club, studded with iron spikes, and an iron instrument with a wooden handle, both found at Sakkarah, in Egypt, are in the same collection, which was made by Dr. Henry Abbott, an English surgeon, during a residence of twenty years in Cairo, where he died on March 30, 1859.

Thothmes the First, who is supposed to have reigned about seventeen centuries before Christ, is said, in a long inscription at Karnak, to have received from the chiefs, tributary kings, or allied sovereigns of Lower Egypt, presents of silver and gold, "bars of wrought metal, and vessels of copper, and of bronze, and of iron." From the region of Memphis he received wine, iron, lead, wrought metal, animals, and other products. An expedition which the same king sent against Chadasha brought back among the spoil which it had taken "iron of the mountains, forty cubes."

Belzoni found under the feet of one of the sphinxes at Karnak an iron sickle which is supposed to have been placed there at least six hundred years before Christ. In 1837 a piece of iron was taken from an inner joint of the great pyramid at Gizeh under circumstances which justify the theory that it is as old as the pyramid itself. Both of these relics are preserved in the British Museum. The reference to iron in Deuteronomy, iv, 20, apparently indicates that in the time of Moses the Egyptians were engaged in its manufacture, and that the Israelites were at least as familiar with the art as their taskmasters. "But the Lord hath taken you, and brought you forth out of the iron furnace, even out of Egypt." This expression is repeated in First Kings, viii, 51. A small piece of very pure iron was found under the obelisk which was removed from Alexandria to New York in 1880 by Commander H. H. Goringe of the United States navy. This obelisk was erected by Thothmes the Third at Heliopolis about 1600 years before Christ, and removed to Alexandria twenty-two years before the Christian era. The iron found under it was therefore at least 1900 years old.

As iron ore of remarkable richness is now found in Algeria, in the northern part of Africa, occupying the territory of ancient Carthage, it is entirely reasonable to suppose that the Carthaginians, nearly a thousand years before Christ, and the Libyans and other native inhabitants whom the Carthaginians succeeded, would not be behind their Epygtian contemporaries in knowledge of the use and manufacture of iron. The Libyans were a highly civilized people. It is certain that the iron mines of Algeria were worked by the Romans before the Christian era. The native tribes in the interior of Africa have long made iron by the most primitive methods.

Edwin V. Morgan, American ambassador to Brazil, has presented to the Widener Library at Harvard, 600 volumes of Brazilian history and literature. The books were selected by Dr. Julius Klein, instructor of history at Harvard, who is now traveling in South America. Mr. Morgan's object in making this gift is to encourage the study of South American affairs at Harvard and in particular to commemorate the courses in these subjects which are given this year by his friend, Dr. Oliveira Lima.

Mrs. James W. Gerard, wife of the American ambassador to Germany, has been decorated by Kaiser Wilhelm, with the Red Cross gold medals of the first and second classes. This is the first time the Kaiser has ever given a decoration to a woman not of royal blood.



## LIFE IN GERMANY.

A Correspondent Gives Some Evidences of German Resourcefulness Under the Strain of War.

(The following extracts are from an interesting letter contributed to the New York Evening Post by its Berlin correspondent. The letter is dated from Berlin, October 22d.)

"Ersatz" is the word they conjure with here. It is the most popular word in Germany. You see it everywhere; you hear it from the lips of the most scientific men and the most practical women. It seems to be a word that points to victory; it is mothered by necessity.

It means in plain English—"substitute"; it means, as well, the latest discoveries in chemical laboratories, in experimental kitchens; the strangest combination of practical alertness and spiritual enthusiasm; it means that the war has hastened instead of hindered the development of resource—chemical, organic, and spiritual—to an extent that seems, when you get detail after detail, unbelievable.

Every one knows how the German government interested itself, in the first weeks of the war, in the question of food supply. The most famous "Ersatz" is potato instead of wheat flour. It is much whiter than wheat flour—its pallor does not seem wholesome. But it has solved the flour problem.

The use of marmalade instead of butter, of which America has already heard, does not mean orange marmalade—for there are no oranges—it means plum butter and strawberry and apricot jam, sold by the pound from big preserve buckets, or in cans, if you are willing to pay more. They say that the German woman, knowing that butter would be high, has this year put up more fruit as preserves and jam than ever before—in spite of the fact that there are fewer cans and no rubber bands to make the tops secure. Courses are given and articles written, explaining how to keep fruit from fermenting. An "Ersatz" for rubber has been invented—two, in fact—the expensive "synthetic" rubber, which is not rubber at all; and rubber "made over" from small bits of old rubber.

Every sort of "Ersatz" for coffee is on the market. The price of good coffee, however, has not gone up, but only that of the cheaper grades. And chocolate! In America we have been warned against eating too much chocolate and candy. It would do no good to warn the Germans; they have too great a love of it, in the first place, and, in the second, too firm a belief in its being an "Ersatz" for what they have given up in the way of fine cakes and pastry. Every city block has at least one shop given over to chocolate.

The war has stimulated, as well, the movement toward "tubing" everything. Long rows of what at first glance appears to be tooth-paste are tubes of condensed milk, cocoa-and-milk all ready to have boiling water added, sardine butter, anchovy paste, and heaven knows what. Very soon all one will have to do to prepare a meal is to squeeze a tube—once, twice, three, or four times, according to the size of the family.

Alongside the tubes are the cubes, or "dice," as they are called. You can have lemonade cubes, pink or natural, cubes of pressed vegetables, of gravies of various flavors, and briquettes—the coke-like, pressed fuel is actually sold in inch cubes packed in boxes to be sent to the front. One of these little black cubes gives enough heat to warm one of the cans of vegetables, which are sent to the army in such enormous quantities.

The substitute for fuel in the kitchen is the fireless cooker. All the war cook books tell the "hausfrau" how to make one. If you can buy one, or have it made out of wood, well and good. But if that is beyond the purse, there are always newspapers. Directions are simple: Take twelve newspapers, wrinkle and crush them together until they lose their stiffness, and stitch them together as if they were cotton wadding; make a cloth cover and put buckles on, such as we use on arctics; make a round cap-like top and bottom out of the same materials; and put the covered pot into this, after it has been on the fire the necessary length of time, five minutes boiling, ten, or twenty.

There is a "Housewives' League," now about a month old, which was organized for the purpose of teaching the German women throughout the empire what to do with the resources at hand. Just as the war cook book of last year is being used today in England, so no doubt the practical experiments carried on by these women at their headquarters in Berlin will trickle across the Channel and help out the English-woman, who is suffering, not from a lack of any particular articles, but from a rise in the general prices.

An "Ersatz" for fuel for warming the rooms is good bed coverings. Cotton wadding is not being brought into Germany now. And the supply of old and new "comforters" has gone to the front, to the lazarets and rest homes for the soldiers. But the German's devotion to his newspaper is having its reward. They are wrinkled and crushed until all the stiffness is out of them, and then stitched and enclosed in coarse or fine covers as the occasion demands, for covering.

The extra-large brown bed-quilts that I saw hanging over a chair interested me. I asked what they were for. The woman who was showing me about this exhibit of substitutes lowered her voice.

"Those are all for the Russian prisoners," she said.

"You see, they have to be burned after they are used."

Then she showed me small military pillows, of almost no weight, whose filling was made out of newspapers cut into threadlike strips. They cost so little that they can be lost or thrown away without a pang, except for the comfort that they have given to tired heads in the trenches, or on the open ground.

The use of strong fibrous paper for chest-warmers, shoe-insoles, tablecloths, was not so striking as the use of water-proof paper, with a soft cottony cellulose lining. This cellulose stuff is used in place of cotton sheets on sick beds, being so cheap that its use costs less than the soap to wash the bedsheets; it can be made antiseptic, and so used to take the place of surgeon's cotton. This particular "Ersatz" is not likely to make the American cotton-grower's heart leap with joy, since it is likely to compete from now on with all sorts of cotton products, having been brought to perfection since the war began, and being put very successfully on the market.

But it is in the kitchen that the need of oil and fat and wheat flour and a thousand and one luxurious ingredients is most felt. And the return is, perforce, to the "simple life." The "Ersatz" for kitchen soap, for example (which costs three times what it used to) is soda!

In the drug stores the "Ersatz" is everywhere. You can't get glycerine soap, or cold cream, or brilliantine for the hair, but you find substitutes. Camphor moth-balls are a luxury, but you can get balsam insect powder, which is much more fragrant, and "moth root," which is just as effective. Lists are published from time to time telling you what is being used, and you use it.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Professor Theodore William Richards of Harvard, who has been awarded the Nobel prize for chemistry, is director of the Gibbs Memorial Laboratory, is author of papers on the significance of changing atomic volume, and has revised the atomic weights of oxygen, copper, and other elements. He is a native of Pennsylvania, a graduate of Harvard, and has also studied in Germany, where he devoted himself to chemical research. Professor Richards is a member of many scientific institutions.

Sir George Buchanan, the British ambassador in Petrograd, is a son of old Sir Andrew Buchanan, who for so many years represented Great Britain not only diplomatically, but also in a sporting sense, at the courts of Russia, Prussia, and especially Austria. This means that Sir George is *persona grata* on the banks of the Neva, where his wife, Lady Georgiana, a sister of Earl Bathurst, is also a great favorite. Sir George has to his credit a very remarkable translation of Goethe's "Faust" into English.

J. Leonard Replogle, who recently paid the Pennsylvania Railroad \$15,000,000 for nearly a quarter of a million shares of its stock, entered the employ of the Cambria Steel Company as a boy twenty-seven years ago at \$5 a week. From water boy he was promoted to clerk, shipper, assistant superintendent of the axle department, superintendent of the forge, axle, and bolt departments, superintendent of order department, assistant general manager, assistant to the president, and on September 26, 1913, he was elected president.

Morris Williams, member of the American Institute of Mining Engineers and the American Academy of Political and Social Science, began his eventful career in a coal breaker in Wales at the age of thirteen. When still quite young he came to this country, and has risen until he is now one of the foremost coal operators in Pennsylvania. In 1897 he was chosen manager of the combined anthracite holdings of the Pennsylvania Railroad and in 1903 became president of the Susquehanna Coal Company and the companies affiliated with it.

Professor Charles Vancouver Piper, known as the "grass man" of the Department of Agriculture, is responsible for the introduction of Sudan grass in this country, through which a remarkable revision of land values in some parts of Texas has already been created. He is a native of the Pacific Coast, and began the study of botany at the age of ten years. At eighteen he received the degree of Bachelor of Science from the University of Washington. Harvard, later on, conferred on him the degree of Master of Science. From 1892 to 1903 he was professor of botany and zoology at the Washington Agricultural School. For the last twelve years he has been in the employ of the government.

Fatiana Kaldikhina, whom press dispatches announce as having been promoted to the grade of under officer in the Russian army, was, at the end of 1914, a pupil in a girls' college in Astrakhan. She applied to the military authorities for permission to serve in the army, and after many attempts she was sent to the front. As she was able to speak German her presence was very useful during scouting expeditions. A short time ago she received the Order of St. George of the fourth degree, and some time later for her heroism in a reconnaissance under fire she was awarded the Cross of the third degree. Recently she was wounded in the leg by shrapnel, and is now in a hospital.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## The Shepherd Boy.

Like some vision olden  
Of far other time,  
When the age was golden,  
In the young world's prime,  
Is thy soft pipe ringing,  
O lonely shepherd boy:  
What song art thou singing,  
In thy youth and joy?

Or art thou complaining  
Of thy lowly lot,  
And thine own disdaining,  
Dost ask what thou hast not?  
Of the future dreaming,  
Weary of the past,  
For the present scheming,  
All but what thou hast?

No, thou art delighting  
In thy summer home;  
Where the flowers inviting  
Tempt the bee to roam;  
Where the cowslip, bending  
With its golden bells,  
Of each glad hour's ending  
With a sweet chime tells.

All wild creatures love him  
When he is alone;  
Every bird above him  
Sings its softest tone.  
Thankful to high Heaven,  
Humble in thy joy,  
Much to thee is given,  
Lowly shepherd boy.

—Letitia Elizabeth Landon.

## The Happy Life.

How happy is he born and taught  
That serveth not another's will;  
Whose armor is his honest thought,  
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are;  
Whose soul is still prepared for death,  
Not tied into the world with care  
Of public fame or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,  
Or vice; who never understood  
How deepest wounds are given by praise,  
Nor rules of state, but rules of good;

Who hath his life from rumors freed;  
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;  
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,  
Nor ruin make accusers great;

Who God doth late and early pray  
More of his grace than gifts to lend,  
And entertains the harmless day  
With a well-chosen book or friend,—

This man is freed from servile bands  
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;  
Lord of himself, though not of lands;  
And, having nothing, yet hath all.

—Sir Henry Wotton.

## Dirge.

FOR ONE WHO FELL IN BATTLE.

Room for a Soldier! lay him in the clover,  
He loved the fields, and they shall be his cover;  
Make his mound with hers who called him once her lover:  
Where the rain may rain upon it,  
Where the sun may shine upon it,  
Where the lamb hath lain upon it,  
And the bee will dine upon it.

Bear him to no dismal tomb under city churches;  
Take him to the fragrant fields, by the silver birches,  
Where the whippoorwill shall mourn, where the oriole  
perches:

Make his mound with sunshine on it,  
Where the bee will dine upon it,  
Where the lamb hath lain upon it,  
And the rain will rain upon it.

Busy as the busy bee, his rest should be the clover;  
Gentle as the lamb was he, and the fern should be his cover;  
Fern and rosemary shall grow my soldier's pillow over:  
Where the rain may rain upon it,  
Where the sun may shine upon it,  
Where the lamb hath lain upon it,  
And the bee will dine upon it.

Sunshine in his heart, the rain would come full often  
Out of those tender eyes which evermore did soften;  
He never could look cold, till we saw him in his coffin:  
Make a mound with sunshine on it,  
Where the wind may sigh upon it,  
Where the moon may stream upon it,  
And Memory shall dream upon it.

"Captain or Colonel,"—whatever invocation  
Suit our hymn the best, no matter for thy station,—  
On thy grave the rain shall fall from the eyes of a mighty  
nation!

Long as the sun doth shine upon it  
Shall grow the goodly pine upon it,  
Long as the stars do gleam upon it  
Shall Memory come to dream upon it.

—Thomas Williams Parsons.

Cyprus, which was recently offered to Greece by England in exchange for active military support, is interesting to the miner as one of the ancient sources of copper; in fact, the word "copper" is derived from the Greek equivalent for Cyprus, namely, *kupros*. And it produces copper still.

It is expected that this year's production of rice in California will exceed 50,000 tons and will have a market value of not less than \$2,500,000. Butte County alone has produced about 500,000 sacks, worth \$1,000,000.



## THE WAYS OF WOMAN.

Ida Tarbell Writes of the Activities and Responsibilities of Her Sex.

Today old-fashioned people are holding up their hands in holy horror at the new type of woman which seems to be rising up among us, and the new woman and her sympathizers are equally horrified to contemplate the old-fashioned type. And now comes Ida M. Tarbell with a little book on "The Ways of Woman," in which she seems to prove to us quite clearly that the activities and responsibilities of the average normal woman have not, except in a few superficial aspects, changed at all. Starting with the hypothesis that figures are the proper antidote for "feverish public sentiments," she finds ample argument in the results of the last census report, but she points out that the figures must be given more than just a surface examination. Faced with the fact, which the census seems to indicate and which the agitator seizes hungrily upon, that more than half of our women are unmarried, Miss Tarbell finds on analysis that this large proportion is the general figure and does not take into consideration the matter of age, it includes all from one to one hundred years and over. Taking twenty-five years as the average age at marriage, which is a conservative estimate, she finds that only thirteen per cent of our women remain single. She notes also that there has been a gain of two per cent in the number of marriages in the last twenty years, and she considers the increase in the number of divorces merely a healthy indication of a growing ideal of marriage.

The birth rate also among native Americans Miss Tarbell finds to have increased two per cent, and she does not seem to be disturbed over the idea that women are deserting their homes for industrial careers. She argues:

The truth is, there is no reason whatever for believing that revolutionary changes are going on in these relations and activities which have been regarded as basic in woman's life. She is no larger factor in industrial life than she has always been, but the form of industry has changed.

It draws her into great groups, and these groups collect in cities and manufacturing towns. We see her oftener than we did when she canned and wove and sewed in small and isolated groups. She is more obvious. She marries, makes her home, bears her children. That which disconcerts those who observe her, compare her with her predecessor, and conclude she is something new in the world, is mainly that she talks, thinks, and wants things that apparently never interested her before. But this is true of men as of women. She, like him, is reacting to the new vision of the possibilities in human life.

Under the quickening power of this vision women are casting off old forms of restraint which the belief that the mass of human beings could not be trusted to look out for themselves had spun. They are putting their hands to new tasks, their heads to new thoughts. That they may give time to things which are not worth having, may doubt the significance of old things which are essential in all life, is but the human way in periods of change. When you come down to the actual facts in the case as shown in a searching document like the census, you find that whatever the stir on the surface, below, the same great occupation, the woman's profession, claims her as it always has.

Of course women are changing in many ways, but so are men. It is society as a whole that changes and Miss Tarbell does not find that society intends just yet to slough off the serviceable institution of the family:

Let us not be deceived. The human heart does not change. It demands its mate, always has, always will; and the mate will find a corner to themselves where they can sit by their own fire and rear their own brood.

Their corner may be a flat and not a cottage, and their fire may be a gas log and not a huddle of sticks, their dinner may come in from the corner in cans and be heated and not cooked, the wife may vote and the husband may give himself a score of liberties an earlier generation would have frowned on, but what has all that to do with the foundations of life? These are but the fluctuations in ways and expressions which each succeeding generation surely brings. They may give a different setting, add a new color, or a strangely sounding note—but they do not alter the nature, the meaning, the essential character of their undertaking. Of this the Thirteenth Census offers us the proof of figures. Nor can it be doubted that each successive census will show, as this does, an increasing belief in the undertaking and an ambition to develop it to the fullest strength and beauty.

We are not giving our girls a fair chance, Miss Tarbell states, when we educate them neither for the business which the figures prove will eventually occupy eighty-seven per cent of them, nor for any other. We wish them to be prepared to earn their own livings, should the need arise, but we shy at the extra expense and time which such preparation involves. And we are apt to make unreasonable and impossible demands upon our schools toward this end:

It is not the business of schools and colleges to fit young people to earn a living. They teach us to read that we may know what the world is thinking, feeling, and doing, that we may enlarge our budget of "information," correct and refine our ideas. They teach us to write, that we may pass on our thoughts, feelings, and ideas; mathematics, that we may understand the terms in which the world weighs, measures, computes, and handles all the exact sciences. It is to enable us to live with our fellows on more understanding terms that we go to school; that all of this contributes to the problem of earning our living is of course true; but that is not its object.

In the case of the boy this is understood. We do not expect the high school to fit him for business or the college for a profession. We know that he must begin at the bottom on four, five, or six dollars a week and learn his business or trade. Or he must spend three years at his medicine or law and then five to ten of uncertainty and waiting building up his position.

We ask the girl from high school or college to step at once into a self-supporting position—and she is entirely un-

prepared. Like the boy, she must learn to do the work asked of her—and neither she nor her parents are willing to take the time and go to the expense of an apprenticeship. Is it strange that this should be so when the chances are eighty-seven to thirteen in every hundred that she will not stick to the trade or profession.

The modern girl is given little or no training in the important part of her business of a woman that is known as housekeeping. However, Miss Tarbell tells us that thousands of girls are getting training in general efficiency through their industrial experience:

She goes to the work room careless, inexact, inattentive, uninterested—employers are recognizing quite generally the bad social as well as economic results of such labor, and they are working out a system of education which in many places is probably more fundamental and useful than anything the girl receives from family, school, church, or social agencies. Tasks are graded and the girl taught the operations required. She is given opportunities for exercise, amusement, and study. She is instructed in the laws of health, courtesy, neatness. The improvements are striking in thousands of cases.

This experience in the modern factory or shop develops certain qualities and drives in certain ideas much needed in housekeeping. It demonstrates that order is not an external, artificial condition cultivated because of a fear of what people will think if you are disorderly, but that it is a law on which results depend and without which neither beauty nor utility are possible. It drives home the reasons for promptness, exactness, consideration of others. A girl who has become a desirable operative under our new industrial code has had a training which will serve her in anything she undertakes and without which nothing she would ever undertake could properly succeed.

Miss Tarbell wonders that the women of Europe who have been obliged by the exigencies of war to take up the duties of men should excite so much astonished comment by their success:

In taking up these tasks they were doing what they had been doing all their lives—turning their hands to the next thing; meeting emergencies; filling sudden gaps; stepping into vacant places. The ordinary life of women fits, as no other school on earth, for rising to occasions. To bear children and to direct them into cheerful, self-controlled manhood or womanhood, and so to hold one man that he reverts neither into savagery nor sloth—one state or the other being his natural condition—is the greatest school on earth. It develops more unexpected situations and turns up more emergencies in a week than any trade or profession does in six weeks, situation and emergencies of every variety—physical, economic, social, and moral.

A woman turns from hiding up the broken head of a daredevil boy to cheering a husband whose affairs are going to smash. She turns from entertaining her daughter's friends to meeting the crisis of her son's first cigar, or drink, or questionable companion. She does it regularly, steadily, naturally; and under the necessity she develops until she is ready for anything. If the house burns, five times out of ten she saves the baby and the family records, while nine times out of ten the husband saves the coal pail and the looking-glass! If there's a crash and lacerated bodies and bleeding hands, she knows what to do, and she does it. That's her business. If she falters, it is only to pull herself together for a fresh effort. "You dare not faint; there is nobody knows but you," a quivering man told his wife when she staggered after an hour and a half of relief work over a horribly burned man with the scanty improvised remedies of a pioneer home. She did not faint; she knew, too, that she dared not. It was her business to stick. It was what life had fitted her for, what her mother and grandmothers had done before her. It was in her blood.

In further comment upon our educational system for girls Miss Tarbell devotes a chapter to discussion of the case of a girl who gave as her reason for attempting suicide that she was tired of twenty-cent dinners. She had never been taught to use her own resources:

The wrong that society did her was not in giving her so little money, but in depriving her of the moral and mental training necessary to use effectively what she had. Somehow, out of the medley of unrelated ideas which had found their way into her brain to be brooded over in hours of fatigue and disappointment, she had developed overwhelming self-pity, a detestation of a life which was meagre and struggling. Her revolt was balanced and directed by no knowledge of the means by which vast numbers of men and women are meeting and conquering situations like hers—and worse. No one had taught her to take life gallantly, had pointed out the good things within her means, and had held out reasonable hopes of what effort and interest and good sportsmanship might do. She had never been taught the meaning of courage—she knew it only as endurance, submission, spiritless acceptance. Of that courage whose very essence is faith in the silver lining to all clouds, in the morning after the darkest hours, no sufficient idea had been given her.

Here is the gravest wrong, the most desperate deprivation for which those of us who know the influence the lives of others—and no one escapes that grave liability—are responsible. It is not a minimum wage, an eight-hour day, a social centre—good and necessary measures as they all are—which will take the sting and bitterness from life. No one, or all, could have saved the girl if she had never learned to fight what she did not like, to care for something more than for her dinner, to feel a zest for struggle and adjustment. It is active brains, working hearts, an eye for the passing panorama, and courage—more courage and still more courage—which alone make life endurable. It is never the price of your dinner.

Miss Tarbell's final chapter deals with the subject of "the young girl's thoughts." She makes a strong plea to the mother to be courageous in analyzing her own psychological development as an index to her daughter's and she urges that the growing imagination of the girl be given its wholesome pabulum:

There is no telling how long she will preserve her inner life. She does not want to yield it. Why should she? It is more enticing, far lovelier, than the life of work and play "they" provide for her. Moreover, it is "hers"; she discovered it, owns it. And so she goes on with this double existence, and lays the foundation for that troubling, sphinx-like trait that will make her forever a riddle to herself and to the one whom she will finally love the best, and to whom she would gladly give her full mind—a baffling enigma.

THE WAYS OF WOMAN. By Ida M. Tarbell. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.

## PREPAREDNESS.

General Leonard Wood Discusses the Military Duties of Citizenship.

A concise little manual of argument for preparedness is the group of three addresses of Major-General Leonard Wood, which is published under the title of "The Military Obligation of Citizenship." John Grier Hibben of Princeton, who introduces the volume, says: "In all the pursuits of professional and business life we have formed the habit of seeking expert knowledge. General Wood possesses this knowledge. It is available in this volume."

General Wood accuses us of being in no position to form a correct opinion on this subject for ourselves if we form this opinion from what we know of our nation's history:

The people of the United States are singularly lacking in information concerning both the military history of their country and its military policy. Students in school and college as a rule receive entirely erroneous ideas on both of these subjects. The average young man, unless he has really made a study, is firmly convinced that the Revolutionary War was characterized by the highest quality of patriotism and devotion to the best interests of the country on the part of the people as a whole. He is not at all familiar with the desperate struggle which was made by Washington, various Colonial assemblies, and the Confederation of the Colonies to keep in the field even a small force of troops. He hears very little of the hickories, mutinies, desertions, and frequent changes of personnel which made the war a difficult one to conduct and serve to bring out into strong relief the remarkable qualities of Washington—those qualities of patience, good judgment, discretion, and again patience, and more patience, which made it possible for him to hold the illy-equipped, disjointed, and discordant elements together, and to have always available some kind of a fighting force, although seldom an effective one.

It is through this ignorance of the real state of affairs that we have never made adequate preparation and have never profited by the lessons which past wars should have given us. And the problem grows in seriousness, according to General Wood:

In our past wars we were not confronted by great nations with highly organized military machines; steam navigation had not appeared; our possible enemies were without standing armies of any size, and lacked entirely that complete military organization which characterizes them today. It took a long time to get troops together and prepare supplies for them, and a considerable period of time to cross the ocean. Our forefathers had more time to prepare. Then, again, they were more familiar with the use of arms; weapons were of a simple type; they could be made more quickly, and instruction in their use was a relatively simple matter.

Now highly organized military establishments are the rule among our possible antagonists. Rapid steam transportation in vast amount is available. The arms of war are extremely complicated and costly; it takes a long time to make them and a long time to instruct soldiers in their use. In other words, today everything is in favor of the prepared aggressor and everything against the unready pacific nation.

The blow comes more quickly and with greater force, and it is not possible to provide even a semblance of protection against it unless wise measures have been taken long in advance.

General Wood covers briefly the history of the mistakes of past wars. He lays great stress upon the need for an adequate standing army and for the training of "that great force of citizen soldiers ordinarily known as volunteers," because, he says:

We can not depend upon volunteers in future wars, as we have in past wars, for the simple reason that the onrush of a modern war is so sudden and all our possible antagonists, concerning whom we need have any serious apprehension, are so thoroughly prepared that there will be no time to train volunteers, and certainly no time to train officers. Washington and the officers of his time were convinced of the folly of depending upon volunteers. They came with a rush from the best of the population during the early stages of war, but their enthusiasm soon passes away and the bounty and the draft follow. In the Revolution our greatest force was in 1776, about 89,000 men. It dwindled year by year so that in 1781 we had in the field only a little over 29,000 men, and this notwithstanding large bounties of money and land and the strongest efforts on the part of individuals and Colonial assemblies. The same thing took place in the War of 1812-14. Men came for a short time; but new men had to take their places; 527,000 different men were in the field during the war. Of this number something over 33,000 were officers.

The military systems of Switzerland or Australia are suggested by General Wood as models worthy of our study:

Switzerland has had her system in operation long enough to make its application general, and as a result, while a peaceful, orderly country, she stands always ready to defend her rights and to guard her territory. She is absolutely free from all indication of militarism, as ordinarily understood, and yet every man in Switzerland who is physically fit has received a sufficient amount of training to make him an effective and efficient soldier; that this has served to benefit and uplift the people is conclusively shown by her low criminal rate, which is only a fraction of ours, and by the admitted conservatism of her people, their law-abiding habits, their patriotism, and their respect for the rights of others. Contrast her position today with that of another small European country, which, unlike her, had not made preparation. In both Switzerland and Australia a large amount of instruction is given through public schools or during the school period of youth—so much, indeed, that only two or three months of intensive training in camp are necessary to complete the training of the soldier. The officers take a longer and more intensive course, but the system in both countries is worked out so that there is practically no interference with the industrial or educational careers of those under training.

THE MILITARY OBLIGATION OF CITIZENSHIP. By Leonard Wood, Major-General, United States Army. Princeton: Princeton University Press; 75 cents.

Production of rubber is among the large capabilities in the Philippine Islands.



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## The Thirty-Nine Steps.

Already we could fill a small shelf with stories inspired by the war and its antecedents, most of them, of course, purely imaginary, and some of them impossible. In this instance Mr. Buchan has devoted himself to the German spy system, and although many of us are willing to believe almost anything of that extraordinary political machine, we must confess that the author of this vivid yarn has somewhat strained our credulity. Richard Hannay befriends a mysterious stranger in his London flat and presently finds him dead with a knife through his heart. An examination of his papers shows him to have been an anti-German spy, so Hannay decides to personate him and continue his work. His efforts to escape his pursuers, to foil their plans, and eventually to capture them supply the material for a story that is excellently told in spite of its improbabilities.

THE THIRTY-NINE STEPS. By John Buchan. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.

## Six French Poets.

We ought hardly to need the reminder of Amy Lowell that France has just been passing through one of the great poetical epochs of her career, an epoch worthy to rank with that of Wordsworth in England and Goethe in Germany. That we do need such a reminder is a reproach, due perhaps to the fact that "to be misunderstood has been the lot of Frenchmen when dealing with Anglo-Saxons from time immemorial." Moreover, there is the assumption, general among schools and colleges, that the production of literature ceased a generation or two ago.

The poets selected by the author for appreciation and analysis are Emile Verhaeren, Albert Semain, Remy de Gourmont, Henri de Régnier, Francis Jammes, and Paul Fort. In addition there are appendices of translations and bibliography.

The author places Verhaeren at the head of her list as the best known of her poets. Verhaeren, of course, is not a Frenchman, but he writes in French. He ranks now, we are told, as the prophet of a new era and the voice of a dead one. The author at least has no doubt that we are at the beginning of a new age and that everything that has passed belongs to a closed volume. All the threads that connected us with yesterday have been snapped by the war.

Verhaeren, says the author, is one of the few poets who can resort to "devices" and remain great. He has compelled poetry to realize the modern world. He has shown us the grandeur of everyday life and the beauty of the commonplace, which is surely the highest function of all art.

Albert Semain is not so well known, but the author seems to justify his inclusion in her little gallery, not as a great poet, but as a minor poet of delicate and graceful talent. Remy de Gourmont also needs some apology, for although he has published over forty volumes only one among them and a fragment of another are devoted to verse. None the less, says the author, there is no one whose influence upon writers has been greater than his, and she is disposed to regard him as first of all a poet and secondly a thinker.

The greatest of living French poets, according to Amy Lowell, is Henri de Régnier, although it is customary to regard him only as a novelist. He has produced twenty-six books in twenty-nine years, and all are masterpieces. Never once has he lowered his standards, re-writing every novel entirely three and four times before publication.

Francis Jammes and Paul Fort are modernists, and the author defines modernism as "exteriority" versus "interiority," that is to say an interest in the world apart from one's

self. Perhaps the highest form of the poetic art is a translation of the world into terms of self, and this need not be either maudlin or morbid. A true interiority is not represented by De Musset, or Verlaine, or Baudelaire, since these all find an antagonism between themselves and the world, whereas art sees concord, or at least predicts it.

It would be interesting to linger over Amy Lowell's discerning criticism, which always persuades us, sometimes against our will, that it is right. Her liberal quotations are invaluable as aiding us to know the men of whom she writes. Indeed they become familiar figures. Each of her essays is preceded by a portrait and facsimile signature, and translations of the poems that she quotes are furnished in an appendix. It is a most notable work in its skill and thoroughness.

SIX FRENCH POETS. By Amy Lowell. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.50.

## Hempfield.

David Grayson has already three volumes to his credit, and he now shows us that he can construct a novel that has none of the defects often associated with initial efforts in fiction. "Hempfield" is a story of a country printing office and of the difficulties attending the publication of the *Hempfield Star*. But it is not a newspaper story and it has no technicalities. The owner of the *Star* is a young woman and she uses her charming diplomacies for the restraint of her uncle, who supposes himself to be the editor and who disbelieves in flying machines and hates Democrats, and for the preservation of amity in her strangely assorted staff. American life in its distinctive purities is to be found only in the country village, and to portray it so faithfully and so artistically is a service as well as a delight.

HEMPFIELD. By David Grayson. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.35 net.

## Gossip of Books and Authors.

Among the very attractive holiday books is a little volume from the Paul Elder press entitled "Little Bronze Playfellows," by Stella George Stern Perry. It is a fantasy drawn around the bronzes of children's figures seen in the colonnade of the Palace of Fine Arts at the Exposition. The illustrations are numerous.

Longmans, Green & Co. hope to publish this month, in small quarto, "The Dardanelles: An Account of the Operations in Gallipoli," written and painted by Norman Wilkinson, R. I. This work will contain thirty full-page plates in color, reproduced from water-color drawings made on the spot by Mr. Norman Wilkinson, and a number of black-and-white illustrations.

With the publication of Louis Couperus's second novel of his tetralogy on Dutch life, "The Later Life," published by Dodd, Mead & Co., this author has added materially to his fast-growing reputation in this country.

"The Normans in European History," by Charles H. Haskins, published here by the Houghton Mifflin Company, will be brought out in London by Constable & Co.

Longmans, Green & Co. will shortly publish a book entitled "With Botha in the Field." The author, Moore Ritchie, was one of General Botha's bodyguard, and he describes both the rebellion in British South Africa and the campaign in German Southwest Africa. The book will be very well illustrated from photographs and plans.

In "Abraham Lincoln: The Boy and the Man," James Morgan contributed to literature what is regarded by many as the best biography of Lincoln ever published. The first success attending Mr. Morgan's new book, "In the Footsteps of Napoleon"—which,

though published only a few weeks ago by the Macmillan Company, is now being reprinted—would indicate that this volume will in time take its place as probably the best account of Napoleon's remarkable career.

In "The Peace Calendar and Diary for 1916" Dr. John J. Mulowney has undertaken the work as a contribution to the cause of peace, and not for personal profit. It is published by Paul Elder & Co.

"The Operation of the Initiative, Referendum, and Recall in Oregon," by James D. Barnett, Ph. D., professor of political science in the University of Oregon, was published December 8th. The volume is said to differ from many similar ones in the field in that it avoids generalizations and theorizing and presents first-hand materials collected by the author on the spot. It was published by the Macmillan Company.

H. G. Wells's "The Research Magnificent" promises to be included in many Christmas packages this year. It is one of the few current novels eminently fitted by theme and treatment for the holiday season. Since its publication in September interest in it has steadily been increasing and the fifth edition of it has just gone to press.

The George H. Doran Company announce that "Old Judge Priest," the sequel to "Back Home," by Irvin S. Cobb, has been postponed until next spring. But the circle of admirers of Mr. Cobb may take comfort, however, for the George H. Doran Company has just announced that "Speaking of Operations," by Mr. Cobb, will be published in a small book before Christmas.

Norman Angell, whose book on America's foreign policy, "The World's Highway," has just been issued, was born in England, spent several years in America ranching, prospecting, and reporting; returned to England, then went to live in Paris.

"Vive la France" is a new book by E. Alexander Powell, in which he records the experiences of his latest visits to the front. He describes, among others things, the bombardment of Dunkirk (the longest range bombardment in history), the destruction of Soissons, the fighting on the Aisne, the invasion of Alsace, the battle of Neuve Chapelle, the second battle of Ypres, the campaign in the Vosges, the poison gas, the last stand of the Belgians on the Yser, the underground cities, the big gun duels, etc. It contains the latest account from the front up to the end of October, and is being published by the Scribners.

Robert A. Lancaster's engrossing study of Virginian life is so many things at once that "Historic Homes and Churches of Virginia" (J. B. Lippincott Company) can only be called a picture of a state of society. He gives not only descriptions and photographs of all the homes and churches having interesting traditions, but he gives those traditions, together with family and local history, much of which blends with history of national importance.

## New Books Received.

ROSE O' PARADISE. By Grace Miller White. New York: The H. K. Fly Company; \$1.35 net. A novel.

THEN I'LL COME BACK TO YOU. By Larry Evans. New York: The H. K. Fly Company; \$1.35 net. A novel.

ROMANCE OF OLD BELGIUM. By Elizabeth W. Champney and Frère Champney. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.50 net. From Cesar to Kaiser.

INDIA AND ITS FAITHS. By James Bissett Pratt, Ph. D. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$4 net.

A traveler's record.

LITTLE LITERARY LIGHTS. By Augustin S. MacDonald. San Francisco: John J. Newbegin. Personal preferences in art, literature, etc.

LUCIAN. New York: The Macmillan Company; in 7 vols., \$1.50 each.

With an English translation by A. M. Harmon.

PLINY LETTERS. New York: The Macmillan Company; in 2 vols., \$1.50 each.

With an English translation by William McIlmoth. Revised by W. M. L. Hutchinson.

APULEIUS, THE GOLDEN ASS. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

With an English translation by W. Adlington, and revised by S. Gaslee.

THREESCORE AND TEN. By Amelia E. Barr. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50 net. A book of optimism for old and young.

THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS. By Cardinal Newman. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25 net. Illustrated by Stella Langdale, with an introduction by Gordon Tidy.

REACTIONS. By John D. Barry. San Francisco: John J. Newbegin. Essays.

SIX FRENCH POETS. By Amy Lowell. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.50 net. Studies in contemporary literature.

THE AMERICAN BOYS' BOOK OF BUGS, BUTTERFLIES, AND BEETLES. By Dan Beard. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$2 net. With many illustrations by the author and

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colored plates from the American Museum of Natural History.

EDWARD CARPENTER. By Edward Lewis. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net. An exposition and an appreciation.

MAKING THE MOVIES. By Ernest A. Dench. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net. A volume for audiences, scenario writers, and others who are interested in the actual making of the "movies."

MICHELANGELO. By Romain Rolland. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$2.50 net. Translated into English for the first time by Frederick Street.

SADIE LOVE. By Avery Hopwood. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25 net. A novel.

JOFFRE CHAPS AND SOME OTHERS. By Pierre Millev. New York: John Lane Company; 50 cents net. Translated from the French by Bérengère Drillean.

UNCLE WIGGILY LONGEARS. By Howard R. Garis. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co.; \$1.50 net. For little children.

TRAVELS IN ALASKA. By John Muir. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.50 net. A descriptive book of travel.

OUR AMERICAN WONDERLANDS. By George Wharton James. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$2 net. Glimpses of what America offers of antiquarian, scenic, geologic, and ethnologic interest.

THE BYLOW SQUIRREL BOYS. By Grace May North. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co.; 75 cents net. Bedtime rhymes for little children.

"SPEAKING OF OPERATIONS." By Irvin S. Cohn. New York: George H. Doran Company; 50 cents net.

"Respectfully dedicated to two classes: Those who have already been operated on. Those who have not yet been operated on."

THE ODES OF PINDAR. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

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OUR AMERICAN WONDERLANDS. By George Wharton James. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$2 net.

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that the authors have elaborated it with skill and intelligence.

LEARNING TO EARN. By John A. Lapp and Carl H. Mote. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.50 net.

Briefer Reviews.

"Uncle Wiggily Longears," by Howard R. Garis (R. F. Fenno & Co.; \$1.50 net), is an illustrated book for little children, containing fifty-two stories—one for each week of the year.

The lover of the moving picture will find a fascinating description of the production of films in "Making the Movies," by Ernest A. Dench (the Macmillan Company; \$1.25). The author seems to have some qualms for thus "giving away the show," and it may be said that he does this so effectively that the reader can hardly fail to be delighted and illuminated.

"The New Citizenship," by Percy Mackaye (Macmillan Company; 50 cents net), is described as "a civic ritual devised for places of public meeting in America." It is intended as a dignified ceremonial of welcome to new citizens, and that it is actually dignified and poetic is, of course, guaranteed by its authorship. Mr. Mackaye writes in the form of the masque or ritual, and his work may be read with as much pleasure by horn Americans as by those who have become Americans by naturalization.

Mr. W. S. Birge is the author of "My Lady's Handhook," a volume on health, strength, and beauty, and which deals with all matters of the toilet in a way that is practical and free from the absurdities and superstitions that are now so much in vogue. The woman who follows Dr. Birge's advice may never be beautiful, but at least she will be as beautiful as she can be. And she will certainly be healthy. The book is entitled "My Lady's Handhook," and it is published by Sully & Kleinteich. Price, 50 cents net.

"The Poets' Lincoln," selected by Oshorn H. Oldroyd, is a collection of poems written from time to time in praise of, and to the memory of, Lincoln. Many of these are of high value and difficult to obtain elsewhere.

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The compiler may be congratulated on the care with which he has done his work and his success in identifying the authors of some of the lesser-known tributes. The illustrations are very numerous. The volume is published by the editor at "The House Where Lincoln Died," Washington, D. C.

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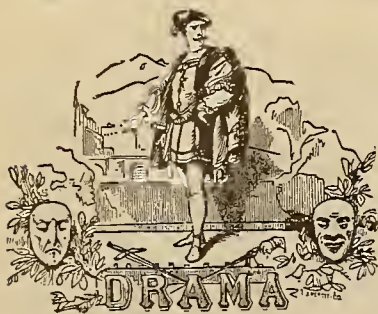
pleasure and profit. In this case Mr. Beard devotes himself to the collection of insects—bugs, butterflies, and beetles, and we may be sure that the boy who follows his guidance will not only have the best of good times, but will have laid the foundation of a real scientific knowledge. The book is entitled "Bugs, Butterflies, and Beetles," and it contains 300 illustrations by the author. The publisher is the J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, \$2 net.



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### "THE TYPHOON."

This exotic drama returns to us at a time when the Japanese hugaboo has become the German war-scare. The Japanese, having almost persuaded us that what they want of us is our trade instead of our hostility, "The Typhoon" seems almost rude, especially with all those deeply howling Japanese in the play to remind us of our good manners. Fortunately, the Hungarian authorship of the play is a reminder that it was not Columbia, after all, who forgot to be a perfect lady.

The locale of "The Typhoon," it may be remembered, is Berlin. In the light of our present knowledge the idea of Japanese spies located in the midst of Prussian espionage suggests diamond cut diamond. But the play was evidently inspired by the "yellow peril" idea that the German Kaiser was instrumental in making world-wide. Since we first saw "The Typhoon" the world has experienced so many terrors and so much suffering and heavevement at the hands of white-skinned hell-gerents that these Japanese Metternichs tend to lose some of their aureole of impressiveness. But the play is undoubtedly impressive, in spite of a suggestion of melodrama in it; due, I imagine, partly to the author's need of depending upon a reading, instead of an actual knowledge of the Japanese.

The character of Illona Kerner, too, seemed before, and still seems, to contain more than a suggestion of theatricality, and in order to strip it of this suggestion an actress of mingled power and charm is very much needed in the rôle. Neither time was this condition adequately fulfilled, although Lilian Cavanagh is not a mere figurehead. She has youth, good looks, dramatic assertiveness, and the imperious manner of the lawless siren "so confident of her charm." But that is precisely what is lacking—charm. There did not seem enough of softness and fascination in the enchantress who wrecked one life and incited a coldly-resolved Japanese patriot to crime to account for Illona's sway over the passions of the two men.

What the author has succeeded in best, however, is in conveying the idea dramatically of the unsleeping, untiring, self-sacrificing, and perpetual toil of those Japanese who expatriate themselves for the sake of their country, covering their faces with masks and their paths with darkness.

As before, the apartment of Tokeramio is handsomely appointed, partly in the Occidental and partly in the Oriental style, and the sudden transformation of its appearance, and that of its occupants, to the Oriental external in harmony with the essence of spirit so carefully concealed is impressive, but still in a spirit of theatricalism.

The word typhoon is used metaphorically to indicate the storm of passion for Illona which swept over the senses of Tokeramio and led him to temporary forgetfulness of his great task and to crime. It gives opportunity to show the resourcefulness of Tokeramio's associates, who, in the very centre of German police bureauracy, use Oriental strategy to save the young man by sacrificing one of his mates, in order that he may terminate his great work for Japan. What the work is does not appear, and does not need to. Our thoughts scarcely more than lightly graze the surmise that it is some carefully authenticated statement of a possible enemy's war resources. What the author dwells on dramatically is the concerted patriotism of the Japanese group and the readiness with which youth sacrifices itself for the national idea.

The group of actors who play the principal Japanese rôles succeed thoroughly in their difficult task. For it is extremely difficult for a player to more than superficially succeed in suggesting the character and physiognomy of another nation. There is a lot of excellent stage business in the scenes in which they figure, and during the murmured conferences and commands at exciting moments the vocal inflections are very suggestively Japanese. A very good little bit of differentiation between the wary, world-trained Oriental who has fitted on his life-mask and the youth who has not yet quite learned his lesson is afforded in the character of the Japanese student—I give up the names—just arrived whose ingenuousness and young enthusiasm still prevail. It reminds us of the burst of candor to which Lafcadio Hearn once gave vent, due, no doubt, to the pique and disappointment of the ardent teacher,

when he described the process of transformation that the youth of Japan undergo after the mastery of Oriental Machiavellianism is accomplished.

In comparison to this type, however, the character of Ernest Lindner, the derelict who allows a worthless woman to wreck his life, seems signally lacking in everything but what is despicable. It is appropriately played by Leonard Mudie, who contrives very successfully to make Lindner noticeably the European artist in appearance. I haven't the courage to untangle identities from the group of Japanese names, but I assume that it is Stephen Wright who plays the senior Japanese of the group, a well-made-up and satisfactorily suggestive piece of work. The character of the newly-arrived student also deserves commendation for its ingenuousness and the touch of idealism that stamps it.

Walker Whiteside's carefully restrained impersonation of Tokeramio represents much thought and work. Features, gestures, inflections, all are thoroughly studied. When the storm breaks, however, and the typhoon masters Tokeramio's struggling hark of patriotism, Mr. Whiteside is less impressive than in the terror and relaxation that follow the crime. The child-like murmurs of the youth upon whom has been laid too heavy a burden, a certain pitifulness attending the sense of realization during his first terrifying solitude, is extremely well conveyed. The fault of the play, however, which inevitably transfers itself to the acting, is a permeating suggestion that the whole thing is a clever piece of invention, for the sense of reality, so easily attainable in plays of less pretension, never quite arrives.

### FIGHTING FOR FRANCE.

A feeling, perhaps, that the American public is acquiring too familiar an acquaintance with the all too thorough methods practiced in the German military system, and too little with those of the Allies, probably accounts for the recent appearance of the battle films preserved in the archives of France that show us the armies of France, England, Italy, and Russia in action, and which are now on view at the Columbia Theatre.

We see so many war illustrations in the picture papers that these war films scarcely have much that is new to offer us. And yet they have everything. For they show us life itself, and ever-hovering death. When we see the vast tide of marching men, moving under the weight of their heavy kits with all the elastic swing of youth, it is next to impossible to restrain a great surge of emotion. Individually these men are nothing to us. But collectively they represent the youth, the strength, the manhood, the hope, the resolve, the enterprise, the deeds of the Europe-to-be moving on, on, and ever with that potential scythe of death hovering over them. There are many pictures in the reels of officers, generals, and monarchs. But always, when the plain soldiers appear in marching hosts a wave of excited acclaim sweeps over the auditorium. The great majority of those present are men. Women are either trying to forget, or fearful of horrible sights. In these pictures, however, although we see soldiers charging across a battlefield and their comrades leaving a mournful tracery of the fallen in their path, there is less suggestion offered of the physical havoc wrought on the strong bodies of Europe's young manhood. We see the wounded borne on litters, but no hospital pictures of the cripple and maimed. The French soldiers look strong and resolved, but undersized, a melancholy aftermath following the drain on the youth of France during Napoleon's ascendancy. The Slavs are good-natured, childlike giants, so primitive in their instincts that when they face the camera they are obliged, like children, to take refuge from their elation and bashful self-consciousness by making clownish grimaces. Even the Germans are there, marching in a body of many thousands, captured by the French. They, too, melt under the softening influence of the camera. In fact, judging from the pleased grins and occasional antics of the foot soldiers when they are being photographed, a frequent régime of facing the camera would serve to maintain the spirits of the European armies at concert pitch.

All the leaders, royal or military, seem to have changed and become haggard during this year of death, and change, and slowly dawning terror. For well those royalties divine the uncertainties of the future. I notice, too, that few of the generals and officers are putting on flesh. Dull Care has no burial services, these times, in Europe. While valiant, mettlesome youth and maturity tried, tested, and valuable to the state, lies low, Care is very much in evidence, planting hollows, furrows, and wrinkles in the haggard faces of the men who control Europe's destinies. Only Joffre seems to be unchanged. Steady, wise, kindly, and calm, he maintains his dignity under the leveling camera, and a look of personal interest and good-will shines on the good gray man's countenance as he pins a medal of honor on the breast of some brave soldier. Kitchener consistently keeps

his back as much as possible to the camera, and tall young Albert of Belgium resigns himself, taking it as a duty.

There are some striking naval pictures presented among this collection. In the Dardanelles the *Goliath*, her rear topmast shot away, is seen homharding the enemy. A Turkish merchantman is stopped by the enemy sending shots across her bows, and in a subsequent picture her sombre and apprehensive crew are softened by gifts of the democratic cigarette from their captors.

The Czar of Russia is seen visiting the soldiers in the steep trenches of the Carpathians, scrambling along the rough ditch like any commoner with the aid of the necessary rope. Ah, but rulers recognize the need to be democratic during these leveling times! For well they know that these visits are made in order to put enough heart into the poor wretches composing the armies to face their sinister fate bravely. But we see the puerility which governs the demeanor of men who serve monarchs. Perpetual bows and salutes are exchanged almost automatically. How different from devil-may-care America.

There are some wonderful pictures of a camel train transporting supplies to the Carpathian trenches. By some curious trick of photography the picturesque beasts are all slowly moving figures of white against a black background and suggest phantoms of far Cathay.

There are splendid views of the French Chasseurs galloping across a mighty field, saluting as they rush by, a thrilling sight, and trains of the famous seventy-five figure in the grand review.

Ruins, of course, there always are in war pictures, and—sad sight!—pictures of the shattered forests of France, which mean so much to her citizens in beauty and industry. There are also some very striking views of air scouts mounting upwards in their machines and pictures of the seascape taken from aeroplanes.

A symphony orchestra furnishes very emotional music as an accompaniment to the pictures and saddens and excites us by turns, as the reels are slowly and solemnly unrolled. "Oh, say can you see" sounds exultant, "Rule, Britannia" cheerful and heartening, and "La Marseillaise" grand and inspiring, in comparison to the infinite sadness of the Russian hymn.

King George, by the way, received the biggest salvo of applause from the audience; evidently there was a big English contingent present. Apparently that amiable monarch is in less danger of losing his job than some others, for the Anglo-Americans in the audience fairly shouted their loyalty. To us in America, reading attentively what Asquith, Lloyd-George, Sir Edward Grey, or Kitchener decree, King George seems to be only an amiable though popular figurehead. But at present he is more. He is, to the conservative English, the living sign and symbol of their nation. It looks as if the free-horn Briton is satisfied with things as they are. As for Germany, we know little at present, but there is always the possibility that the pro-Germans in America, when the aftermath of the great struggle begins to reach the surface, may have a momentous decision to make in regard to their at present fully concentrated sympathies.

### THE PANTAGES THEATRE.

A particularly good bill at this theatre would seem to indicate that higher-class attractions are necessary contemporary with the departure of the Exposition visitors. Carter, the magician, is very much in evidence on the bill. His act must be quite a costly affair, although the costumes in "The Lion's Bride" begin to look rather shabby. Carter divides his offering into two parts, appearing as a prestidigitator early in the programme, and offering his series of very clever tricks with the easy persiflage that becomes second nature to the stage magician. "The Lion's Bride" has some mirror illusion, evidently, for there is something sus-

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picious about that presumable lion that grumbles and bounds with such automatic certitude at exactly the right moment. However, we see his brute majesty in *propria persona* at the moment when the light shifts and the lovely maiden is saved by the magic of the Punjab prince.

Truly Shattuck, with Marta Golden, a female partner experienced in musical-comedy work, appears gowned resplendently in cream and gold and sings in a rich, fruity voice suggestive of the contents of many fleshpots of Egypt consumed in the gay past. Her partner, in an imitation of Truly Shattuck in grand opera, burlesques her only fairly well, the act concluding with an only mildly entertaining take-off on a feminine row and reconciliation.

The Exposition Boys' Band has returned much improved. Publicity has caused the boys to put in some very lively practicing, I should judge. At any rate their tone is greatly improved, and they have actually learned to put some expression into their music. They recognize the need to stick to popular pieces, and they succeed in pleasing the audience thereby. Their more spirited pieces they give with swing and vivacity, and, in fact, the boys and the leader have earned commendation.

Another musical number is offered by Ernest Williams and Katherine Rankin, two expert cornetists, who help on the effect of the act by furnishing a pretty drop. A pretty girl, prettily dressed, standing against a pretty drop, always scores. However, the pretty girl knows her business. Her breathing is strong and assured and her runs firm and spirited, although it is Mr. Williams who has the better tone and is the leader of the two.

Comedy is supplied by Hopkins and Axtell, who have evolved fun and novelty in an act called "Traveling." A street-car and a Pullman, in two different scenes, furnish the background for rather an engaging pair, Mr. Hopkins undertaking with his nimble tongue and even more nimble heels to keep the fun active. The man is a dancer by instinct, and his rhythmic feet almost run away with him before the dance is done.

The Carson Brothers, a fresh-faced, wholesome pair of young athletes, perform remarkable feats in strength and balance, such as the stronger of the two clasping the hand of the slighter one and raising and holding him aloft solely with his right arm. The pair seemed too prodigal of their efforts, but acrobatic and athletic feats yearly grow more daring and sensational.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

On December 3d the John Lane Company issued "The Flower Art of Japan," by Mary Averill; "The Dream of Gerontius," by Cardinal Newman; "My Years at the Austrian Court," by Nellie Ryan; "Sadie Love," by Avery Hopgood, and "Joffre Chaps and Some Others," by Pierre Mille.

"Paradise," by Tintoretto, is the largest painting in the world. It is eighty-four feet wide and thirty-three and a half feet high. It is now in the Doge's Palace, Venice.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Walker Whiteside Presents "The Melting Pot."

At the Cort Theatre, Sunday night, December 19th, Walker Whiteside will enter upon the second and final week of his engagement, and will present for but three performances—Sunday night and Wednesday matinee and night—Israel Zangwill's fascinatingly interesting play, "The Melting Pot," which was brought to this city some six years ago by Mr. Whiteside and was enthusiastically received. "The Typhoon," which has proven so successful this week, will be the offering at other performances during the week.

It was in "The Melting Pot" that Walker Whiteside really came into his own. "The Melting Pot," through the genius of Whiteside and his uncannily clever impersonation of the humble Jew dreamer, became the raging success of the season, and for more than three years he toured the principal cities with this as his vehicle. It was not until the European vogue of "The Typhoon" attracted his attention and he determined to produce it in this country that he reluctantly laid aside the Occidental costume of the poet-musician for the Oriental robes of the Japanese diplomat. And his determination to revive "The Melting Pot" here with his present company is of more than passing interest, since the timeliness of the play is of the very moment, when all Europe is ablaze, and the United States must ultimately become the very melting pot Zangwill predicted in his great and enduring drama.

The Orpheum Road Show.

The Orpheum Road Show, which opens next Sunday matinee under the direction of Martin Beck, will be one of the very best vaudeville entertainments ever presented to the American public.

It will be headed by Anna Held. For her present vaudeville tour she has selected a repertory which includes a number of her celebrated songs taken from her greatest musical-comedy hits, and several new songs specially composed for this engagement. Miss Held's costumes, as usual, will be a beautiful and costly feature of her act.

Mary Shaw, the American actress, who gave a remarkable performance as Mrs. Warren in George Bernard Shaw's "Mrs. Warren's Profession," will present a one-act play by Harvey O'Higgins and Harriet Ford, called "The Dickey Bird," which is said to afford her one of the best opportunities she has ever had for the display of her histrionic genius.

Roshanara, the only authentic exponent of old Indian and Burmese dances, is making her second American tour in a new repertory.

Stuart Barnes, one of the funniest and most popular of monologists, will introduce a ludicrous description of that uncomfortable period in the life of the average man between the time he first sees his ideal girl and his ultimate capitulation to her charm.

Mme. Donald-Ayer, for several seasons prima donna soprano of the Boston Grand Opera Company, will be heard in favorite selections from her splendid repertory.

Staines's Tan Bark Comedians include two dogs, an obstinate mule, and several perfectly trained and beautiful ponies who defy the law of gravitation.

A real novelty in dancing will be presented by The Crisps, who are an English importation and a decided acquisition to American vaudeville. They sing and talk as well as dance.

Victor Morley and his company in the musical skit, "A Regular Army Man," and the Leightons in "The Party of the Second Part," will be the remaining acts.

Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre.

"The Seven Water Sprites," with Lottie Mayer as the star, and Raul Pereira and his six court musicians will divide the honors of the new bill which opens at the Pantages Theatre on Sunday. The "Water Sprites" do all sorts of aquatic sports while twisting in and out of the big tank. Fancy and high diving is performed from the rafters of the stage, from swaying ladders and trapezes. Miss Mayer performs several daring dives which won her the title of America's most daring woman diver.

The musical offering headed by the former court violinist of the Portugal palace is far ahead of the average vaudeville act. Pereira has played the Pantages Circuit several times and on each tour his popularity increases. Classical and popular selections are interwoven by the septet with an artistry which shows the master hand of real musicians.

Last year one of the biggest laughing hits ever registered was made by a couple of comedians, Al Friend and Sam Downing. The two young fellows have revised their act and have a brand new assortment of parodies and jokes.

Laypo and Benjamin, "those yiddish comedy acrobats," combine phenomenal and daring ground tumbling with a routine of fun that is irresistible.

Tom Post and Nellie Lucky will present a jolly little sketch which deals with a suspicious wife, entitled "The Jealous Lovers."

The Marina Sisters, who were a hit at the Fair, will show the latest dances, and Flora Shiaux, "the girl from the movies," with a couple of reels of travel pictures, completes the programme.

Margaret Illington Coming to the Cort.

Margaret Illington, who is said to have scored the biggest success of her career in her latest play, "The Lie," by Henry Arthur Jones, will bring her complete New York cast and production to this city when she appears at the Cort on Sunday night, December 26th.

In "The Lie" it is said that one gets the best of Margaret Illington and also the best of that distinguished author, Henry Arthur Jones. This is saying much, for both actress and author have given the American stage many notable offerings. Last season, at the Harris Theatre, New York, Miss Illington presented the play for nearly an entire season. Her interpretation of the heroine, Elinore Shale, is said to be most artistic, a sure, real, and finished characterization.

The company to be seen in the support of Miss Illington is said to be one of exceptional merit and includes C. Aubrey Smith, G. W. Anson, Richard Hatteras, Mercedes Desmore, and Thomas O'Malley in the leading parts.

Opening of the Symphony Orchestra Season.

The first pair of concerts of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Alfred Hertz from the Metropolitan Opera House, will be given at the Cort Theatre this Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock sharp and this Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock sharp. The prices for the Sunday afternoon concerts are but one-half of those asked for the Friday afternoon concerts, and it is anticipated that the seating capacity of the Cort Theatre will be taxed by that large and growing portion of the musical public compelled by employment or the higher rate of admission to remain away from the Friday afternoon concerts.

Exactly the same programme will be given at the Friday and Sunday afternoon concerts. The programme for the first pair follows:

Overture, "Leonore," No. 3, op. 72....Beethoven  
Symphony No. 2, D major, op. 73....Brahms  
Overture, "Faust".....Wagner  
"Roman Carnival," op. 9.....Berlioz

The Friday afternoon concerts begin at 3 o'clock sharp and the Sunday afternoon concerts at 2:30 o'clock sharp. Late arrivals will not be seated during the numbers, and those who wish to leave before the concert is over are requested to do so before the last number begins in order to avoid the inevitable annoyance that comes to those who wish to remain.

Seats are on sale at the box-offices of Sherman, Clay & Co., Cort Theatre, and Kohler & Chase. After 5 o'clock Saturday afternoon all tickets will be at the Cort Theatre.

Mark Twain's works, it is interesting to learn, are among the most popular reading of German troops at the front.

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Philip C. Hanna, former United States consul at Monterey, Mexico, touching in the course of a speech on the advantage of keeping abreast of the times, illustrated his point by reference to a traveling salesman, who found himself in a remote village hotel dining-room when a heavy downpour of rain set in. "Gee!" he said, addressing the waitress. "It looks like the flood." "Like what?" the girl inquired. "Like the flood. You have read of the flood, and how the ark landed on Mount Ararat, haven't you?" "No, sir," admitted the waitress. "I aint seen a newspaper for more'n a week."

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Overture, "Leonore," No. 3, op. 72....Beethoven  
Symphony No. 2, D major, op. 73....Brahms  
Overture, "Faust".....Wagner  
"Roman Carnival," op. 9.....Berlioz  
Prices—\$1, 75c, 50c; box and loge seats, \$1.50.  
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Com. Sun., Dec. 26—MARGARET ILLINGTON in "The Lie."

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## VANITY FAIR.

What do you intend to give the President on the occasion of his wedding? Or would you rather send your little tribute to Mrs. Galt? It is true that the President and Mrs. Galt do not wish to receive any presents except from their personal friends, but a little matter of this kind must not be allowed to stand in the way of the competitive self-advertisement that is the due of every blue-blooded citizen at such a time as this. The instincts of a primitive barbarism still demand that we show honor by making unmitigated nuisances of ourselves. If a great man visits us we subject him to an ordeal about five times worse than an operation for appendicitis. We assume, like savages, that his one idea of an earthly paradise is eating and drinking, and we pursue him remorselessly with food and drink. We credit him with the appetite and the capacity of an ostrich. We meet him on bended knee at the train and we proffer him food. We hurry him away to lunch and to more food. We delight his soul with hanquets in the evening, and then we chase him to his bedroom and ring for the waiter. Of course the poor wretch tries hard to be polite. He fears to relax the rigidity of his smile lest he shall be sick, and when next he feels that he would like to visit us he remembers the stuffing process, consults his doctor as to whether he can stand it again, and so probably desists and stays at home.

But wedding courtesies must of course take a different form and one that is perhaps even more satisfactory to the donor and even more devastating to the recipient. A dinner, once eaten, has disappeared from view, and all we can do is to announce proudly that a great man has visited us and that we presented him with \$50 worth of food and successfully frustrated his efforts to dine on a cracker and a glass of water. But a wedding present must be labeled and placed on exhibition. It is not yet considered quite good form to display the price, but the ladies who pore over the display are not easily deceived on a little matter of that kind. They know. And they know also what you gave on the previous occasion and the price of that. No pawnbroker was ever yet such an adept in valuation. And of course your name will appear in the printed lists as having given one of the thirty-six thermos bottles or one of the 248 centre dishes, and so you will go down to fame, which is just what you want.

Of course all the diplomats must give presents to the President and his wife, but they will take the form of flowers and nothing else. It would never do to have a competition in values among the great European powers. At least \$30,000 worth of flowers have already been ordered by the diplomats, and as they are in set pieces they can not be given to the hospitals. No one knows where to put them nor what to do with them. They would entirely fill Mrs. Galt's house from cellar to attic, and so they will probably be hurried over to the White House. All the diplomats gave flowers when Miss Eleanor Wilson married Mr. McAdoo, the most notable being the gift of the minister from Ecuador. His offering was in the likeness of a volcano, presumably emblematic of the married state. It was made of orchids and lilies with a bunch of red roses at the top to represent fire, and it cost \$1000.

The time will come when we shall have to stop the unpleasant insinuations of the wedding present. Nice people will print a notification on the invitations that there are to be no presents, but of course the most effective way to stop the nuisance would be to regard all wedding presents as private matters and to decline to furnish the newspapers with a list.

Mr. C. P. Denslow writes an indignant letter to the New York Sun in order to protest against a picture entitled "Poverty and Riches," which conveys the usual assumption that all rich men are unhappy and that all poor men are happy. He says:

"Whence comes the strange superstition that wealth and happiness are incompatible? Why must an intelligent newspaper cram down the throats of its readers this most ridiculous and untruthful idea? You are not the only guilty ones, but you are so progressive along many lines and so free in general from what I have dubbed the journalistic tradition that I had hoped for better things throughout, and this foolishness comes as a shock.

"Why, oh, why, must every rich man be depicted as suffering in the possession of his gold? First he must be shown as seated at a table loaded with rich viands of which dyspepsia forbids him to partake, then he is saddled with an unkind and unloving wife. Children are denied him and the simple pleasures of life he may not know.

"On the other hand, his poverty-stricken neighbor is always smiling, care free and gay. His neatly-clad wife welcomes his every approach with a smile and a kiss, while his cherubim of offspring crowd around him—he lives, in fact, in a continual at-

mosphere of gas and gaiters. All this according to the newspapers.

"Mind, I don't deny that it occasionally may be the case; but why, for mercy's sake, don't you once in a while, just for a change, let us have the other side of the story?"

"Why not give us the rich man, say, just having completed a good, satisfying meal, seated before a roaring fire in his luxurious library, with his beautiful, well-dressed, well-groomed wife seated on the arm of his chair, her lovely arm around his neck, her white, bejeweled hand, uncoarsened by labor, affectionately caressing his cheek while they happily contemplate the gambols of five or six wholesome, well-nourished children who will presently be led off to sweet repose on downy beds in sanitary and beautiful nurseries by the smiling maids in the background.

"Then you could draw in the contrasting group, also true to nature: The miserable tenement room with its few sticks of cheap, ugly furniture. The unwashed dishes and unmade beds that the poor wife has been unable to care for, as she is just returning from her day's scrubbing or laundering in the home of some more fortunate—although richer—woman. The husband might be pictured sitting with his despairing head howled on his hard, toil-worn hands, tired and discouraged from a fruitless all-day endeavor to sell the one thing he really owns—his labor. As for the children, they should be conspicuously few unless the artist were skillful enough to indicate in some way the five little ones, brought into the world with infinite pain and trouble only to leave it again for want of sufficient care and proper nourishment, in their new and happy home. You might, however, have about three—thin, wan, and insufficiently clad, and they should present a suggestion of their possibilities as culture heds for the bacilli of tuberculosis.

"Seriously, you know, there isn't any reason why wealth should make a man unhappy or dyspeptic. And there is nothing about the possession of money, even in the greatest abundance, that makes it physically impossible for a woman to have children or for a man to beget them.

"There is no ground, for instance, to suppose that Mr. Rockefeller is less happy than his poorest worker in Colorado, and if in point of fact he is, the fault is inherent in the man, not in his possessions; for you can not deny, nor can anybody, that there isn't a pleasure within the grasp of the poor that can not be had to the fullest extent by the rich, from the simplest of simple lives to teeming families of children. If they don't enjoy them, why, see above.

"Suppose Vincent Astor wants to wear fustian and eat pea soup and liver! Well, who hinders him? And if he went without sufficient clothing long enough on a cold day and denied himself food for thirty-six hours I make free to say he would extract fully as much satisfaction out of these alleged pleasures of the poor man as does the one who 'enjoys' them every day perforce.

"And finally, any plutocrat who feels that his millions are the source and cause of any unhappiness from which he may be suffering will have no difficulty in finding thousands of people more than willing to relieve him of his burden, taking chances right merrily on the possible haphazard results. So for heaven's sake give us less of this 'poor little rich girl' stuff and can the happy poor man for awhile. If the rich man has a feeling for any of his poor brother's bliss let him go to it—nothing prevents him; and don't insult the poor fellow's poverty by doing your best to make the public believe he likes it."

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The "Golden State" Route and through the great Middle West—Oklahoma, Kansas, Missouri, Iowa, and Illinois.

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No Smudge, No Annoying Smoke**

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Motive Power and Safety-First Appliances,  
San Francisco Exposition, 1915**



STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The old person with the lorgnette tried to look impressive. "One of the great surprises of the war to me," she said, "is the fact that those Germans fight in their dress clothes. But it's perfectly true. Why, I've just finished reading of how one of the Prussian colonels was run to earth and captured in a cul-de-sac."

Pat and Sandy were discussing the merits of their respective regiments, and each one was of the opinion that his own was the best. "Why," said Pat, "when our colonel is dismissed us he says to the officers, 'Fall out, gentlemen!'" "That disna count for much," replied Sandy. "Gin oor colonel wis tae say that, a' the regiment wad fa' oot."

The two Sheridans, father and son, were supping one night at a period when young Tom expected to get into Parliament. "I think, father," said he, "that many men who are called great patriots in the Commons are great humbugs. For my own part, I will write upon my forehead, in legible characters, 'To be let.'" "And under that, Tom," replied the father, "write 'unfurnished.'"

An early morning fire occurred at a house in Liverpool, and as the staircase was well alight before it was discovered the occupants had to seek some other means of escape. The companion to an elderly invalid lady was reading the newspaper report of the fire to her, which stated that one servant escaped down a water pipe at the back of the house. At this statement the old lady exclaimed: "But how thin the poor dear must have been!"

Appealing to a lady for aid, an old darky told her that through the Dayton flood he had lost everything he had in the world, including his wife and six children. "Why," said the lady, "I have seen you before and I have helped you. Were you not the colored man who told me you had lost your wife and six children by the sinking of the *Titanic*?" "Yeth, ma'am, dat wuz me. Mos' unfort'nit man dat eher wuz. Kaint keep a famly nohow."

For an hour a teacher had dealt with painful iteration on the part played by carbohydrates, proteids, and fats respectively in the upkeep of the human body. At the end of the lesson the usual test questions were put, among them: "Cau any girl tell me the three foods required to keep the body in health?" There was silence till one maiden held up her hand and replied: "Yer breakfast, yer dinner, and yer supper."

A catalogue of farming implements sent out by the manufacturer finally found its way to a remote village, where it was evidently welcomed with interest. The firm received a carefully written, if somewhat clumsily expressed, letter, asking further particulars about one of the articles advertised. To this, in the usual course of business, was sent a typewritten answer. Almost by return of post came a reply: "You need not print your letter to me. I can read writing."

Things were getting desperate with the servauntless lady. She was therefore quite excited when the registry office people sent her a possible maid. "Are you a good cook?" she asked the gayly-dressed applicant. "No, I don't cook," was the reply. "Are you accustomed to washing and ironing?" "I'm afraid I couldn't do either; they're too hard for the hands." "Can you sweep and turn out a room?" "Certainly not!" This was quite decided. "I'm not strong enough." "Well, then," asked the exasperated lady of the house, "what do you do?" "I dust!" replied the girl placidly.

An English publican was prosecuted in London recently for selling a bottle of whisky during prohibited hours. A bottle of whisky similar to that sold was produced as evidence. The jury heard the evidence and retired to the jury room. They presently returned. "My lord," said the foreman, "the jury are quite satisfied as to the sale of the bottle, but they are not sure of its contents. May they have the bottle to satisfy themselves?" "Certainly," declared the judge. After a brief period the jury filed into the box again. "Well, gentlemen, have you reached a decision?" asked the judge. "No case, my lord," said the foreman. "There was not enough evidence to go around."

In Montana a railway bridge had been destroyed by fire, and it was necessary to replace it. The bridge engineer and his staff were ordered in haste to the place. Two days later came the superintendent of the division. Alighting from his private car, he encountered the old master bridge-builder. "Bill," said the superintendent—and the words quivered with energy—"I want this job

rushed. Every hour's delay costs the company money. Have you got the engineer's plans for the new bridge?" "I don't know," said the bridge-builder, "whether the engineer has the picture drawn yet or not, but the bridge is up and the trains is passin' over it."

One of the witnesses called in a divorce suit in Chicago was a highly respected clergyman. According to one of the counsel in the case, the following conversation ensued between the judge and the minister. Said his honor: "Dr. Jones, if you were on the bench in my place, and were acquainted with all the circumstances of this case, would you grant this divorce?" "Assuredly I would, your honor," replied the clergyman, without the least hesitation. "But," said the judge, "how do you reconcile this assertion with the injunction of Scripture, 'Whom God has joined let no man put asunder'?" "Your honor," responded the minister, with convincing gravity, "I am quite satisfied that the Almighty never joined this couple."

Over in Nevada, in one of the mining towns, there is a church that has an excellent young pastor, but the attendance is, unfortunately, small. Among the parishioners there is a beautiful young widow. One evening, just as the little widow was about to leave the edifice, she was addressed by the deacon. "Good-evening, sister!" he cordially remarked, with the usual handshake. "How did you like the sermon this evening?" "I think that it was just too perfectly lovely for anything!" was the enthusiastic reply of the widow. "It was, indeed!" heartily returned the deacon. "I only wish that larger congregations would come to hear him." "So do I," declared the pretty little widow. "The congregation was so small tonight that every time the parson said 'dearly beloved,' I positively blushed."

It all originated at a small grocery store where they sold everything from sand to a pearl necklace. A farmer had gone for some liniment to rub on his cow's had leg. The hungry grocer gave the old farmer, however, a bottle of cologne instead of liniment. The day following the farmer came back in a great rage. "Look here," he said, "I wish you'd be more careful how you chuck things over that counter. You gave me perfume yesterday, instead of liniment, an' I'd put it on the blessed cow 'fore I knowed." "I hope it hasn't done her any harm," said the grocer, in a mollifying tone. "Harm be hanged!" snapped the farmer. "That 'ere cow won't eat now, nor allow herself to be milked. The only thing she does is to sigh the whole day long, and go and look at her reflection in the pond."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Any Porch.

"I'm reading that new thing of Locke's—  
So whimsical, isn't he? Yes—"  
"My dear, have you seen those new smocks?  
They're nightgowns—no more, and no less."

"I don't call Mrs. Brown *bad*,  
She's *unmoral*, dear, not *immoral*—"  
"Well, really, it makes me so mad  
To think what I paid for that coral!"

"My husband says, often, 'Elise,  
You feel things too deeply, you do—'  
"Yes, forty a month, if you please,  
Oh, servants impose on me, too."

"I don't want the vote for myself,  
But women with property, dear—"  
"I think the poor girl's on the shelf,  
She's talking about her 'career.'"

"This war's such a frightful affair,  
I know for a fact, that in France—"  
"I love Mrs. Castle's hohbed hair;  
They say that he taught her to dance."

"I've heard I was psychic, before,  
To think that you saw it,—how funny—"  
"Why, he must be sixty, or more,  
I told you she'd marry for money!"

"I really look thinner, you say?  
I've lost all my hips? Oh, you're *sweet*—"  
"Imagine the city today!  
Humidity's much worse than heat!"

"You never could guess, from my face,  
The bundle of nerves that I am—"  
"If you had let off with your ace,  
They'd never have gotten that slam."

"So she's got the children? That's true;  
The fault was most certainly his—"  
"You know the De Peysters? You do?  
My dear, what a small world this is!"  
—Dorothy Rothschild, in *Vanity Fair*.

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The women have joined the political game,  
They claim all the stage and the lights;  
And so just to prove that we're good Suffragets  
We're bound to let women stand up for their rights

On our street-car lines,  
On our street-car lines.  
You'll find them perfection, no terrible muss,  
We've plenty of seats so there's no need to cuss.  
Of course they're all full, but that's nothing to us  
On our street-car lines.  
—Springfield (Mass.) Union.



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JUNE 30th, 1915:

Assets.....\$90,321,343.04  
Deposits..... 57,382,899.35  
Capital actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000.00  
Reserve and Contingent Funds..... 1,938,443.69  
Employees' Pension Fund..... 199,164.12  
Number of Depositors..... 66,965  
For the 6 months ending June 30th, 1915, a dividend to depositors of 4 per cent per annum was declared Open Saturday Evenings 6 to 8.

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Notice of Hearing of Application for Voluntary Dissolution of Corporation

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 69,719.

In the Matter of the Application of HORN & CO., HANFORD BRANCH, for its voluntary dissolution.

Notice is hereby given that the application of HORN & CO., HANFORD BRANCH, a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, praying for the voluntary dissolution of said corporation, has been filed in the above-entitled court and will be heard on the 21st day of December, 1915, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Court Room of Department 3 of said Superior Court, in the Temporary City Hall, No. 1231 Market Street, San Francisco, California.

Dated November 15th, 1915.

(Superior Court Seal)

HARRY I. MULCREVY,

County Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH,

Deputy Clerk.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 69,720.

In the Matter of the Application of HORN & CO., SAN JOSE BRANCH, for its voluntary dissolution.

Notice is hereby given that the application of HORN & CO., SAN JOSE BRANCH, a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, praying for the voluntary dissolution of said corporation, has been filed in the above-entitled court and will be heard on the 21st day of December, 1915, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Court Room of Department 3 of said Superior Court, in the Temporary City Hall, No. 1231 Market Street, San Francisco, California.

Dated November 15th, 1915.

(Superior Court Seal)

HARRY I. MULCREVY,

County Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH,

Deputy Clerk.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 69,721.

In the Matter of the Application of HORN & CO., BAKERSFIELD BRANCH, for its voluntary dissolution.

Notice is hereby given that the application of HORN & CO., BAKERSFIELD BRANCH, a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, praying for the voluntary dissolution of said corporation, has been filed in the above-entitled court and will be heard on the 21st day of December, 1915, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Court Room of Department 3 of said Superior Court, in the Temporary City Hall, No. 1231 Market Street, San Francisco, California.

Dated November 15th, 1915.

(Superior Court Seal)

HARRY I. MULCREVY,

County Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH,

Deputy Clerk.



## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mrs. Herbert Moffitt was hostess Tuesday at a luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis in honor of Mrs. Fletcher Ryer.

Mrs. Henry J. Crocker entertained a number of young people Sunday afternoon at a tea at her home on Laguna Street in honor of Miss Adele Brune, whose engagement to Mrs. Crocker's nephew, Mr. Allan Van Fleet, has recently been announced.

Mrs. Emory Winship was the complimented guest Saturday at a luncheon given by Mrs. Harry Holbrook at her home on Pacific Avenue. Miss Elena Eyre was the complimented guest Friday evening at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant at their home on Broadway.

Mr. Alfred S. Tubbs was hostess Thursday at a luncheon at the Francisco Club.

Miss Ruth Zeile gave a luncheon Friday at the Francisco Club in honor of Miss Corenah De Pue, who was the complimented guest the following day at a similar affair given by Miss Beatrice Nickel at her home on Laguna Street.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Howard entertained a large number of friends Saturday evening at a dinner at their home in San Mateo.

Miss Louise McNear was hostess Tuesday at a luncheon at the Town and Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hope Beaver will give a children's party this evening at their home on Webster Street in honor of their little niece, Miss Caroline Madison.

Miss Leslie Miller entertained a number of friends Monday evening at a theatre and supper party in honor of her house guest, Miss Innes Bodwell, of Victoria, B. C.

Mrs. Marion Lord was the complimented guest Monday at a luncheon given by Mrs. Charles K. Harley at her home on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Findley Monteagle gave a dinner at their home on Pacific Avenue Tuesday evening, when a score of friends enjoyed their hospitality.

Mrs. Joseph D. Grant entertained a coterie of friends Friday at a luncheon at her home on Broadway.

Mrs. Warner Leeds was the guest of honor Tuesday at a luncheon given by Mrs. Fletcher Ryer at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hays Smith entertained a number of friends Thursday evening at a dinner at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor were host and hostess Tuesday evening at the dinner-dance at the Fairmont Hotel. Mrs. Henry J. Crocker also entertained a number of friends on this occasion.

Mrs. Walter Filer gave a bridge party Wednesday at her home at Stanford Court.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan entertained a number of friends Monday evening at a dinner at the Hotel St. Francis.

Dr. James Ward and Mrs. Ward have issued invitations to a dinner Sunday evening, December 19th, in honor of Mrs. Ward's daughter, Miss Frances Johnson.

Miss Ruth Welsh was hostess Wednesday at an informal luncheon at her home on Jackson Street.

Admiral William F. Fullam, U. S. N., and Mrs. Fullam were the complimented guests Thursday evening at a dinner given by Mrs. Eleanor Martin at her home on Broadway.

Lieutenant-Commander Carroll Graves, U. S. N., entertained a number of friends Saturday evening at a dinner-dance on board the U. S. S. South Dakota.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Claus August Spreckels will leave New York today for this city to spend the holidays with their son-in-law, daughter, and little grandson, Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Eddy and Master Spencer Eddy in Burlingame. They will be accompanied by Mr. Rudolph Spreckels, who went East two weeks ago.

Mr. William Gwin has arrived here from Europe, where he has been doing relief work, and is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Gwin, at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Donohoe, Jr., who went East on their wedding trip, are at the Hotel Biltmore in New York. They will return home for Christmas and will be accompanied by Mrs. Donohoe's sister, Miss Genevieve Cunningham, who left here recently with her aunt, Mrs. George Whittell.

Mrs. William L. Breyfogle and Mr. and Mrs. Raymond J. Russ have come from San Mateo to spend the winter season in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant and Miss Edith

Grant departed Thursday for New York to spend the holidays with Miss Josephine Grant, who is attending St. Timothy's School at Catonsville.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Fleishacker and their guests, Mr. and Mrs. Alden Anderson, have returned from Honolulu, where they have been spending the past month.

Mrs. Inez Moore and Miss Alejandra Macondray have recently moved into an apartment on Sacramento and Jones Streets, where also Mrs. Robert Chester Foute and her daughter, Miss Augusta Foute, are residing.

Mr. James Porter Langhorne is expected to return soon from Washington, D. C., where he was called by the death of his father. Mr. Langhorne will be accompanied by his daughters, Mrs. Richard Hammond and Mrs. James Parker, Jr., who will remain here several months. Lieutenant Parker has recently been ordered to sea duty.

Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl has returned from Washington, where she has been spending several weeks with her mother, Mrs. Godey.

Miss Katherine Herrin and Miss Marian Newhall have gone to New York for a holiday visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Gade departed last week for their home in Forest Hill, near Chicago, after having resided here during the ten months of the Exposition. Leaving the same day was Mrs. George A. Pope, who will spend the holidays with her daughter, Miss Emily Pope.

Mrs. Arthur Page has returned from New Haven, where she has been visiting her son, Mr. Kalston Page, who is attending Yale.

Mr. and Mrs. Page have closed their home in Belvedere and will be at Stanford Court during the next three months.

Mrs. J. B. Wright and her niece, Miss Laura Baldwin, have gone to New York to spend the winter.

Mr. Duncan Hayne and his daughter, Miss Agnes Hayne, have closed their home in San Mateo and are at the Arlington in Santa Barbara for an indefinite visit.

Mrs. William Lawrence Breeze is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rose Vincent at their home in London.

Mr. and Mrs. George Delatour are in town for the season, having closed their country home at Rutherford. They have an apartment on California and Jones Streets.

Miss Cora Jane Flood will return from New York with her niece, Miss Mary Emma Flood, to spend Christmas week with Mr. and Mrs. James L. Flood at their home on Broadway.

Mr. Warren Dearborn Clark is recovering from a severe attack of pneumonia at the Hotel Belmont in New York, where he and Mrs. Clark have been spending the past two months. They will return to this city as soon as Mr. Clark is able to travel.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Cooper have gone East for an indefinite visit in New York and Boston. Their little daughter, Jane Cooper, is at the St. Regis with her grandparents, Judge James A. Cooper and Mrs. Cooper. Mr. and Mrs. Cooper were accompanied by Mrs. Downey Harvey, who will spend the winter in New York.

Mrs. Douglas Dick has arrived from Scotland and is visiting her mother, Mrs. A. M. Parrott, in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford have gone East to spend the holiday season with Mrs. Rutherford's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Smythe.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Mendell, Jr., and Miss Louise Janin will sail today for the Orient, where they will travel extensively during the next two months.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Frank Judge of Salt Lake City have moved from the Hotel St. Francis to Pacific Avenue and Gough Street, where they are occupying the residence of Mr. and Mrs. William R. Wheeler, who will spend the winter in the East.

Unique among English parishes is Wingland, on the Norfolk coast. Rich, with soil producing almost unbelievable amounts to the acre, it has no school, postoffice, public house, or rate collector. Wingland has a churchyard, and in it lies one grave—that of a hoy thrown up by the Wash. Along the north coast of the county, where the cliffs are chalk, sand, clay, and loam, the incessant sea is making inroads. Once happy and fruitful villages now lie seven fathoms deep below the waters. The land is practically all reclaimed, and is only a few feet above the sea, but is one great garden. An acre has produced more than a thousand dollars' worth of flowers, fruit, and vegetables in a year. Here bulbs of hyacinth and narcissus as good as, if not better than, those that come from Holland can be bought. Here they grow millions of flowers that grace the tables of Lancashire and Yorkshire.

## Young Artists Exhibit.

The exhibition of the Young Artists of California at 220 Post Street is proving an artistic and social success. The work to be seen consists of paintings, etchings, and drawings which show the clear vision of youth in spontaneous fresh color, light, and air.

The portraits of Louise Lang, Harry Heine's portrait of Otto Ronchi, and Timothy Wulff's laughing portrait of himself entitle them to a place among recognized painters.

Fishermen's Wharf receives new treatment in color and design in the canvases of Tulita Davis, the youngest of the clever Boronda family to enter the field of art.

"Evening," a small impression of the Marina by Emma Wirtz, shows more than the work of a student, which is upheld by an airy sketch.

The water colors of Helen Forbes are bright and snappy; those of Margueret Freytag are good in design. Rich quality and the exquisite composition of the Orient combine in three pictures of S. Katada.

Katherinc Kelly exhibits a sculptured portrait of Harry Heine; Ethel McAllister shows many sketches of the Exposition. Chinatown is depicted in a colorful canvas of Shotwell Goeller. Giovanni Petrino expresses sentiment in his trees and waterscapes.

## "Christmas Matinees" for Charity.

Among the holiday charity functions are Miss Clara Alexander's "Christmas Matinees," to be given at the Hotel St. Francis on the afternoons of December 23d, 24th, and 25th. Mrs. Robert Bliss, wife of the secretary to the American embassy at Paris, is the prime instigator of these, in order that the profits realized from the series can be sent to her to alleviate the stress of the little tots abroad, whose Christmas this year will undoubtedly be a grievous one. The programme, which has been arranged under the direction of Miss Alexander, will consist of a plantation sketch entitled "The Piccaninies' Christmas," in which selected juvenile talent will appear. Following the matinee, from 4:30 to 6 p. m. of each afternoon, a children's dancant will be given at the St. Francis ballroom, to which admission may be had for the nominal sum of 50 cents above the price of the matinee ticket.

Geologists are making a study of the Indian mound discovered in New Jersey, in which some rich finds were made in the shape of relics of what is believed to be an ancient and hitherto unknown race of Indians. The discoveries were made by accident in a mound on the bank of a tributary of the Rancocas River, and the relics indicate an Indian race far antedating the Lenape or Delaware Indians, who roamed over the vicinity at the time of the advent of the first white men. The first indication of the find was when some workmen dug into the mound for building sand. The usual arrowheads and stone hammers, such as are found all over that section, and which were used by the Lenapes, were unearthed near the surface. Two or three feet beneath the surface the expedition came upon some blades and arrowheads of traprock, roughly hewn, and also some other specimens of finer workmanship, but different from those found near the surface. Four feet down were found remains of a new culture, and these relics are very different from anything ever discovered before in New Jersey and near-by territory. A large fireplace was uncovered, and near it many blades, hammers, arrowheads, and various stone utensils of very different type from any previously found in that section. The belief is that the spot was a ceremonial meeting place of a race of Indians. In some respects the relics resemble those of the Indian mound builders of Ohio. Scientists consider it remarkable that in the Rancocas deposit there were found no pipes and no trace of pottery.

"To me the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky is simply a portion of the Grand Cañon of Colorado underground," says George Wharton James, the traveler and author. "Almost all the phenomena of the great cave are revealed in the Grand Cañon region, and, given time enough, it is not inconceivable that the Mammoth Cave might develop into a Grand Cañon region of its own." Twosome scenic wonders of America are interestingly described and profusely illustrated by Mr. James in his new book, "Our American Wonderlands," just published by A. C. McClurg & Co.

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## THE CITY IN GENERAL.

Mrs. Elise Kohler, aged eighty-five years, pioneer of San Francisco and widow of Charles Kohler, died last Friday night at the home of her daughter, Mrs. M. A. Bertheau, 2416 Gough Street. Mrs. Kohler was prominently identified with many local charitable organizations, including the German Ladies' Benevolent Association and Protestant Orphanage.

George H. Bahrs, former superior judge, and more recently a member of the San Francisco Civil Service Commission, died at the German Hospital early Sunday morning after an extended illness.

Superior Judge Seawell on last Saturday reversed a decision made by himself in 1911, holding that the decision he rendered at that time was in error and that he had no jurisdiction to make such a decision. The decision was in the suit of the American Surety Company of New York, the American Bonding Company of Baltimore, and the Massachusetts Bonding and Insurance Company against F. J. Symmes, receiver of the California Safe Deposit and Trust Company. These concerns furnished half of Symmes's \$1,000,000 bonds when he was appointed receiver in March, 1911. On motion of Symmes, Judge Seawell reduced the bond to \$500,000, releasing the bonding companies, the purpose being to effect a saving of \$2500 a year for the depositors. The bonding companies brought suit against Symmes, asserting Judge Seawell had no jurisdiction to cancel their bonds.

On Saturday last the Union Iron Works closed contracts to build two more steamers, bringing the total work under way or in sight up to \$18,000,000. The Rolph Company gave one contract for a steamer of 10,000 dead weight ton capacity, to cost \$1,000,000 and to be completed within sixteen months. The other contract calls for a steamer of the same type to cost \$1,000,000, to be built for F. D. M. Strachan, owner of the steamer *Eurana*.

At the annual meeting of the Insurance Brokers' Exchange in the Merchants' Exchange, J. B. Hauer was elected president and G. Trittenbach and S. G. Buckbee were chosen vice-presidents. Martin F. O'Brien, Burt L. Davis, M. Thompson, and H. S. Mannheim were elected members of the arbitration committee. A report read by the financial committee showed the assets of the exchange to be in excess of \$50,000.

Plans for the immediate expenditure of more than \$4,000,000 in and near San Francisco for improvements and extensions to the Great Western Power Company system were revealed to the railroad commission last Saturday at a hearing by Mortimer Fleishhacker, head of the newly-organized Great Western Power Company of California, a \$60,000,000 corporation. Among the city items of improvement contemplated are: A new substation on Bush Street near Grant Avenue, \$142,000; new transmission lines in San Francisco, \$700,000; a third cable under the bay to San Francisco, \$100,000. "During the next ten years," said Fleishhacker, "we will need to spend about \$10,000,000 to keep our system growing to equal the growth of the state."

The funeral of Mrs. Mary Hyde Coleman, widow of D. R. Coleman, a pioneer of this city, was held last Monday at 10 a. m. Mrs. Coleman died last Saturday at her home, 2743 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley. The Rev. J. A. B. Fry, pastor of the Epworth Methodist-Episcopal Church of Berkeley, conducted the services.

Announcement was made the first of the week that the recently organized American International Corporation of New York has purchased the remaining seven ships of the Pacific Mail fleet, now in Central and South American trade, and will keep these ships on the Pacific. They will be made part of the great fleet of W. R. Grace & Co., now operating in the Central America and Panama trade, and will be replaced by new ships now building before another year. Joseph P. Grace is one of the twenty-two directors of the American International Corporation.

As the result of the indefinite suspension of more than one hundred students in San Francisco's four high schools last week for violation of the state law in the matter of secret societies, the board of education has abolished no less than four such organizations, and the students have hastened to apply for reinstatement. Committees were sent to the board on Monday, surrendering the charters of the secret societies.

The real estate firm of Shainwald, Buckbee & Co. petitioned the superior court on Monday for permission to dissolve, all the firm's assets having been taken over by Buck-

bee, Thorne & Co. The petition was due to the recent death of Herman Shainwald, one of the original incorporators. His interest in the firm was acquired some time before his death by Julian Thorne, who, with Spencer C. and Samuel G. Buckbee constitute the new firm.

Baron George Wilhelm von Brincken, Charles C. Crowley, and Mrs. Margaret W. Cornell were rearrested on Tuesday on indictments voted Monday by the Federal grand jury. Their rearrest disclosed the fact that all three are charged with responsibility for the mysterious explosion last summer at the Hercules Powder Company plant at Pinole. This explosion resulted in fatalities. The bill indicting the defendants jointly for alleged use of the mails to incite arson, murder, and assassination specifically accuses them of employing Louis J. Smith, the informer, to destroy the works of the Hercules Powder Company in Contra Costa County. Baron von Brincken, Crowley, and Mrs. Cornell were released on \$10,000 bonds each. Startling information strongly bearing on the alleged German bomb conspiracy was furnished by Johannes Henrykus Van Koolbergen, now held in Canada as a witness, but whose home is at Mill Valley. His affidavit also implicates Consul-General Bopp. Koolbergen claims not only that he had an understanding relative to the manufacture and placing of bombs, but that he was hired to go to Canada and blow up railroad bridges and tunnels to harass the transportation of soldiers and munitions of war. Consul Franz Bopp denounces him as a dupe and a forger, saying he was always thought to be a spy.

## POST-EXPOSITION NOTES.

Admission to the grounds has been reduced to 25 cents for adults. Children over the age of twelve are charged the same price, but under twelve a 10-cent rate prevails.

Japan has given the City of San Francisco the gold temple, which is the centre piece of the official group of Japanese buildings, and the graceful entrance gate. Japan will also give the city the costly dolls which were brought to America for the boys' and girls' festivals, and several paintings and pieces of sculpture. The University of California will be the owner of the special exhibit palace, the most northern structure of the group, and of the administration building, where the general and private offices of the Japanese commission have been located. The buildings will be reerected on the campus of the university and enough exhibits go with them as a donation to fill them. The Commercial Museum of Philadelphia has been presented with the entire exhibit in the Palace of Mines and the Field Museum in Chicago has been given the educational exhibits.

Commissioner-General Haruki Yamawaki will sail for Japan today. Commissioners Harada and Ishi will stay until January. Several workmen have been brought here from Japan to look after the dismantling and reerecting of the exhibits and buildings.

The Peninsula Country Club has secured the Ohio building at the Exposition and will ship it to the club's quarters near Burlingame. The Country Club will take the building to a point near Burlingame, fourteen miles south of San Francisco, on barges.

The great telescope which stood in the centre of the Liberal Arts Palace has been sent to the Oakland High School. The tower of coal in the Mines building will be taken to the Mining building at the University of California. Much of the Chinese wood exhibit in the Palace of Education has been sold to the Field Museum of Chicago.

At a meeting of the Oregon commission it was resolved to present the Oregon building to the United States government as an army clubhouse. All bids recently made for its purchase were ordered rejected.

The California Club of San Francisco bought the silver service in the Indiana building, the furnishings of which were sold at public auction. Former residents of Indiana were eager in their bidding for articles of plate and hangings bearing the crest of that state. Every article in the building was sold, the whole bringing about \$7500.

Ten concessions on the Zone which had failed to pay the emergency war tax on amusements were raided last week by internal revenue officers. The raiders left with several wagons loaded with a jumble of legal loot. Collector Joseph Scott said that the amounts owed aggregate about \$1000 and that the sale of the goods taken will probably satisfy the entire demand.

Announcement was made recently that at

least \$100,000 is owing to the Exposition by exhibitors for utilities, such as light, power, garbage, and other service and for percentages of sales of wares. The Exposition has ruled that no exhibitor will be allowed to remove his goods until all obligations are canceled and Comptroller Durkee passes upon the clearance papers.

## Early Gold-Washers of the Rhine.

In the time of Julius Caesar the prolificacy of the Rhine Valley in gold must have been very great, for there are frequent allusions to gold-spoil in his account of the conquest of Germany, and his remittances of gold from this country to Rome were very heavy. The method employed to obtain it was to impose a tribute of gold upon the conquered, and enforce it at the point of the sword. This simple but efficacious method continued in vogue for several centuries, until the Roman Empire began to decay. As this decay proceeded, the vigilance of the imperial officers of the revenue became relaxed, and the slavery of the German gold-washer came to an end. Between the fifth and tenth centuries it is probable that the Rhine washings, which had grown to be odious from the slavery connected with them, were abandoned. Daubrée (1846) says that at one time the magistrates of Strasbourg leased out the privilege of washing the river for gold, and it is probable that similar powers were exercised by other municipalities. By the year 1718 the washings had become so poor that the share of the Strasbourg magistrates was only four or five ounces of gold per annum. In 1846 the entire produce was estimated at thirty-six pounds troy. Each washer treated about four cubic yards of gravel per day, producing altogether from 30 to 40 cents. In rare instances the washer gained from \$2 to \$3 per day. The richest gravel contained about 50 cents, the second class about 22 cents, the third class about 12½ cents, and the poorest worked about 2½ cents in gold to the cubic yard. There were upward of five hundred washers along the river, but it is to be presumed from the paucity of the total produce of gold that they only worked at intervals during the year. The principal points washed were, first, between Chur and Mayenfeld, above Lake Constance (this was the scene of the Peasants' Revolt of A. D. 1396); second, near Waldhut, not far from the River Aar; and third,



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between Basle and Mannheim. As far back as 1884 a writer stated: "Many of the gold-seekers are women. They seize a wooden bowl, charred inside to render the glistening grains more readily visible, kick off their sabots, pull off their stockings, tuck up their frocks, and wade into the Rhine. After securing a bowlful of the auriferous sand, they select the soft side of some emergent boulder for a seat and go to work. The stones and pebbles are raked out of the bowl with the fingers, then a sort of sifting and gyrating motion is imparted to the bowl, which is held low enough in the water to permit the surface of the sand to be washed off, and so little by little all the sand is washed out of the bowl and the gold remains at the bottom. Each bowl contains a cubic foot of sand and about one-fifth of a cent in gold."

# Citizens, Taxpayers, Wage Earners of California

Your public interest and your private pocketbooks are directly and adversely affected by the Federal Government's avowed intent to seize privately developed wells representing approximately One-Third the entire oil production of this State, and this at a time when the production is 1,000,000 barrels a month less than the actual sales.

Consummation of the Government's confiscation plans means virtual elimination of the independent producer from the California oil fields.

The Government's attack is not made in the name of Conservation. The Conservation problem is not involved in this issue since it deals with lands already developed and therefore beyond the reach of conservation.

The Government brings no charge nor suggestion of fraud against the Californians who have developed the oil fields—whose courage and energies have given this State one of its greatest industries; made manufacturing a possibility in California.

The Government has officially stated, through its principal spokesmen, that the claims of the California oil men are JUST and HONEST. It insists, however, upon taking technical advantage of a judge-made law given nearly six years after the establishment of the great oil industry and the industries which depend upon it.

The activities of the Government have curtailed production. The storage supply of oils in California is rapidly diminishing. Gasoline, illuminating, road and lubricating oils have advanced sharply in price.

Counties have lost tax revenues. Wage earners have been deprived of their employment.

You, taxpayers, wage earners, consumers of oil, gas and oil products have been penalized and no public interest has been conserved; no public good can be accomplished thereby.

If the Government's confiscatory programme is carried out, the prices of oil, gas and all other oil products, some of which have already advanced from 10 per cent to 25 per cent, necessarily will be greatly increased.

ONLY CONGRESS can give California and her citizens the relief they are entitled to.

The Oil Industry Association is a voluntary association of consumers and producers, business men, professional men, mechanics, all vitally interested in California. It was organized to enable the people of California to present their case to Congress.

Will you help this Association help you and California? Ask your Chamber of Commerce or write to

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Mrs. Batt—This chauffeur will drive us to  
drink. Mr. Batt—Tell him to put on more  
speed.—*Town Topics.*

Ella—She is a Daughter of the Revolution.  
Bella—Humph! She looks old enough to be  
the mother of it.—*Judge.*

Ashford—How are the acoustic properties  
in that new church? Bassford—Great! If  
you sit well back you can't hear a word of  
the sermon.—*Judge.*

Uplifter (at front door)—Wouldn't you like  
to take the initiative?—*Lady of the  
House*—We're taking more magazines than  
we can afford now.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Sambo—Ah loves yo', Mandy, an' Ah jest  
come to ask yo' to fix up de wedding. Mandy  
—What's de matten? Has yo' lost yo' joh?  
—*Philadelphia Evening Ledger.*

"My ancestors came over in the May-  
flower," announced the man who prides him-  
self on his blue blood. "Huh!" snorted the  
man of red corpuscles. "Mine sailed in the  
Ark!"—*Dallas News.*

Motorist (to chauffeur)—How remarkable.  
Here's a sign that says, "Speed limit 100  
miles an hour." New Chauffeur—I can't get  
no such speed out of this car, so it's no use  
tryin'.—*Kansas City Star.*

Kelly (growing pathetic at the bar)—Pity  
a poor unfortunate man, Kelliher, that's got  
to go home to his wife. Kelliher—Brace up,  
Kelly! Brace up! Ye should be thankful ye  
are not the Sultan.—*Puck.*

"I hear your husband delights in fishing,"  
gushed the effusive caller. "Oh, yes, indeed,"  
responded her hostess. "It was only yester-  
day I said to him, 'William, you are becoming  
a perfect anglophobe.'"—*New York Post.*

"Have you made up your mind what you  
will say when you get to Congress?" "Yes,"  
replied the statesman. "Till I see how things  
are going. I intend simply to sit through the  
roll-call and say 'Present.'"—*Washington  
Star.*

"I'm in a difficulty over my girl." "What's  
wrong?" "I've been saying such nice things  
to her that she's getting conceited. If I quit  
she'll think I don't care for her any longer,  
and if I go on she'll think she's too good for  
me."—*Puck.*

"Wait a moment, lady; wait until the car  
stops." "Will you please not address me as  
lady, sir?" she said, sharply. "I beg your  
pardon, madam," said the conductor. "The  
best of us are apt to make mistakes."—*Buf-  
falo Courier.*

Mess Cook—Ere, Bill, next time you send  
up a crate of chickens, see that they don't  
get loose. I've spent hours scouring the  
neighborhood, and only been able to find ten.  
Orderly—'Ush, 'Erh, 'ush. I only sent yer  
six.—*Tit-Bits.*

Applicant—No, ma'am, I could not work  
where there's children. Madam—But we ad-  
vertised for a girl who understood children.  
Applicant—Oh, I understand 'em, ma'am.  
That's why I wouldn't work where they are.  
—*New York Times.*

"Some of our cannon are disappearing," re-  
marked the lieutenant. "Well, things will dis-  
appear when you have careless help," re-  
sponded the lady who was going over the  
fort. "I find that a great trouble about  
keeping house."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Mildred—Papa, I'm going to make mamma  
one of those three-dollar centrepieces that the  
Woman's Home Jabber says can be made at  
home for 75 cents. Papa (remembering past  
years)—Certainly, dear! Here's ten dollars.  
That ought to be enough to cover the ex-  
pense.—*Puck.*

"I wouldn't marry you if you were the last  
man on earth!" said the girl. "Well," re-  
plied the young man who takes everything  
seriously, "if I were the last man on earth I'd  
be mourning so many friends and relatives  
that I don't suppose I'd feel much like taking  
part in a wedding anyhow."—*Washington  
Star.*

"It is my belief, and I venture to assert it,"  
declared the lecturer, raising his voice,  
"there isn't a man in this audience who has  
ever done anything to prevent the destruction  
of our vast forests." A rather timid-looking  
man quietly arose in the rear of the hall and  
said: "I—er—I've shot woodpeckers."—*De-  
troit Free Press.*

"Isn't it too bad?" asks the lady with the  
Russian boots. "Mrs. Gonso has sued her  
husband for divorce and is going to marry  
that musician as soon as it is granted. And  
she and Mr. Gonso were married last Christ-  
mas day." "I expected it," says the lady with  
the new hair. "Lucy Gonso never got a pres-  
ent that she didn't try to exchange."—*Life.*

"And what is your son William doing, Mrs.  
Bjones?" asked the visitor. "Oh, Willie, he's  
an actor, and doing very well." "William an  
actor?" said the visitor. "Why, I thought he

was deaf and dumb?" "He is," said Mrs.  
Bjones, "hut that doesn't make any differ-  
ence. He's playing Hamlet this week in the  
movies."—*New York Times.*

Visitor—I think it's just wonderful to see  
you cheery with all those wounds on your  
head. Wounded Optimist—Oh, well, miss,

it's a very cheerin' thing to wake up of a  
mornin' an' find that you've still got a 'ead to  
'ave wounds on.—*London Opinion.*

"You can't improve on nature." "That  
may be," said the druggist, "hut you'd be  
surprised at the amount of complexion dopes  
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# The Argonaut.

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## THIRTY-NINTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### Good News from Mexico.

The news from Mexico is good—so far as it goes. At the moment there are no rebel armies in the field. Villa has disappeared or has become otherwise negligible, and Carranza is as much the master of the country as any one can be under such circumstances. Mexico may be said to be at peace, which means that no one is now actually fighting.

Let us hope that the calm will continue, but it is in no mood of mere pessimism or despondency that we may ask ourselves what is to be done in case the calm does not continue? For there have been other periods of comparative tranquillity, and they have been shattered by some violent or bloody deed which has thrown the country back again into the cauldron of revolution. There are guerilla chiefs still at large, and they can always find some sort of support that grows with initial successes. Has the President any definite plan to sustain Carranza in case he should find himself in need of aid? Or is his mind already turning fondly toward a general election as the panacea for all human ills, and to the formation of resonant democratic phrases which in some inscrutable way he regards as equivalent to action? Mexico is torn, riven, rent, and

distracted. The masses of her ignorant people have lost all that they ever had, and it is by no means a foregone conclusion that they are now animated by lofty pacifist sentiments and a yearning for ballot-boxes and supervisors. It may be that they will no longer lend a willing ear to the ragged rascals who have already led them into so much mischief, but on the other hand they may do so. Has the President any definite plan to meet such an emergency or does he think that the outlook is now so roseate as to disarm precaution? It would indeed be calamitous if we should find ourselves once more taken by surprise, if Mexico should again revert to chaos because there was no hand strong enough to hold her back.

### Preparedness.

There are very few members of Congress who do not feel themselves competent to form and express the most definite opinions on the subject of military preparedness. And that they will form and express these opinions we need have no doubt. Forming opinions and expressing them may be said to be the sheet anchor of the modern democratic legislature, and to be identified in some mysterious way with the cause of liberty. It is actually the cause of vanity to which these oracular libations are poured, but we need not be too particular about terms. It has been said, and with some reason, that the military misfortunes of France and Great Britain are primarily due to the fact that democracies can not conduct wars. We have now to see with what wisdom, or lack of wisdom, a democracy can prepare to conduct a war. For that is what preparedness means. It means a preparedness for war, and war is not less war because it is defensive and could never be offensive.

Congress will do nothing along these lines until after Christmas, when the committee hearings will begin. By that time there will be a general process of reconciliation of divergent views, but in the meantime we may remember that there are four main proposals now before Congress.

First we have the plan submitted to Secretary Garrison by the War College division of the General Staff, and this may be described as the expert plan. Naturally its demands are far in excess of all the others. The expert is always the special pleader and his horizon is always entirely filled by his own specialty. Secretary Garrison suppressed this plan when it was first handed to him, but under pressure he decided finally to publish it.

Secondly we have the War Department bill, which has not been actually introduced, but which is merely a draft in legislative language of the Administration proposals put forward by Secretary Garrison and approved by the President. Thirdly there is the Chamberlain bill, which is nearly the same as the War College proposal, and fourthly there is the Hay bill, which is a reduction of the Administration plans. Both the Hay and Chamberlain bills contemplate a larger recognition of the militia than either the War College or the department proposals.

The general scope of these suggested measures may best be appreciated by setting them forth in the following tabular form:

|                          | At Present. | War Col. Plan. | Dept. Bill. | Chamberlain Bill. | Hay Bill. |
|--------------------------|-------------|----------------|-------------|-------------------|-----------|
| Infantry (Regts.)        | 30          | 65             | 40          | 64                | *30       |
| Cavalry (Regts.)         | 15          | 25             | 15          | 19                | 15        |
| Field Artillery (Regts.) | 6           | 21             | 10          | 20                | 12        |
| Coast Artillery (Cos.)   | 170         | 289            | 222         | 300               | 170       |

\*Recruited to maximum strength.

The War College plan—and this will naturally command the largest measure of attention—would furnish a regular army of 281,000, of which 130,000 would be combatant troops and the remainder auxiliaries. It seems to be an honestly formed view and a competent one. It takes no consideration of political or sectional questions. Providing 121,000 mobile troops in

continental United States, it places roughly one-quarter of them in California, one-quarter in the Puget Sound district, one-quarter in the Middle West within equal reach of either coast, and one-quarter on the Atlantic seaboard north of the Virginia capes. This is, of course, its fatal defect from the point of view of the Democratic majority, who do not propose to see the South slighted and left thus to the mercy of an enemy if they can help it.

The really big problem to be solved, however, is the second line, or trained citizens. The College would solve the problem by a reserve made up partly of regular army men who have performed their service with the colors and a body of citizens trained under Federal control. This is where Mr. Garrison got his Continental army idea, but the College wants more training for the citizens than Mr. Garrison would allow. Hay dwells rather heavily on reserves, not having too much faith in the Continental plan, although he has nominally introduced it.

Chamberlain's reserve feature is not so strong, but he wants a big development of the National Guard under greater Federal control, and so does Hay.

Not in the belief that it will pass, but to provoke discussion, Chamberlain has introduced a separate compulsory military training bill based on the Swiss system, with continuous training from twelve to twenty-three years old in schools, public and private, and with the period from twenty-three to thirty years of age in a reserve.

It seems to be a fact, and a curious one, that compulsory training is advancing in favor among congressmen, and especially among the Progressives, who may be supposed to have taken a cue from Mr. Roosevelt. Progressive newspapers show the same tendency, and now, *mirabile dictu*, comes Charles Edward Russell, the Socialist, who bestows his benediction upon a scheme that in Europe would be considered as a form of conscription.

Whatever plan Congress may ultimately adopt, it is evident that there will be a large army increase of some kind. But it seems impossible that any form of compulsion should be adopted without adequate discussion, not only at Washington, but throughout the country.

### Prohibition Again.

The echoes of the prohibition fight of 1914 have hardly died away before we are informed that the "first gun" of a new campaign has been fired and that we are once more to be submerged beneath a flood of oratory and agitation. It seems that the Rev. Matt S. Hughes of Pasadena was selected as spokesman and that he has delivered a sermon in which he outlined the various ways in which the agitation is to be conducted and the methods of publicity and finance that are to be followed. Possibly Mr. Hughes is the best judge of the uses to which a Christian pulpit may be put, but we may reasonably believe that the cause of the church is not well served by thus plunging it into a conflict upon which good men and good citizens are honestly divided.

But the question of public policy is a far wider one than that of church interests. And so we may ask ourselves if we are willing to accord a sort of political immortality to questions upon which the electorate has definitely passed its opinion? Are there no limitations upon the frequency with which the people of the state may be plunged into the same hot water of electoral agitation or the continuity with which they may be kept there? Practically these same proposals were submitted to the people last year and defeated by a majority of 169,000. Now it seems that they are to be submitted again after a fresh turmoil, a fresh agitation, and a fresh collection of morally worthless signatures. Surely there ought to be some sort of finality, some measure of breathing space, some kind of accept-



ance of an electoral verdict. There is no proposal under the sun that could not at some time or other snatch a success by such disorderly and undemocratic methods as these.

It will, says the Rev. Hughes, be "a great task to make California dry," and he then goes on to show an appreciation of the modern fact that money, rather than faith, can move mountains. A certain Dr. Wishart, we are told, has been entrusted with the financial department of an agitation which is credibly said to have cost \$200,000 last year and which is apparently expected to cost much more now.

It is easy to believe that it will indeed cost much more than this, and that prohibition has taken its place among the agitations that "pay." Billy Sunday, according to unchallenged published statements, received more than \$50,000 for his efforts in the Philadelphia prohibition movement last winter. Methodist and Baptist members are eagerly offering their services to a cause that has so large a revenue to disburse, and we know that the pay-rolls of the various prohibition associations amount to more than \$1,000,000 and that the names of hundreds of ministers appear thereon. An article in the *North American Review* for December sheds a disquieting light on the vast mechanism of the prohibition organizations now at work throughout the country and on an expenditure of revenues that must be looked upon as a public danger. The Anti-Saloon League of America, for example, has a yearly income of \$1,500,000. Its headquarters are in Ohio, where it met defeat in the last election, and it has one of the most powerful lobbies ever known in Washington, where it works openly in the halls of Congress. Far be it from the *Argonaut* to suggest that good work ought not to be paid for, but it is none the less a public duty to look with suspicion, and grave suspicion, upon crusades of this kind that utter the loudest pretensions to philanthropy and benevolence and that are none the less saturated with the elements of personal profit and advantage. Least of all ought the pulpit to be used for a campaign of which the basis is built upon salaries and fees and emoluments.

The protection of legitimate industry ought to be one of the cardinal principles of legislation. The grape industry of California was developed in the full light of day, without a suspicion of reproach, and with the unstinted applause of the people. Its encouragement would be the surest guaranty against alcoholic excesses and the chief enemy to this form of dissipation. The grape and wine interests of the state thus built up in good faith are now worth \$150,000,000 and they ought not thus to be attacked and menaced and depreciated at election after election by men who have nothing to lose and who are "financed" by organizations largely outside of California and indifferent to its fortunes. Already the grape industry is hampered by increased revenue taxes, and now it must face a recurring attack that would destroy any trade on earth. There ought to be some power in public opinion to abash the subsidized reformers who stand at street-corners and wait to be hired. It is not only the wine trade that is menaced, but also the raisin industry, since only a portion of each grape crop can be used profitably for raisins. The remainder must be crushed for wine or wasted, and the raisin and wine trades must therefore stand or fall together. Indeed it may be said without exaggeration that if this persecution is viewed with tolerance, without a vigorous rebuff, it will have a disheartening effect upon the industry of the state as a whole and upon the good faith of the state from which recovery will be slow and painful.

#### Making Enemies.

That the gentle art of making enemies has its vigorous exponents among American newspapers is evidenced by the publicity that has been given to a book published in Japan and professing to deal with the "coming war" between Japan and America. This book is said to have been prepared by the National Defense Association, of which Count Okuma was president, and of course if it actually possessed any official authority or countenance whatsoever it would rightly be the cause of serious misgivings. It is full, not only of offensive statements, but of offensive illustrations, so offensive indeed as to place it instantly among the gutter publications of which no one takes any notice except persons of weak minds and readers of Hearst newspapers.

But why should American journals, otherwise repu-

table, debase themselves by giving added currency to a vulgar screed of this kind? Its viciousness is apparent in every line. Even the youngest of reporters can see at a glance that the picture of a Japanese fleet triumphantly entering the Golden Gate is actually an old print of the attack on the Taku forts and that other illustrations are equally mendacious. And yet this vicious nonsense is gravely printed by American newspapers as a translation of an important Japanese book issued with official authority and outlining the deliberate intentions of the Japanese government.

The object of the original malefactors responsible for this bad business is, of course, obvious enough to those of normal intelligence. It is a part of a general campaign to produce bad blood between America and Japan in the hope that the animosities thus created may prove serviceable to some of the European belligerents. It belongs to the crusade of dynamite against munition works, bridges, and canals, and it is even more iniquitous. One would suppose that there is trouble enough in the world just at present without these labored efforts to increase it, but that American newspapers should snatch at a sensation by such evil methods as these is a melancholy comment alike on their morality and their patriotism.

#### Generals Who Fail.

Perhaps it would be ungracious to inquire too closely into the reasons for the retirement of Sir John French from the command of the British forces in France. Certainly there should be no heed to mere scandal, and so we may well rest content with the official statement that Sir John French has been at the helm since the beginning of the war and that he has well earned the comparative rest of a home command.

The war has not been kind to military reputations. The most brilliant theorist may fail before the stern test of deeds, and the military college disclose nothing of the fatal deficiencies laid bare by the inexorable demands of actual service.

All the armies have suffered in this way, and perhaps to an almost equal degree. General Joffre worked something almost like devastation among his subordinates in the early days of the war, allowing neither rank, nor politics, nor personal friendships to save those whom he believed to be incompetent. While the war was in its early stage he removed Larenzac for failing to hold the banks of the Sambre and so causing the retreat from Mons, and later on he displaced Ruffey for a similar offense on the Meuse. Larenzac was a brilliant strategist, but he failed to realize that strategy must be sustained by men and guns. There was some surprise that Castelnau was not removed from his failure in Alsace, but perhaps he did not actually fail, although he was defeated, seeing that his raid had a most disquieting effect on the German armies in Belgium.

Russia has been unfortunate in many of her generals, although one suspects that sinister court influences may account for as many recalls as military incompetence. The disgrace of the Grand Duke has never been explained, but there is no need to look far for the causes that led to the downfall of Rennenkampf and Sievers. Dmitrieff and Brusiloff have disappeared, and now we learn that Ruzsky has been recalled, although with many flowery compliments.

The German high commanders have been hardly more fortunate. Von Moltke had a great reputation, but it did not save him. Auffenberg and Dankl of the Austrian army failed utterly and perhaps discreditably. Von Hausen lost his spurs at the battle of the Marne, and the emperor is supposed to have said that he would do well to shoot himself. Von Deimling came to grief in Alsace, and Von Kluck is said to be recovering slowly from a wound, although the wound may be to his reputation, in which case it is incurable. Von Kluck may be said to have personified the whole German army during the advance on Paris, and it is hard for the outsider to see wherein he failed in doing everything that could be done by military audacity and skill.

The British army is relatively so small that casualties of this kind are naturally less numerous. Smith Dorrien won laurels for himself during the retreat from Mons, but he seems to have fallen into disfavor soon after and to have returned to England. He has now been appointed to East Africa on unimportant duties. Ian Hamilton was recalled from the Dardanelles possibly because he could not do impossible

things, and now Sir John French goes home for reasons politely set forth in the official statement.

Not very much is known of Sir Douglas Haig, who takes the place of Sir John French. He has been fighting since the beginning of the war and he has a reputation for energy and efficiency. It is probably true that great tactical skill is not now so important as at the beginning of the war, when armies were mobile and played the great game in the open field. Trench warfare means mainly munitions, and men enough to make good the losses, although at any moment the gladiators may struggle out into the light of day from their warrens and fox-holes and determine the issues in the more old-fashioned ways. The one man who remains indisputably great as a soldier is Joffre, if we exclude emperors, archdukes, and princes, whose mistakes are shouldered by others and who are never recalled whatever happens.

#### Washington Notes.

The President attended the Gridiron dinner that has just been held in Washington and, with some quite marked reservations, he is said to have enjoyed himself greatly. But there were some keen observers—and every one observes the President keenly on such occasions—who believed that he quite failed to participate in the spirit of the evening. His smile was always about five seconds late, as though he were never quite sure if he could afford to be amused by this thrust at Bryan or some other stab at one of his own acts. He gave the appearance of a man who never took off his mask. The only occasion on which he wholly relaxed was when Tommy Brahaney gave a ludicrous imitation of Tumulty fencing with the newspaper men and telling them funny stories of his New Jersey experiences in order to lead them adroitly away from their own embarrassing questions.

When the time came for the President himself to speak he failed wholly to avail himself of the liberty due to the fact that these occasions are never reported. His speech might just as well have been delivered from the housetops. It was the usual combination of philosophy, fine phrasing, and generalities, and with nothing whatever of such distinct importance as to remain in the mind. But Mr. Cannon and Mr. Penrose made full amends for the presidential reticences. Cannon, in particular, convulsed the table by an active participation in the skit that was directed against himself, interpolating lines that displayed his ready wit to the best advantage. Mr. Penrose, popularly supposed to be mentally heavy and massive, made the hit of the evening by his speech, which he called "A Few Words for Ezekiel." With a solemn and wooden face he poured a steady stream of fun at the Administration, the newspaper men, the Democratic party, the Republican party, and himself, finally culminating in an impassioned eulogy of himself as an exponent of purity in politics. In fact all the really spontaneous wit of the evening came from Cannon and Penrose.

The President's face assumed its most interesting expression during the skit about the Democratic donkey. The hind end and the front end of that interesting beast failed to coördinate. The muleteer, Miss Democracy, explained that this was always the case with the Democratic donkey. "The hind, or kicking, end always tries to get in front of the head, or thinking, end," she remarked sadly. Then, addressing the hind end, she said, "You should be too proud to kick." Instead of the usual five seconds, the presidential smile was here delayed for almost ten seconds.

It has been a truly Republic week in Washington, what with the Republican National Committee in session, the announcement of the Republican selections for committee places in the House, and the assaults on the Administration by Republicans in both Houses. A sensible opinion seems to prevail among the Republican leaders gathered for the committee meeting. All of them express confidence in Republican victory next year, but all are quick to say that there should be no over-confidence. Any thought that 1916 is to be a "yellow dog" year is to be condemned. Every one is cautious in talking of candidates and a desire to placate the Progressive element is plainly in evidence.

What may be termed the new idea was manifested in the way in which the committee selections in the



House were brought about. Members of the Old Guard who came back this session after a retirement of one or two terms were quick to demand their old positions, but the younger men who have served continuously and have earned seniority on the good committees declined to yield place to the historic figures, and this has been the reason for the delay in selecting Republican members. Mr. Mann favored the younger men, which was the right thing to do, and the Old Guard had to be satisfied. For example, Mr. Cannon goes to the sixth place on appropriations. It is better so. Much as the Old Guard may be offended, they have preached party discipline so long that they can not afford to complain, while if Mr. Mann had ruled the other way the displaced younger men would have certainly made themselves heard and they would have taken the dispute to the floor of the House.

#### Editorial Notes.

It is a pity that Collector J. O. Davis had no one to advise him not to make a donkey of himself when he refused to admit a copy of Rabelais and ordered it to be sent back to London. Mrs. Partington and her broom was not more ridiculous, but unfortunately there are always officials who are willing to gain from their ignorance a notoriety that would be otherwise denied to them. Let us hope that Collector Davis will not feel called upon to exclude Shakespeare or Chaucer from the custom-house. About a year ago an important American publishing house either produced or imported a fine new and complete edition of Rabelais, and any one who wishes to have a copy can easily buy it in the usual way. And we may be fairly sure that the world will still be reading Rabelais and laughing consumedly over him when Collector Davis has retired to his proper and becoming obscurity.

Apologists for the Ford picnic seem to have adopted something like a definite formula for the defense. In a dozen different newspapers we are told that whatever we may think of Mr. Ford's "plan"—save the mark—"it must at least be conceded that he is perfectly sincere," and therefore to be treated with reverence and respect. One would suppose that sincerity was a palliative to folly instead of an aggravation. Torquemada was sincere, and his sincerity was the most frightful of his characteristics. The Duke of Alba was doubtless sincere, and his sincerity makes us shiver with loathing. Most of the irreparable mischief in the world is done by people of sincerity, and it is their sincerity that wings and bars their misdeeds. Sincerity without intelligence and discrimination is among the greatest of human dangers. From it come bigotry, fanaticism, and cruelty. It is among the few evils that are almost irresistible.

While on the subject of Mr. Ford we may ask ourselves a hypothetical question. Suppose during our own Civil War a party of vociferous pacifists from Europe had arrived in America with the tearful plea for the instant cessation of hostilities. Suppose they had said something like this: "We do not understand what you are fighting about, nor do we care. Your ideals, however holy they may seem to you, are nothing to us and we will not even inquire as to their nature. It may be true that an enemy is on your soil and that tens of thousands of your sons and brothers have perished in what they believed to be a sacred cause that is still at issue and unsettled. These are things that we do not care to inquire into. They seem to us unimportant. Our only mission is to see that you cease fighting at once, that you leave your quarrel unsatisfied and your contention unwon." What kind of reply would Americans have made to such hysterical insolence as this?

A trial consignment of Canadian fish, shipped frozen, has been sold for fancy prices on the London market. The government is said to regard the experiment as exceedingly important, in view of the Ottawa assertion that, with proper facilities, 2,000,000 pounds of fish per week can be supplied for English markets.

The first gold mining in Alaska was in the Juneau gold belt, where operations were begun about thirty-five years ago. More than \$60,000,000 worth of gold has been produced from this region. Most of this gold has been taken from the mines near Juneau.

Until the recent discovery in Madagascar of kornerupine, resembling the aquamarine and the green andalusite, but of far greater brilliancy when cut, Greenland had the only known deposit of this mineral.

## THE THEATRE OF WAR.

The amateur military experts of the world will find full opportunity for the exercise of their critical faculties in the withdrawal of the Allied forces from Gallipoli. We shall be told that the expedition is one of the colossal failures of the war, as indeed it is. We shall be told that the casualty lists represent a loss for which there can be no conceivable compensation, and that the whole bad business must be written off as a blunder of the first rank.

There is much to be said for such a view. The fortunes of war are always problematical, but at the same time it is easy to determine whether the chances of success are sufficiently good to justify an effort. The difficulties of the Gallipoli peninsula are fully disclosed by the military maps. There was nothing unforeseeable to discover. That the waters would be mined was a foregone conclusion. It was equally certain that the shore batteries would cooperate with the mines and that they would have to be reduced. There was no cause for surprise when it was found that they could not be reduced, and that guns could be moved from point to point during the night, doing incalculable damage before their new positions were detected. That the ships alone were allowed to make the attempt is one of the mysteries that will no doubt be solved after the war, but that the attempt was an indefensible one is now evident, and should have been evident to any one who had weighed the facts. Then came the dispatch of an army to compensate for the failure of an impossible task by an attempt to perform another impossible task. The nature of the ground was well known, and the kind of defense was well known. Any good soldier could have measured the size of the undertaking. But apparently no good soldier did so. The only factor that could not be foreseen was the superior fighting qualities of the Turks when properly led by German officers. For several months now there has been a deadlock, but it was only within the last few weeks that there was a recognition that the Turkish defenses could not be destroyed and that they were practically impregnable. There is perhaps no such failure in the history of war, and the situation must be made more bitter for the Allies by the realization of what seems like a headstrong stupidity.

But when everything possible has been said by way of condemnation it still remains true that something may be said by way of defense. First of all we have to remember the object of the campaign, and secondly we have to remember the extent to which the situation has changed since it was begun. Now the object of the campaign was to take Constantinople and to open up a line of communication by which Russia could be supplied with munitions. The needs of Russia were undoubtedly the first consideration. Russia was isolated. She was paralyzed by a shortage of explosives. Her armies were largely useless because they had nothing wherewith to fight. Archangel and Vladivostok as sources of supply were pitifully inadequate. The forcing of the Dardanelles would mean the equipment of the Russian forces, and their conversion into an irresistible fighting machine. At that time the Balkans were still at rest with the exception of Serbia, and even Serbia was enjoying a respite. It is true enough that the Balkan situation might have been foreseen, but it was not foreseen. It was the great eastern and western wars that alone filled the horizon. To join hands with Russia meant a military success of the first magnitude, and it may well have seemed that it would be worth all the price that must be paid. To understand the exact present situation we must realize that the taking of Constantinople was not the supreme objective of the campaign, which was the relief of Russia. And there was no other practical way to accomplish this than by forcing the Dardanelles. An army could not be sent through Bulgaria, seeing that Bulgaria was not at war. For the same reasons there could be no passage of Roumania. The Dardanelles was the one road by which Russia could be reached.

Now the objective remains the same today. Russia, it is true, is not so hardly pressed as she was, thanks to her communications with Japan and to the development of her own factories. But the Dardanelles is not now the only road to Russia. Bulgaria has become an enemy of the Allies, and there is a Russian army somewhere on the frontiers of Roumania prepared for the movement to the south. If the front door can not be opened it is possible that the back door may not prove so formidable. A few months ago there was no back door, but there is a back door now. The object of the Allies is the same today as when the attack on the Dardanelles was first begun, and a juncture with Russia somewhere on the plains of Thrace is just as good as a juncture elsewhere and by way of Constantinople. We are not told where the Gallipoli army has been sent, but we may be fairly certain that its aim is to join hands with Russia somewhere. It may be that the army has gone to Enos, which is on the border line between Turkey and Bulgaria, and the nearest point of approach to Adrianople. But speculations of this kind are merely guesswork. We do not know where the Russian forces are, nor do we know the state of mind of Roumania, and we are not likely to know until events begin to happen. If a Russian army is on the point of coming southward, or if it has any reasonable expectation of being able to come southward, then we may be quite sure that the Allied forces released from Gallipoli are equally ready to advance northward to meet them. In that case they are probably at Enos or somewhere in that vicinity. The situation becomes clarified when we remember that there are two great aims for the Allied forces, and that in a sense they are the same. The first aim is to effect a union between the Russian forces and those of the French and British. The second aim is to

menace the railroad line that runs from Belgrade through Sofia and Adrianople to Constantinople. The railroad line is the great military nerve connecting Europe with Asia. It is the highway over which any sort of an attack upon Egypt must pass, and over which the Germans and the Turks may be of mutual solace. To cut that railroad line is the goal of the Allies, and every movement must be measured by this yardstick. And even a threat to cut it will make it almost useless. The Germans will not send forces into Asia, nor even to Constantinople, if there is the least chance that the bridges will be broken down behind them or that they will find themselves up in the air with the Allied forces in their rear.

In this same way we are to measure the activities of the contending forces around Saloniki. The object of the Allied armies now on Greek soil is not merely to seek out their enemies and defeat them. Their object is to accumulate strength enough to move northward and to attack the international railroad. The object of the Germans and Bulgarians is to protect that railroad. The railroad is the bone of contention. Without any doubt we shall see a steady piling up of forces in Greece or along the Bulgarian coast line until they shall be strong enough to make the attempt. And the attempt will not be made until there shall be some possibility of cooperation with the Russian armies coming from the north through Roumania and down the Danube, or landing on the coast of Bulgaria as seems to have been done. It is to prevent this cooperation that the German forces have been moving toward the Roumanian frontier, leaving the Bulgarians to watch the armies in the south. Not until this danger has been removed shall we see any large effort on the part of the Germans to avail themselves of the railroad line or to make any large appearance in Constantinople. The first consideration of a general is to provide for his lines of communication, and so to guard them and guarantee them that his supplies shall not be a matter of concern to him.

The news of the landing of a Russian army at Varna in Bulgaria is of vital importance if it should presently be confirmed. It means that the move was planned to coincide with the evacuation of Gallipoli by the French and British, and that we may expect to see a concerted movement southward and northward in the direction of the railroad. At present we know nothing of the size of this force, but we may suppose that it was considered adequate or it would not have been sent. But apart from its military efficiency it is quite possible that its moral effect will be very great. It has been said that the rank and file of the Bulgarian troops will not fight against Russia, and that as a matter of fact they are not yet aware that Russia is among their enemies. Russia on her part is actuated by something more than a desire to injure the Teutonic cause. Probably she feels more bitter against the King of Bulgaria than against the Emperor of Germany. Bulgaria is a Slav state and in the past she has been the peculiar protégé of Russia. That she should have allied herself with the enemies of Russia is therefore regarded as an act of treachery and to be punished as such. If a Russian army has actually been landed in Bulgaria, and if it should prove to be a serious effort and not merely a feint, we may regard the war as having entered upon a new phase of quite extraordinary interest. And the point to be watched is the railroad at or about Adrianople.

In this connection a report from Petrograd speaks of the change in the movements of the German forces in Serbia. The Germans and the Bulgarians, says the report, have separated, the Bulgarians evidently having been assigned the duty of watching the Allies around Saloniki, while the Teutons are moving toward the Danube. This, continues the bulletin, would indicate that the Austro-Germans and Bulgarians anticipate surprises from Russia and perhaps from Roumania also.

The Bulgarian newspapers seem to indicate that there is a rift in the lute as far as the relations between Germany, Turkey, and Bulgaria are concerned. It seems likely that Bulgaria has been promised the whole of Thrace as the price of her intervention. But Turkey is by no means disposed to surrender her claims to Thrace. So far from accepting a diminution of her territory there can be no doubt that she has been promised a restoration of her European empire. M. Radeslavoff, the Bulgarian premier, said recently in a speech that all Thrace was to be Bulgarian, and this must be sad news for Turkey, which expects to gain back her old territory rather than to suffer new losses. It seems to be quite on the cards that the prediction of M. Venizelos may yet be realized and the Bulgarians finish the war on the side of those against whom they began it.

A Roumanian statesman contributes to the *Balkan Courier* a statement of the reasons why Serbia was left to her fate. Roumania, says the writer of the communication, was not strong enough to assert herself. She would not have hesitated for a moment if Bulgaria had been the only foe, but to fight the whole Teutonic race was a task far beyond her possibilities. It was only the great powers of Europe that could cope with Germany, and Roumania was by no means sure that the great powers would defend her if she were once to draw the sword. It was true that they had a mutual agreement not to conclude a separate peace, but they had no agreement for a concerted military action that should prove a protection to their friends. If Roumania should find herself at war with Germany what guaranty would she have that she would receive the support necessary to save herself from being crushed, just as Serbia has been crushed? The writer concludes, "You will surely understand that in these circumstances every neutral country, and particularly Rou-



mania (with her dangerous geographical position) must take care not to incur the hostility of Germany in return for the empty friendship of the Quadruple Entente. The English on their island "can afford to wait for victory; but Roumania can not afford to incur the hostility of Germany and Austria while waiting for the end of the war, for in the intervening period she might easily suffer the fate of Belgium and share the destruction meted out to Serbia." This seems to confirm the report often repeated of late that there is an understanding between Roumania and Russia to the effect that Roumania shall join in the war as soon as Russia shall have some half-million men near enough to protect her from the vengeance of the Teutons.

The position of Greece is one to excite commiseration. That Germany has not treated her as an enemy is undoubtedly due to a recognition that she is bound hand and foot, and that she is utterly impotent to resist or to disobey. A single warship of the Allies could do her an amount of damage in a few days that it would take a century to repair. She can not feed herself, and a blockade would leave her starving in two weeks. There was a time when the Allies believed that they had the good-will of Greece, and probably they still have the good-will of the masses of the people. But they have learned that Greek promises are worth absolutely nothing, which is usually the case with promises exacted under compulsion. Greece will be friendly only so long as she is under the guns of the army and of the ships, and not a moment longer. Dr. E. J. Dillon, who knows the Balkans better than any man living, has been preaching distrust to his own government in season and out of season ever since the war began, and he was ignored. He said that not Greece alone, but all the Balkan powers were opportunists, and that pledges and treaties would be thrown to the winds the moment it seemed to their interest to do so. He advised England to make a showing of force, not only toward Greece, but toward Bulgaria and Roumania. If this had been done at an earlier date there would have been no war with Bulgaria. And now he warns his government that Greece will certainly bite if she is given the least opportunity to do so. Greece is now in the position of being compelled to harbor the Allied forces, even though they should be pursued by their foes on to her own territory. She must allow herself to be used as a battleground and without any effort at self-protection. And to a certain extent it must be admitted that she has to thank herself for so humiliating a situation. She extended a welcome to the Allied forces when first they put in an appearance. She spoke of a benevolent neutrality, and she placed her railroads at their disposal. Venezilos stated again and again that Greece would fight on the side of the Allies, and that it was her bounden duty to observe the terms of her treaty for the aid of Serbia. The Allies can hardly be blamed if they refuse to recognize the vicissitudes of Greek domestic policies, or to allow themselves to be expelled from the country merely because the Greek people have changed their premier. Dr. Dillon has no doubt that the Greek king is under a positive agreement to come to the aid of the Teutons, that it is the lack of power alone that prevents him from doing so, and that this is recognized by Germany and that it accounts for her forbearance. He says: "It has become practically impossible for the part assigned to Greece in the well-laid Balkan scheme of the Central Empires to be played at this juncture. And it has become impossible solely because the Entente powers have at last borne in upon the king the reality of their resolve to adopt drastic measures in case any action of a disloyal character is begun or attempted."

SIDNEY CORYN.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 22, 1915.

One of the oddest and quaintest little independent states that ever existed in Europe—the tiny Republic of Noli, founded before Rome and maintaining its liberty for many centuries until Napoleon swept away its privileges—is today merely a fishing village near Genoa, but it is full of reminders of its former greatness, and affords a wonderful glimpse of medieval times. Destroyed by the Carthaginians in 217 B. C., and who knows how often by subsequent marauders, there seemed no limit to her powers of recovery. This quaint little fishing village maintained itself as a sovereign state for centuries, took a prominent part in the quarrels of Guelphs and Ghibellines, sent doughty warriors to the Crusades, commanded the interest of emperors and Popes, and only succumbed at last to the armies of Napoleon. Dante clambered hither over terrible hills on hands and knees, and revenged himself by consigning Noli to his "Purgatory." Everybody is rich in this poor man's paradise (says the *Wide World Magazine*). During the anchovy months it is not rare for the hundred and twenty boats to earn eight hundred pounds in a night, or fifteen thousand pounds in a season. Through fish alone a man earns far more than a clerk, besides which he has no "appearances" to keep up. Under these happy conditions he soon acquires lands and houses, which afford a steady revenue while he sleeps or fishes. The earth here has only to be scratched in order to bring forth wealth, so rich is the soil and so abundant the water.

Until recently seventy per cent to eighty per cent of the exhausted molasses from the Hawaiian factories was thrown away as useless. Furnaces are now being installed which burn this molasses, the heat going to furnish steam for the factory, and the ash from the molasses, which contains 33.32 per cent potash and 4.60 per cent phosphoric acid, is used as fertilizer.

## THE UNFINISHED GAME OF CARDS.

Love Is Stronger than the Fear of Hell.

The old château, dark against an after-sunset sky and veiled by tall reeds which, from my low point of view, seemed high as itself, loomed up before me. It was big and square, this château, with towers and toppling chimneys and many windows. About it stood a guard of ancient trees, some in full leaf, others half-dead, and others, again, quite dead, but still on duty; in one was a ragged eagle's nest, with the old birds hanging over.

What silence! What loneliness! An old house, deserted and fallen to decay; a strip of marsh, intensely green in the pale yellow light; a wan and weary moon, gazing at the world through a purple mist. A water-bird started noisily from among the reeds and flew, shrieking, over my head, out of sight; a moment later I heard its wings dip in the still water half a mile away.

I wedged the sharp prow of my skiff into a thick growth of reeds and sprang ashore. The black mud oozed up around my ankles. I began to curse my curiosity.

The angelus came faintly from the little village across the water; an unseen creature—a frog, possibly, or an insect of some kind—set up a mournful droning; then an owl chimed in with its melancholy note. Oh, the country sounds at twilight, how they sadden one!

After quitting the marsh, I found myself in a wild tangle of vegetation; at my feet lay the trunks of fallen trees and pieces of broken marble of the old château. Yes—can you believe it?—a pleasure garden, with trim walks and terraces, where tender-eyed beauties strolled in shady alleys and lovers made verses by the side of splashing fountains; the scene of fête, and frolic, and love-making under the eighteenth-century's amorous moon.

On close inspection the old building looked even darker and more forbidding. I climbed the broken steps. A bat flapped its wings in my face angrily, as if resentful of my intrusion. I paused and listened—the angelus had ceased. All was silent.

To enter by the great door was impossible; it was fast locked. Just over my head was a window, with a stone balcony. To gain the balcony by means of tangled vines and break through the window seemed an easy matter, and, in fact, was soon done.

How shall I describe the room in which I found myself? A great salon, cold, and dark, and damp as a vault; the faint light, sifting through the broken jalousies, serving only to emphasize the gloom.

I took a step forward and a cobweb caught me across the chin. Something scurried along the floor, my heart rose in my throat, though I knew the creature to be a rat; I stretched out my hands in the darkness and grasped moldy rags. Pshaw! If one were a coward, one would turn and run.

When my eyes became accustomed to the gloom I saw that the room had been of almost royal splendor. Fragments of decayed damask hung from tarnished cornices; full-lipped, round-limbed goddesses, with faded wreaths in their dingy hair and green mold upon their bare breasts, smiled down from frescoed walls, smiled upon the rats and spiders, and—and one knows not what else!—as sweetly as upon the beauties and cavaliers of Louis's court one hundred years ago. The furniture was mostly of the time of the Grand Monarch: there were chairs and sofas, mirrors and tables, but, alas! their gilding and glory had departed. Rats nested in the upholstery, spiders clung to the walls, a pall of mold, dust, and cobwebs lay over all. A harp stood in the corner; I touched its strings and they gave out a sound like the groan of a soul in torment. Upon a table of rare workmanship lay cards and coins of silver, from the position of which I guessed that a quartet had been interrupted at whist; upon a second table stood glasses and a decanter of dark-red wine.

A slight noise attracted my strained ear. Forced by that instinct which forbids us to turn our backs to the unexplained, I wheeled about and beheld a small feathered thing, a tiny owl, sitting on the windowsill, staring at me with inquisitive eyes of pale-green fire. We scrutinized each other for a moment in silence; then the wind began to shake the hangings and the owl raised its wings and flew away. There was but one door in the room; this probably led to the entrance hall. I stepped forward boldly to open it and started back again in sudden alarm; my heart stood still; there was a nervous creeping at the roots of my hair. The door swung open, with a creaking of rusty hinges, and revealed to me the shape of something in human guise, standing out from the blackness beyond.

Holy Virgin! Ah, how I deplored my alienation from the saints. To call upon them now would be impertinent—also, quite useless!

The something approached, and proved to be a young girl—a young girl—and I had been afraid! She was elegantly dressed, tricked out in all the coquettish splendor of the court of Marie Antoinette, in rose-colored brocade, white lace, fine as a spider's web, high-heeled slippers, jewels, paint, and powder. For the rest, she was beautiful—dark-eyed and red-lipped—but with a look so hopeless, so wistfully sad, that my heart went out to her in very pity.

"Madame," I murmured, bowing low.

She turned her burning eyes upon me, and paled beneath her rouge.

"Eugène!"

"Madame, pardon; I am Jean François Louis de Blanchard, officer in the Guard at Prist. I am—"

"Enough, monsieur, 'tis I who must beg pardon. I mistook you for the blackest villain who ever drove bargain with the devil, forgetting that the chains which bind him are never loosed, even for one night."

"Heyday! And what is all this?"

My fair damsel stood back and made way for an ancient dame, upon whose palsied head sat a velvet cap, with nodding plumes, and an ancient gentleman, in velvet and lace, with decorations upon his breast.

"Grandmammy, grandpapa, this is M. Jean François Louis de Blanchard. Monsieur, Mme. la Comtesse and M. le Comte de Saint-Germain."

The old couple, though of that fine breeding which conceals emotion, were surprised, but received me with great courtesy.

"Ah, monsieur," said the countess, "it is with much pleasure that I give you welcome. It has been many years since I have entertained guests in this house." "Welcome to Château Saint-Germain," said the count.

"And now, Valerie, ring for candles."

"You forget, grandmammy."

"Ah, true, true. I am old, monsieur, and the sight of a young and happy face has made me forget that things are not what they used to be. You must get the candles yourself, my child. They are in the inlaid cabinet under the oval mirror. On second thoughts, get only one, for M. le Diable alone knows where we shall get more when these are gone. Monsieur, may I ask if you are related to the Chevalier de Blanchard, a man of genius and a wit in the old days at Versailles?"

"Possibly. There are many of my name."

"Ouais! What a fool I am! The chevalier must, of necessity, have been dead these many years; and, without doubt, he was confessed and absolved. Alas, alas, I shall never see my old friend again—never again! But time passes—Valerie, the candle."

"Permit me," said I, producing my match-safe—a silver bauble, the gift of *la belle Heloise*—and striking a light. The ladies turned pale.

"Monsieur!" cried the count in a voice that trembled. "Are you the devil in disguise, dogging our footsteps?"

"Heaven forbid!" and I made the sign of the cross. "A thousand pardons. Do you play whist, monsieur?"

"Monsieur, I do."

"Bien. A dummy is unsatisfactory. Come, madame, come, Valerie. We are losing time. We were three points on the new game, I think, Valerie? Monsieur, will you kindly take the chair opposite madame?"

The count took the cards and we began. *Dieu*, what cards! And what silver! The former were black with age and the latter incrustured with green canker and of old coinage, none of it of more recent date than 1780.

Truly, my situation was a strange one. Here sat I, Blanchard of the Guard, playing whist with whom? With what? At least my entertainers were noble. The old couple seemed to take great pleasure in the game; madame's small eyes glittered as she raked in her winnings; monsieur, when fortune favored him, chuckled and showed a mouth full of snags. Sometimes they disputed a point with warmth, but through it all she was still the *grande dame* and he the gallant courtier. Once during the evening he took from his waistcoat-pocket a gold snuff-box, with portrait of *Lamballe*; he gazed on the face with reverence, and then offered me snuff.

In the intervals of shuffling and dealing they questioned me, eagerly though guardedly, about the doings of the world.

"Is there much gayety at Versailles?"

"Alas, no, madame."

"At Paris?"

"Ah, yes; Paris is always gay."

"Oh, Paris, my beautiful city! The best years of my life were spent in Paris, monsieur."

When the conversation turned upon the military affairs of the day I observed that the face of the count betrayed a lively emotion—tears rose to his eyes. "I, too, have been a soldier," he muttered.

All this time Valerie said not a word, but sat, quietly enough, at my right hand, with her great, gloomy eyes fixed upon something which I could not see. Could it be that she still thought of Eugène?

The one candle flared and flickered, and lit up the faces of the players with an uncanny light, and cast monstrous shadows upon walls and ceiling; the wind moaned about the house and shook the ragged hangings. Behind my back I heard a rat gnawing at the harp-strings. I played badly—very badly. The politeness of madame was put to the test, and—to her honor, let me say—it stood the strain. But, tell me, could you play whist with a mind divided between the vague shadows that lurked under sofas and chairs and in dark corners and—a beautiful woman?

The count was dealing and the countess yawning behind her painted fan. I resolved to rouse the young girl from her reverie, and, leaning toward her, whispered:

"You are preoccupied, mademoiselle."

"Monsieur!"



"Trust me!"

"Ah, my friend, you know not what you ask."

"Mademoiselle, you are thinking of that villain Eugène—is it not so?"

"Hush, in the name of heaven! You can not understand, monsieur. I loved him—oh, how dearly I loved him! I was reckless, I was mad, I would have given life and salvation for his sake, and *mon Dieu!*"

"Monsieur, the deal is yours," said the count.

The next deal was Valerie's; the next, the countess's. I seized the opportunity to resume the interrupted conversation.

"You do not love him now?"

"Love him? Ah, love is a tender flower; when trodden upon it dies, but in its place spring poisonous weeds which never die. Hatred and revenge—these are the weeds that overrun my heart, monsieur."

"Revenge?" I laid my hand upon my sword. "But tell me where this villain is to be found and, by all the saints in the calendar, you shall be revenged!"

About the lady's lips there played a smile, which disconcerted me; she touched my hand with her own, which was cold—cold as a gravestone.

"Friend, put up thy sword. If the saints would only hear me, I would pray through all eternity that thou and he might never meet; but, *ma foi!* the good saints have forgotten my very name. As to vengeance, we will leave that to the devil, monsieur."

"Valerie, Monsieur, *attendez!* Are you aware, monsieur, that you have trumped my ace?"

And so the night wore away. We shuffled, dealt, and played; lost and won; madame scolded me, and I made elaborate apologies to madame; between whiles I talked with Valerie behind her fan.

"Mademoiselle," I said, "I would die for you. Is there anything in the wide world that I can do to serve you?"

"Yes; give me the rose that you wear."

It was an insignificant flower, pinned on my breast by a village girl; but she seized it eagerly, laid it against her cheek, and pressed her lips to its drooping petals. I interpreted the action in my own way, and my heart leaped within.

Was it love that I felt for this strange creature, with the painted face and the powdered hair? Was it her beauty, or her unknown wrongs, or the mystery that surrounded her that attracted me so powerfully? Upon my soul, I neither knew nor cared. I feasted my eyes upon her face and form; she filled my heart and mind—all else was crowded out, even Heloise.

It was very late; the wind wailed like a banshee; the count nodded in his chair, with mouth open and eyes turned backward—*parbleu*, he did not look handsome!—the countess sat and gloated over her winnings with an expression on her yellow old face that curdled my blood.

"Shall we not finish the game, madame?" I asked. But she did not reply.

Valerie rose from her chair, with rustling of her silken gown, and crossed to where the harp stood; I followed. She swept her hand across the strings and began a little chanson—something about love and idleness and a shepherdess in Arcadia—and stopped in the beginning.

"It was a favorite of mine when I was in the world," she said.

"You love the world, then?"

"I am sick with longing for it."

I led her to the window.

"Valerie, there it lies. Let us go and enjoy it together."

She did not answer, she did not even hear; she stood with her arms held out to the full moon and her face bathed in its light.

"Come away," she said, at length, almost fiercely; "I can not bear it."

"Valerie, you have not answered me. Here is the balcony, there is my boat, the moon is overhead; let us go, my beloved."

"It is impossible."

"I am rich, I have a noble name, and, above all, I love you—I love you, Valerie! Come, let us leave this haunt of evil spirits. Ah, love, life is so short at best, let us be happy while we may."

"I implore you—"

"Valerie, why do you hesitate? Are you afraid?"

She made a gesture of disdain.

"Afraid? Is fear, then, the one thing that keeps us from our desires? Ah, you have not learned life's lesson well. I tell you it is impossible, and that is enough."

"It is not enough. Love is stronger than the gates of hell, Valerie, and whatever the cursed spell that binds you, I swear that I will break it."

She covered her face with her hands and sobbed; I stole my arm about her waist and laid her head against my shoulder.

"At least, my sweet, nothing shall drive me from you," I whispered.

She broke away from me and stood with her arms folded upon her breast; she fastened her burning eyes upon mine; there was a look in them that was almost hope.

"Do you love me, then?"

"With my whole soul."

"How much would you resign for my sake?"

"Life—everything—my hopes of heaven."

"What would you dare for me?"

"Hell itself."

"Are you at peace with God, monsieur?"

"Alas, I fear not; it is many years since I confessed."

At this moment there was a knock at the door; no one seem to hear it. The girl crossed the room—ah, with what grace!—and filled a glass with the dark-red wine. A second knock; I observed that the hand of Valerie trembled as she gave me the brimming glass. A third knock; I raised the glass to my lips, and nodded across its brim to the woman I loved. I am a judge of wines; the bouquet of this was indescribably delicious.

"I drink to an eternity together!" I cried.

Here the door swung open heavily, with a creaking of rusty hinges, and upon the threshold stood a young and fair-haired man.

He made a courtly bow. "Pardon," he said, in a low voice full of melody; "but the cock has already crowed for the day. We must be traveling. Ah, I see, monsieur is about to give a toast. Do not let me interrupt, I beg. I assure you, monsieur, the wine is excellent."

The count and countess had risen and stood as though waiting; their old faces wore expressions of profound despair, their arms hung lifeless at their sides. The money and cards lay in disorder upon the table. The candle burned dimly, flaring up now and then with a frying noise; it could not last much longer. With a cry, Valerie sprang forward and dashed the wine-glass from my lips. It fell to the floor with a crash.

"Do not touch it!" she cried; "for the love of God, leave this unholy place at once. Forget all that has happened, if you hope for salvation!"

The strange young man smiled mystically.

"Mademoiselle is unselfish," said he; "but come, we delay," and he held wide the door, while the count, the countess, and Valerie passed through.

"Farewell, monsieur," said the countess, and waved her hand.

"Farewell," said the count.

But Valerie said never a word. Not once did she look at me, but passed on, with her head upon her breast, out into the darkness.

Then the young man turned to me with a smile of charming frankness.

"Monsieur, permit me to say that I am glad of this meeting. We are not strangers, but old comrades. Do you remember that night at Biarritz when you won five hundred thousand francs from the marquis? I was there and applauded; I was also present at the duel next day—unobserved, of course. And now a word in your ear, *mon ami*; you are *épris* with Mlle. Valerie; you wish to see her again; *bien!* I will help you. Be here at the château one year from tonight—last night, I should say. Madame la comtesse will be glad to receive you. For your sake, I regret that she does not entertain more often. And now, *au revoir!* I do not say farewell, since we part to meet again." He bowed and closed the door.

There was a curious charm about this strange young man—the air of a poet, a diplomat, a great general. I liked him.

I cautiously opened the door and peered out. Darkness and silence!

"Valerie!" I called. "Valerie!"

My voice reverberated along the deserted halls; rats scampered away, terrified. This was all I heard, except—ah, no, I imagined it—the sound of a muffled sob a great way off.

I took the candle and searched the house: room after room, corridor after corridor; all were furnished, but all had the air of having been long untenanted; everywhere rats fled before my invasion. At length I returned to the salon. My candle had spun a winding sheet; it flared up for the last time and went out. I threw open an eastern window, and, lo! the pale dawn was coming up across the water and the wind had died into a soft breeze that smelled of the morning! Oh, the blessed day! How welcome after such a night!

As I pulled my boat across the water I looked back at the old château. There it stood among its guardian trees; veiled by a thin mist which ascended from the marsh like steam. The first rays of the rising sun had tinted the mist a pale-rose color, the marsh was vividly green, the song of a bird in a bush by the water's side enchanted my very soul. I felt almost light-hearted. But, oh, Valerie!—a year is so long, so long!

Arrived at the village, I sought the curé, a pious man well read in the history of the province. At my request, he told me the story of the château on the island. This is it:

"In the year 1785, the only living representatives of the powerful and wealthy family of Saint-Germain were the old count, his wife, their granddaughter and heiress Valerie, and Eugène, their nephew and next of blood. The count held some high post at court, I believe. Valerie was *dame de compagnie* to the queen; and I have no doubt that they were all quite as worldly as most people of their rank and day. Eugène was a villain, a *roué*, a man entirely without honor; and yet, they say, he was loved by his beautiful cousin. Ah, my son, I count the love of woman no compliment since she can give it to a man like this.

"Well, the count—or, possibly, the countess—for some reason unknown, lost favor at court, and it became necessary to quit Versailles. This island, the ancient seat of the family, was their place of refuge. It is

said that these people, accustomed as they were to a life of gayety and dissipation, found the château rather dull. Whist was their one amusement; the old people had a great passion for the game, and they often played all night till dawn, it is said.

"It appears that Eugène was heavily in debt. He appealed to his uncle; help was refused; then, in desperation, he drove a bargain with the devil." Here the curé crossed himself. "This was the unholy compact: *great wealth in exchange for three souls*. It was the part of Eugène to put out of the world three souls—three souls unrepentant and unshriven. This is what they say, my son; all I know is that one morning the servants found the count, his wife, and Mlle. Valerie sitting around the eard-table in the grand salon, cold in death. The count was in the act of trumping his opponent's ace; the countess had fallen forward on her nose, her fingers still clutching the cards; and the eyes of mademoiselle—she had beautiful eyes, I am told—were turned toward the vacant chair. That this chair was vacant is a significant fact.

"The wine had been drugged with a subtle and instantaneous poison, and, it is said, has never been removed; the decanter still stands on a small table in the grand salon. Well, Eugène, guilty or not, inherited the old man's wealth, but never returned to the island; indeed, though many years have passed and generations come and gone since that fatal day, those gloomy halls have never echoed the footfall of mortal man. The peasants shun the place like hell itself, for there runs a tradition that to pass one night there—the night of the anniversary of the crime—is to lose your soul.

"And now comes the strangest part of the story. Upon this anniversary—the time of year is not clearly known—from dusk till dawn, the devil—the pious father crossed himself again—"allows those three lost souls to revisit their mortal habitation and divert themselves with their favorite game, and it is said they always leave a game unfinished for fear lest the privilege be withdrawn.

"That is the story. I can not vouch for it; I can only affirm that, once or twice, I have seen strange lights glimmering across the water. But your scientists have many ways of accounting for such phenomena. The fate of those three was sad, indeed; if they had lived a few years longer they would have met another as sad, perhaps, but more noble, for the Saint-Germains were loyal. Ah, well, for me, I do not fear the dead, and the bones of these have been dust an hundred years in the great vaults under the château. May Our Lady plead for them."

The curé ceased speaking, and I told him my story. He listened with great interest.

"My son," he cried, seizing my arm, "you will not return to the island?"

"Father, I must."

"Do you know who it was who tempted you?"

"I know."

"Then, for the love of Our Lady and all the saints, be warned! Valerie, whom you say you love, is—at this moment—burning in hell!"

"Love is stronger than the fear of hell."

"My son, my son, may Heaven protect you, for you stand in danger of losing your soul."

"Father, it is lost already!" and I staggered out of the house and into the street like a man in a dream.

N. A. Cox.

Few changes take place in many of the old New England villages, and visitors find them today much as they were scores of years ago. Such is Waterford, Maine, birthplace and boyhood home of Artemus Ward, still lovingly recalled and read by that lingering band of pioneers who remember the writers of the past. Waterford, half a dozen miles from the nearest railroad station, is a quaint, sleepy old place, whose homes cluster around a small, tree-shadowed common. The houses are nearly all wooden, are painted white, and have green blinds. As in the past, the cows come home in the evening from the pastures, plodding along under the elms of the common, while the bells on their necks give forth a dull-toned music. It was a much livelier place at the time Artemus Ward was born there in 1834. Many emigrants passed through it on their way to the West, and the stages were crowded with passengers in pursuit of business or pleasure. The hotels presented an especially busy scene on the arrival of the stage, and the several stores had a large trade in furnishing supplies to lumbermen.

The valley of the ancient Snake River in Idaho was flooded with great outpourings of black lava, which spread out sheet on sheet, buried the old land surface, and partly filled the valley with molten rock, which solidified and has remained to this day undisturbed except for the gorges that the streams have cut in it. In some places old mountains project through the petrified lava flood as islands project above the surface of the sea, and old ridges stick out into it as capes and promontories. The area covered by the Snake River lava is about 20,000 square miles. So far as is now known, there is but one lava field in North America of greater extent, the Columbia River lava field, which covers about 200,000 square miles. In Snake River Cañon below Shoshone Falls nearly 700 feet of horizontal sheets of lava are exposed, but whether this is the maximum thickness or not can not be told.



## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Dr. Tsubouchi of Waseda University is now hard at work in translating Shakespeare. It is the intention of Dr. Tsubouchi to complete his work by next year.

Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, who has devoted himself for years to work among the Labrador fisherfolk, has accepted an invitation to take charge of a division of a hospital unit that has been sent to France by Harvard University. He will return in the spring to resume his work in Labrador.

Major Robert R. Moton, successor to the late Booker T. Washington as president of Tuskegee Institute, has been commandant of cadets at Hampton Institute, Virginia, since 1890. He is a native of Virginia, of pure negro parentage, and the work to which he has devoted himself has won him a wide recognition as an educator and able administrator.

George Bronson Rea, who has been awarded the grand prize offered by the Chinese government for the best plan for a national railway system, is an American engineer and journalist. He has been in close touch with China's railway problem for several years. The details of his plan are secret, but it contemplates the building of 11,000 miles of road as a beginning of a complete national system. Mr. Rea is publisher of the *Far Eastern Review*.

Henry P. Fletcher, newly appointed ambassador to Mexico, was named minister to Chile in 1909, and has had considerable diplomatic experience. He was born in Green Castle, Pennsylvania, and became a lawyer. He served in the Philippines during the Spanish war and later occupied diplomatic posts in Cuba, China, and Portugal. He went to the Chilean post in the spring of 1910 following his appointment by President Taft. In politics he is a Republican.

Dr. Constantin Theodor Dumba, who was recently recalled by his government upon representations made by this country, would have rounded out and probably closed his diplomatic career with retirement here at the end of the war had not his desires overridden his judgment. He was for thirty-four years in the diplomatic service, including posts in London, at Petrograd, at the Quirinal, Bucharest, Paris, Serbia, and Sweden. Many years of his life were spent in English-speaking society.

Count Zeppelin, Germany's air king, was in such poverty in his early years that he was obliged to live in a little cottage on an allowance made to him by his friends. At thirty years of age he married a lady belonging to one of the German aristocratic families. For more than thirty years Count Zeppelin devoted himself to the construction of flying machines, but he concluded that the risks were too great and the successes were too small to warrant the continuation of such experiments. He fought in the first war with France and is said to have been the first German soldier to cross the frontier into that country.

Professor George H. Howison, former head of the department of philosophy in the University of California, has just entered his eighty-first year. Professor Howison is the second oldest living professor emeritus of the university. He is a native of Maryland, where he was born in 1834. He secured his education at Marietta College and Lane Theological Seminary, taking a subsequent LL. D. at Michigan. He came to the University of California in 1884, as Mills professor of philosophy. Since his retirement, in 1909, the Mills chair has not been filled. He is the author of several volumes on mathematics and philosophy.

The Rev. Hugh Black has been called, by unanimous vote, to the City Temple, London, from the Union Theological Seminary of New York, where he is a professor of practical theology. Dr. Black was born in Rothesay, Scotland, in 1868, and ordained in 1891. He came to the United States in 1906, and since then has held the chair mentioned. In speaking of the call he said: "It is a great church, and London now surely is a place where a clergyman may hope to labor to good effect. I was there last summer and preached in the City Temple. I went over to help Dr. Campbell, who had been in ill-health and later resigned."

Arthur Christopher Benson, C. V. O., who has been appointed to the mastership of Magdalene College, Cambridge, vacant by the death of Dr. Stuart Donaldson, is the eldest son of the late Archbishop Benson and brother of the late Mgr. Benson and of F. E. Benson. Born in 1862, he was educated at Eton and King's, and was an Eton master from 1885 to 1905. He is known to a wide public as a thoughtful if not very subtle essayist. He was also joint editor with Lord Esher of "Selections from the Correspondence of Queen Victoria," and he published a life of his father.

Max Rabinoff, the Russian dreamer who has become director of the Boston Grand Opera Company, ran away from home at the age of fifteen, crossed the ocean, and in Chicago was glad to take a job stripping tobacco at \$3 a week. In time he became an upholsterer, entered the University of Illinois, and supported himself by working at night. Before coming to this country, however, he had studied at the Rubens Music School at Moscow. Music finally con-

quered, though the way was long and difficult. He became a piano salesman, and when easier days came he found a partial outlet for his dreams by teaching music free of charge at night in the various Chicago settlements. He also organized a self-educational club, which later became the Hebrew Institute of Chicago, and a self-culture club, which today is the largest Polish institution in that city.

Captain Ewald Hecker, mentioned as a possible successor to Captain von Papen as German attaché, owing to Von Papen's recall, is well known in this country. He is an officer of the Thirteenth Royal Dragoons, German army, and director of the German Red Cross work in this country. He arrived on the liner *St. Louis* on August 22, 1914. Captain Hecker has written many analyses of the war situation. He took up the work of the German Red Cross under Dernburg. When Dernburg was recalled Captain Hecker was made director. He has been instrumental in sending more than \$2,000,000 to Germany for relief work. Four years ago Captain Hecker was assigned to the German staff college, where he made an enviable name among the great ones.

The war has completely changed the customary physiognomy of the Russian north, where a railroad is being built to a part which never freezes. Amid the swamps and virgin forests, on the other side of the Arctic Circle, immersed for six months of the year in absolute darkness, lies a small gulf. It is called Catherine Harbor. It is almost on the frontiers of Norway. But the waters of the bay never freeze; such is the beneficent influence of the Gulf Stream. It was on this small point formed by Catherine Harbor that the gaze of Russian engineers was bent when it was required to find a northern outlet to the open sea. They had heard about this outlet long before, since sixteen years ago Russia appreciated the worth and distinction of this distant region, and as far back as 1899, somewhat north of the small town of Kola, a fairly large settlement of "Pomors," as the local fishermen and hunters are called, founded the new commercial town of Alexandrovsk. But in several years interest in this region cooled, and the idea of uniting it by rail with the remaining part of the empire was abandoned. The town of Kola is for the time being the terminal point of the new railway. The ice-free character of Catherine Harbor, in the depths of which it is situated, and the ample depth at this spot of both the bay itself and the mouth of the Kola River afford an opportunity of converting this remote point into a spacious emporium whither will hereafter be dispatched the bulk of freight intended for central Russia, which the Archangel Railway is not able to carry with sufficient rapidity. The Kola Peninsula is entirely desert except for the coastal strip and two or three postal tracks. It contains enormous fir forests, swamps, sandy ridges, and granite cliffs and rocks of colossal dimensions. Settlers state that there are incalculable riches in deposits of petroleum, coal, copper, tin, iron, and other metals, but they live poorly, sheltered in wretched huts, for in the bush agriculture brings nothing and the sole earnings come from cutting and rafting lumber. There have been endless difficulties in building the railroad—difficulties of a purely external character, which neither human knowledge nor energy could subdue. Thus, when they began to lay the rails in several sections the men abandoned work because they were literally eaten alive by mosquitoes, and especially midges (moshika). In another part of the selected route a firm roadbed could not be found earlier than the end of June; everything was flooded with water. In several sections of 200 versts (133 miles) more than half of the road had to be built on piles; cofferdams had to be lowered and filled with earth. Water would ooze somewhere, permeate the perpetually vibrating and porous ground, and several days afterwards would come to the surface in an entirely different place, and everything would have to be done over again. But no less difficulty was offered by the granite cliffs and rocks encountered on the way, among which grew huge trees. Surmounting difficulties of this kind, engineers and laborers up to their knees in water or floundering in sand, in the liquid mud of the swamps, stumbling over rocks, stones, and the huge roots and trunks of dead giant trees, are slowly laying from both directions, north and south, the road that will at last give Russia an outlet to the open sea.

Madagascar pink beryl or morganite, discovered in its perfection during the present year, differs from other beryls in that it floresces an intense cherry red when exposed to Roentgen rays. It is found in magnificent gems weighing from one to one hundred carats each and is of a beautiful brilliant rose color of wonderful freedom from flaws. It is the purest pink gem that has been found in large gems, rivaling pink tourmaline and pink topaz.

It is officially estimated that the Crowsnest coal fields in British Columbia alone contain coal sufficient to supply five million tons of fuel a year for seven thousand years.

Antony owed at the ides of March, which he paid before the calends of April, \$1,666,666; he had squandered altogether \$735,000,000.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## Christmas Carol.

The earth has grown old with its burden of care,  
But at Christmas it always is young.  
The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair,  
And its soul full of music breaks forth on the air  
When the song of the angels is sung.

It is coming, old earth, it is coming tonight!  
On the snowflakes which cover thy sod  
The feet of the Christ child fall gentle and white,  
And the voice of the Christ child tells out with delight  
That mankind are the children of God.

On the sad and the lonely, the wretched and poor,  
The voice of the Christ child shall fall,  
And to every blind wanderer open the door  
Of a hope that he dared not to dream of before,  
With a sunshine of welcome for all.

The feet of the humblest may walk in the field  
Where the feet of the holiest have trod.  
This, this is the marvel to mortals revealed  
When the silvery trumpets of Christmas have pealed  
That mankind are the children of God.

—Philips Brooks.

## The Stork: An Ancient Christmas Ballad.

The storke sbec rose on Christmas eue  
And sayed unto her hroode,  
I nowe muste fare to Bethleem,  
To vneue the Sonne of God.

Shee gaue to eche his dole of mete,  
Shee stowed them fayrlye in,  
And farre shee flew and faste shee flew,  
And came to Bethleem.

Now where is he of David's lynne?  
Shee askd at bouse and halle,  
He is not here, they spake bardlye,  
But in the Maungier stalle.

Shee found bym in the Maungier stalle,  
With that most Holye Mayde;  
The gentyle storke shee wept to see  
The Lord so rudelye layde.

Then from ber pauntynge hrest shee'plucked  
The fethers whyte and warm;  
Shee strawed them in the Maungier bed  
To kepe the Lorde from barm.

Now blessed bee the gentyl storke  
Forevermore, quotha Hee,  
For that shee saw my sadde estate  
And sbowed suche Pytye.

Full welkum shal shee ever bee  
In hamlet and in balle,  
And hight hencefortha the Blessed Byrd  
And friend of hahyes alle.  
—From a Prayer-Book of King Edward VI.

## Tryste Noel.

The Ox be openeth wide the Doore,  
And from the Snowe he calls her inne,  
And he hath seen her smile therefore,  
Our Ladye without Sinne.  
Now soone from Sleep  
A Starre shall leap,  
And soone arrive both King and Hinde:  
Amen, Amen!

But O, the place co'd I but finde!  
The Ox bath bushed his voyce and bent  
Trewes eyes of Pitty ore the Mow,  
And on his lovelie Neck, forspent,  
The Blessed layes ber Browe.  
Around her feet  
Full Warne and Sweete  
His howerie Breath doth meeklie dwell:  
Amen, Amen!  
But sore am I with Vaine Travell!

The Ox is host in Judab stall  
And Host of more than onelie one,  
For close she gathereth withal  
Our Lorde her littel Sonne.  
Glad Hinde and King  
Their Gyfte may bring,  
But wo'd tonight my Teares were there,  
Amen, Amen:  
Between ber Bosom and His hayre!  
—Louise Imogen Guiney.

## Ode On the Morning of Christ's Nativity.

This is the mouth, and this the happy morn  
Wherein the Son of Heaven's Eternal King  
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,  
Our great redemption from above did bring;  
For so the holy sages once did sing  
That He our deadly forfeit should release,  
And with His Father work us a perpetual peace.

That glorious Form, that Light unsufferable,  
And that far-beaming blaze of Majesty  
Wherewith He went at Heaven's high council-table  
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,  
He laid aside; and, here with us to be,  
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,  
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

Say, heavenly Muse, shail not thy sacred vein  
Afford a present to the Infant God?  
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain  
To welcome Him to this His new abode,  
Now while the heaven, by the sun's team untrod,  
Hath took no print of the approaching light,  
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadron bright?

See how from far, upon the eastern road,  
The star-led wizards haste with odours sweet:  
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode  
And lay it lowly at His blessed feet;  
Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,  
And join thy voice unto the Angel quire  
From out His secret altar touch'd with ballow'd fire.  
—John Milton.

Calvinus Labinus purchased many learned slaves, none of them at a price less than \$4165. Stage players sold much higher. Roscius gained annually \$5830.



## ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Clayton Hamilton Succeeds in Saying Something New on an Old Theme.

"Another book about Stevenson!" one is apt to sigh when confronted with Clayton Hamilton's recently published "On the Trail of Stevenson," for we are rather surfeited with generously padded volumes on that subject. Instinctively one turns next to discover the apology in the preface, but there is no sign of a preface! One is obliged, perforce, to seek explanation of the narrative in itself and, skimming a page here and there, one is apt to become sufficiently interested as one reads to find it rather a difficult matter to break away and start in properly at the beginning. However, the story commences with its author's explanation of his aims and views in approaching his subject, and we perceive immediately that he needs no apology, for he is not presenting us with a rehash of old material. He has a lot to tell us and a good reason for telling it.

There would be no reason for giving particular study to the haunts of Edgar Allan Poe, according to Mr. Hamilton, or even to those of the more famous bard of Avon, for the work which they produced had little or no connection with their immediate environments. But there is another type of writer, of which "Bobbie" Burns is a typical example, whose genius "is rooted in the soil; and, properly to understand the blossom and the fruit, we must explore the ground where it was planted":

Of this type an extreme example is Robert Louis Stevenson. Both by temperament and by the circumstances of his life, he was a wanderer; and wanderers rarely take root in the soil that they so lightly traverse; but nearly every place that Stevenson visited for more than a fortnight made a keen impression on his mind and exerted an abiding and recurrent influence upon his work. After Stevenson had lived in any place, he made it live in literature; after he had enjoyed himself in any place, he made that place a focus of enjoyment for future generations.

For this reason, a pilgrimage to the homes and haunts of Robert Louis Stevenson is something more than a merely sentimental journey. Such a pilgrimage affords the student or the critic innumerable clues toward a proper understanding of the man and a judicious estimation of his work. Stevenson, with his quick eye for localities, his keen enjoyment and his vivid recollection of them, may be said to have absorbed into himself the many places where he pitched his tent, until he was lured forth finally to the ultimate islands of the far Pacific; and a visit to the most important of these places will lead us to a nearer intimacy with the man and a better-founded understanding of his writings.

"Stevenson was one of the most personal of writers," continues Mr. Hamilton. He could not help being autobiographic even when, as in his stories, his technical method was rigidly objective. Except for a handful of ballads, all of his verse commemorates "occurrences in his own career." He once said of himself that he was one of the rare people who did not forget their lives. Life was an adventure to him, and he had a keen appreciation for every aspect of it:

Furthermore, Stevenson never lost the tang and glow of any particular experience, because of his peculiar genius for recollecting his own thoughts and recalling his own emotions. Most of us, as we advance through life, burn the bridges behind us; but he kept his backward communications forever free and open. In the preface to "Memories and Portraits," he speaks of his own young face as a face of the dead; but, in truth, it was never so for him. He could always scramble down the ladder of his ages and reënjoy a past experience without any disenchanting intrusion of his later and maturer consciousness.

Stevenson was to himself a little world in miniature, or, rather, one might say that he was an actor who could play many parts well. "To sum up in a single sentence," says Mr. Hamilton, "Stevenson derives his sense of life in general by inference from his own sensations of living in particular":

Since Stevenson's art is prevailingly memorial, we must, in order to appreciate it fully, trace back to its origin in his personal experience. If we are properly to appraise the work, we can not know too much about the man. With most artists a distinction may be drawn between their inner and their outer lives, and the real experience they conquer while following the path of gold is very different from that actual experience which drifts to them daily in the world of men; but with Stevenson the two lives—the outer and the inner, the actual and the real—are fused by his memorial imagination into one. This is undeniably the reason why his actual life seems to answer so exactly to his character, and appears—as he himself would probably have put it—as fitting and as true as a romance. His own career is, indeed, the most stirring and significant narrative that he has left behind him; and, in a very real sense, he is himself his greatest character.

The procedure of Stevenson's thought was rarely intellectual. He derived his conclusions from emotions; and these emotions are induced from the memory of past sensations. The initial basis of his equipment was, therefore, his apparatus for sensation; and this apparatus was extraordinarily keen. He had quick eyes, quick ears, and was habituated to respond with energy to every stimulation from without. Thus, places which might have excited no reaction from a less sensitive observer produced upon his mind an indelible impression—an impression which, sublimated by the artistry of memory, he would later put to service in his literary work. To appreciate his work completely it is therefore necessary to investigate the various localities which contributed successively to that storehouse of sensations from which he ultimately abstracted the materials of his finished art. For this reason a pilgrimage on the trail of Stevenson must be regarded, not merely as a sentimental journey, but also as an adventure in literary criticism.

Stevenson chose his birthplace wisely, according to our critic, for there was beauty and romance in Edinburgh to nurse the budding artist. It is strange that his own "Picturesque Notes on Edinburgh," which is a splendid guidebook to the city, contains no mention of

the places "in which intimate passages of his own life had been enshrined." However, this leaves a splendid little space for his followers to fill in, and Mr. Hamilton gives several pages to the matter of homes and schools of Stevenson's childhood. Alison Cunningham, Stevenson's devoted nurse, was living at the time of Mr. Hamilton's visit to Edinburgh, and he found her eager to talk of her beloved nursing:

It was my privilege to pass many hours in her company, on several different days in the summer of 1910, three years before her death, and to enjoy the eager volubility of her talk as she rambled on in reminiscence of her "Master Lou." She was already of a great age, and the beauty of her face seemed to have been chiseled in eternal granite. She had become almost completely deaf, and her eyesight was fading rapidly; but the dimming of these senses seemed only to accentuate the expressiveness of her voice and of her gestures. She had a grand, hymn-singing voice, with a sort of sturdy gentleness of intonation. Her hands were the most eloquent that I have ever known. She had a way of suddenly seizing both your hands in hers; and by that touch she knew you, and had no need of hearing or of sight. Louis has sung of her "most comfortable hand"; and there is no other adjective so fitting to describe a feeling that afforded you a sense of strong shelter and insuperable peace. There were times, too, when Cummy would grasp you by both shoulders and draw you eagerly to her bosom; and it was as if you were being taken to the heart of all womankind.

Despite her disabilities of sight and hearing, she went forth for a brisk walk every day with her favorite dog; and there was an ardor in her talk which held aloof the touch of time. She could seldom answer a precise question; she had become, indeed, incapable of conversation; but her talk was a tireless soliloquy, lacking in coherence to be sure, but always eloquent and often illuminative. She would ramble on through many moods; and now a mist would hover in her eyes at the touch of some tender recollection, and again her rich voice would break out into peals of laughter at the impetus of that rollicking mood which would surge up very often from the years that were.

Surely "Cummy" is worthy of remembrance, and this is a delightful portrait of her as she lingered at the last great gateway. From her stories Mr. Hamilton quotes one which particularly appeals to us:

Of the many anecdotes that Cummy told me, there is one that seems especially worth recording, since it has not yet made its way into any of the books on R. L. S. When little Louis was about five years old, he did something naughty, and Cummy stood him up in a corner and told him he would have to stay there for ten minutes. Then she left the room. At the end of the allotted period she returned and said, "Time's up, Master Lou; you may come out now." But the little boy stood motionless in his penitential corner. "That's enough; time's up," repeated Cummy. And then the child mystically raised his hand, and, with a strange light in his eyes, "Hush . . ." he said, "I'm telling myself a story. . . ."

Mr. Hamilton visited the garden of the Manse at Colinton, where Stevenson gathered the impressions that afterwards blossomed into his "Child's Garden of Verses." The scenes which Stevenson wrote of at far-away Hyères, in the south of France, though remembered "through a mist of twenty years," were sufficiently exact in his descriptions to enable his admirer to recognize them:

To appreciate the "Child's Garden" as a work of art, we must remember that the poems which Louis fluted on his "penny whistle" were not so much written for children as written in recollection of his own experience of childhood. He did not ask himself what children would like; he merely remembered what he himself had liked when he had been a child. His rhymes, as he stated in the "Envoy" to two of the cousins who had played with him at Colinton, were veritably "rhymes of old delight"; and this point will be impressed most vividly upon the traveler who, in the garden of the Manse, may identify the very trees and hedges that are commemorated in many of these poems.

The present incumbent of Colinton Manse was away upon a holiday, when I dropped unceremoniously into the precinct of that "well-loved house"; and the gardener, upon his own initiative, guided me through the empty rooms. The "many Indian pictures" and other "wonders of the East" which had made the Manse alluringly outlandish in the days of Dr. Balfour had been, of course, denuded from the walls; but it was still possible to imagine one's way backward to the early years of R. L. S. in the simple little chamber on the second story that used to be his bedroom. Through the open window one could hear the little river rushing to the weir; and the wooded cliff of the sky-ascending hill across the stream still seemed a proper hiding-place for pirates.

Mr. Hamilton followed the path of Stevenson through Scotland and gives us notes here and there on the places which figure in his books and in his life. Of Braemar, where "Treasure Island" was written, we read:

Braemar is a comfortable hamlet in the Grampians, not far from the royal residence of Balmoral. You take a train from Aberdeen to Ballater, and complete the journey by coach. The River Dee roars rushing through Braemar; and as you linger on the little bridge at night and watch the lamp-light flicker from the windows of a hundred cottages that are scattered haphazard over the surroundings hills, you will tell yourself that here was indeed a fitting place to imagine a tale of "all the old romance, retold exactly in the ancient way." It is thoroughly characteristic of Stevenson that the chapters written at Braemar were set in the southwest of England; since, as the reader has already been reminded, he could never see any locality with artistic clearness unless he was writing at a definite distance from it.

It is a long but lovely drive from Braemar to the railway that will lead the pilgrim to Pitlochry. Here, in a wooded incision through the Highlands that is carved by the River Tummel, is situated Kinnaird Cottage, where Stevenson lived for two months in the summer of 1881, before moving onward to Braemar. It was here that he wrote "Thrawn Janet," "The Merry Men," and "The Body Snatcher," all three of which were first intended as contributions to a volume of supernatural tales in which the tone of terror should be emphasized. It is not difficult for the traveler to imagine how a rainy summer at Pitlochry might turn an author's mind to brooding on the mood of terror, for the aspect of the neighborhood is wild and dark and haunted; but that Louis saw it sometimes in another mood is indicated by a passage in his "Letters," in which he describes the locality in these terms: "A little green glen with a hurn, a wonderful burn, gold and green and snow-white, singing loud and low in different steps of its career, now pouring over miniature crags, now fretting itself to death in a maze of rocky stairs and

pots; never was so sweet a little river. Behind, great purple moorlands reaching to Ben Vrackie."

Mr. Hamilton remarks on Stevenson's unsympathetic attitude toward England. In France, in the United States, even in the South Seas, he made himself at home at various periods of his life, but to England he was always strange:

There is such a thing as Thackeray's London or the London of Dickens; but there is no such thing as Stevenson's London. Unlike most of the British novelists of the nineteenth century, he has left us no picture and no vision of the capital. To Stevenson, London meant merely the Savile Club; "the Monument," as he picturesquely called the official residence of Sir Sidney Colvin in the east wing of the British Museum; the home of Mr. Edmund Gosse; a few Bohemian restaurants in the district of Soho, and the more frequented streets immediately adjacent to Trafalgar Square. He may perhaps, have visited such a famous haunt of tourists as the Temple; but, if so, we have no record of the fact.

Most of Stevenson's friends had interests in London. He went there to see them, not to see the city. The experience was a little—let us say—like meeting an old schoolmate on the doorstep of the Mosque at Cordoba and therefore never entering the Mosque. All he cared about in London was the talk and talkers of the town—the "Talk and Talkers" he has celebrated in two of his most brilliant essays.

In France, however, Stevenson was happy in body and in spirit. Ordered there first for his health, he found also the mental atmosphere of freedom which he craved and needed.

It was at Mentone, in France, that he made the acquaintance of Andrew Lang. An account of their first meeting was given by Lang to Mr. Hamilton:

Now that Mr. Lang has left us (to go golfing on Elysian hills, one likes to think), it may no longer seem ill-mannered for a younger man, who was no less fond of him than those who knew him better, to record the curious manner of his conversation. Mr. Lang was singularly inarticulate in talk. His utterance was discontinuous and jerky, and enunciated with an amiable growl. His speech was like his handwriting; and anybody who ever received a letter from him will know what that means. A letter from Mr. Lang looked as if a fly had dipped its feet in ink and ambled aimlessly over the paper; when he invited you to luncheon, you had to hand the note to an expert in chirography to determine whether the appointment were for Tuesday or for Thursday. In speaking he seemed less to talk than to hark and grumble; but you love him for this as you might love a noble-hearted St. Bernard. He did not talk in sentences, he growled in phrases. When another man would have said, "Will you have a cigarette?" Mr. Lang said, "Cigarettes—over there." Instead of asking you to be seated, he would grumble, "Chair," and wave his hand.

The reader is to use this as a sort of stage direction in reading Mr. Lang's account of his first glimpse of Stevenson. I jotted it down from memory, in the London Underground, immediately after Mr. Lang had told it to me:

"Mentone. Promenade. Saw him coming. Didn't like him. Long cape. Long hair. Queer hat. Damned queer. Hands; white, hony, beautiful. Didn't like the cape. Didn't like the hair. Looked like a damned æsthete. Never liked æsthètes. Can't stand them. Talked well. Saw that. Still seemed another æsthete Colvin had discovered. Didn't like him. Didn't like him at all. . . . Later—oh, yes—but I needn't tell you that. Didn't like him at first. Took time."

This anecdote punctures the illusion that everybody liked Robert Louis Stevenson, an illusion which Mr. Hamilton evidently does not approve of in spite of his own attitude, which is distinctly that of the hero-worshipper, try as he honestly does to point the faults where they lie:

Mr. Lang "didn't like him at all" at Mentone, and Mr. Lang was one of those who loved him best in later years. Any student who has picked up carefully the trail of Stevenson must have met many other people whose first impression of him was unfavorable. The truth of the matter seems to be this: Louis was so emphatically individual, so distinctly different from the ordinary run of people, that nobody who met him for the first time could dismiss him with indifference. "It was necessary at once to like him or dislike him. But, charming as he was to those who recognized him and knew him, he was by no means charming to everybody. The long hair, the black shirt, the velvet jacket, the flowing cape, dissuaded many men (and one can hardly blame them) from seeing at once how real he was.

And, now that we are glancing for the moment at the legendary Stevenson, another illusion may as well be punctured. This is the illusion that he understood children, and that children loved him at sight. As a matter of fact, Louis belonged to the considerable and not unworthy class of men who always feel uncomfortable in the presence of children who are very young. He didn't know what to do with them. He could write immortal poems on reminiscence of his own childhood; but he couldn't make a baby smile. Small children didn't like him because he seemed queer.

California has not yet been visited by Mr. Hamilton, so he has nothing new to tell us of Stevenson's sojourn here with us in San Francisco. Nor has he ventured in the South Seas. "It was a long trail," he says, "from the Golden Gate to the summit of Vaca Mountain," and he continues, in closing his account:

This trail I have not followed. I can not lead the reader "up the Road of Loving Hearts, on a wonderful clear night of stars," to meet the inau coming toward us on a horse." In the diary of every traveler the best-loved places are those that are still to seek. But it is good to remember always that Valhalla is only half the world away, and that some day we may see the Isle of Utopia arising from the sea. As Louis said in "El Dorado," "There is always a new horizon for onward-looking men; and although we dwell on a small planet, immersed in petty business and not enduring beyond a brief period of years, we are so constituted that . . . the term of hoping is prolonged until the term of life."

We have mentioned the fact of our suspicion that Mr. Hamilton is a hero-worshipper and we find that he admits it himself, "for hero-worship," he says, "is one of the few things that make our mortal life more worthy than it seems." Of his admiration of Robert Louis he has written in worthy style, and his book will make its appeal to all good Stevensonians.

ON THE TRAIL OF STEVENSON. By Clayton Hamilton. With illustrations from drawings by Walter Hale. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co.



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

David Penstephen.

The moral of Mr. Richard Pryce's remarkable novel seems to be that parents should consider the well-being of their children before they decide to produce such children without the sanction of the law. Mr. and Mrs. Penstephen have conscientious objections to marriage, at least Mr. Penstephen has, and the lady thinks that she has also, but mistakenly. Ladies never object to conventions.

The hero of the story is David, the eldest son of this strange union. Among David's earlier impressions is one of having constantly to pack up and move on as his family is recognized by various starchy British aristocrats who object to marital irregularities and draw away their skirts in disgust. It is a distressing picture, and its pathos is increased by the agony of Mrs. Penstephen, tortured by violated convention and by that semi-religious conscience that is engendered by it.

The turning point of the story comes when Mr. Penstephen inherits a title through the sudden extinction of two lives, and just after he has decided to solace his wife's feelings, indeed to save her life, by marrying her. Another child is born, who is, of course, legitimate, and the family is henceforth divided by the bar sinister, the two elder children wholly ignored by society and socially non-existent, while the latest arrival becomes the only child of the house and the heir. Fortunately David has plenty of manly common sense, and we leave him successfully embarked on the career of an actor.

Of course Mr. Pryce intends to write a sequel, perhaps a trilogy. We want to know more about David, for we have a strong suspicion that nature does not punish children for illegitimacy, whatever society may do. We shall await with impatience a second volume, and this must be taken as the highest possible praise of the first.

DAVID PENSTEPHEN. By Richard Pryce. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.35 net.

## The Faithful.

From one of the old legends of Japan John Masefield has drawn the material for his third drama, "The Faithful." Asano, a benevolent daimyo, is done to death through the treachery of Kira, a rival daimyo. Kurano, Asano's friend and counselor, vows to avenge Asano by Kira's death, and his accomplishment of this deed ends the play.

Our emotions in reading the tragedy somewhat resemble those which might arise in us should the figures on a Japanese print come to life and commence to enact their story, for the characters which Masefield creates do not seem real from an Occidental standpoint, nor do they fulfill our conception of the Japanese. They act from Japanese motives, but not with Japanese methods. They give too much freedom to their "temperaments" to fulfill the Oriental ideals of old Japan. However, perhaps we should divest our minds of these ideas which custom and habit have produced in us, and without reference to its sources consider Masefield's work as an artistic creation in which all of the forms have been conventionalized and modified by fancy. After all there is such a thing as a poet's license, and the limitations of this license vary in direct ratio with the poet's genius. From a dramatic standpoint, Masefield has done a masterly piece of work in "The Faithful." The subtlety with which the thread of fate weaves through the action of the play, the penetrating atmosphere of impending tragedy, the keen and exalted emotions which are involved, all display power and vision. There is poetic humor and pathos in the depiction of Kurano's attempt to hide his real purposes behind a feinting of drunken madness and there are delicate touches of color in the sketch of the girl who aids his play and of the child, Kurano's son, who is involved in the final tragedy.

We have need today of the ideals of friendship and of honor which have inspired the action of this play, and its fundamental truths and beauties place it with the others of its author which have their place in our permanent literature.

THE FAITHFUL: A Tragedy in Three Acts. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25.

## Homes of California.

This impressive volume by Mr. Porter Garnett will be valued by students of California architecture as an adequate presentation and record of some of the more important houses and gardens of the state. But Mr. Garnett is not simply a recorder. He has abundant competence as a critic, and he has ideals and the ability to discern the extent of their fulfillment. His book is by no means a mere note of admiring exclamation, while its value and beauty are distinctly advanced by Mr. Bruce Porter's introduction. Its twelve chapters are devoted to the residences of Mr. W. H. Crocker, Mr. J. D. Grant, Mrs. Hearst, Mrs. C. P. Kohl, Mr. H. E. Huntington, Mr. J. D. Phelan, Mr. J. McGilispie, Mr.

C. Templeton Crocker, Mr. G. O. Knapp, Mr. James L. Flood, Mr. Hulett C. Merritt, and Mr. George A. Newhall. The illustrations are in every way appropriate to the volume.

STATELY HOMES OF CALIFORNIA. By Porter Garnett. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

## Poems in German.

Herman Behr has published a volume of his translations into German of great English poems. The authors include Keats, Shelley, Byron, Scott, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Moore, Tennyson, Longfellow, and many others, and so far as one may judge, the renderings are faithful and poetic. As an example, we may quote the first stanza of "The Miller's Daughter":

Es ist des Müllers Tochter,  
Die sich mein Herz erkor.  
O, zittert' ich als Kleinod  
An ihrem zarten Ohr.  
Verborgen in der Locken Pracht,  
Den Hals ihr kosend Tag und Nacht.

PERLEN ENGLISCHER DICHTUNG IN DEUTSCHER FASSUNG. New York, 75 Beckman Street: Von Herman Behr.

## Gossip of Books and Authors.

The Macmillan Company has just published the complete works of Lionel Johnson in one volume. For a number of years the writings of this poet have been out of print, despite the fact that there have been many to maintain their worth. Indeed there are those who contend that the beauty of thought and expression in Johnson's verse is hardly excelled by his contemporary, Francis Thompson, with whom he is inevitably to be compared.

Dr. Lyman's Abbott's "Reminiscences," published this fall by the Houghton Mifflin Company, is in its second printing.

It is not long since Lieutenant Hugh L. Willoughby made that canoe trip of which he tells in "Across the Everglades," published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, when for days he traversed territory known only to the Indians of the region. The Everglade region is not swamp territory—the waters that flow over much of it are sweet and fresh, and it abounds with game.

Over 40,000 copies of the new Dalrymple novel, "The Lovable Meddler," published by Reilly & Britton, have already been sold.

Dr. George F. Kunz in his book, "The Magic of Jewels and Charms," which the J. B. Lippincott Company has published, shows a series of Babylonian cylinders with inscriptions—Babylonian books—of beautiful colorings and incrustated with about all the precious stones known to the people of that time. They are beautiful enough to cause modern collectors of rare editions pangs of jealousy.

Though out but a short time, 10,000 copies of the laughable "Fotygraft Album" have been sold. "Leven-year-old Becky does the honors, showing the new neighbor the 'pitchers of the relatives' with a running fire of artless candor and piquant details of family history. It is published by Reilly & Britton.

Harper & Brothers drew the first prize in the list of books selected by the librarian of the Boy Scouts in connection with the special juvenile-book-week celebration. This list comprises in all three hundred books for younger readers, books that have been proved by every test as healthy, "safe and sane" companions for boys and girls. Out of this number there were thirty-eight Harper books chosen, eight more than fell to the lot of any other publisher.

The John Lane Company announces the fifth edition (tenth thousand) of "The Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke" within four weeks after publication.

Mr. Walter Bamfylde, the author of "Midsummer Magic," just published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, was born of two old West of England families and brought up within sight of the tide that runs up the Severn. Mr. Bamfylde's training as a weaver of tales began at school when, as a small boy, he was carried from his own bed and dormitory and tucked between the sheets in the bed of one of the bigger boys to spin yarns after lights were out.

Miss Marie Van Vorst, the American novelist, who makes her home in Paris, is at present visiting in this country and delivering lectures for the benefit of the American Ambulance in France. The John Lane Company has in preparation a book dealing with the subject of the American Ambulance and with Miss Van Vorst's personal work with the Red Cross, which will shortly appear under the title of "War Letters of an American Woman."

G. P. Putnam's Sons will make publication in the immediate future of a volume entitled "The Blinded Soldiers' and Sailors' Gift Book," a volume similar in character and purpose to the King Albert Book published some months ago. Among the contributors appear the following names: Robert Hichens, John Galsworthy, Edmund Gosse, Ellen

Thorneycroft Fowler, Eden Phillpotts, H. G. Wells, Austin Dobson, G. K. Chesterton, Anthony Hope, Gilbert Parker, A. C. Benson, Guy Thorne, Arnold Bennett, and a host of other writers of international repute.

A volume of plays by Theodore Dreiser, entitled "Plays of the Natural and Supernatural," will be published by the John Lane Company on January 15th. The first of these plays, "The Girl in the Coffin," will be produced by the Modern Stage Society under the direction of Emanuel Reicher at the Garden Theatre, New York, on January 18th.

Harper & Brothers announce that they put to press recently for reprintings the following books: "Armada," by Wilkie Collins; "The Spoilers," by Rex Beach; "For Faith and Freedom," by Walter Besant; "The Portion of Labor," by Mary Wilkins Freeman, and "The Return of the Native," by Thomas Hardy.

William Roscoe Thayer's "Life and Letters of John Hay," published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, is in its eighth printing.

Alice Gerstenberg, whose successful dramatization of "Alice in Wonderland" has just been published by A. C. McClurg & Co. in the form of a gift book for the young folks, has at an early age won favor in two fields of literary effort. Two successful novels stand to her credit.

"Peg Along," by George L. Walton, M. D., published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, has personality of the kind that one can touch. He gives golden advice upon methods of handling the mind; he truly says that if we should put into learning how to manage our minds a small fraction of the time we put into learning how to sail a boat, we should all be practical philosophers.

Much discussion is being provoked over a peculiar situation in Mrs. Carter Harrison's new novel of California, "Clemencia's Crisis," just published by A. C. McClurg & Co. The heroine pledged to the convent in childhood and educated for the veil, is under a vow to give her life to the church. When her novitiate is nearly completed she is confronted with the fact that she loves and is loved. Marriage, however, as she sees it, means the loss of her soul.

Hale's "Dramatists of Today" is one of Henry Holt & Co.'s most successful drama books, and although it was originally published ten years ago, and in the interval many authors have written books along similar lines, it is still in such demand that it is being sent to press for a ninth time.

"The Song of Hugh Glass," the new narrative poem by John G. Neihardt, published by the Macmillan Company, is based upon an episode taken from that portion of American history, the era of the fur trade. It begins after that military fiasco known as the Leavenworth campaign against the Aricaras, which took place at the mouth of the Grand River in what is now South Dakota.

"The Stakes of Diplomacy," Walter Lippmann's new book of constructive suggestions in regard to the diplomatic organization of the world, has been adopted for class use in the department of political science at Swarthmore College. It is published by Henry Holt & Co.

## New Books Received.

A WOMAN'S WAY. By Thompson Buchanan. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; 75 cents net. Published in the Drama League Series of Plays.

THE TRAIL OF THE TORCH. By Paul Hervieu. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; 75 cents net. Published in the Drama League Series of Plays.

THE FLOWER ART OF JAPAN. By Mary Averill. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50 net.

The Japanese symbolic significance of the arrangement of flowers.

REFORMS AND PROGRESS IN CHOSON (KOREA). Compiled by Government-General of Chosen. Annual report, 1913-1914.

ON THE TRAIL OF STEVENSON. By Clayton Hamilton. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

A pilgrimage to the homes and haunts of Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE OPERA BOOK. By Edith B. Ordway. New York: Sully & Kleinteich; \$2.50 net.

A guide for opera-goers.

ANTHOLOGY OF MAGAZINE VERSE. Edited by William Stanley Braithwaite. New York: Gomme & Marshall; \$1.50 net.

A year book of American poetry.

ITALY IN ARMS. By Clinton Scollard. New York: Gomme & Marshall; 75 cents net.

A book of verse.

WAR PICTURES BEHIND THE LINES. By Ian Malcolm, M. P. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2 net.

A record of the first year of the war.

AMERICA'S COMING-OF-AGE. By Van Wyck Brooks. New York: B. W. Huebsch; \$1 net.

The American mind, American life, American literature, examined and mapped.

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A biography.

TO YOUR DOG AND MY DOG. Compiled by Lincoln Newton Kinnicutt. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1 net.

A collection of poems by Scott, Kipling, Gilder, Matthew Arnold, Newbolt, and many other friends and admirers of the dog.

THE JOLLY DUCHESS. By Charles E. Pearce. New York: Brentano's; \$4 net.

A sixty years' gossiping record of stage and society (1777-1837).

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND MARRIAGE. By Edward Howard Griggs. New York: B. W. Huebsch; 50 cents net.

Published in the Art of Life Series.

THE A B C OF NATIONAL DEFENSE. By J. W. Muller. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1 net.

What the army and navy would have to do in war, why they would have to do it, and what they need for successful performance.

THE IMMIGRANTS. By Percy Mackaye. New York: B. W. Huebsch; \$1 net.

A lyric drama.

LITTLE BRONZE PLAYFELLOWS. By Stella George Stern Perry. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co. A fantasy for children and grown-ups.

PARAGRAPHS ON THIEF. By Frank C. Mortimer. New York: The Bankers' Publishing Company.

THE ART OF THE MOVING PICTURE. By Vachel Lindsay. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

A description of the types of photoplays and a summary of the main points of difference between the legitimate drama and the film drama.

THE WONDER GIRL. By Anna E. Satterlee. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.20 net.

A tourist tale of California.

ONESIMUS THE SLAVE. By Laurel M. Hoyt. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A romance of the days of Nero.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Secret Memoirs of Count Hayashi.

When the diplomatic history of the past two decades comes to be written many years hence the name of a quiet, suave, and very keen Japanese diplomat will occupy a prominent place. The late Count Hayashi was a unique figure, and Mr. A. M. Pooley has rendered a real service, not only to students of history, but also to those charged with the conduct of our foreign policy, by obtaining and publishing the memoirs and newspaper articles of the late foreign minister of Japan, many of which had for obvious reasons been suppressed by the Japanese government.

Like the memoirs of Metternich, these papers are somewhat disappointing, for although they throw a flood of light on certain diplomatic transactions of the highest importance, one can not but feel how much is left unsaid, how many interesting things Hayashi could have told.

Count Hayashi was born in 1850 and at the age of seventeen was sent to England to study, being a member of the first party selected by the Japanese government to make the journey. Later, after various government service, he attained his ambition of becoming minister to England, and the crown of his career was the signature of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance in 1902.

As minister of foreign affairs, a post to which he was appointed in 1906, he did not perhaps make a shining success, but later writers may judge his work more favorably than his contemporaries. He had to handle the difficult problems in Manchuria, the American immigration question, and the general Eastern situation arising from the Russo-Japanese war.

A perusal of Hayashi's memoirs gives a good idea of how clearly Japanese statesmen looked into the future of the Far East and how carefully they balanced the advantages and disadvantages of living up with various European powers. If they could have been absolutely sure that Russia would not under stress of circumstances repudiate an arrangement with them, opinion would have inclined toward contracting a Russo-Japanese alliance. Germany, in many ways Japan's ideal and mentor, lost her opportunity to become linked with Japan by her policy in forcing Japan out of Port Arthur after the Chino-Japanese war. These considerations and the predilections and judgment of Hayashi resulted in the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, the far-reaching effect of which can hardly be overestimated. One important point must not be overlooked,

and that is the security given to America, so far as Japan is concerned, by having the Island Empire yoked up with England rather than with Germany or Russia, for the Japanese realize very well that the English alliance can not be relied upon in case of friction with ourselves, a fact which many Japanese resent.

Count Hayashi's idea of what the Japanese policy toward China should be are worthy of study. In no place does he set forth imperialistic aims looking to a domination of China and the setting up of an Asiatic Monroe Doctrine. He understood China well and he argues for joint action on the part of the powers to secure the rights of foreigners there and satisfactory conditions for general commerce.

Personally, Count Hayashi was a charming gentleman and one of the few Japanese in whom the practice of Western manners and customs seemed absolutely natural and not feigned, and throughout his memoirs there is displayed the mentality and point of view of a man of the world as well as that of a patriotic Japanese.

THE SECRET MEMOIRS OF COUNT HAYASHI. Edited by A. M. Pooley. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.50 net.

The Pilgrim Kings.

It is refreshing to find a poet who can write of sacred things with a reverence that is not awesome—who does not kneel when he composes verses that refer to the Deity. Thomas Walsh, in his newest volume of verse, "Pilgrim Kings," achieves a happy combination of reverence and familiarity when writing on religious topics, makes them something of everyday life to be approached without fear, but with gladness. This is strikingly exemplified in his verses to Junipero Serra—a short poem of striking power and beauty. Few glorifiers of the great Serra would have dared to write of him thus:

You lashed your shoulders and to blazing torches  
Laid bare your breast—to make "the brutes" believe;

Junipero, you limped to heaven with scorchers,  
But took their souls, like scalps, upon your sleeve!

The volume, however, is by no means devoted to religious subjects. Mr. Walsh's range is wide. Spain is one of his favorite fields, and he has a sequence of poems on the Alhambra that contain much beauty. He has two blank verse sketches dealing with incidents in the life of El Greco, the painter, and another on Velasquez. They are interesting, but not inspiring. But there are

plenty of other verses in the volume that have enough of melody and thought to gain for Mr. Walsh the title of poet. Despite a certain coldness in much of his work, it achieves the singing quality, and in nearly every case possesses great beauty of form.

THE PILGRIM KINGS. By Thomas Walsh. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25.

Handbook for China.

The convenient little handbook for China prepared by Carl Crow will be warmly welcomed. While every conceivable nook and corner of Europe is covered by the ubiquitous Mr. Baedeker there has been a lamentable lack of guide-books for the Far East, especially for China. Murray's Japan of course sets a high standard, and the present volume, with its two hundred and fifty pages, can hardly hope to rival it in completeness, but the author has done his work well and has provided an extremely useful book, not only for the traveler, but also for the reader seeking a convenient book of reference.

The introductory chapters on religions, on arts and industries, and the *résumé* of Chinese history are excellent condensations, and the article on the government of China, while subject to some slight alterations owing to the present *coup d'état* is admirably done.

The handbook is of convenient pocket size, well printed, and supplied with admirable maps. Many a traveler will be grateful to Mr. Crow for his painstaking labor.

A HANDBOOK FOR CHINA. By Carl Crow. Published by the author. San Francisco: San Francisco News Company; \$1.50 net.

The Bronze Eagle.

This is a story of the return of Napoleon from Elba and of the hundred days that ended at Waterloo. Its central feature is the struggle between the royal and imperial adherents for the possession of a large sum of money taken by Talleyrand from the empress at the time of her flight and hidden at Grenoble. There are three young men, an Englishman, a Bourbon adherent, and a Napoleon adherent, who are rivals for the hand of Crystal de Chambray, and as they are all brave men they all deserve the fair.

The author seems to have taken the trouble to make her story historically accurate. Its interest is indisputable.

THE BRONZE EAGLE. By Baroness Orczy. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.35 net.

Briefer Reviews.

"Elsbeth," by Margarethe Müller (E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25 net), describes the home

life of the German people, how they work, how they play, and their love of Christmas and all festivities.

"In the Great Wild North," by D. Lange (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1 net), is a story of life among Indians, and by an author who has already proved his knowledge and literary competence.

A book admirably adapted to familiarize young Americans with child life in Mexico is "The Mexican Twins," by Lucy Fitch Perkins. The narrative is admirably told and the numerous illustrations by the author are little works of art. It is published by the Houghton Mifflin Company.

Two new books by Dr. Julia Seton have been published by Edward J. Clode. They are entitled "The Science of Success" and "Concentration," and they belong to what is called New Thought, which may be described as an adulteration or a dilution of very old thought, applied to purposes that in the main are personal and selfish.

"The Reciter's Treasury of Irish Verse and Prose," compiled and edited by Alfred Percival Graves and Guy Pertwee (E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50 net), is an extraordinarily good collection of Irish literature. A survey of its contents fails to disclose the omission of anything that should be there, while the typographical work and arrangement are excellent. The volume contains over five hundred pages and there are all the usual indices.

"The Opera Book," by Edith B. Ordway (Sully & Kleinteich; \$2.50 net), contains the stories of one hundred and ten operas that have been put on the stage during the last five seasons in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and Boston, and with each opera is given carefully verified data with the name of the composer and the date of first production. It is a volume of solid values, its only flaw being the childish efforts to simplify the pronunciation of foreign names, efforts which are often grotesque failures.

The art of the story-teller is an enviable one, but it seems to be nearly extinct except in the Orient. Perhaps it has been killed by the printing press. Miss Shedlock, author of "The Art of the Story Teller," has specialized in stories for children, and in this book we learn not only how stories should be told, but we are furnished with many examples, and also with a list of the best stories of their kind. Miss Shedlock has something quite definite to say, and she says it intelligently. The book is published by D. Appleton & Co. Price, \$1.50 net.

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### THE FIRST SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The first concert of the season by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, which took place on December 17th, was the means of recording a signal triumph for Director Alfred Hertz. It was evidently with purpose that numbers so familiar to San Francisco musical audiences as the Beethoven Lenore Overture No. 3 and the Brahms Symphony No. 2 were chosen. The intensity of appreciation evidenced by the audience at the close of the concert began, like a rising tide, during the rendition of the first number and gradually rose to the proportions of a great flood as the concert continued.

Music lovers there were who declared that never before had they been made fully acquainted with the beauties of either of the two compositions previously mentioned. Mr. Hertz had already revealed his powers as an interpreter during the Beethoven Festival, celebrated during the Exposition period at the Auditorium, but the Cort, which is far from being acoustically perfect as an auditorium for the spoken drama, is, as yet, better for musical performances than the Auditorium. It was occupied to the last row, and the attitude of the audience, and their reception of each number, testified to an overwhelmingly enthusiastic endorsement of the work of the new director. There were new eloquences of interpretation, new and signal beauties of tone, and a precision of attack on the part of the orchestra which demonstrated the perfect command of the leader over his forces.

It was an excellent idea to have the auditorium darkened. There is just so much less possibility of distraction. I do not doubt that if it were not necessary to have the stage flooded with light in order that the musicians might see their scores that Mr. Hertz would prefer to have a dim, religious light prevail there also. However, it is both interesting and instructive to watch the movement of the human dynamo in control. One scarcely thinks of this leader and aesthetics in conjunction, and yet during the melting sweetness of the third movement of the Brahms symphony there was real beauty in the instinctive rhythm with which his arms and hands abandoned themselves to express the floating grace of the music. Utter forgetfulness of himself, a complete, a devout absorption in his task characterize the attitude of our new director. It is for that reason that one regarded with special interest the expressive movements of that vehement figure darkly silhouetted against the lighted stage.

Wagner's "Faust Overture" revealed what one already suspected, that a leader who could draw from an orchestra such sensuous warmth of tone in the Brahms number has abundant sympathies with the dramatic aspects of music. Wagner is essentially dramatic, and the profound despair expressed in the "Faust Overture" had all the haunting beauty of tragedy. The listener felt the storm that swept over the soul of the savant like a mighty wind blowing about the ashes of his dead ambitions.

A fine contrast to the grandeur of emotion in this composition was offered in the brilliant "Roman Carnival" of Berlioz, which stirred up the enthusiasm of the listener to a great demonstration. In reply to this Hertz had the orchestra play "The Star-Spangled Banner." The audience voluntarily joined in song, and shouts and cheers at the close testified to the unusual flood-tide of appreciation which was offered in homage to the new leader.

### "THE MELTING POT."

There is generally a slight film of dullness over Israel Zangwill's stories, and one does not fail to notice it also in plays made from his novels. And yet this dullness makes for reality in the first act of "The Melting Pot." The Irish servant maid is of course of the stage stogy, evidently introduced baldly for a "comic relief." Yet there is, too, an element of realism in her presence, for, for some reason or other, Jewish families and Irish domestics seem to gravitate together irresistibly. And once thus associated, they seem to stick together. It is not at all uncommon for the Irish nursemaid of a Jewish family to remain long enough to see

her charge, or charges, grow up and to eventually develop into a cook or upper servant of some sort. There might, therefore, have been something simple and natural made of the character of Kathleen, who in her present guise is but an intruding bit of pure banality.

What seems real is the silent, sad, orthodox, affectionate old grandmother; the prosaic but kindly uncle, and, romantically as the character is conceived, even David, the musical genius, idealist, and dreamer. There is something very attractive about Walker Whiteside in the rôle. David orates altogether too much for the narrow proportions of drama, but Walker Whiteside has a beautiful voice and knows how to use it. And, besides, there is a character to his physiognomy that inclines one to the belief that his heart and his sympathies are wholly with David; that, like him, he is something of an altruist and an idealist. There are few actors of Mr. Whiteside's experience who can retain in their expression that sort of boyish sweetness, that suggestion of having steered clear of the uglier materialities of existence. However that may be, he is to us David Quixano, save in moments when the dramatist's hand loses its cunning and theatricalism raises its head.

Evidently Mr. Zangwill's story is based on the idea that the Russian aristocrat who coldly and cruelly commanded his soldiers to slay without mercy during the pogrom should be punished in later years by reading horror and detestation in the eyes of his own child. That is to say, this is the dramatic aspect of the story. There is also David's musical genius to consider, his pregnant recollections of the terrible experiences of his childhood, the Jewish orthodoxy of the old grandmother, the American flippancy of the multimillionaire, and David's passion of love and gratitude for the free land that is a melting-pot for refugees from the Old World nations that restrain and oppress the poor and the obscure. It is quite a commission to get all this into one play and the result is that the simple directness of the drama's movement is lessened. But the character of David stands out as it is meant to, and we find ourselves responding with the ardor of these emotional times to his passionate apostrophes to the freedom of America. For faulty though our institutions are, never before have Americans so appreciated the intentions and the achievements of the early builders of our political destinies. There are parvenus among us who "believe in caste" because they are on top; small but arrogant intellectualists who forget that they could never have risen from past obscurity to their present standing save in liberal-minded America. But the majority of people respond warmly to the ideas advanced by Zangwill, and the drama is played out in an atmosphere of general sympathy.

Miss Lilian Cavanagh has a very different rôle from that of Ilona Kerner, Vera Revendal possessing all those sterling qualities which are conspicuously absent in the Berlin courtesan. The actress has a pretty face and a frank and attractive manner, but in spite of an agreeable personality and presence she has not yet developed dramatic depth or subtlety. For this reason, and partly, also, because Mr. Whiteside himself has not that fiery élan in expressing strong emotion which sweeps us away from a consciousness of actualities, the dominant scene, while it went well, did not convey the shudder and thrill that we were supposed to experience. Nevertheless, Mr. Whiteside's fine voice is full of expression, and, charged with emotion, it rings out commandingly—too commandingly almost. As for making stage love, he is quite unconscious of the art, and merely goes through the motions without seeming to be aware that woman is to man desirable and delectable. Still that does not really interfere with a correct conception of the character of David, whose spiritual nature dominates. It is in the general impersonation that Mr. Whiteside shines, in the little touches indicating the gentleness, tenderness, and devotion of David's character, and the amusing abstraction with which the musician, in the family living-room, could surrender himself to the delight of his creative thoughts.

The general support was good; the work of Josephine Morse as the Yiddish grandmother, of Leonard Mudie as the airy millionaire, and of Stephen Wright as the Russian baron being among the better impersonations, while all of the lesser characters but one were suitably represented.

### THE ORPHEUM.

Another exceptionally good—even better than the previous—bill at the Orpheum shows that the high-priced attractions are again prevailing. Two such names as Mary Shaw and Anna Held are big drawing cards to different kinds of people. Roshanara, the beautiful exponent of Indian and Burmese dancing, we have seen before. She is like a human jewel, a sort of living opal, whose flame of life is compounded of beauty, youth, and

grace. Another leading attraction is Mme. Donald-Ayer, a tall, handsome blonde, with a rich and beautiful voice, whose well-trained notes were heard to advantage in a number of familiar selections. Not possessing emotional depth of expression, still this singer, by relying on the fluent sweetness of her tone and a ready if somewhat superficial sentiment, succeeds in charming the majority of her audience.

Anna Held, of course, is no novelty, but it was interesting to judge her as a vaudeville star, to appraise her costumes, and to take note of how she is holding her own. This actress has had a spectacular career and made slathers of money by sacrificing, unless I am very much mistaken, some rather good standards of light comedy art to the popular American conception of what constitutes a musical-comedy actress. She has figured in numerous rôles that were characterized by crude American vulgarity—supposedly of the Parisian brand—and has cultivated the roving misbehavior of her orbs to such effect that those members, when in full stage action, resembled a pair of rolling marbles. Now, however, confined to the limits of a fifteen-minute vaudeville turn, Miss Held eschewed salacious suggestion, merely warbling, in a voice whose resonance has changed to a sort of cultivated squeak, some very harmless ditties. Miss Held cajoles the audience into joining in the chorus of one of them. Her laughing song was a success, but her recitations, on account of the shrill, pointed tone she affects, failed to be pleasing. Nevertheless her ease, her personable appearance, her familiarity with the pulse-beats of an audience, her costly and beautiful costumes, and her quick-wittedness in extempore comment, make her a sufficiently interesting figure in vaudeville. If any one calls for a cool, dispassionate appraisal of her physical charms, I will add that she has a very pretty mouth and beautiful teeth, her neck and celebrated back are as lovely as of yore, and as her legs and arms never were really pretty, they still remain below par. That is one reason why she never looked her best in short skirts. She blackens her eyes to a degree that attains to a really sinister effect, and, as usual, musses her hair too much. But I should judge that off the stage she is really pretty, fresh, and attractive. She has put lots of money in her costumes, is plentifully bejeweled, and has succeeded in achieving a chic and Parisian suggestion to her garb, as compared to the rather monotonous procession of white-and-glittery ladies of vaudeville.

However, the real star of the week is Mary Shaw. Miss Shaw appears as the protagonist in "The Dickey Bird," a highly entertaining playlet by Harvey O'Higgins and Harriet Ford. She is supported by a company of three really good players, people who know their business and inflict us with no raw edges. Ida Mülle—does that recall any recollections? She is a stout little German maid in "The Dickey Bird," with Gretchen braids a-hanging down her back. But when I first saw her, some 'steen years ago, she was a ravishing little Cupid, attired principally in a bow and a sheaf of arrows, although they did wear fleshings in those days. She was one of a company supporting Digby Bell in a Gods-on-Olympus comedy, which

raised quite a ripple in the ranks of theatre-admirers. Miss Mülle's stage experience tells in the satisfaction which she gives in her comparatively small rôle. San Franciscans who knew Miss Grace Fisher will remark with interest that young lady's fine proficiency as a comedienne. She has a very good rôle in "The Dickey Bird," in which she is called upon to depict an artless young wife making her first acquaintance with the knowledge that an adored bridegroom does not by any means always completely unbosom himself to an adoring bride. A whole gamut of emotions sweeps over the young wife's face during the process of discovery: aroused attention, suspicion, certainty; then come reproaches, tears, revolt, and the inevitable cry for "mother!" How the audience enjoyed the spectacle of a man thus put to confusion. It was all so admirably done, and the character so consistently maintained, there was, to sum up, so completely the stamp of intelligence on her work that one indulges in a hope that we may some day, not too far off, see Miss Fisher in a full-length play. The main situation in the play, as may be deduced, is rich in comedy, for there was the divorced predecessor of the bride, stumbled upon by chance in the process of apartment hunting, and completely mistress of the situation. How cleverly Mary Shaw, as the divorced wife, dominated the scene. How aptly she made every sarcastic hit tell in the very brightly conceived dialogue. How artfully artless were the tones in which the deposed wife indulged in gunpowder retrospection, while the entrapped husband by every movement of the muscles or flicker of an eyeball evinced an avid longing to avail himself of man's one remedy for such a situation: to snatch hat and stick and escape. She had "not seen him from that day, until this." The deep-toned significance with which Miss Shaw invested those two words are but one instance of the variety and flexibility of her intonations, which are dramatic and comic simultaneously when she wills. Her fresh, yet subtly conveyed humor, her easy mastery of every shade she wishes to convey are admirable, and Miss Fisher and Frank Ferguson played up to her so well that the whole act offered a real treat in genuinely good acting.

It seemed quite appropriate to have the act of Stuart Barnes follow hard on this play, Mr. Barnes having made a specialty of monologues and songs casting jibes at the hesitated male who pays court to artful womanhood and allies himself for life to feminine domination. The act gained by its neighborhood to the play, closing appropriately with a very successful song in which marriage was treated metaphorically as a race.

Everybody who saw Roshanara before remembers her two long, slender white arms, with duplicated jewels on the tapering, pointed hands suggesting a serpent's eyes, writhing from behind a velvet curtain, and almost magnetizing us into believing that they were veritable serpents. Roshanara is lithe, striking, graceful, unique, beautiful. Perhaps she is not a Hindu, or a Burmese, but she can persuade you into believing her one. At any rate, with her mystic, burning eyes and her unique charm, she has a beauty and a physiognomy, a design and jewel suggestion in costuming, and an art and origi-

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nality in dancing that give her a character of her own.

The rest of the bill was largely comedy and dancing. Victor Morley's act has plenty of music and comedy. "The party of the second part" in the act called "The Leightons" is a youth of agreeable personality and sufficient comedy talent to hegule willing laughter. "The Crisps" show us some lively and entertaining dancing, although I think little Miss Crisp does not know how to take off a coster girl.

Somewhere or other, perhaps at the Orpheum, we have seen the Staine's tan hark comedians before, but the act gallops on with the same lively impetus as formerly. I believe that roguish donkey—four-legged animals find it mighty hard to dissemble—enjoys himself down to the ground (no joke intended), and so, it is very evident, does the audience while he plays his tricks on aspiring bronco-busters.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

#### FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"Daddy Long-Legs" at the Columbia.

All the fascination of a pretty girl's winning fight for a chance in life is set forth in "Daddy Long-Legs," which returns to the Columbia Theatre for a two weeks' engagement commencing with Sunday night, December 26th. This story of a modern Cinderella, written by Jean Webster and first published in a woman's magazine, has since, in book form, charmed over six million readers.

"Daddy Long-Legs" has youth, charm, and quaint humor. It is the story of a pretty waif in a bleak New England orphan asylum, whose head is full of dreams of becoming a great author. One day, while the trustees are visiting the asylum, Judy rebels against the tyranny of the austere matron. One of the visitors, Jervis Pendleton, a rich and philanthropic man of the world, admires her spirit and decides to give her a chance in the world. Judy is not to know the name of the man who befriends her, but is told to write him monthly letters addressed to "John Smith." She sees his grotesque shadow cast on the walls by the lights of his motor-car as he departs at dusk and nicknames him "Daddy Long-Legs."

And plain Judy of the asylum is transported by the magic wand of wealth to a big college for girls, with pretty clothes galore, plentiful spending money, and all the things she dreamed about, but for which she never dared to hope. The little wildflower of the asylum rapidly blossoms into a beautiful rose, and the saucy letters she writes her unknown guardian soon begin to interest Pendleton. He goes to the college, ostensibly to visit his niece, and meets Judy. And then it is that the charming story begins to move rapidly, and the whimsical humor, touching pathos, and tender sentiment of the succeeding acts give the play an indescribable fascination.

Henry Miller has produced "Daddy Long-Legs" on a scale of lavishness that is worthy the fine qualities of the famous stage story. It will be interpreted here by a splendid cast that includes Renée Kelly in the rôle of Judy, as played by her in last season's production.

"The Lie" at the Cort Theatre.

Next Sunday evening at the Cort Theatre Miss Margaret Illington will open her local engagement in one of Henry Arthur Jones's latest plays, "The Lie." It is noteworthy that Miss Illington is presenting this play in the West prior to playing it in any of the big Eastern cities. It ran all of last year at the Harris Theatre, New York City, and the opening this season was in Chicago, where it ran for three months at the Cort Theatre in that city.

"The Lie," by Henry Arthur Jones, and with Miss Illington as the star, is said to be a rare and happy combination, for the actress is reported to give a performance that is fascinating, delicately artistic, and reposefully eloquent.

The story that Mr. Jones tells in "The Lie" has to do with Sir Robert Shale, a penniless haronet living in the town of Waverly, England, and his two granddaughters, Elinor and Lucy. In order to keep the home from going to complete ruin, marriage for the girls seems most necessary. Lucy, the younger, goes to London to visit an aunt, and is on the eve of a marriage with a wealthy and titled young man, when he is taken sick and dies without making any provision for her and his child about to be born. Lucy returns home and implores her sister to "see her through," Elinor, the elder of the two, a fine, true-spirited woman, has to put aside her own love affair with a young engineer, not altogether willingly, but because she sees her duty. Then her sister lies about her, willfully lies. This finally comes to Elinor's knowledge, and when it does she becomes righteously indignant, but even then it is hard for her to realize and believe that Lucy, whom she has mothered, would stoop to play her such a trick.

The supporting company is said to be an excellent one, all of them being finished

players, and includes C. Aubrey Smith, G. W. Anson, Richard Hatteras, Mercedes Desmore, Thomas O'Malley, Bertha Kent, Virginia Chauvenet, and the clever little child actress, Mildred Kahle. Matinees will be given on Wednesday and Saturday during the engagement.

Second Edition of Orpheum Road Show.

Anna Held will begin the last week of her engagement next Sunday matinée, and will introduce a new programme of songs. The second edition of the Orpheum Road Show will also be presented.

Arthur McWatters and Grace Tyson, one of the standard teams in the field of light entertainment, will present their "Revue of Revues." Mr. McWatters is a fine pianist and a clever character actor, and Miss Tyson, in addition to being one of the best mimics on the stage today, is a comedienne of rare talent and magnetism. Their "Revue of Revues" consists of songs, chatter, dance, travesty, and other hits which they scored in their musical comedies.

Freeman and Dunham style themselves manufacturers and distributors of ragtime. The syncopated melodies which they sing are the compositions of Dunham, and are said to be theaggiest rags yet heard. The two young men created quite a sensation in London.

Harry Fern and company will appear in John P. Hymer's one-act comedy-drama, "Veterans," in which comedy and pathos alternate through the entire sketch, and a fine characterization is given by Mr. Fern, who is a colored jack-of-all-trades.

Page, Hack, and Mack, comedy equilibrists, will accomplish a series of remarkable stunts. Their work is neat and rapid, and to all appearances they take dangerous chances.

Mme. Donald-Ayer, prima donna of the Boston Grand Opera Company, will be heard in new numbers.

Stuart Barnes and the Crisps will close their engagements with this bill, as also will the famous Oriental danseuse, Roshanara.

Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre.

"The Girls from the Orient," an alluring Oriental fantasy in two scenes, will head the new eight-act programme which opens at the Pantages at Sunday's matinée. The production is sent out by George Choos, who has to his name several of the big vaudeville musical-comedy successes. There are a number of new novelties in "The Girls from the Orient," with a flock of pretty girls and a couple of nimble-footed comedians.

John and Mae Burke have the honor position of added feature on the new bill with their rollicking musical act, entitled "A Ragtime Soldier." John Burke is recognized as the foremost ragtime piano player in vaudeville, and with his charming partner presents one of the most versatile specialties on the programme.

The Four Portia Sisters style their act "the world's greatest flexible gymnasts," and from advance reports the girls execute the most difficult twists and turns with grace and ease.

Another one of Willard Mack's vital playlets will be presented by Les Morgan and Beryl Gray, the title of which is "Every Day in the Week," a story dealing with the troubles of a newly-wedded couple just starting housekeeping.

Naomi, the dainty dancing violinist, and Frances Dyer, the sweet singer of sweet songs, are other splendid acts on the new bill. The second installment of Pathé's great and thrilling serial, "The Red Circle," featuring Ruth Roland and Frank Mayo, will also be shown.

Never, it is announced, has opera in Petrograd been better patronized than now, notwithstanding the distracting anxieties of the times. All three of the Russian capital's opera houses have been in full swing for weeks and for the first time in its history the Arts Opera House, where the great masterworks are produced on a scale unknown in most of the other European centres, is paying its way.

Marie Tempest was long the foremost woman manager in London, controlling her own theatre, managing her own theatre, and making her own productions. With the breaking out of the war conditions became such that Miss Tempest closed her theatre, the Playhouse, and after a short period of rest embarked on her present American tour.

The most valuable remaining product of Stradivarius, the famous seventeenth-century violin maker, is part of the Havemeyer collection of New York, and is known as the "Earl Strad," because the master dedicated it to the Earl of Northumberland in return for financial favors.

Emmy Destinn will pay a brief visit to California in February, and will appear in concert under the local management of Will L. Greenbaum. She will be heard in five concerts, two of which will be given in San Francisco and one in Oakland.

#### CURRENT VERSE.

The Drums.

A village wrapped in slumber,  
Silent between the hills,  
Empty of moon-lit marketplace,  
Empty of moving life—  
Such is my quiet heart,  
Shadow-walled it rests;  
Sleeping its heavy sleep;  
But sudden across the dark  
Tingles a sound of drums!  
The drums, the drums, the distant drums,  
The throb of the drum strikes up,  
The heat of the drums awakes!  
Then loud through the little streets,  
And strange to the startled roofs,  
The drums, the drums approach and pound,  
And throb and clamour and thrill and pass,  
And between the echoing house-walls  
All swart and grim they go,  
The battalions of regret,  
After the drums, the valiant drums  
That die away in the night!

The Nocturne.

Remote, in some dim room,  
On this dark April morning soft with rain,  
I hear her pensive touch  
Fall aimless on the keys,  
And stop, and play again.

And as the music wakens  
And the shadowy house is still,  
How all my troubled soul cries out  
For things I know not of!  
Ah, keen the quick chords fall,  
And weighted with regret,  
Fade through the quiet rooms;  
And warm as April rain  
The strange tears fall,  
And life in some way seems  
Too deep to bear!

Faces.

I tire of these empty masks,  
These faces of city women  
That seem so rapid and well-controlled.  
I get tired of their guarded ways  
And their eyes that are always empty  
Of either passion or hate  
Or promise or love,  
And that seem to be old  
And are never young!  
I think of the homelier faces  
That I have seen,  
The vital and open faces  
In the by-ways of the world:  
A Polish girl who met  
Her lover one wintry morning  
Outside the gaol at Ossining;  
A lean young Slav violinist  
And the steerage women about him,  
Held by the sound of his music;  
A young and deep-bosomed Teuton  
Suckling her shawl-wrapped child  
On a gray stone bridge in Detmold;  
A group of girls from Ireland,  
Crowding the steps of a colonist-car  
And singing half-sadly together  
As their train rocked on and on  
Over the sun-bathed prairie;  
A mournful Calabrian mother  
Standing and staring out  
Past the mists of Ischia  
After a fading steamer;  
A Nautch girl held by a sailor  
Who'd taken a knife from her fingers  
But not the fire from her eyes;  
And a silent Sicilian mother  
Standing alone in the Marina  
Awaiting her boy who had been  
Long years away—  
These I remember!  
And of these  
I never tire.

—From "Open Water," by Arthur Stringer.

O Hush, My Heart.

O hush, my heart, while I recall  
The rosy-footed years  
When I had no heart at all,  
Only quick smiles and tears.  
O sweet it was and safe it was  
And O I would I were  
Still running with white dreams that pass  
Like clouds across the air.

O hush, my heart, while I recall  
The silent-sandaled days  
When I had no heart at all,  
Only my soul's white ways.  
O sweet it was and very strange  
To find a white soul so;  
O would that I again might range,  
Heartless, her fields of snow.

O would I had no heart at all!  
For O, the stormy hour  
When my hot heart rose to a call,  
Bearing a crimson flower.  
Alas, my soul's wide wanderings,  
My limitless desire!  
Now all my dreams have heavy wings  
And hover round a fire.

Now all my world is made of hands  
That cling to mine again,  
And I am bound with iron bands  
Of passion and of pain.

—From "The Sister of the Wind," by Grace Fallow Norton.

Emilio De Gogorza Coming.

Manager Will Greenbaum's first attraction for the new year will be Emilio de Gogorza, the Spanish haritone. He is equally at home in the German, French, English, Italian, and Spanish song literature. None but the best works in every class find a place on the De Gogorza programmes. In addition to singing two programmes in San Francisco, he will appear at Stanford University under the auspices of the Peninsula Musical Association.

#### THE MUSIC SEASON.

The San Francisco Quintet Club.

The San Francisco Quintet Club announces a second series of three programmes to be given in the Colonial hallroom of the Hotel St. Francis on Thursday nights, January 6th and 20th and February 10th. Many works will be given for the first time in this city. The price of a season ticket is \$1, the organization being maintained by E. M. Hecht and managed by Will L. Greenbaum without thought of financial gain. Tickets may be secured at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's.

Symphony Orchestra's January Concerts.

In giving two concerts without change of programme on Friday and Sunday afternoons of last week at the Cort Theatre to practically sold out houses the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, Alfred Hertz conductor, accomplished what is thought to be a record for symphony concerts in San Francisco.

The Musical Association of San Francisco, which maintains the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, anticipates that the gratifying results of the first pair of concerts will not only be equaled, but exceeded, at the second pair of concerts, which will be given at the Cort Theatre on Friday afternoon, January 7th, at 3 o'clock sharp, and Sunday afternoon, January 9th, at 2:30 o'clock. Seats for both concerts are on sale now at the usual places.

The beautifully balanced programme for the concerts of January 7th and 9th includes "The Peri" (dance poem), by Paul Dukas, which will be played for the first time in America by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, the British folk-music settings of Percy Grainger, and the "Scheherazade" Symphonic Suite of Rimsky-Korsakov.

M. de Pachmann's keyboard eccentricities are notorious, and he is the hero of scores of amusing sayings and stories. One of the latter tells how in New York he once went and had a piano lesson from a lady who advertised first-class tuition at 25 cents a lesson.

#### AMUSEMENTS

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## VANITY FAIR.

Among the unaccountable cravings of the human heart is a desire to be informed as to one's ancestors. It is a yearning hard to understand, for what, after all, does it matter? If one's ancestors were unimportant people, as is usually the case, there is no reason why we should wish to make their acquaintance. And if they were not unimportant there is a still better reason for concealing their identity. If I should discover that I am a lineal descendant of Judas Iscariot, or Titus Oates, or Balaam's Ass, or some celebrity of that sort, it is obviously to my interest to keep the fact a secret. If I should swagger about it, or allow myself to be puffed up with pride and vain conceit, some one is sure to comment sarcastically on the length and steepness of the descent or to speak sneeringly of heredity. Evidently my plan of campaign should be to hide the fact that I have illustrious ancestors such as those mentioned and so to leave the impression that I am on the upward path rather than the downward. I am, anyway.

These sapient remarks are suggested by the fact that an Eastern weekly newspaper is devoting many columns of its space, doubtless valuable, to a tabulation of the "genealogies of American society." It seems that they must have been continuing their wild career some time, since the latest issue contains Genealogy No. 22 and is devoted to the Havemeyer family of New York. They begin with Herman Havemeyer, who entered this vale of tears "about 1600." Alas! we shall never know the exact date, but we do know that his son was called Tobst, and whatever persuaded Herman to call his son Tobst passes the imagination. Perhaps there were expectations from an uncle. Then came Hans, and another Hans, and a Detrich and finally a Frederick, and so we reach the seventh generation, where the genealogy proper begins in due tabulated form, and henceforth we may browse through hundreds of names of persons who seem to have done nothing particular except be born and die. As these events were in no way exceptional, nor under their control we can think of many forms of literature much more exciting than this.

Now why print all this nonsense? It is evident that we have only to go back far enough to find that we were all descended from Adam, and very few of us can boast of any other ancestor half so respectable. Why not let it rest at that.

There is an institution somewhere in London that earns a very fair revenue by tracing the lineages of undistinguished Americans. It never fails if the right fee is inclosed. All you have to do is to state your real name (if you are not too much afraid of the police) and such data as the local criminal records can furnish and they will do all the rest. If you give them some sort of a hint as to the kind of ancestors that you covet they will see that you are supplied, and for a small additional fee they will furnish a coat-of-arms, which you can then have stamped upon your note-paper and so pretend that you are some one. It is an innocent amusement, much favored by New England people, who are quite sure that they "came over" with William the Conqueror, which in itself should be enough to justify indictment. Human vanity is a fearful and wonderful thing, but it still remains a mystery why any one should be vain of one's ancestors. It is quite certain that they would not be vain of us, and the best that we can do for them is to hope that they know nothing about us.

Ida M. Tarbell in her new book, "The Ways of Woman," has something to say about that weird creature, the woman in search of culture. The great quest for culture began, she says, with the Chautauqua movement. Reading courses were prescribed and those who persisted to the bitter end received a diploma, and the diploma meant culture. Those who possessed the diploma were cultured. Those who did not possess the diploma were not cultured. Culture meant having done something. That it meant taste, discrimination, and judgment never occurred to its devotees.

But there was a wane in the popularity of the Chautauqua. It will be noticed that there is usually a wane in women's interests. To be pricked with a poisoned pin was immensely popular for a time, but it had its little day and ceased to be. The polymuriel gown was the vogue for a brief season. American fashions as opposed to Paris fashions were enthusiastically recommended for a time as one of the ways in which the nation might be saved. And there were ever so many other mighty movements, but they proved to be evanescent. It is so hard to keep one's attention upon anything for more than a few days. Some one makes a loud noise and then there is a stampede in a new direction.

But women, says Miss Tarbell, still pursued culture even after the Chautauqua circles had proved to be a broken reed. The new method was to see, hear, and sample everything new in ideas, movements, music,

drama, and literature. It involved a perpetual and hectic pilgrimage from lecture room to lecture room. The topic did not matter so long as it was new. Peace or the Cancer Cure, Suffrage or Tagore, Radium or Panama—everything was fish that came to that net, everything was received with gush and ecstasy. The women went, not because they were interested in the particular topic, but because they were interested in all topics, or thought they were. They wanted to coo, to purr, to enthuse. These are the women, says Miss Tarbell, who are the constant ally of any cause which is new, and it is they who will stand by as long as the campaign is exciting—or until something more exciting looms in sight.

"Many things which thrive for a time would die of inattention without them. A horde of lecturers, entertainers, and promoters support themselves through the power of these groups to exercise unlimited and heterogeneous interest, to keep up speed and temperature through a succession of entirely unrelated ideas and activities. Without their theory of culture to sustain them, they could never endure the aches and pains and the awful, dull spots which are inevitable in a programme thrown together as theirs is. They believe, too, that in supporting this theory of culture they are serving the community. If they go to bed many a night half hysterical with fatigue and wholly muddled in brain they still have a sense of duty well done to sustain them. That for which they apologize is not following their crazy programme, but for cutting out a lecture—a benefit—a committee. That is a failure to do your whole duty."

And of course they do not listen to the lectures. Their idea of attention is to stare, and to think of something else. Their minds simply are not there. They lay hold of nothing. But, says Miss Tarbell, "give the same tale to a group of men—you'll not be able to get them together unless they think you have something they ought to listen to—and the effect is entirely different. It is real interest—or an exodus."

Perched on the top of a great rock in the neighborhood of 300 feet high stands Acoma, in some respects the strangest village in this country. Acoma is an Indian settlement of some 600 people, and means "The People of the Rock." Though the founding of the village is lost in the mist of antiquity, it is supposed the Acoma Indians chose this site as a measure of safety against the warlike Apaches and Navajos of their day. Their selection was made with admirable judgment, for the walls of the rock are almost perpendicular. The earliest Spanish explorers found the tribe settled securely in their natural fortalice. Acoma has remained delightfully untouched by the influences of Spanish and American civilization. These Indians are quite well-to-do in sheep and cattle, which are pastured on the grazing lands of the valley, where summer villages are located, and where the minimum of effort is required to care for the flocks and herds. Although less than twenty miles from a railroad, the village is comparatively unknown. The natives do not care for curious visitors. They do not wish to be stared at and photographed. Nevertheless, the irrepressible tourist with his camera occasionally scales the steep that baffled the Navajo. Nowadays, it is no longer practicable to suppress him with a tomahawk, so the Acoma are philosophically making the best of a bad job by collecting \$2 a day for a camera license. The gray adobe village peers from its eyrie over miles of gray plain, dancing in the glare of a burning sun, broken only by the sheer outlines of buttes and mesas.

John Philip Sousa has been commissioned to composed a march for use at the Pan-American Convention to be held in Washington December 27th to January 5th. The march will be a composite of the national songs of the republics of the two Americas.

There are to be seen not far from Rio de Janeiro ruins of former large and flourishing estates, which since slavery was abolished have been deserted. The jungle has crept up and covered the once productive acres.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The magistrate was examining a witness, to whom he remarked: "You admit you overheard the quarrel between the defendant and his wife?" "Yes, sor, I do," stoutly maintained the witness. "Tell the court, if you can, what he seemed to be doing." "He seemed to be doin' the listenin'."

The woman of the house reached the conclusion that the attachment of the policeman for her cook must be investigated, lest it prove disastrous to domestic discipline. "Do you think he means business, Bridget?" she asked. "I think he does, mum," said Bridget. "He's begun to complain about my cookin', mum."

She is a very dear old lady who owns a picturesque little place in the green hills down the coast, and takes in a few boarders in summer. Last summer an anxious young mother, who had been industriously delving into medical literature, inquired of her whether or not the milk that was served at her table was Pasteurized. "Of course!" was the old lady's indignant reply. "Don't we keep all the cows we've got in the pasture all summer long!"

An ancient and picturesque wanderer got off his beaten path and decided to try indoor work, owing to severe competition in his line—haggling. So he entered the studio of a successful artist and presented his plea. The artist handed him a quarter, and then, observing possibilities in the old chap for a sketch, said: "I will give you a dollar if you will let me paint you." The other reflected. "Sure," said he, "it's an easy way to make a dollar, but how'll I get it off?"

A dramatic author who was reading a new work before the company of the Comédie Française was disturbed at seeing that one of the members, Monsieur Got, had gone fast asleep. The author stopped and reproved the sleeper. He was reading his play to the committee in order, he said, to obtain their opinion. How could a man who was asleep give an opinion? Monsieur Got rubbed his eyes and remarked, "Sleep is an opinion." That ended the discussion and the reading.

Miss Singwell had been a member of the choral society ever since it had been in existence, and it was undoubtedly true that her first youth had waned. But the choirmaster was astounded recently by the news that she had resigned her membership. "Resigned!" he gasped. "But whatever for?" "Well, I don't know exactly," said the secretary, "but it strikes me that it may have something to do with the solo we picked for her at the next performance." "Why? What is it?" "Don't you remember? It begins, 'I once was young, but now am old.'"

The question of the wedding fee is one that ministers are apt to leave to the generosity of the bridegroom. Sometimes this happy person is too impecunious to pay cash or to offer anything as its equivalent. This was not true, however, of the bridegroom who took the minister aside at the close of the ceremony and said: "Say, parson, I'm sorry, but the fact is I am too near broke to pay you any cash for this job, but I am a gas-fitter and I'll tell you what I'll do for you. I'll go down into your cellar and fix your gas meter so that it won't register hut half."

John Hendricks, a singular Western character, awoke one morning to find himself wealthy through a rich mining strike. Soon he concluded to broaden his mind by travel, and decided to go to Europe. Boarding the ship, he singled out the captain and said: "Captain, if I understand the way this here ship is constructed it's got several water-tight compartments?" "Yes, sir," "Water's all on the outside—can't none get in no-how?" "No, sir," "Captain," said Hendricks, decidedly. "I want one o' them compartments—I don't care what it costs extry."

An old English lady, who lived alone outside a small village, was nervous about Zeppelins, so she made careful inquiries as to her best course. "I don't think there's much to worry about," replied the vicar in answer to her questions. "But, if you like, you can do as some folks are doing—sleep in the cellar." With profuse thanks, the old lady went off to alter her domestic arrangements. But in half an hour she was back again, anxiety once more wrinkling her brow. "The cellar's all right for Zeppelins, sir," she said; "but suppose one o' them there submarines comes instead?"

Maud Powell, the violinist, is a firm believer in constant practice, no matter where she happens to be located. She was once staying in the summer at a country place. Every morning she went through her cus-

tomary exercises. Every morning a boy employed about the place "doing chores" passed her open window, and heard her working away at something which in the course of a few days he learned to identify. When he heard her playing it every morning for more than a week he could no longer contain himself, and as he passed the open window he shouted: "Aw, say, can't ye play it yit?"

Jim Pinkney, a young colored man from the remote hill district, whose knowledge of wheeled vehicles had been confined to an occasional "lift" from a passer-by, left his native heath and journeyed to the nearest town in search of work. He was strong and his apparent willingness led to his immediate employment in the livery stable, where he was set to work greasing the axles of a carriage. In a remarkably short space of time he reported the task finished. "Look here," said his new boss, "d'ye mean to say you've greased all four of them wheels already?" "Well, boss," rejoined the new hand, "Ah've done greased de two front ones." "And why haven't you greased the two hind ones?" "Ah jes' thought so long as dem two front ones goes all right, de hind ones jes' got to foller."

Times were had—very bad, indeed. No wonder that Alf and Erb, who lived by their wits and nimble fingers, were discouraged. Surely this was no place for a man who desired to turn an honest penny. "It's most enough to myke one grow honest," grumbled Alf, the dog-master, as he pored through the "Lost and Found" column of a daily paper. "Aynt there nuffin?" asked his pal. "Not arf of nuffin," grunted Alf. "Why, where's your eyes, Alf?" said 'Erb, a minute later. "Listen 'ere, 'Lorst, at 4 o'clock last evenin', a black poodle, between Shottlegate stry and Grimestone Drive. No questions arst." Take 'em the bloomin' poodle yer collared this mornink." "They're arskin' for a black poodle, funny," sneered Alf, "and nine's a white 'un." "Garn, that doesn't matter," retorted 'Erb. "Jes' tell 'em it 'owled orl night long and turned white wif grief."

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Misleading Theatre Ticket.

Expecting to go and enjoy a good show,  
You humbly appear at the wicket  
Of an opera shop, intending to cop  
For your wife and yourself a good ticket.  
You go ten days ahead, having frequently read,  
That this musical show is a corker—  
Especially made and 600 nights played  
For the ultrafastidious New Yorker.  
You get there at nine, and you file into line  
And you push and you shove and you bunt,  
Until you appear before the cashier,  
And ask him for "two, 'way up front."  
You spend your last buck, but you're pleased  
With your luck,  
For your pasteboards read "B, 1 and 2."  
A surprise for your wife—you're contented with life,  
For she'll now be contented with you.

On the aisle, second row! How is that for a show?  
You chuckle—but ab, shed a tear!  
For the seats which you boast are stuck back of a post,  
Side aisle, and two rows from the rear!  
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Criminal Pedestrian.

To reduce the number of automobile accidents, the New York police commissioners will prosecute pedestrians who do not use due care in crossing the streets.—News item.  
When Jones, in a spirit of Berseker madness, Combined with a sense of deplorable haughtiness (Though, as for that, it may simply be naughtiness)—

He can't distinguish false pride from mere badness!  
Runs out in the highway with gestures athletic,  
Equipped—here's a print that is almost pathetic—  
With merely the usual number of feet—  
(His inherent intention

We might as well mention,  
Was simply to cross the uncrossable street.)  
When Jones, as we've said in a manner most graphic,  
Attempts to pick holes in the all-hole-proof traffic,  
And, as a rebuke to the trespassing rover,  
Is gently knocked down and quite firmly run over  
By various wheels  
Of the automobiles

That inhabit the earth and the fulness thereof,  
(And no doubt will inherit the heavens above),  
Then by all means, say we, in our best elocution,  
Seize Jones and subject him to stern prosecution!  
The wretch has put kinks in the Constable's system,  
Has tangled the traffic, delayed the elite, sir!  
Kept youths from their highballs—and gosh, how they missed 'em!  
All this because Jones tried to traverse the street, sir.

Well, Jones and his kind have been suffered too lightly,

Too long and too lightly,  
Such things happen nightly—  
It's time the authorities acted more sprightly!  
It is not enough that we fracture their bonuses,  
A bas the Pedestrians! Down with the Joneses!  
Confine 'em, restrict 'em,  
And if we can not collect fines from the Victim,  
Perhaps in this broadest and freest of nations,  
We might get a verdict against his relations!  
—Puck.



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Assets.....\$90,321,243.04  
Deposits..... 57,362,899.35  
Capital actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000.00  
Reserve and Contingent Funds..... 1,938,443.69  
Employees' Pension Fund..... 199,164.12  
Number of Depositors..... 66,965  
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| St. Nicholas and Argonaut.....                   | 6.00   |
| Sunset and Argonaut.....                         | 5.25   |
| Theatre Magazine and Argonaut.....               | 6.30   |
| Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic).....   | 4.30   |
| Weekly New York Tribune Farmer and Argonaut..... | 4.25   |
| Woman's Home Companion and Argonaut.....         | 4.75   |
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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Gertrude Thomas, to Mr. Roger Bocqueraz. Miss Thomas is a sister of Mrs. Latham McMullin and Mrs. Frederick Kimble. Mr. Bocqueraz is a brother of Mr. Leon Bocqueraz. No date has yet been set for the wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Moore entertained a number of friends Wednesday evening at a dinner at their home on Jackson Street. The affair was in honor of M. Haruki Yamawaki, who has been commissioner-general from Japan to the Exposition.

Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall was hostess Wednesday at a luncheon at her home on Jackson Street. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Reginald Brooke and Mrs. William H. Howard.

Mrs. William Babcock gave a luncheon Friday at the Town and Country Club in honor of Mrs. Arthur Holland of Concord, Massachusetts.

Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Stine entertained a number of friends Sunday afternoon at a tea at their home on Vallejo Street. The affair was in honor of Miss Amy Bassett and Mr. Robert Clark, who will be married Wednesday, December 29th.

Miss Elizabeth Putnam was the guest of honor Saturday evening at an informal dinner given by Mrs. Randall Stoney.

Miss Evelyn Van Winkle was hostess Thursday afternoon at an informal tea at her home on Lake Street.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Brownell have issued invitations to a dinner Wednesday evening, January 5th, at their home on Broadway.

Mrs. William H. Howard was the guest of honor Thursday afternoon at a tea given by Mrs. George C. Boardman at her home on California Street.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller entertained a number of young people Thursday evening at a theatre and supper party in honor of their niece, Miss Elinor McNear.

Miss Kate Crocker was the complimented guest Thursday at a luncheon given by Miss Charlotte Tuttle at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. H. H. Sherwood and her daughters received friends from both sides of the Bay last week at a tea to meet her sister and nieces, Mrs. Charles Loring Brace and the Misses Dorothy and Eleanor Brace, of New York City.

Mrs. Eugene Lent was hostess Tuesday at a luncheon at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Reginald Brooke and Mrs. Allen Messer were the complimented guests recently at a luncheon given by the Misses Morrison at their home near San Jose.

Miss Jean Wheeler entertained a coterie of friends Friday at a luncheon at her home on Washington Street. The affair was in honor of Miss Marian Baker.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was hostess recently at a dinner at her home on Broadway in honor of Mr. Richard McGraw of Philadelphia.

Mrs. Sewell Dolliver gave a tea at her home on Washington Street Friday afternoon, when a coterie of friends enjoyed her hospitality.

Mrs. Frank B. Cheatham was the complimented guest Wednesday at a luncheon given by Mrs. Edward J. McCutcheon at the Town and Country Club.

Mrs. Joseph Donohoe and the Misses Katherine, Christine, and Mary Donohoe will entertain a number of friends this afternoon at a tea at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. William G. Irwin has issued invitations to a dance New Year's Eve at her home on Washington Street. The affair will be in honor of Miss Helen Crocker.

Mr. and Mrs. Julian Thorne were host and hostess Tuesday evening at a dinner at their home on Broadway.

Miss Margaret Casey was the complimented guest Monday at a luncheon given by Miss Linda Bryan at her home on Vallejo Street.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hughson gave a theatre and supper party Saturday evening, when a dozen friends enjoyed their hospitality.

Mrs. George Uhl was hostess Thursday afternoon at a bridge-tea at her home on Lombard Street.

Miss Hannah Hohart was the guest of honor Tuesday evening at the dinner-dance given by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Baldwin at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Hobart entertained a number of friends Wednesday evening at a dinner at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Florence Howe Hall was the guest of honor Thursday afternoon at a tea given by Mrs. Zoeth Eldredge.

Mr. Horacio Anasagasti was host Wednesday evening at a dinner at the Palace Hotel. The

affair was in the nature of a farewell, as Mr. Anasagasti will leave shortly for his home in South America.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Jackling returned Sunday from New York, where they have been enjoying the past two months. En route home they spent a few days in Salt Lake City.

Mr. Henry Lawrence Kaufman arrived Thursday from Riverside County to spend the holidays. Before returning to his home in the south he will visit Los Angeles and the San Diego Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gill have returned to their home in Redlands after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. William Greer Hitchcock in Burlingame.

Mrs. J. D. Peters and her daughter, Miss Anne Peters, will spend the holidays at their home in Stockton.

Masters Russell Wilson and Osgood Hooker arrived Wednesday from the Pomfret preparatory school in Massachusetts and will spend their vacation with their parents in Burlingame.

Dr. Benjamin P. Brodie and Mrs. Brodie will depart next week for their home in Montecito. They have been spending the past two months at Stanford Court.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt have returned from an extended visit in the East and are again established in their home on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. McClure Hamilton arrived last week from New York for a brief visit in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Crooks have gone to Racine, Wisconsin, to spend several months with Mrs. Crooks's sister, Mrs. Percival Fuller.

Miss Ruby Bond returned Wednesday from New York, where she has been spending the past three months with her cousin, Miss Ory Wooster.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Sproul, who were married Tuesday, December 14th, sailed Saturday for Honolulu, where they will spend a month. They were accompanied by Mrs. J. D. Sproul of Chico.

Miss Innes Bidwell has come from Victoria to visit Miss Leslie Miller.

Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Moore departed Thursday for New York, where they will remain over the holidays. They were accompanied by Miss Marian Leigh.

Mrs. John Cheever Cowdin has gone East to join her husband, who left here several weeks ago. They will return to San Mateo soon after the New Year.

Mr. and Mrs. John Drum have returned from New York, where they enjoyed a month's rest.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker are home again after a two months' visit in New York and Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Frank Judge of Salt Lake City arrived recently from the East and are established for the winter on Pacific Avenue and Gough Street.

Mrs. John Gallois is out again after having been confined to her home for a month with a severe attack of grip.

Mr. Robert Rathbone has come from Yale to spend the holiday vacation with his mother, Mrs. R. Porter Ashe, in San Rafael.

Judge William Bailey Lamar, Mrs. Lamar, and their niece, Miss Sarah Bailey Lamar, have been spending the past week in Coronado.

Mr. Atholl McBean has returned from a brief visit in Chicago.

Mrs. Henry E. Bothin has returned from New York and with Mr. Bothin has gone to Montecito to spend the holidays in their new home.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Gerstle and Miss Louise Gerstle have gone East to spend Christmas with Mr. Mark Gerstle, Jr., who is attending Harvard.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard and Mrs. Stetson Wallace are occupying apartments at the Plaza in New York. They have been joined by Miss Marie Louise Winslow, Mrs. Wallace's daughter, who will spend the holiday vacation with them.

Captain William Holmes McKittrick and Mrs. McKittrick returned last week from a visit in the East and spent a few days here en route to their ranch in Bakersfield, where they will remain over the holidays.

Mrs. N. T. Smith arrived Monday from the East, where she has been spending several months with relatives.

Mrs. Henry J. Crocker and the Misses Marian and Kate Crocker have gone East to spend the holidays. In New York they will be joined by Mr. Harry Crocker, who is attending Yale, Mr. Clark Crocker, and Miss Mary Julia Crocker.

Mrs. Arno Dosch and her little daughter will spend the winter in Woodsie with Mr. and Mrs. George B. Sperry. Mr. Dosch will resume his magazine work in New York.

Major J. G. Harbord, U. S. A., and Mrs. Harbord have returned from Washington, D. C., and



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spent a few days at the Hotel Bellevue before going to their home at the Presidio, Monterey.

Colonel W. R. Livermore, U. S. A., and Mrs. Livermore arrived last week from Boston and are guests at the Hotel St. Francis.

General J. Franklin Bell, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bell have taken possession of the commandant's residence at Fort Mason.

General Isaac S. Catlin, U. S. A. (retired), arrived last week from Honolulu, where he visited his son, Captain G. de Grass Catlin, U. S. A.

Lieutenant George Tiffany, U. S. A., and Mrs. Tiffany, who were married recently in Honolulu, are expected to arrive soon to spend their honeymoon in this city. Mrs. Tiffany was formerly Miss Susie Davis of San Diego.

The breaking of so many windows in the cathedral at Rheims since the war began, made in the thirteenth century, affords glass-makers rare opportunity to study and analyze the brilliant colors of mediæval stained glass, which for centuries have been the despair of makers. The fragments picked up around the walls have been collected by M. Chesneau, assistant director of the French School of Mines, who reports to the Académie des Sciences some of the results. He shows that the workmen of the thirteenth century had empirically acquired an extraordinary knowledge of the effects of many minerals which contained chemical coloring matter entirely unknown to them. For instance, in staining glass blue with the blue extract of arsenic sulphates of natural cobalt they recognized the advantage of a delicate process by which the nickel (always associated with cobalt in nature) was eliminated. Thus they avoided the brown shade and the darkness that results from the presence of nickel. Then they intentionally added copper, the greenish-blue tint of which corrects the too violet blue of the pure oxide of cobalt. They produced their violet glass with the natural unpurified ore of manganese. Had they purified it they would have got rid of the copper and the cobalt that are found in the ore, and the result would have been tints of far less purity. Their red glass, the secret of which was lost for many centuries and that is equaled now only by that made with gold, is really a bottle-green glass covered with an extremely thin enamel colored with oxidized copper—that is, copper very slightly oxidized.

André Marie Ampere, whose name has been immortalized by that measure of electricity known as the ampere, was a great French scientist and philosopher, who was born at Lyons, France, January 22, 1815. All his life Ampere worked over experiments in electricity. The chief source of Ampere's fame for future generations is in his researches in the science of electro-dynamics, of which he was the father. Like all the great electrical inventors, Ampere at an early age displayed wonderful talents. He was blessed with a marvelous memory, and it is said that when he reached an advanced age he was able to quote long passages from books he had devoured when a boy of thirteen years.

Pearls were known to the Chinese at least 5000 years before the Christian era. They are mentioned in the oldest documents written in Sanskrit.

## The Firm of D. C. Heger.

The preliminary opening of D. C. Heger, long well known in San Francisco business circles, took place last Monday. He has taken the old Jacobi corner, Montgomery and Sutter Streets, where he has established a large and high-class shop, and is carrying an exclusive line of both ready-made and made-to-order neckwear, shirts, etc. He is manufacturing exclusive neckwear, shirts, pajamas, robes, etc. The purchaser may select the materials and have his ties—monogrammed if desired—made at exceptional prices. The firm states: "The difference in the style, the absolute good taste, the perfect fit, the beauty of the fabrics, all show why we take the lead and keep it for men's shirtings."

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

Christmas cheer was carried to the captain and crew of the interned German freight steamer, *Serapis*, last Sunday, when fully 500 German-Americans visited the ship. Entertainment was provided by the German Club of Oakland. Captain Portois, H. Wamsganz, first officer of the ship, the thirty-five members of the crew, Consul-General Bopp, H. H. Kaufmann, secretary in the consulate, and Lieutenant-Captain Sauerbeck of the German cruiser *Gier*, interned at Honolulu, were honored guests. The committee in charge of the programme consisted of George Boveroux, Theodore Radke, F. Danker, Carl Alfs, Arthur Becker, August Hinrichs, Otto Wagner, and Theodore Gier.

The annual "get together" party of the employees of the Bank of California was held on Thursday evening of last week in the Palace Hotel. Frank B. Anderson presided and G. L. Wakeman was toastmaster and chairman of the entertainment committee. One hundred and fourteen guests were present and dancing followed.

Fully \$11,000 was the sum raised for the Associated Charities by the Olympic Club in its three shows at the Valencia Theatre and the dansants held Friday and Saturday evenings under the club auspices at the Palace and St. Francis hotels.

Notice of a bequest of \$10,000 to be used in the purchase of oil paintings for the Golden Gate Park Museum has been conveyed to the board of supervisors. The money was left to the city for this purpose by Alice Skae.

The Crocker Investment Company, a \$1,000,000 corporation, has filed articles of incorporation in the county clerk's office. The corporation is formed for the purpose of dealing in investments and securities, according to Morrison, Dunne & Brobeck, its attorneys. The nine directors are William H. Crocker, Charles T. Crocker, Frank G. Drum, James J. Fagan, Charles E. Green, Wellington Gregg, Jr., A. F. Morrison, Henry T. Scott, and George W. Scott.

The 552 employees in the Roos Brothers' stores in San Francisco, Oakland and Berkeley have practically become direct participants in the profits of the corporation, according to a comprehensive and progressive

profit-sharing plan announced by the firm. Executive heads of the various departments and their assistants become direct participants in the profits of the corporation in ratio to their service. All employees who have been with Roos Brothers for more than a year have been presented with premium-paid life-insurance policies, payable at the time of their death to whomsoever they may designate as beneficiary, in amounts of \$250, \$500, and \$1000, in accordance with length of service.

Dr. Philip Alfred Gay, San Francisco surgeon and member of the French Hospital staff, has been decorated for valor with the coveted Cross of War and recommended for the French Legion of Honor. Dr. Gay was wounded four times on the war fields of France.

Through Heinrich Kaufmann, chancellor of the German consulate, over 1000 large packing cases of clothing, food, and medicines for the German and Austrian civilians held in Siberia, have been forwarded to the sufferers. Over \$250,000 was raised, much of it in California, to apply to this worthy cause.

Exports from San Francisco for the eleven months ending November 30th reached \$74,229,421, an increase of \$16,348,112 over the corresponding period of last year, according to the figures of the customs officials.

By the decision of Superior Judge James Seawell, on Friday of last week, the city's right to use the outer Market Street railway tracks was sustained. Judge Seawell's decision set aside the ruling made by Superior Judge George Sturtevant in the temporary injunction that he issued last June. Judge Seawell held that all of the Municipal cars have the right to run on the outer Market Street tracks, but he issued a permanent injunction that prohibits the cars of the C and D lines from using the Ferry loop or the electric current of the United Railroads. The C and D cars run from the Ferry to Geary Street on Market, out Geary to Van Ness Avenue, over Van Ness Avenue to Union, and out Union to Scott Street.

The funeral of G. Fred Herr, assistant cashier of the Anglo and London Paris National Bank, who took his life in his apartment in the Stanford Court Friday night of last week, was held on Monday morning. He had been ill for about two years. He underwent an operation from which he never fully recovered. For two weeks prior to his death he had been suffering from a severe nervous collapse.

As the result of a long-standing controversy between the Royalist and Republican factions of the Portuguese colony, Simao Lopes Ferreira, consul for the Republic of Portugal in San Francisco, and Manuel Teixeira de Freitas, vice-consul, were gazetted Tuesday as recalled from their official positions. A new consul and vice-consul will be appointed. They will be Republicans.

A number of donations to the Golden Gate Park Museum are announced by Curator George H. Barron. Among them is an oil painting called "The Whirlwind," by Signor Cavalleri, donated by R. P. Schwerin; a collection of twenty old maps, dated 1620 to 1749, and eighteen broadside views of early mail steamers by the same donor. Miss Edith Bull and Mrs. Kathryn Pringle presented the museum with forty-seven oil paintings, until recently shown at the Exposition. Mrs. E. C. Bonner gave three carved totem poles from Alaska. Mrs. John Wardell a collection of ancient Japanese coins, and Mrs. James Smith a number of Civil War relics.

E. L. Lomax, passenger traffic manager of the Western Pacific, is in a critical condition at the Alta Casa apartments from a stroke of paralysis. He has the longest continuous service record of any passenger official on American railroads.

Members of the crew were exonerated Tuesday from all blame for the crippling of the liner *Minnesota* in a final report issued by the local steamship inspectors, Guthrie and Dolan, who ordered the Great Northern Steamship Company, owner of the vessel, to install a new set of sixteen boilers. This will be done here at a cost of \$200,000. The crew has been paid off.

The funeral of Dr. Denis F. Ragan was held last Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock from St. Agnes Church. Dr. Ragan died early on Monday at his residence, 1299 Haight Street. He was formerly health officer of San Francisco. He was fifty years old.

Many millions of dollars of government funds, derived from customs and internal revenue collections, and which formerly have been deposited in San Francisco banks to the

credit of the United States Treasury Department, will be deposited in the Federal Reserve Bank here after January 1st. John O. Davis, collector of customs, was notified by the Treasury Department on Monday to make such arrangements. The funds amount to an average of \$5,000,000 yearly.

San Francisco has been chosen as one of the four cities in the Western Hemisphere where the Society for the Protection of French Interests in Neutral Countries will have branches. This, according to cablegrams, was announced on Wednesday in Paris by Jean Bernard, secretary of the society, in a conference with Premier Briand, who assured M. Bernard that the project would have the support of the French government.

An estate consisting only of his law library and his office furniture was left by George H. Bahr, for two terms superior judge here, who died on December 12th at his home, 1914 Page Street.

A chemist made the startling discovery on Tuesday that the goods seized last Monday on the Japanese steamship *Seiyo Maru*, instead of being opium valued at \$850,000, were a bad mixture of glucose and "vegetable product," worth a bit less than nothing. Twelve cans from separate packages were opened and submitted to the chemist for analysis. The Toyo Kisen Kaisha Company, shippers of the "opium" from Hongkong to Salina Cruz, received the news with gravity and sent down a representative. To him Collector Davis said: "We have no desire to prevent the 'opium' from being delivered to Salina Cruz. Somebody has been badly 'bilked.'"

POST-EXPOSITION NOTES.

Practically the entire exhibit of Japan at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition has been donated to the University of California. The donations include numerous valuable pictures and books. The models of silkworm rearing and prints of old pictures of the silkworm at work, valued at \$25,000, are included in the gift. The Japanese building has been tendered the University by the Japanese commission.

Reopening of the Exposition for the post-Exposition period last Sunday was a success in every way. The crowd was large, the weather crisp and sunny, and the attractions interesting. A flight by Art Smith closely held the attention of the throng. Shortly after 2 o'clock La Loie Fuller presented her troupe of girl dancers in a score of classic numbers. The dancing took place in the Court of Abundance and continued for nearly an hour. The enclosure was packed. Theodore Hardee and Guy R. Kinsley, directors of special events in the regular and post-Exposition periods, said that it was the largest throng ever jammed into the big concourse. Cassasa's Official Exposition Band played for three hours in the Fillmore bandstand.

Announcement is made that the Federal fish and fisheries exhibit will be given to the city.

The Department of Fine Arts has awarded a silver medal to Mahonri M. Young, the Salt Lake City sculptor. In addition to a notable group of sculpture, he was represented at the Exposition by a group of etchings of the beauty spots of the grounds.

There will be no more post-Exposition special events after Christmas Day, according to a decision reached by the directors on Tuesday. A few band concerts will still be held on Sundays, but no other attractions. Last Sunday the Exposition realized a clear profit of \$1000, with an attendance of more than 18,000 persons.

Dr. F. J. V. Skiff, director-in-chief of foreign and domestic participation at the Exposition, left for Chicago last evening, accompanied by Mrs. Skiff, to resume his work as director of the Field Columbia Museum.

The Palace of Fine Arts will open January 1st for the four months' post-Exposition period. Hundreds of new pictures by American painters have been obtained by J. E. D. Trask, chief of the fine arts department, who is in the East completing his collection. This shipment is expected here in a few days. Loan exhibits have been replaced, and many pictures hidden in the crowded Exposition days will now be displayed to great advantage.

Petrified Forests of Arizona.

The Petrified Forests of Arizona, which have only recently been placed under the protection of the United States government, contain wonders which are beginning to command the attention of tourists. One of these is a remarkable natural bridge which has lately been strengthened to preserve it for



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posterity. This bridge is composed of a single petrified tree which spans a chasm twenty feet wide and fifty deep. Last year two strong stone piers were built under it to reinforce it from below. Geologists claim that this log originally fell upon solid ground and the erosions of centuries were away the gorge beneath it. The logs in this great prehistoric forest all belonged to a single species of coniferous trees similar to the common pine. The action of water replaced the wood fibre with silica of the most brilliant colors. It is harder than flint, and for centuries was used by the Indians for their sharpest arrowheads. Visitors to the forest are no longer allowed to break off pieces from the large logs, but are permitted to carry away chips of the shining rock with which the ground is still covered.

It is recorded that in Yorkshire in 1501 Henry Jenkins was born. He died in 1670, cut off at the age of 169. He remembered well the battle of Flodden Field. This occurred in 1513, when he was twelve years of age. The registry of chancery and other courts show the administration of oaths to him 140 years prior to his death. He gave deposition as witness when he was 157. In his young manhood, when he was a little over 100, he was a remarkable swimmer. The remarkable thing about Henry Jenkins is the fact that he has left behind him no rules of living which would enable others to duplicate his feat.

DIVIDEND NOTICES.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY (the German Bank), 526 California Street; Mission Branch, corner Mission and Twenty-First Streets; Richmond District Branch, corner Clement Street and Seventh Avenue; Haight Street Branch, corner Haight and Belvedere Streets.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1915, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, payable on and after Monday, January 3, 1916. Dividends not called for are added to the deposit account and earn dividends from January 1, 1916.  
GEORGE TOURNY, Manager.

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK, 783 Market Street, near Fourth.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1915, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, payable on and after Monday, January 3, 1916. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1916.  
H. C. KLEVESAHN, Cashier.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK, 316 Montgomery Street.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1915, a dividend upon all deposits at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum will be payable on and after January 3, 1916.

S. L. ABBOT, Vice-President.

BANK OF ITALY, southeast corner Montgomery and Clay Streets; Market Street Branch, junction Market, Turk, and Mason Streets.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1915, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, payable on and after Monday, January 3, 1916. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1916. Money deposited on or before January 10, 1916, will earn interest from January 1, 1916.  
A. P. GIANNINI, President.

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Electric Christmas  
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They are useful the year round for decorations and lend themselves charmingly and gracefully to many schemes.

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See Our Electric Christmas Tree

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445 SUTTER STREET

San Francisco District



## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

*Eugenia*—But don't you believe in heredity?  
*Clarence*—Yes, indeed! That's how I came by all my money.—*Judge*.

*Knick*—Did that firm fail to pay its debts?  
*Knock*—No: it failed so it wouldn't have to pay them.—*Chicago Herald*.

"Jones is in the hospital very much run down." "Nervous prostration or automobile?"—*Baltimore American*.

"Do you believe in encouraging boys to fight?" "No more than in encouraging ducks to swim."—*Baltimore American*.

*Fortune Teller*—You will marry a light man. *Woman*—That's Tim! He works for th' gas company.—*Harvard Lampoon*.

*Wife*—One afternoon I win at bridge and the next I lose. *Hub*—Then why not play every other afternoon?—*Boston Transcript*.

"Guard, is any osculation allowed in this park?" "Oh, yes, sir. Most anything allowed 'cept spoonin' and kissin'."—*Baltimore Sun*.

*Madge*—Did you buy all your Christmas presents? *Marjorie*—I thought I had, but I must be mistaken. I find I have some money left.—*Judge*.

"Marriage, sir, is a failure." "Are you in a position to know, sir." "I am, sir, and in a position to say so—I've just been divorced."—*Kansas City Star*.

"Hullo, Tom! What's this I hear about your having some labor-saving device?" "It's true, all right. I'm going to marry an heiress."—*Boston Transcript*.

"So you have taken to carrying around a monkey? This is going too far." "Well, you never go anywhere with me," was his wife's somewhat ambiguous retort.—*Pittsburgh Post*.

"Did Crimson Gulch go dry last election?" "Completely," replied Broncho Bob. "The candidates treated till there wasn't a drop left in the place. But the town's recovering."—*Washington Star*.

"Herbert, you weren't listening to what I said." "Er—what makes you think that, darling?" "I asked you if you could let me have a hundred dollars and you smiled and said 'Yes, dearest.'"—*Life*.

*Willis*—He has the true college spirit, you say? *Gillis*—Yes. He firmly believes that he is the greatest drinker in the greatest class that ever was graduated from the greatest institution in the country.—*Puck*.

"I went joy-riding last night." "Did the trip have an unfortunate ending?" "Very. There wasn't any accident at all, and I was with people that I will probably never have a chance to get my name in the paper with again."—*Puck*.

"What's the difference," inquired the landlady, "between a turkey dinner and a mess of stewed prunes?" "I don't know," said the solemn boarder. "In that case," she continued, "I might as well save money and serve prunes."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"I tell you, my friends," roared the patriot on the stump, "our navy may not be the biggest and finest thing of its kind afloat, but we have two of the finest oceans lapping our shores to sail one on that the history of the world has ever known."—*Topeka Journal*.

"What do you think of his nerve?" exclaimed the old man, who was notoriously tricky in business. "He called me a bare-faced robber?" "Oh, well," replied the man who knew him, "probably in his excitement he didn't notice your mustache."—*New York Globe*.

"Oh, papa!" exclaimed the joyous girl, as she tapped her boot with a whip, "what do you think of my new riding habit?" "Daughter," replied Mr. Growcher after a solemn survey, "that doesn't look to me like any habit. It looks more like a permanent affliction."—*Washington Star*.

"By the way, Mrs. Popkins," remarked the vicar after the service, "I was extremely sorry to see your husband leave the church in the middle of my sermon. I trust nothing was seriously the matter with him?" "Oh, no, sir," replied Mrs. Popkins. "It was nothing very serious; but you see, sir, the poor man do 'ave a terrible 'abit o' walkin' in his sleep."—*Punch*.

"How did you leave all the folks out, home?" "First rate," replied Senator Sorghum. "I told them I was going to see if I couldn't straighten out a few problems for the government between now and spring. That cheered them up a great deal." "To what problems did you have reference?" "Oh, nothing in particular. I never go into details with my constituents. If you get to explaining things, you are liable to make them sound so easy that the voters get to thinking they don't need you."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"Mr. Nooritch," said the art dealer, "here's a very fine copy of Gainsborough's celebrated painting, 'The Blue Boy.' I'll sell it to you

comparatively cheap." "I don't want it." "Why not? It would be just the thing for your new home." "It seems to be 'Little Boy Blue,' all right, but where's his horn, and the cows, and the corn?"—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"Who was it," inquired the student, "that

said, 'After me, the deluge?'" "Don't ask me," rejoined the superficial person. "I never did pay any attention to weather prophets."—*Dallas News*.

*Nurse*—The new patient in our ward is light-headed. *Doctor*—Delirious or blonde?—*Detroit Free Press*.

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